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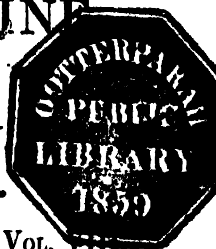
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SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND SIR ROBERT CECIL.

The enterprising seaman and warrior of the chivalrous times of Elizabeth has always been a favourite hero with biographers; and each writer who has undertaken his life has more and more exalted his merits. Not many years have elapsed since Raleigh was the subject of a very elaborate work, by Arthur Cayley; within the last twelvemonth, Mrs. A. T. Thomson has published a volume of considerable merit: and, more recently, Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler has put forth, as one of the volumes of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, a life of Sir Walter, which, in unshaded eulogy, surpasses all its precursors. It appears to have been composed during a residence in that beautiful English county of which Raleigh was a native, and the associations thereby called into the mind of the writer have augmented the enthusiasm which a biographer can scarcely be without. We do not altogether grudge to biography, as compared with general history, some partiality of this sort. But the writer of a life has not the privilege of the painter of a portrait. Sir Thomas Lawrence, when accused of flattery, asserted that he never gave to the countenance an expression excelling that which had at some fortunate moment played upon the features which he portrayed. If this were really so (which, however, we partly doubt), Lawrence was justifiable; neither truth, nor any individual, had cause of complaint. But truth does require from the biographer, that he should describe all the varying expressions which his subject has at any time exhibited; and as the hero of biography is always in a group, justice requires that the artist should not exaggerate the deformities, or tarnish the beauties of surrounding figures, in order to exalt the favoured one.

Of injustice of this sort we accuse Mr. Tytler. If his judgment had been blinded only to the defects of Raleigh, we might have left to his readers the unalloyed enjoyment of studying the character of a meritorious and ill-used man; but when we find him unfairly and incorrectly representing the conduct of another of Elizabeth's worthies, in order to magnify the virtues and the wrongs of his favourite, the love of historical truth prompts us to expose his misrepresentations.

It is not our purpose to go, page by page, through Mr. Tytler's work; we shall notice those passages only which we have examined minutely. Circumstances have led us lately to consider the actions of Robert Cecil, first earl of Salisbury; a personage who, though certainly less qualified than Raleigh for a hero of romance, fills a deserved space in English history. His qualities, let them be more or less highly estimated, were not in their nature attractive; and it is natural, that where the deformed and melancholy politician comes in collision with the chivalrous and poetical warrior, the predisposition as well of posterity as of contemporaries, should be all for the man of enterprise.

We are assuredly not prepared so directly to stem the current of public opinion, as to maintain that Cecil was entirely blameless in the transactions

in which he and Raleigh were mutually concerned; but examining one by one all the statements of Mr. Tytler concerning Cecil, we will endeavour to do justice between the two men, more impartially than the present writer.

The representation of Mr. Tytler, as well as of other writers, is, that Cecil and Raleigh were intimate friends, that they became political rivals, and that Cecil finally sacrificed Raleigh, under pretence of a treasonable concern in a plot which was, in truth, the invention of Cecil himself.

The proof is more or less deficient for every part of this averment. In the first place, it no where appears that there existed between the two persons that equal and cordial intimacy, and mutual good opinion, which are essential to friendship. Though Raleigh's birth preceded Cecil's, his introduction to court was much later; and his letters to Cecil, in the earlier stages of their acquaintance, are addressed to him much more as a patron than as a friend.

Some of these, and extracts from others, are printed by Tytler;* they all contain solicitations of favour or patronage for the writer, who was then in disgrace, occasioned by his amour with Elizabeth Throckmorton. One of them† contains a distinct avowal of attachment to Cecil, but it is the attachment of a follower. Another,‡ which Tytler reasonably supposes to have been intended for the queen's eye, exhibits the writer as a disgusting flatterer of the vain Elizabeth; and should be borne in mind, when we consider the assumption of superiority for Raleigh as a high-minded and independent man. But in no one of them is there any indication of community of sentiment, concurrence of opinion, or conformity of interest. With the exception of that in which the queen is compared to Alexander, Diana, and Venus — to which no gentleman of this day would condescend — they are the letters which an officer and member of parliament might write to the minister to whom he had attached himself. In like manner, the dedication § of the *Discovery of Guiana* to the Admiral Charles Howard and Sir Robert Cecil, contains grateful acknowledgment of favour and protection. It must not be forgotten, that Sir Walter Raleigh was not at this time, *nor at any time*, a member of the queen's council.

"Cecil," says Tytler, "was the friend of Raleigh — as much so, at least, as the marked difference of their characters permitted;" and he then traces to the deformity of his person "the coldness of his heart, his sarcastic contempt for mankind, and the caution, dissimulation, and passion for political intrigue, which formed the leading features of his character. * * * His zeal in the service of his royal mistress was neither enthusiastic nor disinterested, but it was consistent and sincere; because he knew his own greatness to be involved in the success of his public measures," and so forth. "Yet, however able as a statesman, Cecil was proportionably dangerous as a friend. Subtle and insinuating, he esteemed men principally as tools to advance his own interests; and was ready to cast them away, or even to break them to pieces, should they interfere with his policy, or cross the path of his ambition. Such was the person upon whom Essex, still in his palmy state of favour, did not scruple to let loose his resentment; and to whom Raleigh, having already experienced his patronage, attached himself with the earnestness of a man who, cut off from the good graces of his sovereign, caught at any prospect of a restoration. Both were deceived. The noble, open, and fearless earl, fell at length into the toils of the little deformed politician whom he had despised; and the other, after he had served Cecil's private purposes, and co-operated to the overthrow of his enemies, was first coolly thrown aside, and afterwards destroyed by the hand which he had trusted."||

We may concede to Mr. Tytler that the characters of Raleigh and Cecil were different, but his illustration of the contrast would be more complete if he had set forth both the characters which he contrasts. We shall not now inquire whether Raleigh was free from all the faults which he imputes to

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* 128, 133, 145, from Murden's *Burghley Papers*, pp. 657, 658, 663, 664; July 1592.

† March 10, 1592–3, p. 128. ‡ July 1592. Murdin, 657.

§ Tytler, 168. Raleigh's Works, Oxford, viii. 379. || Pp. 177, 178.

Cecil, and adorned with the virtues which he denies to him; we demur to his representation of Cecil himself.

Cecil was, no doubt, a professed politician, and a hard-working man of business, engaged all his life in public affairs. Such a person is seldom endowed with the heroic virtues; he finds little food for enthusiasm, and is not apt to form those generous friendships, which indeed are not very common among real men, whatever be their occupations. Making these admissions, we perhaps must not quarrel with the expression "coldness of heart:" but we charge Mr. Tytler with the gratuitous imputation of "sarcastic contempt for mankind." Nor can we even admit that fondness of intrigue can, with any peculiar propriety, be ascribed to Cecil.

But he was not "enthusiastic" in the service of his queen! Is it not enough that he served her well? or would Mr. Tytler have had him affect, as Raleigh did, admiration of her beauty and devotion to her person?* Surely if the characters are to be contrasted, it will not be here to the disadvantage of the cold-hearted Cecil! In truth, however, the kingly qualities which, amongst all her vanities, belonged to Elizabeth, did inspire Cecil with an attachment which he found it impossible to transfer to James.†

We do not, as advocates on this occasion for Cecil, think it necessary to deny his subtlety, or his powers of insinuation. If, however, he really possessed this insinuating quality, he must have so well disguised his "sarcastic contempt for mankind," that we are surprised at Mr. Tytler's finding it out: but we have to meet graver charges.

Cecil is accused of the ruin of Essex. To us it appears, that if ever man was the artificer of his own misfortunes, Essex was he: but we will follow our author.

That Cecil should be jealous of Essex was unavoidable; it might almost be said that this jealousy was a duty. The earl had obtained influence with the queen more by personal accomplishments than by public service; and he desired to use this influence, in questions of peace and war, in a way which Cecil thought hurtful to the public service. He is not worthy of blame for any means which he took for counteracting this influence, provided that those means were open, and without deceit.

Raleigh had not always been on good terms with Essex, with whom he had served; but it was evidently his interest to reconcile the two powerful men, from both of whom he solicited favours. According to a contemporary statement, repeated by his present biographer, Raleigh made use of his contract for victualling the fleet to gain Essex's favour by personal accommodation. According, however, to the undenied statement of respectable contemporaries, he did effect a reconciliation between the rivals.‡ If it were not perfectly cordial, there is not the shadow of a reason for imputing the defect to the one rather than the other.

Certainly, jealousies and discontents did soon occur; but Cecil, being about to go to France upon a special mission, was peculiarly anxious to conciliate those who would be left in the presence of the queen. "His fear was," says Tytler,§ "that some might be advanced in his absence whom he could not like of, and he artfully managed to have entertainments given him by Raleigh, and his other friends, which delayed his voyage, and gave him time to arrange a secret correspondence, and set his spies and posts in training, who brought him letters of every thing that should be done." We are here compelled to accuse Mr. Tytler of a misquotation, for which scarcely any degree of carelessness can account. The passage which we have copied is given *as a quotation;* and it is added, "*These singular particulars,* which throw so strong a light upon the policy of this great minister, *appear in the Sydney letters.*" Now, first, the passage marked as a quotation, is *not*, beyond the first sentence (ending at "whom he could not like of"), to be found in the Sydney letters. *This* may be the mistake of the printer, in placing commas improperly. We more

* See Sir Arthur Gorges's letter in Tytler, p. 131, and that of Raleigh, p. 133.
† See his letter to Harington (quoted partially by Tytler, p. 296) in *Nugæ Antiquæ*, i. 344.
‡ Tytler, 180; Cayley, i. 306, 307; Sydney Papers, ii. 37, 42, 44, 51, 55.
§ P. 197.

readily accuse the printer of a venial, though inconvenient, piece of negligence, than Mr. Tytler of a pregnant falsification. But, secondly, these particulars *do not appear* in the Sydney collection; unless it be conceived, that a letter (for instance) which should mention two gentlemen having walked into Hyde Park may be taken as evidence that they have fought a duel. The correspondent of Sir Henry Sydney informs him, that (in those days of expensive entertainments) Sir Walter Raleigh and other courtiers had feasted the secretary before his departure; whereupon, and upon no other foundation, Mr. Tytler builds his assertion, that these feasts were "artfully managed" by Cecil himself, for the purposes of delay.

And delay for what purpose? That he might arrange "a secret correspondence, and set his spies and posts in training, who should bring him letters of every thing that should be done." What is Mr. Whyte's account? "During Mr. Secretary's being at Dover, he had every day posts sent unto him of all things done, were they never so private: surely he hath great and inward and assured friends about the queen." We apprehend, that if Lord Grey were now at Dover, he would receive similar communications. The meaning of the letter-writer clearly is, to shew Cecil's great attention to business, and his influence at court, and his watchful attention to all that passed there; but that he caused himself to be dined and supped by all his acquaintance, that he might have time to procure these correspondents, is one of those whimsical fancies into which the biographer is led by his enthusiasm!

'Not long after this, occurred the famous box on the ear; only mentioned here, by way of reminder, that there were at least some steps in Essex's descent for which even Mr. Tytler cannot fix responsibility upon Cecil.

Yet it is with not much more of probability, that this ingenious author does make him answerable for the letter written to Essex while in Ireland, to which country, by the way, he is said, upon what authority we know not, to have been sent, upon a hint either from Cecil or from Raleigh.*

Elizabeth was so much her own minister, that even the station of Cecil does not necessarily make him responsible for the nomination of a lord lieutenant of Ireland: that the captain of the royal guard had any share in it is far from probable. We suspect, however, that Elizabeth wrote her own letters; but our author lays it down as undisputed, that, in her letter from Nonsuch,† "the cold and piquant sarcasm of Cecil was undoubtedly mingled with the personal resentment of the queen." Now, in the first place, there is not one tittle of evidence to prove this "undoubted" fact of Cecil's participation in this letter; but where does Mr. Tytler find "cold and piquant sarcasm" in the style of Cecil? Many scores of his letters are in print; and we own, the more of them we read the higher opinion we form of the writer: some of them may, perhaps, afford indications of the subtlety imputed to him by Tytler; there may be involutions of style which a suspicious critic like Mr. Tytler might not deem accidental; there may be all the arts of politics and diplomacy, but sarcasm or piquancy we find *none*!

A gentleman who displays so much of ingenuity in the invention of circumstances whereon to build his accusations, was really under no necessity for borrowing from the wild fantasies of others; yet our author attempts to set up again the credit of a story, "repeatedly," according to him, "treated as fabulous. Secretary Cecil, it is said, contrived that a report should reach Essex of the desperate illness of his royal mistress,—all ships being stopped but such as conveyed that false intelligence." "This story," he says, "is corroborated both by the character of its author and the circumstances under which it took place." We know not who the respectable author is who vouched, before Mr. Tytler, for this improbable tale: we should have expected to trace it to the kitchen of Sir Anthony Weldon.

We would ask whether the next allegation, as to Cecil's behaviour towards Essex, is to be taken as a charge. "No doubt," we are told, "Cecil, *and* Sir Walter, had in the interval inflamed the queen's mind against him."‡ Here Mr. Tytler involves his own hero in the fault of Cecil; and we are not sure that the distinction which he presently draws between these two enemies of Essex, is much to the credit of his

* P. 203. † P. 208, from Birch's *Elizabeth*, ii. 431. ‡ P. 212.

own favourite. Raleigh, he adds, "who avowed himself his enemy, on finding that Elizabeth shewed some disposition to relent, either felt or affected so much chagrin that he took to his bed; which occasioned her majesty to send for him; but Cecil, more cautious and refined, pretended pity, whilst he really studied to exasperate the royal resentment."

Whether if Raleigh had now avowed himself the enemy of Essex, he had justifiable grounds for thus taking part against the man whom he had recently courted, it is not within our purpose to discuss. But we challenge Mr. Tytler to produce the evidence of his assertion respecting Cecil. From what respectable authority does he aver, that the secretary attempted to exasperate the resentment of Elizabeth against the fallen favourite? Rowland Whyte, the correspondent of Sir Robert Sydney, on whom he frequently relies, gives his testimony the other way; and describes Cecil as having won great favour with the people, by the "good and honest offices which he had done for the earl;"* and Whyte was not partial to Cecil, whose favour towards Sydney he frequently doubted. We have some instances of these honest offices in Birch's narrative of the examination of Essex before the lords of the council. Cecil's argument was rather in defence of the queen and government, than in crimination of Essex; whom he distinctly and repeatedly acquitted of want of loyalty, and of the supposed concession to Tyrone in favour of the Roman Catholic religion.†

Cayley, the most elaborate of Raleigh's historians, and he who builds most upon the contemporary evidence, which it is his constant habit to produce, "found reason to believe that Cecil relented towards the earl before he met his fate, and was even inclined to save him."‡

Among the evidence on which Cayley founded his opinion, was the celebrated letter in which Raleigh exhorted Cecil not to relent against the tyrant.§ Mr. Tytler's management of this document affords a specimen of gratuitous, complicated, and laborious misrepresentation, to which our recollection and research find nothing to compare.

Mr. Tytler makes a little display of candour in republishing this letter, "which presents Raleigh in an attitude of unforgiveness and revenge;" he concedes that it was written by his hero, "*though only signed with his initials*;" but he assures us that it was "afterwards remembered with deep regret." A more careful historian would have given us some reference to the proof of this regret, which, however, we are not disposed to dispute.

But we do dispute the part which, without even the slightest pretence at authority, Mr. Tytler ascribes in this transaction to Robert Cecil. "With a prospective wariness which, not satisfied with deceiving his contemporaries, provided blinds for posterity, Cecil took care that the letter recommending extreme proceedings should appear not under his own but another's hand. With an affected pity for his victim, he appears to have requested Sir Walter's advice, whose feelings were highly exasperated by the conduct of the earl during the Island voyage; and the letter in which he replied still remains to mislead superficial inquiry, and transfer the weight of odium from him who should really bear it, to an inferior agent in the plot."

For the averments contained in this passage, involving a most serious criminal charge, Mr. Tytler does not offer any one fact, argument, or suggestion, or even the opinion of a respectable man, by way of proof or support. He admits, that up to this time the descendants of Elizabeth's courtiers have been deceived by this truly cunning trick, devised for the very purpose of deceiving them. Up to this time, inquiry has been superficial. We would ask Mr. Tytler in what one respect *he* has gone further beyond the *surface*? with what new light has *he* investigated the matter, excepting that of his own lively imagination!

It no where appears that *this letter* was written on a request *from* Cecil: there is no reason why he *should* not have asked advice; but that *he did* ask it, is a fancy not absurd. All the rest is fanciful absurdity.

Mr. Tytler|| ascribes great importance to a discovery lately made, that the date assigned to this letter is erroneous—that it must have been written earlier, and therefore does not exhibit Raleigh as urging the execution of

* Sydney Papers, ii. 143. † Birch's *Elizabeth*, ii. 452, 453.
‡ Cayley, i. 339. § 340; Tytler, 215; Murdin, 811. || P. 221.

Essex. Now if the date is erroneous, as by the then English computation it certainly is, the most natural conjecture is that it is as little wrong as possible; and that, if it cannot be 1601, it was written in 1600, or 1600-1. If Cecil endorsed it only a few weeks after its receipt, he might very probably have put the *then* date, instead of that which really belonged to it.

But the point is of no importance to our argument, except that, if Mr. Tytler is right in supposing the letter to have been written at an earlier period, away goes his speculation upon the ingenious contrivance which, on inquiry no longer superficial, he was enabled to detect in Robert Cecil. But we will now try whether we cannot surpass Mr. Tytler in ingenuity. Cecil's plan was to deceive *posterity*; and he therefore, not carelessly, but with "prospective wariness," put a date upon the paper which he foresaw would become, within two centuries, familiar in England!

Only one word more as to Essex. It is affirmed that Cecil "possessed such influence, that a word from Cecil would have saved him." Such influence, we believe, with Elizabeth, no man possessed. That he might have produced some effect by putting his own credit and situation in jeopardy, is surely possible. In the days in which he lived, this would have been an act of splendid and singular generosity, such as, we freely admit, it was not in his character to practise; yet we know not one of the Elizabethan heroes who would have excelled him.

We now come to the alleged conduct of Cecil towards Raleigh himself. It is generally admitted, that, after the death of Essex, no friendship subsisted between these two courtiers. Mr. Tytler ascribes the enmity of Cecil to the growing importance of Raleigh in the state.* A letter recently published by the librarian of the British Museum, teaches us that, long previously to this time, Cecil had misgivings as to the character of Raleigh: "And for good Mr. Raleigh, who wonders at his own diligence (because diligence and he are not familiars), it is true that on Wednesday night, I being at Greenwich, and the queen at Mr. Walsingham's, his letter found me; which I imparted on Thursday, as soon as the queen was ready, unto her; and do confess, that, in expectation to hear of you, we did defer answer to you until Friday, of which day I trust divers despatches are with you long before this time. Thus do you see, that a man whose fortune scants him of means to do you service, will not bear evils to be accused of dulness, especially by your rear-admiral (Raleigh); who, making haste but once in a year to write a letter in port, *gave date from Weymouth to his last despatch, which, by the circumstances, I knew was written from Plymouth*."†

We know not whether this imputation was just; just or not, it shews that three years before Essex's death Cecil thought—or, if Mr. Tytler pleases, professed to think—slightingly of Raleigh. It is, perhaps, not more necessary than easy to define the cause of estrangement; but it must be observed, that there is no indication of any collision dangerous to Cecil's power. Raleigh held no political office, and had not the appointment of privy-counsellor, which in those days carried with it a participation in the government. The scanty reports of parliamentary proceedings do not enable us to say whether he was troublesome in the House of Commons, but certainly nothing in those proceedings exhibit him as the political rival of the favoured minister of England. A letter of Sir John Harington has been often quoted, in which he tells Dr. Still that "Cecil is no friend to Raleigh, as you well understand in the matter of Essex."‡ These words would imply, either that Cecil was no friend to Raleigh, as appeared in the matter of Essex, or that he had a difference with him, arising out of the matter of Essex. Either conjecture traces the estrangement to causes antecedent to the jealousy generated after Essex's death.

According to Mr. Tytler, Cecil first exalted Raleigh and then destroyed him; for he negatives an imputation cast upon the minister by former writers, of having cajoled Raleigh with false hopes, and supposes him to have given him great appointments, one of which was "ambassador to Flanders;" and also "the task of managing of the House of Commons." The two last-mentioned favours are imaginary:

* Pp. 222, 223. † 26th July, 1597; Ellis's *Letters*, iii. 41.
‡ Nugæ Antiquæ, i. 340.

there was no recognised embassy to Flanders. In July 1600 there is mention, in a private correspondence between two ministers abroad, of a journey undertaken by Raleigh into that country, some time before Essex's trial, which the writer conceives to have had some political motive. This gives Mr. Tytler occasion for a remark, whether laudatory or objurgatory we do not clearly see, on Cecil's habit of keeping secrets. Apparently, there was here no secret to be kept.

It is strange, indeed, that our author should ascribe to Raleigh the management of the House of Commons, since he represents him as thwarting there the government of Cecil. "He opposed with great freedom the somewhat slavish doctrines of Cecil and Bacon."* It was proposed, he says, by Sir Francis Hastings, that the "three-pound men"† should be exempted from the subsidy. Another member proposed a larger exemption; Raleigh followed this speaker, proposing that all should pay alike; and Cecil took the same line. Cecil gave no support to any slavish doctrines urged in debate. He argued for the tax going low down in the scale of property, that the Spaniards might see that all ranks were ready to make every exertion against them; or, as he expressed it in words quoted by Tytler, "that neither pots, nor pans, nor dish, nor spoon, should be spared, when danger was at our elbow." For this language, which is such as every minister, Whig or Tory, has used in all times, Cecil is classed among "obsequious statesmen;" and Raleigh is contrasted with him, because "he liked not that the Spaniards should know that we sold our pots and pans!" There is some obscurity as to his vote; but the whole, if more than a verbal debate, is a mere question as to the details of a property-tax, and involves no point of power or freedom.

There is a still more ridiculous exaggeration in the importance attached to another occasion, in which "there was an evident rivalry between Raleigh and Cecil, which indicated the decay of their confidence."‡

In a division on which the numbers were 106 to 105, and a vote was therefore important, it was stated, that a member, wishing to go out with the ayes, was pulled back by his sleeve, and made to vote against his opinion. Raleigh said it was a small matter, and he had often done the like; whereupon the comptroller of the household said that he ought to be sent to the Tower. Cecil taking the middle course, which Lord Castlereagh or Lord Althorpe would have taken, as leaders of the house, agreed in its being a grave matter to force a vote, but could not support the proposition for committing Raleigh. And there was an end.

These details shew the minuteness of Mr. Tytler's misrepresentations. We now come to a more worthy discussion.

We are referred to the secret correspondence carried on with King James during the life of Elizabeth, in which it is truly said the expectant monarch was prepossessed against Raleigh. Mr. Tytler treats this as, we admit, all writers have treated it, as the correspondence of Cecil himself; and he says, that "Lord Henry Howard represents himself (in p. 19 of the Collection) as nothing more than Cecil's agent in managing this correspondence."§

We do not doubt but that the letters were written with the knowledge of Cecil, and under general directions from him; but on a careful examination of all that have been published, it has appeared to us at least extremely doubtful whether Cecil ever saw them: and there is no letter in the collection which has confirmed this doubt more strongly than that which is now quoted; for this letter contains particulars which, the writer says, "Cecil forbad him to advertise." And it appears from this same letter, and from others,‖ that Cecil himself had a separate correspondence with the master of Gray, if not with James himself. But in the next letter in the Collection there is not only another similar proof that Cecil did not see it, but the topic which is treated without Cecil's permission, and which is therefore to be unnoticed in the answer, is the account which he had given of "*the consultations and canons* (resolutions) *of Durham House*"—the place of meeting between Raleigh, Cobham, and Northumberland; upon whom this letter bestowed the title of "diabolical triplicity." It thus

* P. 238. † Parl. Hist. i. 916.
‡ P. 244. § P. 443. ‖ Letter vi. p. 88.

appears doubtful, to say the very least, not only whether Cecil saw the letters of Lord Henry Howard, but whether he participated in the accusation of Raleigh to James, for which he has been so severely blamed; still more, whether he is responsible for the unwarrantable language in which it was conveyed.

We do not blame Mr. Tytler for embracing an opinion which has been hitherto current. Our difference from that opinion extends only to a doubt, the consideration of which we recommend to Mr. Tytler, and all the enemies of "superficial inquiry."

But, allowing it to be not improbable that Cecil did prejudice James against Raleigh, we do again blame this author for his account of the means which Cecil took to ingratiate himself with the Scottish monarch. Cecil, he says, "had acquainted himself with James's minutest peculiarities, and carefully accommodated his opinions to them all. The principles of his policy under Elizabeth had been, with slight exceptions, the same as those of Raleigh; but the pliant minister was careful to modify and alter them, in conformity with the feeble and temporising character of her successor."* And then come the unconfirmed stories of the discarded cook, to which we leave the weight which they can support. They all belong to that branch of historical science, in which our author is himself so expert, the invention of mysterious and circuitous methods of accounting for the simplest occurrences. Nothing was more natural, than that the new king of England should retain as his minister one who had served his predecessor well, and had signified his readiness to serve *him*. Mr. Tytler goes even beyond Weldon in the particularity of his creations. Weldon says, without the slightest warranty as to the first, that Cecil used "his purse and his wit." Tytler tells us that he employed that wit in searching and seconding James's peculiarities. Can he support this averment by any one fact! He does not even tell us that this servile imitator followed his master in the chase! There is not, in the correspondence, any indication of pliancy, or of modification of opinion, on the part of Cecil. There is powerful evidence of the king's undisturbed confidence in him, and of his distinction between the wise minister and his verbose and officious agent.

"It was known," Mr. Tytler also says, "that James had expressed the strongest antipathy to all connected with the conspiracy against Essex; and as Cecil was one of his chief enemies, his immediate removal from power was anticipated." Here again Mr. Tytler only follows other writers; unless it be in speaking of the "conspiracy against Essex," which, if it were not an extravagant phrase, carelessly used, would criminate Raleigh equally with Cecil. But let us suppose Cecil to have been concerned in Essex's fall; the other part of the averment is still without warranty. We know but of one letter elucidating the relative position of James and the unfortunate earl. In this, of which the writer was the Earl of Northumberland, it is stated that "James lost no great friend in Essex."†

We now come to the plot for which Raleigh was tried and condemned. Here again Mr. Tytler has added fresh misrepresentations, and bolder assertions, to the more reasonable conclusions of former writers.

1.‡ He accuses Cecil of "a device of a base and crafty description,§ in causing to be shown to Cobham the letter which he had received from Raleigh concerning his alleged intrigues with Aremberg." And further on, it is asserted, that "the secretary *managed to procure* from Raleigh this epistle;" and "the effect being artfully heightened" (another mere guess!) "by suggestions that he had betrayed his friend, Cobham was excited, as is well known, to violent accusations of Raleigh."

Now this allegation of management is entirely without authority. It would be just as reasonable for one who should take part against Raleigh, to affirm that Cobham's retractation was procured by putting a pistol to his head. We have accounts of this letter from Raleigh himself: "After I was examined," he

* Pp. 255, 257. † Aikin's *James I.* vol. i. p. 56.

‡ We will number these several points of misrepresentation concerning Raleigh for the convenience of reference, if Mr. Tytler should have any thing to say in answer to us. § P. 259.

says, "I told my lords that I thought my Lord Cobham had conference with Aremberg."* And he afterwards refers to this communication as made by letter, and mentions the effect which this letter, described by Raleigh himself as having "discovered Cobham's dealings with Aremberg," produced upon Cobham. There is no where the slightest hint that the communication was other than voluntary; and, certainly, the insinuation that it was artfully obtained from Raleigh is not very judicious in one who represents him as a great man. The exhibition of the letter to Cobham might take place in a modern justice-room, on an examination before trial. We have often heard of complaints made by a prisoner, that he was not told of what and by whom he was accused, and that evidence was suddenly brought against him which he was not prepared to rebut. The complaint is here reversed. But, supposing the proceedings to be inconsistent with the extremely dry and cautious practice of England in the examination of prisoners—contrary to French, and we believe also to Scottish practice—it was quite within rule in 1600.

2. In our next remark, we do not charge a complete misrepresentation, but something more near to it than a scrupulous man would choose to commit. Speaking of the circumstances which could be brought against Raleigh, his biographer says, "At first they seem to have been considered too trivial to be exaggerated into a serious accusation, even by the obsequiousness of the judges, or the inventive capacity of Cecil."† At the end of this passage, Mr. Tytler inserts a reference, which appears applicable to the whole of it, to a letter from Thomas Edmunds, in *Lodge's Illustrations.*‡ What Sir Thomas says is, that "against Raleigh it was said that the proofs were not so pregnant." For the rest, Mr. Tytler is responsible.

3. "Cobham's brother (Brooke) was flattered by Cecil, who, holding out the promise of pardon, induced him to act entirely in conformity with his wishes, and to perform any *services* required of him. What these services were which Brooke alludes to, in a remarkable letter§ to the secretary, all who knew the enmity of the latter to Raleigh could be at no loss to determine."‖ And in a note¶ at the end, he maintains that his letter "proves that Brooke had received many promises of *reward* from Cecil—many directions with regard to what the secretary wished him to do—that he had conformed his proceedings to these injunctions—that his services had been accepted and acknowledged by Cecil—and that after all, the promises made to him had not been kept."

Our sagacious author deduces from these circumstances something very nearly amounting to proof, that Brooke had been employed as a spy upon Cobham, and that the object was to prevail upon him to implicate Cobham and Raleigh, by declaring that he was privy to the treason.

Now, the promises attributed by Brooke to Cecil were promises "to cancel injuries past;" and the whole foundation of the statement of a particular course of service is in the expression, "After so many promises received, and so much conformity and accepted service performed on my part to you." When we remember that the services are estimated by him who claims the reward, we can form no accurate notion of their value. As to their nature, we are still more in doubt. They may, very possibly, have consisted in political conformity. If they had any reference to Raleigh or the plot, it is probable that they would have been more distinctly mentioned. All probability is against the far-fetched conjecture of Mr. Tytler.

4. A letter is now mentioned,** which Raleigh addressed, before the trial, to the Lords Cecil and Henry Howard, and Sir Edward Coke. Mr. Tytler refers to no authority, nor can we find the letter. We have one†† which is addressed to Cecil, with the Earls of Nottingham, Suffolk, and Devonshire, and is probably the letter intended. In any case, there is a blamable carelessness in the omission of a reference or authority.

5. Coming now to the trial, Mr. Tytler charges Cecil with giving an evasive answer to a question put by

* State Trials, ii. 11. † P. 260. ‡ Lodge, iii. 172.
§ Thomson's Raleigh, Appendix P. ‖ P. 261. ¶ P. 449. ** P. 262.
†† Cayley, i. 367. He quotes Harleian and other collections, and Birch's Works of Raleigh, ii. 377. See also Oxford edition, viii. 611.

one of the jury. "The foreman of the jury requested to be informed regarding the letter said to have been addressed by Raleigh to Cecil, and whether it was written before the time of Cobham's accusations; and the wary secretary thus replied, with an apparent tenderness for one who had in former years been his friend."* "The object,"† he afterwards says, "of the question was evident. Raleigh had asserted that his letter to Cecil had been shewn to Cobham, and that this circumstance had stimulated that nobleman to accuse him. The juryman wished to find out if this was true, and requested to know the time or date of this letter, and whether it preceded Cobham's accusation. Nothing can be plainer than the question; and Cecil had only to give the date—to say yes or no. But mark the crafty obscurity of his answer: 'For Sir Walter Raleigh, I must say that there was a light given by him to me, that La Renzy had dealt between Count Aremberg and the Lord Cobham, but that Sir Walter at that time knew of the Lord Cobham's accusation, I cannot say; for I think he was not then examined touching any matter concerning my Lord Cobham, for only the surprising treason was then in suspicion.' The truth was, that Sir Walter could not possibly have *then* known of Lord Cobham's accusation, because that accusation had not then been made;—a fact perfectly understood by Cecil, but which he did not choose to mention, because it corroborated Raleigh's defence."

Now here is a manifest, not unimportant instance of misquotation. Mr. Tytler refers to the "Trial, as given by Oldys, p. 665."‡ *He has altered the words which he found there.* These words were, "There was a light given to Aremberg that La Renzy was examined, but whether Raleigh knew that Cobham was examined, is more than I know."§

Mr. Tytler's object is to shew that Raleigh and Sir Thomas Fowler (the juryman) attached importance to the fact, that Cobham had not accused Raleigh until after he had seen the letter, and that Cecil wished to conceal or disguise this important fact. Now the truth is, that the fact was never denied by the prosecutors. Mr. Tytler has not only misquoted the answer of Cecil, but he has suppressed the answer, recorded on the very page which he quotes, which was given by the attorney-general to Fowler's question: Sir Edward Coke, undisguised enemy as he was of Raleigh, did not hesitate at once to give that simple "yes," which Mr. Tytler deems so essential to the prisoner.

It will readily be seen that the words which Mr. Tytler has ascribed to Cecil's answer give to the question a meaning which does not appear upon the face of it. They refer it to the accusation of Raleigh by Cobham, whereas its terms relate simply to the examination of Cobham. We cannot affirm that Mr. Tytler invented the words—it is possible that he may have found them in some report of the trial; but we do affirm that he has greatly damaged his credit as an historian by quoting, as contained in a particular volume and page, words to which he attaches great importance, which are neither to be found there, nor in a general collection‖ recently edited by a person of great learning and research.

The truth is, that the report of the trial is in many parts obscure. In this very question, the *he* and the *him* are not precisely directed; and there is the same obscurity in the chief justice's observation, which appears to have occasioned the question. Cecil took it as meaning to inquire whether Raleigh knew that Cobham had been examined, and this he could not answer. That the letter preceded the *accusation*, Cecil neither denied nor affirmed. There was no doubt about the matter, nor was he asked a question upon it.

6. In the passage referring to the proposal for confronting Cobham with the accused, there is another and an important misquotation. Cecil is represented¶ as addressing Raleigh thus: "If my Lord Cobham *should be brought, and we were to ask him* whether you were his only instigator to proceed in the treason, dare you put yourself on his answer?"

* P. 271.

† Note in p. 272.

‡ Note to p. 272.

§ See also State Trials, ii. 13.

‖ The State Trials agree with Oldys, and so does Cayley, in his life of Raleigh, i. 397.

¶ P. 276.

All that refers to *the presence of Cobham in court* is interpolated. The words are,* "If my Lord Cobham will say you were the only instigator;" and it is clear that Cecil did not allude to an examination at that time and in that court. Upon Raleigh's first demand to be confronted, he had desired that the judges might be consulted. Their answer was against the production of the accuser; and the very question now put was preceded by reference to that decision. Cecil may or may not have been to blame, in acquiescing in the decision of the judges; but all the remarks founded on the inconsistency of that acquiescence with the question to Raleigh, fall to the ground when the terms of the question are truly stated. This, then, is another instance of interpolation for a particular purpose.

7. The misquotation continues! "'You argue,'" Cecil is made to say,† "'*that Cobham must have acquainted you with his conferences with Aremberg.* That does not follow. If I set you on a work, and you give me no account, does that make me innocent?'" "To this," Mr. Tytler says, "the reply of the accuser meant more than met the ear." "'Whoever,' said he, 'is the workman, it is reason he should give an account to the workmaster. But let it be proved that he gave me any account of his conferences with Aremberg.'" The misquotation here consists in putting the "reply" before that which was replied to, and inserting words (there printed in italics) to make the passage so reversed intelligible! It was Raleigh who used, in the terms assigned to his reply, the argument drawn from his having received no report from Cobham. Cecil's answer was natural and just. The instigator would not have been the less guilty because the agent had been faithless or unpunctual. "The reply," however, (which was *not* the reply,) "conveyed more than met the ear." *What* it conveyed, or what our searching biographer fancies it to have conveyed, is far beyond our powers of divination.

8. Cecil is accused ‡ of a want of veracity, in telling Sir Thomas Parry that the conspirators had "discoursed among themselves" concerning the Lady Arabella, which, "he was well aware, had been contradicted by the whole evidence on the trial."

It is true that there was no evidence of any design to set up Arabella Stuart; but there was, as certainly, no evidence in disproof of its having been entertained: and it is remarkable that even Raleigh himself, in his final appeal to the court, spoke of it as a matter of which he denied not the existence, but his participation in it.§ That there were some floating projects concerning Arabella, was the opinion at the time, as is shewn in the despatches of the French ambassador, Beaumont,|| to which Mr. Tytler elsewhere, as we shall see, refers as good authority. There was quite enough to justify Cecil's communication.

9. Mr. Tytler now proceeds to shew that Cecil himself was the author of the plots; and he commences with that which is perhaps the most remarkable of all his mistakes, because the very statement proves itself erroneous. Cecil, he says, had on the trial professed a friendship for Raleigh, "yet it can be shewn, under his own hand, that this was an untruth. In that remarkable correspondence which this minister, by means of his crafty agent, Lord Henry Howard, carried on with James VI., it is completely established, that, for a considerable time before the death of Elizabeth, although he preserved towards Sir Walter the appearance of affectionate confidence, he was his *bitter political enemy*, and *had determined on his ruin.*"¶ Now mark the carelessness of this writer. He tells us that a certain point is established *under a man's own hand*, and proves his statement—by reference to the correspondence of *an agent.* The offence against that precision without which history is valueless, would be the same even if the agency were proved; but Cecil's concern in Howard's letters has never been accurately defined; and we have shewn that, even as to this particular point, the agent avowed that he did not always write in conformity with the wishes of the principal.

Mr. Tytler quotes,** indeed, one passage in which Cecil's name is used

* In Oldys; Raleigh's works, i. 681; State Trials, ii. 24; Cayley, i. 420.
† P. 277. ‡ P. 288.
§ "I never knew of the practice with Arabella."—*State Trials*, ii. 29.
|| See Cartes' *England*, iii. 718. ¶ Pp. 290 and 443. ** P. 443.

by Lord Henry Howard, in a communication respecting Raleigh. It appears that Sir Walter wished Cecil to inform the queen, evidently with the view, as Cecil told him, of "picking a thank," that he had rejected overtures made to him through the Duke of Lennox from the Scottish king. Cecil desired that this occurrence might be reported to James: and on the same occasion told Howard, that "he and they," Cobham and Raleigh, "would never live under one apple-tree;"* an expression which certainly does not necessarily imply the bitterness of political enmity to Raleigh, still less a determination to effect his ruin.

The same page† contains a flagrant misrepresentation of another letter in the *Secret Correspondence*. "There is a sentence in which, by the direction of Cecil, the king is instructed to look upon Raleigh as the person who would willingly give the stab to James's hope of succession." The words correctly quoted bear no such meaning: "A stab, both to that interest which he (James) holdeth at present in the queen's temperate conceit, and to the liberty which men now begin to take in making their professions to look to him." Raleigh, who desired to make a merit with Elizabeth of holding no communication with James, wished also to prevent others from making court to him; a policy which, if he had the right to adopt, those whom it affected had the right to counteract.

10. It is however admitted that, at this time, Cecil was no friend to Raleigh. The visit to Sherbourne, according to the dates quoted by Mr. Tytler,‡ was prior to the death of Essex, from which time Mr. Tytler himself dates the estrangement. We shall not waste time upon the attempt to prove the existence of "the kindest intimacy,"§ by a letter of introduction brought to Cecil, as one of "the chief men about court," by the son of an Irish nobleman, who desired an introduction to Raleigh, with a view to the purchase of his estate.

On this point it only remains to add, that Cecil did *not* make, on the trial, unqualified professions of friendship for Raleigh; he referred only to former intimacy, and expressed present good-will,—qualified always by the "faults" of Raleigh.

11. According, however, to Mr. Tytler, Raleigh was soon acquainted with Cecil's hostile practices; and "soon after James's accession, *it is said*, he defended himself in a memorial, and accused Cecil not only of being a principal instrument in the fall of Essex, but of being a chief hand in the death of the Queen of Scots."‖ We do not consider Arthur Wilson¶ as a good authority for an *on dit*, and therefore place this among the stories repeated with levity by our author; observing only, that if Raleigh had really written such a letter, he would indeed have revenged himself by a very improbable accusation, as Cecil had no share in the government at the period of Mary's trial or execution.

12. Mr. Tytler** now quotes this passage from Raleigh's letter, formerly mentioned, to Lord Nottingham and others:—"By what means that revengeful accusation was stirred, you, my lord Cecil, know right well, that it was my letter about Keymis; and your lordships all know whether it be maintained, or whether, out of truth and a Christian consideration, it be revoked." According to our author, this passage shews Raleigh to have been aware that Cecil was the contriver of the plot. How comes Mr. Tytler to this conclusion? Keymis was an officer under Raleigh, by whom he sent the letter to Cobham, in the Tower, exhorting him to have no fear. We are not told by our author, nor do we know, what letter Raleigh wrote *about* Keymis. To say the least, this is an instance of heedless averment.

13. We have now a striking instance of unfair suppression. "The malignity," it is said,†† "of the secretary is fully established by the despatches of the French ambassador, De Beaumont, then in England, who declares that he was violently set upon the prosecution, acting more from interest and passion than from any zeal for the public good."‡‡ We do not perhaps assign much weight to the opinions upon domestic subjects of the

* Secret Correspondence, pp. 47, 52. † P. 443. Sec. Cor. p. 126.
‡ Sept. 6, 1600, from *Sydney Papers*, ii. 210, 12, 14. The trial took place on Feb. 19, 1600, *i. e.* 1600–1.
§ P. 444. ‖ P. 291. ¶ In Kennet, ii. 663, 4. ** P. 292.
†† P. 291. ‡‡ Carte, iii. 219.

ambassador of a court, known to be unfriendly to the English government of that day. But if Beaumont is to be relied upon for the malignity of the prosecutor, he is equally good authority for the guilt of the condemned; and, indeed, better authority, inasmuch as the guilt is more capable of proof. Now this M. Beaumont, writing, as in the other case, unreservedly to his own government, pronounces Raleigh to have been "*justly, though not legally, condemned.*" And, if we may trust Carte, from whom alone we have any knowledge of these despatches, he deduced his opinion of the guilt of Raleigh "not only from the accounts he received from the king, the ministers, and the various persons he had employed to attend all the trials, but from various other circumstances and relations upon which (as he tells the king his master) he could absolutely depend. He knew very well Raleigh and Cobham's designs, as well by their proposals made to himself and Rosny, as by the correspondence they had in France, by means of M. Mason de la Fontaine; and Lady Raleigh informed him that her husband had been interrogated about that correspondence, and his and Cobham's frequent visits to Rosny, but had confessed nothing. Besides Raleigh's intrigues to get intelligence from Cobham in the Tower, the confession of the lieutenant's son,"* &c. &c. Again, "the king of Denmark had sent James an account of the Spanish designs and revolution to make the descent proposed; and a Scotsman had been taken, in the beginning of August, at Dover, on his return from Bruxelles, whither he had carried a packet from Aremberg written upon his conferences with Cobham." * * * "The court were certainly satisfied that Cobham's plot was encouraged by the archduke, not only from the Scotsman's confession, but from two original letters of Aremberg's, which the king intercepted, and which the king shewed to M. de Beaumont. These letters and proofs were not indeed produced at the trial, because James was so desirous of a peace with the king of Spain and the archduke, that he did not care to obstruct it."†

We do not cite these statements of the French ambassador as sufficient to prove Raleigh's guilt. They are, even when he speaks of communications made to himself, far too loose and vague; but they are also far too numerous and various to have been invented by Cecil. There is nothing in Mr. Tytler's evidence to prove that Cecil invented the plot, half so decisive as these despatches are to prove that he did not.

14. Now comes another misquotation! It is averred,‡ that Cecil gives "a garbled and unfair representation of the grounds upon which Raleigh was found guilty; and, in his anxiety to account for the inconsistencies in the story of Cobham's plot, he directly contradicts himself in a very material point. In a note addressed to Sir Thomas Parry, previous to the trial, but after the examination had been taken, he accuses Aremberg of a scheme to advance money to Cobham, *not to procure a peace*, but for some other design by which *he would prosper better than by peace.*" § This passage is not truly quoted. Cecil did *not* accuse Aremberg in this letter. He said that *Cobham* had written a letter to Aremberg of the tenor assigned, and that, before Aremberg could return a direct answer, Cobham was apprehended.

"In a second letter, written after the trial, Cecil, according to Mr. Tytler, "as positively asserts a totally different story, —namely, that for the Count of Aremberg, with whom the Lord Cobham had private meetings and intercourse by letters, *it was always* pretended to him, however it might be intended by Lord Cobham, *for the advancement of the peace*, and that the money should be so bestowed without any further reference."‖ This variation of statement our vigilant author traces to Cecil's hope, in the first instance, "to make something of the pretended plot in favour of the Lady Arabella." This attempt failed; he therefore found it necessary to change his statement, and assert that Aremberg" was never allowed to suppose that the money was intended for any other purpose than the advancement of the peace."

Now, the whole discrepancy is this;

* Cartes, notes to p. 72.

† The reference is to Dep. (Dépêches), Aug. 20, Dec. 6, 10, 18. ‡ P. 293.

§ Cayley, ii. 8, 9, is quoted; but in the second edition, which we use, it is i. 304.

‖ P. 294. This second letter, again, is misquoted! For this one time, the variation from the truth is unimportant, except to show the author's recklessness.

Cecil had said, in his first letter, that Cobham had suggested to Aremberg something unexplained, besides the advancement of peace: in his second letter, he says, that it was always pretended to Aremberg that the money was for the peace alone. In both letters, he speaks equally of the plot concerning Arabella being "conceived in the minds of these men," Cobham and his friends, "and discoursed of among themselves." It is not true that the first letter affirmed, and the second negatived, the existence of the Arabella plot. The ingenious conjecture of Mr. Tytler falls to the ground, and nothing remains but this,—that whereas in one communication Cecil had said that something besides the peace had been hinted at, but not explained to Aremberg; in the other, he negatives even the hint. If this slight difference had any motive,—if it was more than that which will always occur between an earlier and a later description of the same transaction, it was occasioned by the desire pointed out by M. Beaumont, to exonerate the Spanish government. It was a little piece of political dissimulation, not altogether defensible, perhaps, in morals, but venial in comparison of those artifices which it has been our duty to expose in this article.

15. "Every word cast in by Cecil, in Raleigh's trial, was unfavourable to the accused; and the reader is already aware how steadily he opposed the *vivâ voce* examination of Cobham."* This account differs from the contemporary statements. In a letter, quoted elsewhere by Mr. Tytler himself, a member of parliament informs his correspondent, in reference to Raleigh's trial, that "the Lord Cecil carried himself favourably towards him that day; the attorney most violently."† And Michael Hicks, writing to the Earl of Shrewsbury, speaks of Cecil's having "moved the judges thereto,"‡—that is, to bringing the accusers face to face with the accused, in a way which conveys the notion that he was for a compliance with Raleigh's request; assuredly, he did not "steadily oppose it,"§ nor can it be reasonably alleged, by any person who reads the trial, that every word thrown in by Cecil, was unfavourable to Raleigh. We have already noticed ‖ his answer to Sir Thomas Fowler's question. There is here not one word of aggravation. Certainly, having, as minister, advised the apprehension, and, we presume, the trial of the prisoner, he maintained Cobham's accusation as proof against him.¶ But he procured him pen and ink for assisting his defence,** and so reproved the impetuosity of Sir Edward Coke, as to cause him to set down in a chafe."††

Be it observed, that we are not here vindicating Cecil for bringing Raleigh to trial; we are only disputing Mr. Tytler's assertion of his uniformly hostile conduct on the trial.

16 "Alluding to his skill in the pursuit and unravelling of plots, the king used playfully to call Cecil his little beagle; and certainly his prudence, his industry, and his intimate knowledge of the worst parts of human nature were admirable." We do not dispute this appellation; but we suspect the explanation of it to be a fresh instance of Mr. Tytler's ingenuity. James was a mighty hunter; and had Cecil been a tall, active man, he might have been likened to a stag-hound. At all events, we do not perceive how the comparison was justified by his knowledge of the worst parts of human nature.

The page from which we now quote‡‡ contains a violent but desultory attack upon Cecil's character, which we do not minutely criticise, because it contains matter of opinion only; and as opinions can only be supported upon facts, and we have pretty well shewn that Mr. Tytler's facts are mistakes and surmises, we deem it useless to discuss his opinions.

17. We proceed then to a *fact*, which is, even by the author's own admission, to be classed with his surmises. He gives us a letter written by Cecil to Harington, some time after the accession of James. Herein the minister describes, in the melancholy style which disease and hard work had made natural to him, the discomforts of a courtier's life; with some apparent allusion (in the part not quoted by Tytler§§) to a change for the worse from the time of Elizabeth.

* P. 293. † Sir Toby Matthews' collection, p. 279.
‡ Lodge's Illustrations, iii. 214. See State Trials, 18.
§ See State Trials. ‖ P. 10, *ante*. ¶ State Trials, 16, 17.
** Ibid. 17. †† Ibid. 23, 26. ‡‡ P. 295.
§§. See the letter at length in *Nugæ Antiquæ*, i. 344.

The sensations here described have been felt, or affected, by other courtiers than Cecil. A man goes on in the same track, complaining that it brings him to no happiness on earth, and admitting that it leads not to bliss in heaven. It is not because a man, in a moment of fatigue or irritation, delivers himself of such sentiments in a letter to a friend, that he is to be deemed a confessing criminal.

To trace this common-place effusion of the wearied minister to remorse for his behaviour to Raleigh, is the fancy of a writer who can see nothing with the eyes of nature.

18. Prince Henry, "acute in the detection and indignant at the triumph of hypocrisy, had imbibed an early aversion to Cecil, which not all the insinuating flattery of that pleasant statesman was able to remove."* That the Prince of Wales was no friend to Cecil we admit — we hardly know an instance in which the heir-apparent of the British crown has been on good terms with his father's ministers. A reader not accustomed to our author, would undoubtedly imagine that Dr. Birch, the industrious historian to whom he refers, had countenanced the notion that Prince Henry hated Cecil as a hypocrite, and that the minister had in some way compromised his character in order to gain the princely favour.

The truth is, that although Birch is quoted by Mr. Tytler, the authority which *he* gives is that of M. Boderie, to whose letters an accurate writer would have referred.† Now Dr. Birch, quoting from the French ambassador, hints not at any motive of the prince's dislike of the minister, unless it be jealousy of his power — a feeling which appears to have been mutual. Not one word on Henry's part disrespectful to Cecil, is adduced by Tytler, nor have we found any such in Birch's life; nor do we find, either there or elsewhere, any evidence of unworthy compliances on the part of Cecil. The letters to the prince and his tutor, of which Dr. Birch has printed several,‡ are, no doubt, in the style of the courtier. They are complimentary, and expressive of that sort of devotion which, under a monarchy even in these days, those who address royalty are accustomed to profess. There is no disgusting flattery such as we have seen in the letters of Raleigh; still less any symptoms of pliancy in political matters.

19. Mr. Tytler has the authority of Cayley for ascribing§ to Raleigh a scurrilous epitaph on Cecil. Some of the allusions in this piece of scandal are unintelligible to us, and are not explained by the biographer. The *animus* with which the life is written, and the author's notion of the duties of a biographer, are no where more striking than in the mode of referring to a loathsome disease, of which, in this epitaph, Cecil is said to have died. After mentioning it, Mr. Tytler says: "Yet, even by his eulogists, Salisbury's illness, for which the use of the Bath hot-wells was recommended, is said to have been a complication of dropsy and scurvy." According to Mr. Tytler, it would seem something remarkable for one who admires any person as a statesman, or a man, to acknowledge that an originally weak constitution led, in an advanced age, to a complication of disorders. Does it not occur to him, that even an eulogist is expected to speak the truth!

20. "Raleigh touches," he also says, "on Cecil's power of fleecing the people and enriching himself." Now this passage is one of the circumstances which cause us to doubt whether Sir Walter did write this piece of scurrility. Cecil was for a long time in high office, held great appointments, and, like all the most approved statesmen of those days, raised a fortune for his family. There is no part of his administration to which the charge of "fleecing the people" is appropriate. Raleigh himself had not only royal grants of great value, but fiscal privileges and monopolies: It was not for him to reproach Cecil

* P. 317, referring to Birch's *Life of Prince Henry*, pp. 76, 109, 138.

† Ambassades de la Boderie, i. 400; iii. 302. 31st Oct. 1606.—"Outre qu'il est entier en ce qu'il veut, il est déjà craint de ceux qui ont les affaires en main, qui montre redouter grandement son ascendant; *aussi*, le prince témoigne-t-il l'estimer peu." 7th June, 1608.—"Quant au Prince de Galles, je crois bien, que par son autorité celle de l'autre (Cecil) diminuera; témoignant déjà en effet n'en être sans jalousie, mais il y a encore bien de temps."

‡ Life of Prince Henry, pp. 127–138.

§ P. 349.

with enriching himself at the public expense. . . .

If Raleigh did write this libel, his wrongs might plead his excuse: Mr. Tytler has none for the following remark. "Whilst Raleigh was guilty of only *entertaining* the proposal of a pension, or present of money from a foreign statesman, it can be proved that the ministers and courtiers of James had unblushingly received bribes from the French ambassador, and also from the Spanish envoy."* As Cecil's power as a minister has just been mentioned, here is clearly an insinuation that he took bribes. Mr. Tytler must know, that even those who have not spoken well of Cecil have exempted him from this charge.

21. In support of his conjecture, that the plot was invented by Cecil, Mr. Tytler † lays great stress upon a letter, supposed to have been addressed by Lord Henry Howard to that minister, towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth. This letter, he says, "contains an exact outline of the plan afterwards put in execution for the destruction of Cobham and Raleigh, by entrapping them in a charge of treason."

That this letter was written by Lord Henry Howard, the reference to his brother the Duke of Norfolk is conclusive evidence; and, indeed, we know no writer who could imitate the style of this busy lord.

But we do not admit that this epistle, to whomsoever it was addressed by Henry Howard, bears the interpretation put upon it by Mr. Tytler. Its object was, unquestionably, to exhort the minister to counteract the ambitious projects of Cobham and Raleigh, and to ruin them in the queen's favour. With this view it is proposed that they, or at least Cobham, should be engaged in some employment, in which he would probably fail; but it is perfectly clear that *employment in the queen's service* is here intended. He was to be sent on a mission to which his talents were unequal, and to be disgraced by failure. It is even hinted, as Mr. Tytler himself says, that the correspondence with him should be, very dishonestly, so managed as to ensure his failure. If this passage tends to prove, as Mr. Tytler contends, that the letter was addressed to a secretary of state, it proves also that it related to an English minister abroad. There is other evidence shewing abundantly that public employment was contemplated; among the principal, there is an allusion to the queen's probably "taking in unkind part that he will never serve her in place of charge,‡" as well as those who "fail in a project of importance put into her hands."§

One only expression has been adduced to shew that a treasonable correspondence with foreign courts or agents was contemplated. "Be not unwilling (both before occasion of any further employment) to engage him in a traffic with *suspected ministers*, and upon the first occasion of false treaty to make him the minister."‖ We own that this passage, even after the restoration of the bracketed words, which *Mr. Tytler omits*, is to us unintelligible; but as every word of the context, and indeed the passage itself, when the text is restored, refers pointedly to engagement in the queen's service, and failure therein, we cannot ascribe to this one obscure expression a pregnant allusion to treasonable practices.

While we thus dispute Mr. Tytler's construction of this "remarkable letter," we are far indeed from vindicating its writer or its purport. To act upon it would have been base and treacherous.

But *was* the letter addressed to Cecil? It must, according to Tytler, have been addressed to Cecil or to Suffolk;¶ and he prefers Cecil, chiefly for the allusion to the correspondence, under the management of the secretary of state, with which, he says, Lord Suffolk, as chamberlain, had nothing to do. As chamberlain, certainly nothing; as a counsellor, so much, that all the more important and authentative of the despatches were signed by him.** Still we should think the presumption in favour of Cecil the stronger of the two, if there were not a passage which is all but conclusive proof that the receiver of the letter was a *Howard*. Those of whom he speaks, it is said, "will lay before the queen the sins of *our progenitors*, the contract between the *Duke of Norfolk* and the queen of

* P. 437. † P. 441; from Raleigh's Works, viii. 756.
‡ P. 760. § P. 759. ‖ Tytler, 447; Works, viii. 759.
¶ Thomas Howard, first earl of Suffolk, son of Thomas, first duke of Norfolk.
** See Winwood *passim*.

Scots, the fawning of Southampton,* the match with that lord, the papiste (papistry) of myself,"† &c. How could this be addressed to Cecil, who was no Howard, and whose family had been specially adverse to the Queen of Scots?

It will be remembered that Cecil's son afterwards married Suffolk's daughter, which might account for the letter being among the Burleigh papers.

Thus this, the most plausible of Mr. Tytler's conjectures, shares the fate of the rest!

Mr. Tytler notices, with a candour of which his book affords few similar instances, the mention of "Mr. Secretary" in the third person, as affording some presumption against his own opinion. His way of accounting for this is truly characteristic—"*it was probably a blind*"—as if Howard desired to conceal from his correspondent that he was the person to whom the letter was addressed! We should rather deem this mode of expression—and it is the only way in which we can account for other passages—an instance of the habitual mystification of the writer's style.

We have only one word more on the supposed treachery and bitter enmity of Cecil towards Raleigh. The person supposed to be bitterly injured, a bold man and voluminous writer, has nowhere recorded on his own part the charge against his former friend, which his admirers have confidently urged.

We subjoin a few remarks on the life of Raleigh recently published by Mrs. Thomson. Making no observations on the severe remarks ‡ which this lady makes upon Cecil, we confine ourselves to obvious errors, in reference or statement.

The punishment of Northumberland, as accessary to the Powder Plot, is ascribed to Cecil, "upon whose friendship he placed a fallacious reliance." § We have no authority for either part of this statement. Why did Northumberland rely upon Cecil? and on what ground is his punishment specially ascribed to him? Neither Camden nor Wilson,|| to whom Mrs. Thomson refers, say one word of Cecil.

Again our authoress¶ quotes Lodge,** for proof that Cecil advised James to make peace with Spain. There is not a word of the sort! "*The king*," it is said, "was passionately affected to the peace." No mention of Cecil.

Of all the mistakes which the biographers of Raleigh have committed, we are now to name the most curious. Raleigh is said to designate Cecil, whom he reproaches for unexplained conduct in a law-suit, "by the sarcastic appellation of my *Lord Puritan Periam*."†† We were sadly posed in our guess at the point of this stinging sarcasm, when we discovered that Sir John Periam was at this time lord chief baron of the Exchequer, and is evidently the person to whom Raleigh refers!

There is much worthy of observation in Mrs. Thomson's book, but we have space for no more. Nor have we room for general remarks on Mr. Tytler's book. We trust that we have shewn, that Robert Cecil has not had fair play at the hands of the biographer of Raleigh, and that he who would form a correct estimate of the characters of the two men, must himself examine the materials which history affords. Our part at present is merely to detect inaccuracy and misrepresentation. The impartial historian has still much more to do before he can satisfy himself that Raleigh was the hero, or Cecil the rogue, which Mr. Tytler represents.

With Raleigh's character and conduct, except as it regards Cecil, we have here no concern. As to Cecil, we are entirely defensive; we have protected him against misrepresentations, sometimes gross, sometimes ridiculous: but we are not his eulogists. In considering the materials which have come under our examination, we have been led to think well of him in many points upon which the common voice condemns him. We are told that his biography is now in the hands of an industrious writer, and we hope that justice will be done to him. We

* Perhaps some further light might be thrown upon the matter if we could understand this allusion to Southampton. Thomas Wriothesly, earl of Southampton, was tried with Essex and imprisoned, and afterwards released and restored by James. He married a Vernon of Hodnet, and we know nothing of the circumstances of his match, or of any connexion with Henry Howard, Suffolk, or Cecil.

† P. 764. ‡ See pp. 132, 213, 219. § P. 215.
|| In Kennet, ii. 642, 720. ¶ P. 224. ** iii. 181.
†† Pp. 255, 488.

are aware that his biographer will have many difficulties to encounter in treating of the relations between Cecil and Raleigh; but we are sure that we have served the cause of historical truth in exposing the mistatements by which those relations have been described. If in this exposition we have spoken harshly of him whose work we have examined, we are sorry for it; but a repeated consideration leaves us in this dilemma: either Mr. Tytler has, for the sake of establishing a favourite position, mistated facts and misquoted books; or he has displayed an incapacity, from carelessness or want of skill, to use either properly. *This* is the horn by which we hold.

STANZAS.

BY SHARA.

Our weary march at length was o'er,
 And we halted for the night;
The orange flowers perfumed the air,
 And the moon shone clear and bright.
I laid me down on my grassy bed;
 My curtain was the sky;
But I could not sleep, for my mind was fill'd
 With the visions of memory.

I thought on the home of my youth,
 On the loved and happy there,—
I thought on my sisters' bright blue eyes,
 And their curls of golden hair;
I thought on my brothers—their merry laugh,
 And the joy they shed around,—
And I thought how they long'd for the one who lay
 Far away on the cold damp ground.

I thought on my mother's tears,
 As she held me to her heart,—
I thought on my father's silent grief,
 When the time was come to part.
The night was calm and still,
 And bright the clear blue sky;
But I slept not, for my mind was filled
 With the visions of memory.

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO:

IN TWO FLIGHTS.

Flight First.

"The life of every man," says our friend Herr Sauerteig, "the life even of the meanest man, it were good to remember, is a Poem; perfect in all manner of Aristotelean requisites; with beginning, middle, and end; with perplexities, and solutions; with its Will-strength (*Willenkraft*) and warfare against Fate, its elegy and battle-singing, courage marred by crime, every where the two tragic elements of Pity and Fear; above all, with supernatural machinery enough,—for was not the man *born* out of Nonentity; did he not *die*, and miraculously vanishing return thither? The most indubitable Poem! Nay, whoso will, may he not name it a Prophecy, or whatever else is highest in his vocabulary; since only in Reality lies the essence and foundation of all that was ever fabled, visioned, sung, spoken, or babbled by the human species; and the actual Life of Man includes in it all Revelations, true and false, that have been, are, or are to be. Man! I say therefore, *reverence thy fellow-man.* He too issued from Above; is mystical, and supernatural (as thou namest it): this know thou of a truth. Seeing also that we ourselves are of so high Authorship, is not that, in very deed, 'the highest Reverence,' and most needful for us: 'Reverence for oneself!'

"Thus, to my view, is every Life, more properly is every Man that has life to lead, a small strophe, or occasional verse, composed by the Supernal Powers; and published, in such type and shape, with such embellishments, emblematic head-piece and tail-piece as thou seest, to the thinking or unthinking universe. Heroic strophes some few are; full of force and a sacred fire, so that to latest ages the hearts of those that read therein are made to tingle. Jeremiads others seem; mere weeping laments, harmonious or disharmonious Remonstrances against Destiny; whereat we too may sometimes profitably weep. Again have we not (flesh-and-blood) strophes of the idyllic sort,—though in these days rarely, owing to Poor Laws, Game Laws, Population Theories, and the like! Farther, of the comic laughter-loving sort; yet ever with an unfathomable earnestness, as is fit, lying underneath; for, bethink thee, what is the mirthfullest grinning face of any Grimaldi, but a transitory *mask*, behind which quite otherwise grins—the most indubitable *Death's-head!* However, I say farther, there are strophes of the pastoral sort (as in Ettrick, Afghaunistan, and elsewhere); of the farcic-tragic, melodramatic, of all named and a thousand unnameable sorts there are poetic strophes, written, as was said, in Heaven, printed on Earth, and published (bound in woollen cloth, or *clothes*) for the use of the studious. Finally, a small number seem utter Pasquils, mere ribald libels on Humanity: these too, however, are at times worth reading.

"In this wise," continues our too obscure friend, "out of all imaginable elements, awakening all imaginable moods of heart and soul, 'barbarous enough to excite, tender enough to assuage,' ever contradictory yet ever coalescing, is that mighty world-old Rhapsodia of Existence, page after page (generation after generation), and chapter (or epoch) after chapter, poetically put together! This is what some one names 'the grand sacred Epos, or Bible of World-History; infinite in meaning as the Divine Mind it emblems; wherein he is wise that can read here a line and there a line.'

"Remark too, under another aspect, whether it is not in this same Bible of World-History that all men, in all times, with or without clear consciousness, have been unwearied to read (what we may call *read*); and again to write, or rather to *be written!* What is all History, and all Poesy, but a deciphering somewhat thereof (out of that mystic heaven-written Sanscrit), and rendering it into the speech of men? *Know thyself*, value thyself, is a moralist's commandment (which I only half approve of); but *Know others*, value others, is the best of Nature herself. Or again, *Work while it is called To-day*: is not that also the irreversible law of being for mortal man? And now, what is all working, what is all knowing, but a faint interpreting and a faint shewing forth of that same *Mystery of Life*, which ever remains infinite,—heaven-written, mystic Sanscrit? View it as we will, to him that lives, Life is ...

sacred significance. Consider the wretchedest 'straddling biped that wears breeches' of thy acquaintance; into whose wool-head, Thought, as thou rashly supposest, never entered; who, in froth-element of business, pleasure, or what else he names it, walks for ever in a vain shew; asking not Whence, or Why, or Whither; looking up to the Heaven above as if some upholsterer had made it, and down to the Hell beneath as if he had neither part nor lot there: yet tell me, does not he too, over and above his five finite senses, acknowledge some sixth *infinite* sense, were it only that of Vanity! For, sate him in the other five as you may, will this sixth sense leave him rest? Does he not rise early and sit late, and study impromptus, and (in constitutional countries) parliamentary motions, and bursts of eloquence, and gird himself in whalebone, and pad himself and perk himself, and in all ways painfully take heed to his goings; feeling (if we must admit it) that an altogether infinite endowment has been intrusted him also, namely, a Life to lead? Thus does he too, with his whole force, in his own way, proclaim that the world-old Rhapsodia of Existence is divine, and an inspired Bible; and himself a wondrous *verse* therein (be it heroic, be it pasquillic) study with his whole soul, as we said, both to *read* and to *be written*.

"Here also I will observe, that the *manner* in which men read this same Bible is, like all else, proportionate to their stage of culture, to the circumstances of their environment. First, and among the earnest Oriental nations, it was read wholly like a Sacred Book; most clearly by the most earnest, those wondrous Hebrew Readers; whose reading accordingly was itself sacred, has meaning for all tribes of mortal men; since ever, to the latest generation of the world, a true utterance from the innermost of man's being will speak significantly to man. But, again, in how different a style was that other Oriental reading, of the Magi; of Zerdusht, or whoever it was that first *so* opened the matter! Gorgeous semi-sensual Grandeurs and Splendours; on infinite darkness brightest-glowing light and fire; — of which, all defaced by Time, and turned mostly into lies, a quite late reflex, in those Arabian Tales and the like, still leads captive every heart. Look thirdly at the earnest West, and that Consecration of the Flesh, which stept forth life-lusty, radiant, smiling-earnest, in immortal grace, from under the chisel and the stylus of old Greece. Here too was the Infinite intelligibly proclaimed as infinite; and the antique man walked between a Tartarus and an Elysium, his brilliant Paphos-islet of Existence embraced by boundless oceans of sadness and fateful gloom. — Of which three antique manners of reading, our modern manner, you will remark, has been little more than the imitation; for always, indeed, the West has been rifer of doers than of speakers. The Hebrew manner has had its echo in our Pulpits and choral aisles; the Ethnic Greek and Arabian in numberless mountains of Fiction, rhymed, rhymeless, published by subscription, by puffery, in periodicals, or by money of your own (*durch eignes Geld*). Till now at last (by dint of iteration and reiteration through some ten centuries), all these manners have grown obsolete, wearisome, meaningless; listened to only as the monotonous moaning wind, while there is nothing else to listen to: — and so now, well nigh in total oblivion of the Infinitude of Life (except what small *unconscious* recognition the 'straddling biped' above argued of may have), we wait, in hope and patience, for some *fourth* manner of anew convincingly announcing it."

These singular sentences from the *Æsthetische Springwürzel* we have thought right to translate and quote, by way of proem and apology. We are here about to give some critical account of what Herr Sauerteig would call a "flesh-and-blood Poem of the purest Pasquil sort;" in plain words, to examine the biography of the most perfect scoundrel that in these latter ages has marked the world's history. Pasquils too, says Sauerteig, "are at times worth reading." Or quitting that mystic dialect of his, may we not assert in our own way, that the history of an Original Man is always worth knowing? So magnificent a thing is Will (incarnated in a creature of like fashion with ourselves), we run to witness *all* manifestations thereof: what man soever has marked out a peculiar path of life for himself (let it lead this way or that way), and successfully travelled the same, of him we specially inquire, How he travelled; What befell him on the journey? Though the man were a knave of the first water, this hinders not the question,

How he managed his knavery? Nay, it rather encourages such question; for nothing properly is wholly despicable, at once detestable and forgettable, but your half-knave, he who is neither true nor false; who never in his existence once spoke or did any true thing (for indeed his mind lives in twilight, with cat-vision, incapable of *discerning* truth); and yet had not the manfulness to speak or act any decided lie; but spent his whole life in plastering together the True and the False, and therefrom manufacturing the Plausible. Such a one our Transcendentals have defined as a moral Hybrid and chimera; therefore, under the moral point of view, as an Impossibility, and mere deceptive Nonentity,—put together for commercial purposes. Of which sort, nevertheless, how many millions, through all manner of gradations, from the wielder of kings' sceptres to the vender of brimstone matches, at tea-tables, council-tables, behind shop-counters, in priests' pulpits, incessantly and every where, do now, in this world of ours, in this isle of ours, offer themselves to view! From such, at least from this intolerable over-proportion of such, might the merciful Heavens one day deliver us. Glorious, heroic, fruitful for his own Time, and for all Time (and all Eternity) is the constant Speaker and Doer of Truth! If no such again, in the present generation, is to be vouchsafed us, let us have at least the melancholy pleasure of beholding a decided Liar. Wretched mortal, that with a single eye to be "respectable," for ever sittest cobbling together two Inconsistencies, which stick not for an hour, but require ever new gluten and labour,—will it, by no length of experience, no bounty of Time or Chance, be revealed to thee that Truth is of Heaven, and Falsehood is of Hell; that if thou cast not from thee the one or the other, thy existence is wholly an Illusion and optical and tactual Phantasm; that properly thou existest not at all! Respectable! What, in the Devil's name, is the use of Respectability (with never so many gigs and silver spoons), if thou inwardly art the pitifullest of all men? I would thou wert either cold or hot.

One such desirable second-best, perhaps the chief of all such, we have here found in the Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, Pupil of the Sage Althotas, Foster-child of the Scherif of Mecca, probable Son of the last King of Trebisond; named also Acharat, and unfortunate child of Nature; by profession healer of diseases, abolisher of wrinkles, friend of the poor and impotent, grand-master of the Egyptian Mason-lodge of High Science, Spirit-summoner, Gold-cook, Grand Cophta, Prophet, Priest, and thaumaturgic moralist and swindler; really a Liar of the first magnitude, thoroughpaced in all provinces of lying, what one may call the King of Liars. Mendez Pinto, Baron Münchausen, and others, are celebrated in this art, and not without some colour of justice; yet must it in candour remain doubtful whether any of these comparatively were much more than liars from the teeth onwards: a perfect character of the species in question, who lied not in word only, nor in act and word only, but continually, in thought, word, and act; and, so to speak, lived wholly in an element of lying, and from birth to death did nothing but lie,—was still a desideratum. Of which desideratum Count Alessandro offers, we say, if not the fulfilment, perhaps as near an approach to such as the limited human faculties permit. Not in the modern ages, probably not in the ancient (though these had their Autolycus, their Apollonius, and enough else), did any completer figure of this sort issue out of Chaos and Old Night: a sublime kind of figure, presenting himself with "the air of calm strength," of sure perfection in his art; whom the heart opens itself to, with wonder and a sort of welcome. "The only vice, I know," says one, "is Inconsistency." At lowest, answer we, he that *does* his work shall have his work judged of. Indeed, if Satan himself has in these days become a poetic hero, why should not Cagliostro, for some short hour, be a prose one? "One first question," says a great Philosopher, "I ask of every man: Has he an aim, which with undivided soul he follows, and advances towards? Whether his aim is a right one or a wrong one, forms but my second question." Here then is a small "human Pasquil," not without poetic interest.

However, be this as it may, we apprehend the eye of science at least cannot view him with indifference. Doubtful, false as much is in Cagliostro's manner of being, of this there is no doubt, that starting from the lowest point of Fortune's wheel, he

rose to a height universally notable; that without external furtherance, money, beauty, bravery, almost without common sense, or any discernible worth whatever, he sumptuously supported, for a long course of years, the [illegible] and digestion of one of the greediest bodies, and one of the greediest minds; outwardly in his five senses, inwardly in his "sixth sense, that of vanity," nothing straitened. Clear enough it is, however much may be supposititious, that this japanned Chariot, rushing through the world, with dust-clouds and loud noise, at the speed of four swift horses, and top-heavy with luggage, has an existence. The six Beef-eaters too, that ride prosperously, heralding his advent, honourably escorting, menially waiting on him, are they not realities? Ever must the purse open, paying turnpikes, tavern-bills, drink-monies, and the thousandfold tear and wear of such a team; yet ever, like a horn-of-plenty, does it pour; and after brief rest, the chariot ceases not to roll. Whereupon rather pressingly arises the scientific question: How? Within that wonderful machinery, of horses, wheels, top-luggage, beef-eaters, sits only a gross, thickset individual, evincing dulness enough; and by his side a Seraphina, with a look of doubtful reputation: how comes it that means still meet ends, that the whole Engine (like a steam-coach wanting fuel) does not stagnate, go silent, and fall to pieces in the ditch? Such question did the scientific curiosity of the present writer often put; and for many a day in vain.

Neither, indeed, as Book-readers know, was he peculiar herein. The great Schiller, for example, struck both with the poetic and the scientific phases of the matter, admitted the influences of the former to shape themselves anew within him; and strove with his usual impetuosity to burst (since unlocking was impossible) the secrets of the latter: and so his unfinished Novel, the *Geisterseher*, saw the light. Still more renowned is Goethe's Drama of the *Gross-Kophta*; which, as himself informs us, delivered him from a state of mind that had become alarming to certain friends; so deep was the hold this business, at one of its epochs, had taken of him. A dramatic Fiction, that of his based on the strictest possible historical study and inquiry; wherein perhaps the faithfullest image of the historical Fact, as yet extant in any shape, lies in artistic miniature curiously unfolded. Nay mere Newspaper-readers, of a certain age, can bethink them of our London Egyptian Lodges of High Science; of the Countess Seraphina's dazzling jewelleries, nocturnal brilliancies, sibyllic ministrations and revelations; of Miss Fry and Milord Scott, and Messrs Priddle and Shark Bailiff; and Lord Mansfield's judgment-seat; the Comte d'Adhémar, the Diamond Necklace and Lord George Gordon. For Cagliostro, hovering through unknown space, twice (perhaps thrice) lighted on our London, and did business in the great chaos there.

Unparalleled Cagliostro! Looking at thy so attractively decorated private theatre, wherein thou actedst and livedst, what hand but itches to draw aside thy curtain; overhaul thy pasteboards, paintpots, paper-mantles, stage-lamps, and turning the whole inside out, find *thee* in the middle thereof! For there of a truth wert thou: though the rest was all foam and sham, there sattest *thou*, as large as life, and as esurient; warring against the world, and indeed conquering the world, for it remained thy tributary, and yielded daily rations. Innumerable Sheriff's-officers, Exempts, Sbirri, Alguazils, of every European climate, were prowling on thy traces, their intents hostile enough; thyself wast single against them all: in the whole earth thou hadst no friend. What say we in the whole earth! In the whole universe thou hadst no friend! Heaven knew nothing of thee (*could* in charity know nothing of thee); and as for Beelzebub, *his* friendship, as is ascertained, cannot count for much.

But to proceed with business. The present inquirer, in obstinate investigation of a phenomenon so noteworthy, has searched through the whole not inconsiderable circle which his tether (of circumstances, geographical position, trade, health, extent of money capital) enables him to describe: and, sad to say, with the most imperfect results. He has read Books in various languages and jargons; feared not to soil his fingers, hunting through ancient dusty Magazines, to sicken his heart in any labyrinth of iniquity and imbecility; nay he had not grudged to dive even into the infectious *Mémoires de*

Casanova, for a hint or two,—could he have found that work, which, however, most British Librarians make a point of denying that they possess. A painful search, as through some spiritual pest-house; and then with such issue! The quantity of discoverable Printing about Cagliostro (so much being burnt) is now not great; nevertheless in frightful proportion to the quantity of information given. Except vague Newspaper rumours and surmises, the things found written of this Quack are little more than temporary Manifestos, by himself, by gulled or gulling disciples of his: not true therefore; at best only certain fractions of what he wished or expected the blinder Public to reckon true; misty, embroiled, for most part highly stupid; perplexing, even provoking; which can only be believed—to be (under such and such conditions) Lies. Of this sort emphatically is the English "*Life of the Count Cagliostro*, price three shillings and sixpence:" a Book indeed which one might hold (so fatuous, inane is it) to be some mere dream-vision and unreal eidolon, did it not now stand palpably there, as "Sold by T. Hookham, Bond Street, 1787;" and bear to be handled, spurned at, and torn into pipe-matches. Some human creature doubtless was at the writing of it; but of what kind, country, trade, character, or gender, you will in vain strive to fancy. Of like fabulous stamp are the *Mémoires pour le Comte de Cagliostro*, emitted, with *Requête à joindre*, from the Bastille (during that sorrowful business of the Diamond Necklace) in 1786; no less the *Lettre du Comte de Cagliostro au Peuple Anglais*, which followed shortly after, at London; from which two, indeed, that fatuous inexplicable English *Life* has perhaps been mainly manufactured. Next come the *Mémoires authentiques pour servir à l'Histoire du Comte de Cagliostro* (twice printed in the same year 1786, at Strasburg and at Paris); a swaggering, lascivious Novellette, without talent, without truth or worth, happily of small size. So fares it with us: alas, all this is but the *outside* decorations of the private-theatre, or the sounding of catcalls and applauses from the stupid audience; nowise the interior bare walls and dress-room which we wanted to see! Almost our sole even half-genuine documents are a small barren Pamphlet, *Cagliostro démasqué à Varsovie, en 1780*; and a small barren Volume purporting to be his *Life*, written at Rome, of which latter we have a French version, dated 1791. It is on this *Vie de Joseph Balsamo, connu sous le Nom de Comte Cagliostro*, that our main dependence must be placed; of which Work, meanwhile, whether it is wholly or only half genuine, the reader may judge by one fact: that it comes to us through the medium of the Roman Inquisition, and the proofs to substantiate it lie in the Holy Office there. Alas, this reporting Familiar of the Inquisition was too probably something of a Liar; and he reports lying Confessions of one who was himself not so much a Liar as a Lie! In such enigmatic duskiness, and thrice-folded involution, after all inquiries, does the matter yet hang.

Nevertheless, by dint of meditation and comparison, light-points that stand fixed, and abide scrutiny, do here and there disclose themselves; diffusing a fainter light over what otherwise were dark, so that it is no longer invisible, but only dim. Nay, after all, is there not in this same uncertainty a kind of fitness, of poetic congruity? Much that would offend the eye stands discreetly lapped in shade. Here too Destiny has cared for her favourite: that a powder-nimbus of astonishment, mystification, and uncertainty, should still encircle the Quack of Quacks, is right and suitable; such was by Nature and Art his chosen uniform and environment. Thus, as formerly in Life, so now in History, it is in huge fluctuating smoke-whirlwinds, partially illumed (into a most brazen glory), yet united, coalescing with the region of everlasting Darkness, in miraculous clear-obscure, that he works and rides.

"Stern Accuracy in inquiring, bold Imagination in expounding and filling up; these," says friend Sauerteig, "are the two pinions on which History soars,"—or flutters and wabbles. To which two pinions let us and the readers of this Magazine now daringly commit ourselves. Or chiefly indeed to the *latter* pinion (of Imagination); which, if it be the *larger*, will make an unequal flight! Meanwhile, the style at least shall if possible be equal to the subject.

Know, then, that in the year 1743, in the city of Palermo, in Sicily, the

family of Signor Pietro Balsamo, a shopkeeper, were exhilarated by the birth of a Boy. Such occurrences have now become so frequent that, miraculous as they are, they occasion little astonishment: old Balsamo for a space, indeed, laid down his ell-wands and unjust balances; but for the rest, met the event with equanimity. Of the possettings, junkettings, gossippings, and other ceremonial rejoicings, transacted according to the custom of the country, for welcome to a New-comer, not the faintest tradition has survived: enough, that the small New-comer, hitherto a mere ethnic or heathen, is in few days made a Christian of, or, as we vulgarly say, christened; by the name Giuseppe. A fat, red, globular kind of fellow, not under nine pounds avoirdupois, the bold Imagination can figure him to be; if not proofs, there are indications that sufficiently betoken as much.

Of his teething and swaddling adventures, of his scaldings, squallings, pukings, purgings, the strictest search into History can discover nothing; not so much as the epoch when he passed out of long-clothes stands noted in the fasti of Sicily. That same "larger pinion" (of Imagination), nevertheless, conducts him from his native blind-alley, into the adjacent street *casaro*; descries him, with certain contemporaries now unknown, essaying himself in small games of skill; watching what phenomena, of carriage-transits, dog-battles, street-music, or such like, the neighbourhood might offer (intent above all on any windfall of chance *provender*); now, with incipient scientific spirit, puddling in the gutters; now, as small poet (or maker), baking mud-pies. Thus does he tentatively coast along the outskirts of Existence, till once he shall be strong enough to land and make a footing there. Neither does it seem doubtful that with the earliest exercise of speech, the gifts of simulation and dissimulation began to manifest themselves; Giuseppe (or Beppo, as he was now called) could indeed speak the truth, — but only when he saw his advantage in it. Hungry also, as above hinted, he too probably often was: a keen faculty of digestion, a meagre larder within doors; these two circumstances, so frequently conjoined in this world, reduced him to his inventions. As to the thing called Morals, and knowledge of Right and Wrong, it seems pretty certain that such knowledge (the sad fruit of Man's Fall) had in great part been spared him; if he ever heard the commandment, *Thou shalt not steal*, he most probably could not believe in it, therefore could not obey it. For the rest, though of quick temper, and a ready striker (where clear prospect of victory shewed itself), we fancy him vociferous rather than bellicose, not prone to violence where stratagem will serve; almost pacific, indeed, had not his many wants necessitated him to many conquests. Above all things, a brazen impudence developes itself; the crowning gift of one born to scoundrelism. In a word, the fat, thickset Beppo, as he skulks about there, plundering, playing dog's-tricks, with his finger in every mischief, already gains character; shrill housewives of the neighbourhood, whose sausages he has filched, whose weaker sons maltreated, name him Beppo Maldetto, and indignantly prophesy that he will be hanged. A prediction which, as will be seen, the issue has signally falsified.

We hinted that the household larder was in a leanish state: in fact, the outlook of the Balsamo family was getting troubled; old Balsamo had, during these things, been called away on his long journey. Poor man! The future eminence and pre-eminence of his Beppo he foresaw not, or what a world's-wonder he had thoughtlessly generated; as, indeed, which of us, by much calculating, can sum up the net-total (Utility, or Inutility) of any his most indifferent act,—a seed cast into the seedfield of TIME, to grow there, producing fruits or poisons, for ever! Meanwhile Beppo himself gazed heavily into the matter; hung his thick lips, while he saw his mother weeping; and, for the rest, eating what fat or sweet thing he could come at, let Destiny take its course.

The poor widow (ill-named *Felicita*), spinning out a painful livelihood by such means as only the poor and forsaken know, could not but many times cast an impatient eye on her brass-faced, voracious Beppo; and ask him, If he never meant to turn himself to any thing? A maternal uncle, of the monied sort (for he has uncles not without influence), has already placed him in the Seminary of Saint Roch, to gain some tincture of schooling there:

but Beppo feels himself misplaced in that sphere; "more than once runs away;" is flogged, snubbed, tyrannically checked on all sides; and finally, with such slender stock of schooling as had pleased to offer itself, returns to the street. The widow, as we said, urges him, the uncles urge: Beppo, wilt thou never turn thyself to any thing? Beppo, with such speculative faculty, from such low watch-tower, as he commands, is in truth (being forced to it), from time to time, looking abroad into the world; surveying the conditions of mankind, therewith contrasting his own wishes and capabilities. Alas, his wishes are manifold; a most hot Hunger (in all kinds), as above hinted; but on the other hand, his leading capability seemed only the Power to Eat. What profession, or condition, then? Choose; for it is time. Of all the terrestrial professions, that of Gentleman, it seemed to Beppo, had, under these circumstances, been most suited to his feelings: but then the outfit? the apprentice-fee? Failing which, he, with perhaps as much sagacity as one could expect, decides for the Ecclesiastical.

Behold him then, once more by the uncle's management, journeying (a chubby, brass-faced boy of thirteen) beside the Reverend Father General of the Benfratelli, to their neighbouring Convent of Cartegirone, with intent to enter himself novice there. He has donned the novice-habit; is "entrusted to the keeping of the Convent Apothecary," on whose gallipots and crucibles he looks round with wonder. Were it by accident that he found himself Apothecary's Famulus, were it by choice of his own—nay was it not, in either case, by *design*, of Destiny intent on perfecting her work?—enough, in this Cartegirone Laboratory there awaited him (though as yet he knew it not), life-guidance and determination; the great want of every genius, even of the scoundrel-genius. He himself confesses that he here learned some (or, as he calls it, *the*) "principles of chemistry and medicine." Natural enough: new books of the Chemists lay here, old books of the Alchemists; distillations, sublimations visibly went on; discussions there were, oral and written, of gold-making, salve-making, treasure-digging, divining-rods, projection and the alcahest: besides, had he not, among his fingers, calxes, acids, Leyden-jars? Some first elements of medico-chemical conjurorship, so far as phosphorescent mixtures, aqua-toffana, ipecacuanha, cantharides tincture, and such like would go, were now attainable; sufficient (when the hour came) to set up any average Quack, much more the Quack of Quacks. It is here, in this unpromising environment, that the seeds, therapeutic, thaumaturgic, of the Grand Cophta's stupendous workings and renown were sown.

Meanwhile, as observed, the environment looked unpromising enough. Beppo with his two endowments, of Hunger and of Power to Eat, had made the best choice he could; yet, as it soon proved, a rash and disappointing one. To his astonishment, he finds that even here he "is in a conditional world;" and, if he will employ his capability of eating (or enjoying), must first, in some measure, work and suffer. Contention enough hereupon: but now dimly arises, or reproduces itself, the question, Whether there were not a *shorter* road, that of stealing! Stealing—under which, generically taken, you may include the whole art of scoundrelism; for what is Lying itself but a *theft* of my belief?—stealing, we say, is properly the North-West Passage to Enjoyment: while common Navigators sail painfully along torrid shores, laboriously doubling this or the other Cape of Hope, your adroit Thief-Parry, drawn on smooth dog-sledges, is already there and back again. The misfortune is that stealing requires a talent; and failure in that North-West voyage is more fatal than in any other. We hear that Beppo was "often punished:" painful experiences of the fate of genius;—for all genius, by its nature, comes to disturb *somebody* in his ease, and your thief-genius more so than most!

Readers can now fancy the sensitive skin of Beppo mortified with prickly cilices, wealed by knotted thongs; his soul afflicted by vigils and forced fasts; no eye turned kindly on him; every where the bent of his genius rudely contravened. However, it is the first property of genius to grow in spite of contradiction, and even by means thereof;—as the vital germ pushes itself through the dull soil, and lives by what strove to bury it! Beppo, waxing into strength of bone and character, sets his face stiffly against per-

secution, and is not a whit disheartened. On *such* chastisements and chastisers he can look with a certain genial disdain. Beyond convent walls, with their sour stupid shavelings, lies Palermo, lies the world; here too is he, still alive,—though worse off than he wished; and feels that the world is his oyster, which he (by chemical or other means) will one day open. Nay, we find there is a touch of grim Humour unfolds itself in the youth; the surest sign (as is often said) of a character naturally great. Witness, for example, how he acts on this to his ardent temperament so trying occasion. While the Monks sit at meat, the impetuous voracious Beppo (that stupid Inquisition Biographer records it as a thing of course) is set not to eat with them, not to pick up the crumbs that fall from them, but to stand "reading the Martyrology" for their pastime! The brave adjusts himself to the inevitable. Beppo reads that dullest Martyrology of theirs; but reads out of it not what is printed there, but what his own vivid brain on the spur of the moment devises: instead of the names of Saints, all heartily indifferent to him, he reads out the names of the most notable Palermo "unfortunate-females," now beginning to interest him a little. What a "deep world-irony" (as the Germans call it) lies here! The Monks, of course, felled him to the earth, and flayed him with scourges; but what did it avail! This only became apparent, to himself and them, that he had now outgrown their monk-discipline; as the psyche does its chrysalis-shell, and bursts it. Giuseppe Balsamo bids farewell to Cartegirone for ever and a day.

So now, by consent or not of the ghostly Benfratelli (Friars of *Mercy*, as they were named!), our Beppo has again returned to the maternal uncle at Palermo. The uncle naturally asked him, What he next meant to do? Beppo, after stammering and hesitating for some length of weeks, makes answer: Try Painting. Well and good! So Beppo gets him colours, brushes, fit tackle, and addicts himself for some space of time to the study of what is innocently called *Design*. Alas, if we consider Beppo's great Hunger, now that new senses were unfolding in him, how inadequate are the exiguous resources of Design; how necessary to attempt quite another deeper species of Design, of Designs! It is true, he lives with his uncle, has culinary meat; but where is the pocket-money for other costlier sorts of meats to come from? As the Kaiser Joseph was wont to say: From my head alone (*De ma tête seule*)!

The Roman Biographer (though a most wooden man) has incidentally thrown some light on Beppo's position at this juncture; both on his wants and his resources. As to the first, it appears (using the wooden man's phraseology) that he kept the "worst company," led the "loosest life;" was hand in glove with all the swindlers, gamblers, idle apprentices, unfortunate-females, of Palermo: in the study and practice of Scoundrelism diligent beyond most. The genius which has burst asunder convent-walls, and other rubbish of impediments, now flames upward towards its mature splendour. Wheresoever a stroke of mischief is to be done, a slush of so-called vicious enjoyment to be swallowed, there with hand and throat is Beppo Balsamo seen. He will be a Master, one day, in his profession. Not indeed that he has yet quitted Painting, or even purposes so much: for the present, it is useful, indispensable, as a stalking-horse to the maternal uncle and neighbours; nay to himself, for with all the ebullient impulses of scoundrel-genius restlessly seething in him, irrepressibly bursting through, he has the noble unconsciousness of genius; guesses not, dares not guess, that he is a born scoundrel, much less a born world-scoundrel.

But as for the other question, of his resources, these we perceive were several-fold, and continually extending. Not to mention any pictorial exiguities (existing mostly in Expectance) there had almost accidentally arisen for him, in the first place, the resource of Pandering. He has a fair cousin living in the house with him, and she again has a lover; Beppo stations himself as go-between; delivers letters; fails not to drop hints that a lady, to be won or kept, must be generously treated; that such and such a pair of earrings, watch, necklace, or even sum of money, would work wonders; which valuables (adds the wooden Roman Biographer) "be then appropriated furtively." Like enough! Next, however, as another more lasting resource, he forges; at

first in a small way, and trying his apprentice-hand: tickets for the theatre, and such trifles. Ere long, however, we see him fly at higher quarry; by practice he has acquired perfection in the great art of counterfeiting hands; and will exercise it on the large or on the narrow scale, for a consideration. Among his relatives is a Notary, with whom he can insinuate himself; for purpose of study, or even of practice. In the presses of this Notary lies a Will, which Beppo contrives to come at, and falsify "for the benefit of a certain Religious House." Much good may it do them! Many years afterwards, the fraud was detected; but Beppo's benefit in it was spent and safe long before. Thus again the stolid Biographer expresses horror or wonder that he should have forged leave-of-absence for a monk, "counterfeiting the signature of the Superior." Why not? A forger must forge what is wanted of him: the Lion truly preys not on mice; yet shall he refuse such if they jump into his mouth? Enough, the indefatigable Beppo has here opened a quite boundless mine; wherein through his whole life he will, as occasion calls, dig, at his convenience. Finally, he can predict fortunes, and shew visions; by phosphorus and legerdemain. This, however, only as a dilettantism; to take up the earnest profession of Magician does not yet enter into his views. Thus perfecting himself in all branches of his art, does our Balsamo live and grow. Stupid, pudding-faced as he looks and is, there is a vulpine astucity in him; and then a wholeness, a heartiness, a kind of blubbery impetuosity, an oiliness so plausible-looking: give him only length of life, he will rise to the top of his profession.

Consistent enough with such blubbery impetuosity in Beppo is another fact we find recorded of him, that at this time he was found "in most brawls," whether in street or tavern. The way of his business led him into liability to such; neither as yet had he learned prudence by age. Of choleric temper, with all his obesity; a square-built, burly, vociferous fellow; ever ready with his stroke (if victory seemed sure); nay, at bottom, not without a certain pig-like defensive-ferocity, perhaps even something more. Thus, when you find him making a point to attack, if possible, "*all* officers of justice," and deforce them; delivering the wretched from their talons: was not this, we say, a kind of dog-faithfulness, and public spirit, either of the mastiff or of the cur species? Perhaps too there was a touch of that old Humour and "world-irony" in it. One still more unquestionable feat he is recorded (we fear, on imperfect evidence) to have done: "assassinated a canon."

Remonstrances from growling maternal uncles could not fail; threats, disdains from ill-affected neighbours; tears from an expostulating widowed mother: these he shakes from him like dewdrops from the lion's mane. Still less could the Police neglect him; him the visibly rising Professor of Swindlery; the swashbuckler, to boot, and deforcer of bailiffs: he has often been captured, haled to their bar; yet hitherto, by defect of evidence, by good luck, intercession of friends, been dismissed with admonition. Two things, nevertheless, might now be growing clear: first, that the die was cast with Beppo, and he a scoundrel for life; second, that such a mixed, composite, crypto-scoundrel life could not endure, but must unfold itself into a pure, declared one. The Tree that is planted stands not still; *must* pass through all its stages and phases, from the state of acorn to that of green leafy oak, of withered leafless oak; to the state of felled timber, finally to that of firewood and ashes. Not less (though less visibly to dull eyes) the Act that is done, the Condition that has realised itself; above all things, the Man (with his Fortunes) that has been born. Beppo, every way in vigorous vitality, cannot continue half painting half swindling in Palermo; must develope himself into whole swindler; and, unless hanged there, seek his bread elsewhere. What the proximate cause, or signal, of such crisis and development might be, no man could say; yet most men would have confidently guessed, The Police. Nevertheless it proved otherwise; not by the flaming sword of Justice, but by the rusty dirk of a foolish private individual, is Beppo driven forth.

Walking one day in the fields (as the bold historic Imagination will figure) with a certain ninny of a "Goldsmith named Marano," as they pass one of those rock-chasms frequent in the fair Island of Sicily, Beppo begins, in his oily, voluble way, to hint that Treasures

often lay hid; that a Treasure lay hid *there* (as he knew by some pricking of his thumbs, divining-rod, or other talismanic monition); which Treasure might, by aid of science, courage, secrecy, and a small judicious advance of money, be fortunately lifted. The gudgeon takes: advances (by degrees) to the length of "sixty gold Ounces;" sees magic circles drawn in the wane or in the full of the moon, blue (phosphorus) flames arise, split twigs auspiciously quiver; and at length—demands peremptorily that the Treasure be dug. A night is fixed on: the ninny Goldsmith, trembling with rapture and terror, breaks ground; digs, with thick breath and cold sweat, fiercely down, down, Beppo relieving him: the work advances; when, ah! at a certain stage of it (*before* fruition) hideous yells arise, a jingle like the emptying of Birmingham; six Devils pounce upon the poor sheep Goldsmith, and beat him almost to *mutton*; mercifully sparing Balsamo,—who indeed has himself summoned them thither, and as it were created them (with goatskins and burnt cork). Marano, though a ninny, now knew how it lay; and furthermore that he had a stiletto. One of the grand drawbacks of swindler-genius! You accomplish the Problem; and then—the Elementary Quantities (Algebraic Symbols) you worked on will fly in your face!

Hearing of stilettos, our Algebraist begins to look around him, and view his empire of Palermo in the concrete. An empire now much exhausted; much infested too, with sorrows of all kinds, and every day the more; nigh ruinous, in short; not worth being stabbed for. There is a world elsewhere. In any case, the young Raven has now shed his pens, and got fledged for flying. Shall he not spurn the whole from him, and soar off? Resolved, performed! Our Beppo quits Palermo; and, as it proved, on a long voyage: or, as the Inquisition Biographer has it, "he fled from Palermo, and overran the whole Earth."

Here then ends the First Act of Count Alessandro Cagliostro's Life-drama. Let the curtain drop; and hang unrent, before an audience of mixed feeling, till the First of August.

POLITICAL UNIONS.

THE NORTHERN POLITICAL UNION.

The steadiness, the resolution, and tremendous power, with which the societies called Political Unions presented their petitions, shook even the foundations of royalty itself, and, in spite of the bold stand which the aristocracy made in defence of their ancient rights, completely bore down the all-powerful force that was arrayed against them, make them of too much significance not to claim from a political observer serious notice. It fortunately happens that, of one of the most important of these, we have been put in possession of all the facts attending its genesis and exodus—its birth—its going forth—as also its present status. Correct portraits of the leading members will furnish the best conception that can be given of the true character of these patriotic societies. We are aware that, in introducing this subject, a number of individuals will be brought forward, who, but for the present agitation of the times, would never have been honoured with the dignity of public notice. The Northern Union ranks second of the formidable bodies established in the United Kingdom—it has frequently even contested the palm of popularity with the great Birmingham one itself—its immense power is still in existence—numbers of its members, now moving in the mass, are only waiting for the first burst of public excitement to bring them once more into the full blaze of notoriety. No apology is needed for introducing apparently a few obscure individuals, when, as a whole, they have such mighty weight in the grand political scale.

To trace the origin of this Union—that is, that society which is now held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne under the title of the Northern Political Union, we shall have to go as far back as the days of Castlereagh, Thistlewood, the *Black Dwarf*, the late queen, and Hunt and "the Manchester massacre." At that never-to-be-forgotten period,

the broad flag of Radicalism was hoisted by none but the pure mobility. The Whigs looked upon themselves as but the respectable rivals of the Tories, and would have considered it as contamination to have been seen mixing in the plebeian throng. Our public meetings were then, certainly, as they are now, congregated together by the inspiring tune of "Scots wha hae;" but the hustings, be it remembered, was not mounted by the gentlemanly step of the milk-and-water generation, or the seat of honour taken by a sir, or my lord, or the Rev. Mr. So-and-so. We were not at that time sickened by long and unmeaning harangues about legal reforms; — no; but, like true men, every speaker, as he was called, bustled forward in his turn, and blustered away about the rights of kings, the villany of priestcraft, and such-like rational doctrine. These were members of the Levelling Clubs—for, mark! there were at that time no unions in the land. No; no political shaking of hands, of an evening, of Sir John with John Hammersmith. John Radical was then elbowed by none but his aproned friend; and if the rooms did breathe a little of slaughter, and foam occasionally with the rich anticipations of feastings in aristocratical halls, and gorging in the palaces of bloated bishops, why it was honest. We were not then annoyed with that step-dame's boon the bill, with all its noisome repetitions, which are still dinning in our ears, but a stout roar of "A level, a fair level, and nothing but a level," was the hearty and boisterous sound that ever and anon thundered around the room. In short, however, to drop metaphor, those memorable days of commotion were what may be justly said to have been the true Jack Radical period.

It is almost unnecessary to inform the intelligent reader, that at the time we have just been describing the country was kept in a constant state of excitement by that noted publication the *Black Dwarf,* and now and then violently agitated by the butchering plans of Thistlewood, and the bold defence and careless exposures of the late queen. In no part of the kingdom did those turbulent feelings rage more boisterously than at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and its extensively and thickly populated neighbourhood. The large bodies of men employed at the collieries and manufactories round about there, having what may be called generally good common educations and strong natural propensities to sociality, formed an admirable hot-bed for designing men to sow the seeds of political discord. Numerous classes were established amongst them, at which the members occasionally met to read, and discuss the news, and encourage each other in patriotic feelings. These clubs were under the superintendence or direction of one Æneas Mackenzie, a printer and publisher of Newcastle, and a talented individual of the name of Marshall, a bookseller of the same place, whose shop-window was eternally crowded with all the flaming pamphlets of the day. The Whigs, as we observed before, at this time took no part with those stern reformers; and the press, too, of that town looked but scurvily upon them. The *Courant* had already roused their resentment by an insulting advertisement; the *Chronicle* reposed quietly under the smiles of Earl Grey; and the *Mercury,* to use the sea phrase, boxed round the political compass, following instinctively its old employer—Interest.

Such, then, was the state of politics and parties in that part of the north when the Manchester affair took place. On the news of that unfortunate event, Æneas Mackenzie, in conjunction with the other leaders, issued bills, giving notice that a public meeting would be held on the 11th of October, 1819, on the Town Moor, to petition parliament to institute a proper inquiry into the real causes of this dreadful transaction. On the appointed day, every village and town within a dozen miles of Newcastle sent forth their hundreds and thousands to give full vent to their true sentiments upon the occasion. Nearly 100,000 men, with music and banners (the most of the latter of which were black), adorned with appropriate emblems and significant mottoes, paraded through the above-mentioned town. The respectable part of the inhabitants were in a state of alarm at the procession. And indeed there was some little reason in their fear; for the Radicals, conscious that they were gazed upon with no favourable eye by that portion of the town, marched forward in a kind of moody temper, but at the same time with a stern confidence in their own physical strength. Each party, in passing the

shop of Mr. Mackenzie, halted and gave three cheers. A little further on was the *Courant* office, where Edward Walker, the late editor, sat in great tribulation, with half a score of constables for his dinner party: three groans were dropped in compliment to this gentleman. But with the exception of those two trifling expressions of feeling, the whole body reached the Town Moor in perfect order. The meeting was formed; and Æneas Mackenzie, as was expected, was called to the chair. He, of course, commenced proceedings in a well-concocted speech, and was followed by Marshall, the bookseller before noticed, and a person of the name of Hodgson, commonly called the Winlaton Weaver, a man once famous for long harangues. A few more addressed the assembly; but of all the orators, there was not one whose situation in life ranked higher than that of a common tradesman. The people separated with the same sobriety in which they met, leaving Æneas Mackenzie (for, like a wise man—and we had almost forgotten to mention it—he monopolised all the honours of this great day to himself), no common name, in being able to collect such a multitude, and wield them with such tact and generalship. Shortly after this the country gradually recovered its former happy state of security. Castlereagh ere long went the way of all flesh; Thistlewood was suspended by the finisher of the law; the stamp-duty put an end to the *Black Dwarf*; the queen paid the debt of nature; and Mr. Henry Hunt was for a number of years peaceably settled in one of his majesty's gaols.

About ten years had now rolled quietly over, the subject of reform scarcely ever introducing itself upon the notice of the public, saving when Æneas Mackenzie was seen stalking by with his important self. Then the remembrance or remark would usually arise, as, "Ah, there goes Mr. So-and-so, the great Radical;" with, "There is no noise now, I think, about reform," &c. It was in September 1830—the foreign news had of late become exceedingly interesting with the accounts of the revolution which had taken place in Paris—when a few bills were seen scattered over the town, calling upon the inhabitants, in the true tame style of Whiggery, to meet at the Turk's Head, in order to petition the mayor to call a public meeting, "for the purpose of attesting the sympathy of Englishmen with the cause of liberty in France." It was soon understood that this noble piece of patriotism originated at Mr. C.'s, the principal bookseller, whose shop had been long known as the old and snug rendezvous for that disinterested party now in power. We attended this hole and corner *get up*, and can therefore give a correct report of the proceedings. A little before twelve, appeared the aforesaid bookseller and a few of his gossiping cronies, with Tom Doubleday, the Whig-Radical and great Northern literary gem besides. A reporter sat screwed up in a corner, sharpening his pencils, in the anxious expectation of the coming business. Æneas Mackenzie almost immediately dropped in —a mechanic or two now and then shewed their faces, to see what was going on—a couple of French medical quacks tapped, and then bowed and strutted themselves into the room, apparently delighted with the opportunity to scrape acquaintance with a few of the nobs of the place. At last a carriage drove up to the door, with that no less aristocratical looking *gemmen*, Mr. Easterby, soap-boiler, &c. of the town. Pomp itself could not find a better representative than in this dignified personage, his very looks being sufficient to stifle the smallest attempts of freedom. He, of course, was a fit and proper person to preside upon such an occasion. A unanimous salute welcomed him in, and a unanimous show of hands ushered him into the chair. A few drowsy motions, and as many heavy words, were the produce of this most august assembly; the chairman, like a true Whig, if not like a genuine son of liberty, listening all the while with exclusive attention to his own party. At length the final measure was voted and carried, to the great gratification of the man in office, who almost immediately arose from off his seat, and with becoming gravity stalked back again to his chariot. There was one seemingly trivial circumstance occurred, which we think is well worth noticing, and that was one of the respectables—a Whig, of course—stepping across the room, and, with considerable condescension, accosting Mr. Mackenzie, hoping that they should have his able assistance at the expected meeting. All the superb importance

of Æneas bristled up in a moment. Well, as to that,—and in fact,—radicalism, he observed, had long been considered in any thing but a respectable light, and——Yes, but, it was replied, times were now altered,—people began to see with different eyes, and some change must necessarily be. In short, this *tête-à-tête* struck us at that moment as being a strange and most unnatural attempt at union, at this the first commencement again of reform. The mayor complied with the requisition. Dr. Headlem, John Fife, and several of the principal inhabitants, attended. A furious report appeared in the *Age* newspaper, which was reprinted in Newcastle, and had its own sport for some time in that neighbourhood. Æneas Mackenzie, however, did not make himself conspicuous in this affair. This meeting may be considered as being the grand introduction in those parts to the late memorable reform season.

The Duke of Wellington having made his memorable declaration about an alteration in the constitution, the whole country, as it were in defiance of the bold soldier, became infatuated for a change in the system. Accordingly, in the December of the same year, a strong muster of reformers took place at the Town Court, for the purpose of petitioning parliament for the better representation of the people in the House of Commons. The mayor, Archibald Reed, presided upon the occasion: of course it was his office, and not his inclination, that secured to him this honour. This meeting being among one of the first of those determined stands which were made against the boroughmongers, as the proprietors of the ancient parts of our constitution were termed, it was well attended by Whig, Tory, and Radical. The Hon. H. T. Liddell was there; Fife, Attwood, Æneas Mackenzie, and a number of gentry, among whom was John Hodgson, the member for Newcastle. His colleague, Sir M. W. Ridley, like a good statesman, sent a neat letter in his stead,—a sort of a political excuse for his absence. The Hon. H. T. Liddell made a bold effort to defend the borough-holders; but the meeting being principally composed of Whigs, it was their duty at that time to be strongly in favour of the people. Mr. Attwood, who before this was unknown as a public man, was rather radically inclined; John Fife had always been placed amongst the moderate party, but on this occasion he declared himself to be an out-and-outer for the ballot; Æneas Mackenzie, too, not to be forgotten, observed that he had no wish to throw the bone of contention amongst them; thereby saying as much as that he was willing to meet them half way in a coalition.

Reform now, and nothing but reform, was the order of the day. The ministers themselves were proud to be figured with the broom as their emblem, to sweep away the corruption left by their predecessors. The king was dragged in to be the grand looker-on; and how could it be otherwise expected, but that all the light-headed gentry of the time should be eager to array themselves with this new badge of fashion. Mr. Attwood about this time attracted considerable notice, by being chairman of the Gateshead meetings; John Fife bustled every way for popularity; and Mr. Mackenzie had of late commenced a showy stationer's shop, which began to be the lounging resort of all the Whig-Radicals,—such as John Fife, Mr. Attwood, Tom Doubleday, &c.

A bookseller of the town, publisher of a magazine of slashing local notoriety—and one, too, who had frequently some little matters to do with those Whig *et-ceteras*, being a person of considerable activity and a tolerably ready invention—suggested to his friend and co. the idea of getting up a Political Union at Newcastle, of the same nature as the one established in Birmingham. The thought was considered a good one; and a letter was immediately sent to the secretary of the Birmingham Union, stating their intentions, their means for commencing such a society, and at the same time desiring all the information that could be given them to forward such an undertaking. An answer was returned, with the printed rules and papers of the Union, and the promise to afford every facility in their power. Delighted with this offer, our publishing friend carried the epistle and the whole of the matters to John Fife, and backed the scheme with as many arguments as he could muster. Mr. Fife was charmed with the proposal, made some slight objections, and requested to keep the papers merely to strengthen his resolution. This, of course, was granted; but Mr. Fife was too sensible a politician to enter into such a project

with a person who was only known as the publisher of a local periodical, when so able a coadjutor as Æneas Mackenzie could be got, who had always a host of levellers at command. He was, as may be supposed, not long in waiting upon the veteran leader. The old one smiled at the plan—his thoughts ran back in sweet remembrance to the days of former years; and it was not long before all their Radical and Whig-Radical friends became united in the manner of the people of Birmingham. Mr. Attwood, who, like his namesake of the mother Union, being the wealthiest of them all, was, as was his undoubted right, voted into that honourable post the chair.

At this time the pitmen—that is the men who work the coal-mines in the north of England—were creating a great sensation in Newcastle and its neighbourhood, by the long and united stand which they made against their employers the coal-proprietors. As these men were all under the control of a person of the name of Hepburn, such a multitude, it was considered, would be a desirable acquisition to the Union. Mr. Mackenzie, therefore, as an able diplomatist, waited upon this Mr. Hepburn, and introduced the subject; but the vanity of the lordly miner had of late been too much swelled to bear touching. They were not met, he said, for political purposes; it was to free themselves from the trammels of their masters; they had nothing to do with government; poor men like them had enough to do to mind themselves, &c. &c. The old fox, however, was not to be put off with this flow of froth, but quietly for a while allowed the blusterer to take his way, and then shrewdly observed, Well, that was certainly all very well; people were in the right to look to themselves; self was doubtless the first consideration; and——In short, he soon contrived to convince Tommy Hepburn, that to reform the government would be the only sure way for them to reform their masters.

The Union, which was now so powerfully established, met on appointed evenings to discuss questions and frame new petitions at the Music Hall, Newcastle, under the title of "The Northern Political Union." Here the members had frequent opportunities to exercise themselves in that now very common art, speech-making, and to equip themselves with sufficient confidence to be ready, on the first public notice, to take the field.

This important occasion was not long in offering itself. On August 1831, the Northern Union had for the first time a public dinner in the Spital, (a field within the precincts of the town, and belonging to the corporation,) in order to celebrate the day which ushered that royal Radical, our patriot King, into the world. William, the sovereign of the people, as he was then called, was lauded to the very skies, for his determination to resist the encroachments of the aristocracy and extend the liberties of his subjects. Mr. Attwood was in the chair; and the whole Union enjoyed a kind of a political love-feast. It was here that Larkin, the now well-known northern demagogue, made his *début* as a Radical, in a blazing tirade against the Established Church. But the most remarkable feature of the day was that when Hepburn, the leader of the pitmen, rose to address the meeting: he was greeted with an almost universal disapprobation, on the supposition that it was an overweening act of vanity in so illiterate a man to presume to address such an assembly. The chairman, however, strongly deprecated this proceeding. He declared that such was the value which he (Mr. Attwood) entertained for native talent, that whenever such an individual as Mr. Hepburn desired to be heard, he, to shew his respect, would always deem it his duty to uncover, and would take it as a favour from every one in the company who should follow his example. This was enough. Hepburn was allowed to *blather*; and with strong lungs, a face of brass, and an abundance of words, he showered forth sufficient to stagger all who were capable of judging of nothing better. This manœuvre of the chairman was truly masterly; for, by this well-timed civility, Hepburn and his crowds of colliers were for ever rivetted to the Northern Union.

This association now began to assume something like a political power in the town. The meetings, which had been held at the Town Hall, had always been conducted by the Whigs, when, on Sept. 26, 1831, at a meeting at the same place, and convened by the same party, for the old purpose of petitioning the House of Lords to pass the

Reform-bill, Mr. Attwood was led to express his disapprobation at the lukewarm and feeble language of the petition. A warm discussion arose, during which that indefatigable old champion of Whiggery, Mr. Losh, and his respectable drones, got properly lectured, and fairly out-voted, by the more powerful party of the Union.

But the great and memorable day of this Northern Society was when the Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords. On the arrival of that alarming news, notice was immediately given that a general meeting would take place on the Town Moor, the spot always selected for mighty deliberations. As this meeting has long since had its full round of description, it will be unnecessary here to enter into any lengthened detail, further than that a mere sketch is absolutely requisite, in order to introduce the principal members of this Union. On a Monday—for Mondays are usually the great field-days of Reformers—about 80,000 men were marching in all directions to Newcastle—Hepburn alone was himself attended by his ten thousand. A little after twelve an immense host, with their usual accompaniments, music and banners, were seen moving from the town in sublime procession. On attempting to arrange the meeting, such a furious struggle ensued for places, that the hustings was several times nearly overturned. The leaders endeavoured in vain to restore order;—all was tremendous confusion. At length the danger became so imminent, that they were obliged to entreat Hepburn to try his talents with the mob. As soon as this formidable character raised his thundering voice, it was easily seen that it was *he* who was the true genius of the crowd. "Men!" he bellowed out; and with a few more words of command and advice equally as homely, the turbulence of the multitude was stayed, and business allowed to proceed. The chair being taken, Mr. Attwood arose, and gave the usual chairman-speech about his inability for so responsible a situation, the necessity of keeping order, shewing impartiality, &c.; and the whole winded up with a few ordinary remarks on the object of their gathering together. John Fife was the second man of the day, and mounted the lofty stand in triumphant style. He harangued them with strong attempts at drollery;—he had got the perfect mob orator's shout—bellowed out now and then about the bishops—joked much about that strange fellow Londonderry—shook his head sadly at Hunt—was afraid he had been fingering the boroughmongers' gold—and finally advised them to keep stout hearts and steady heads, and the day would eventually be their own. The next who took this important station was Æneas Mackenzie. He gazed about for a while, and had much the look as if he was comparing this meeting with the one in 1819, at which he presided. At this he was but as the third person, but at the other he was the very godlike man. He however strained himself for the occasion—spake rather pithily upon the times, with some considerable reference to himself; but, upon the whole, he seemed to be not in first-rate spirits—to be in the third person was not Mr. Mackenzie's forte.

A young quaker, who had lately commenced business in that very Radical-like profession, an attorney, followed the old veteran. His reception was merely a shew of civility, for the people seemed to think that the subject was by far too weighty for his lad-like appearance: he, however, made his *début*, and got his more than meed of applause; but of him more hereafter. A Mr. B., one of the secretaries of the Union, and one too who, like a skilful politician, is warily watching the turn of the times, to see on which side it will be prudent to make a decided stand, now took his turn. He had always had the reputation of being a pretty speaker at private debates; but here, poor fellow, his voice, which is only fit for a room, was lost in the immensity of space; and his puns, which at the best can be considered but as the flashy effusions of a half-wit, returned as it were back upon himself, when he had to deal with weighty matter. The editor of the *Tyne Mercury* had his turn; but, as his professions were well known to resemble the Proteus-like qualities of the prototype of his own journal, he was welcomed only with the respect which was due to every one who belonged to the Union. Hepburn, the pitman, at last came forward, and the collier-lads were almost frantic with joy. The self-command with which this man received their

boisterous congratulations was truly enviable; he took not the smallest notice of their clamour, but, smiling, looked as if the noise of the multitude was his true element. He commenced with his usual salutation, Men! and then harangued away, with the ease of a practised speaker, a kind of an extemporaneous speech. He now and then threw in a few good common-place remarks, but more frequently mixed along with it a great deal of *gibberish*. In advising his friends to petition for the Bill, he observed, he was aware that it was not to the extent that they wished; but, said he, the first getting this will be the only sure way of getting more; and by and by we will get the ballot, and then, cried he, with strong feeling for himself, when that time comes, such men as poor Tommy Hepburn, who is not worth five pounds in the world, will have a vote; things will then get cheaper, times will get better; and then, lads (dropping his usual dignity to attempt a little drollery), we may perhaps get a little drop of rum, to comfort us and cheer up our hearts. With such happy *palaver* as this did he entertain his hearers, and then retired, amidst his accustomed honours. The day was drawing rapidly to a close, when Charles Larkins, the person whom we before introduced as the well-known northern demagogue, made his appearance. He at that time was but little known; but, as the bigoted advocate of the Catholic religion, he had scarcely begun, when, as is usual with him during his harangues, he turned from politics, almost immediately, to attack the Established Church. He, however, was called to order by the simultaneous shout of the people. In reply, he certainly very spiritedly offered to give in, if they were tired of him; but was liberally told to go on, only not to meddle with religion. He then burst away with such animation, that he soon began to command notice by the splendour of his speaking. Speaking we may justly call it, for real eloquence there was none; not one happy hit emanated from his weak and heated brain; all was common-place and every-day, but delivered with a fluency, an energy, and a finished correctness of pronunciation, that occasionally raised emotions of astonishment, if not of admiration. We watched the effect it had upon this great assembly; they seemed amazed to hear such splendid sounds flashing about their ears, and seemed every now and then as if asking themselves, *Is not this grand?* and at intervals, when they gave applause, were again as if saying, *This is surely excellent*, &c. But not one word dropped from this declaimer that ever raised such an exclamation, as, *Ah, that's the point!* and which, while it electrifies every heart, at once reaches every understanding: all was magnificent sound, and full of finished nothings; splendid, indeed, but the splendour was all of the outside. But enough of him; his speech had an end.

The people were now giving signs that they were anxious to be at home, when Tom Doubleday, he whom we have designated as the Whig-Radical, sneaked up, and, in the most sheepish manner imaginable, endeavoured to make a speech with two or three words. After this modest specimen, the honourable man who occupied the chair arose, and, in finishing the harangues, declared that the business of the day was now over.

On retiring, John Fife, who by this time had completely taken up the trade of a politician, with great hospitality invited several of the speakers to dinner, among whom was Tommy Hepburn and his *Marrow*.* It is but justice, however, to say, that the *Jemmies*† used their utmost endeavours to be polite; but, unfortunately, they made a sad bull during this afterpiece, in wishing the ladies their very good healths.

The Union, by this meeting, attained to the very summit of its popularity. The press, that great public dictator, patronised it under the imposing title of the *Great Northern Union*: every speech had its more than due; and as for Larkins's, it was held up by all the scribblers of the day as the very paragon of eloquence. The Union was now looked up to with a kind of reverence. *The frequent communications which the committee had* WITH THE MINISTERS *were carefully made public, and its opinions were re-*

* *Marrow* is the fat name used among those colliers for comrade.

† *Jemmy* is a name very common among them,—they being extremely fond of the sweet name of James.

garded by the principle part of the neighbourhood with as much respect as if it had actually been a part of the established government itself. Every exertion was made to augment its power. Branch Unions were formed in all the villages and towns round about. Those clubs too were generally christened, if we may so term it, with a petition. On such occasions, the leaders of the mother Union were certain to be invited; and, amidst the ringing of bells, colours flying, and music playing, Messrs. Attwood, Fife, Larkins, and assistants, would roll in amongst them four-in-hand, in the most aristocratical style. During the ceremony, the necessary compliments were not forgot to be bestowed upon the distinguished visiters; and the guests, in their turn, of course, could not do less than return thanks. A supper usually finished the scene, well cemented with friendship, patriotism, and union. A constant rivalship too existed between Fife and Larkins for that enviable, and certainly of late very fashionable thing, notoriety. John Fife, in imitation of the member of the Birmingham Union who declared that, unless the Bill was passed, he would pay no taxes, but resist the law with all the passive obstinacy of the quakers, made a similar declaration. This was second-hand certainly; but it had the effect: it was noticed by all the papers. Bold, however, as this was, it was far outdone by the revolutionist Larkins, who, at a meeting, when the Bill was supposed to be delayed by the influence of the queen, had the hardihood to say, that, for such interference, "fairer heads than Adelaide's had ere now rolled upon the scaffold." This Robespierre-like expression staggered even the most audacious. Attwood himself shrunk back from this bloody-minded man. The journals all held it up as a sign of the times. The Marquess of Londonderry brought it into ten times greater notice by animadverting upon it in the House of Lords; while Mr. Larkins, no doubt smiling in his sleeve, enjoyed the sweet sounds of its noisy honours. Nothing now was heard of in those parts but those two popularity hunters. Mr. Attwood was thought to be not the man; his lukewarmness was said to have too much of the leaven of old Toryism in it. The sacrifices which John Fife had made for his country's cause were much spoken of; and Larkins and he were considered to be the only leaders who could be depended upon to lead the people to deeds of rashness. At last, amidst all those dinning honours, a report was spread about that the Union was broke up, &c., with all the usual variety of conjectures. The following placard, posted about the town, however, let out the whole truth of the affair:—

To John Fife, *Esq.*

Sir,—On Tuesday evening you addressed the people from the window of Mr. Fenwick's office, and in the course of your speech declared that you had left the council of the Northern Political Union, because you could not conscientiously act with, or sit in the company of, the men whom you had left behind. As a member of that council, which you have involved in one sweeping and unsparing censure, I take the liberty of requesting from you an explanation of these words. I have done no act, I have said no word, which I am not prepared to defend; and as I conceive your expressions to be an aspersion upon me, as well as upon the members of the council, I publicly call upon you for a statement of the reasons which have induced you to use, in my regard, language of such unmeasured censure. I dread, sir, the secret whisper—I fear the calumny muttered in the dark—I tremble at the ambiguous charge and the malicious insinuation—but I do not tremble at the direct and open accusation. If you have any charge to bring against me, I trust, in justice to me and to yourself, you will make that charge public, and in a manner the most full, free, open, and unreserved. Direct charges I can answer—ambiguities I cannot repel.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Charles Larkins.

June 28, 1832.

We need not here comment upon this curious epistle; suffice it to say, that it made the Radical stare, and the Tory to smile, while the Moderate shook his head, and talked much about a medium. The times, however, were too ticklish for John Fife's excitable genius to remain long dormant. A little before the late general election, he became again hand-and-glove with the united reformers, and was the proposer of Charles Attwood, the chairman of the Union, &c., for the representation of Newcastle.

NEW EDITION OF REJECTED ADDRESSES.*

MURRAY has really given us here a nice little book," as Cobbett would call it, or produced a beautiful gem, to use the more polished language of the connoisseurs of bibliography. The whole getting-up of the book is creditable in the highest degree to all parties concerned,—from paper-maker to printer, from Finden to Cruikshank. The frontispiece, representing the two Smiths, as they appeared years ago, drawn by Harlowe, and engraved by Finden, is, but for the tinting, agreeable. The good-humoured, though conceited, *bonhommie* of James, twirling his pen, and the intense idiocy of Horace, in sleepy-headed and droop-eyelided stolidity, musing over some exquisite volume of Cockney poetry, the *Nympholept* perhaps, are most admirably depicted. Of Cruikshank we shall only say, that George is himself again in the exquisite woodcuts, which are by themselves worth the price of the volume. Lord Byron, half tipsy, kicking the world before him, while under the influence of blue-devils and blue-ruin, is a truly philosophical picture, and gives us a deeper and more pathetic insight into his lordship's life than all Moore's quartos or duodecimos. Poor Mrs. Robinson—Laura Matilda, attended by Zephyr, Pegasus, and Cupid, is exquisite; as also is the heroic attempt of Higginbottom, waving his whizzing water-pipe for the salvation of Drury. A drunkener private gentleman, in a fireman's coat, than that said Higginbottom, is not to be seen in London and the parts adjacent. His figure is a positive triumph of art, and ranks Cruikshank with the painter of the Cartoons. The Architectural Atoms we cannot say we admire; but Pat Jennings's recovery of his hat is sublime. It is impossible, unless we were Winkelman, or some other great critic of the kind, to attempt to describe this gorgeous gallery—or rather these gorgeous galleries, the one-shilling and the two-shilling—of the old familiar Cruikshankian faces. There are they all in every variety of mouth, and eye, and nose—of drayman's hat and cook-maid's cap—beaming before us in a galaxy of beauty, that fills our hearts with admiration, and makes us for the moment forget that we vegetate under the Grey administration. These sublime and pathetic touches are, after all, the things that cheer and tranquillise the soul, in spite of the everyday villany, Whiggery, and scoundrelism, which beset us on all sides; and therefore we recommend our readers to cast a patient and scrutinising eye on the one hundred and thirty-ninth page of the volume we are reviewing. What they will see there is worth all the letter-press of the book.

The *Rejected Addresses* was a clever hit. It is somewhat *passée* now, and the piquancy is in a great measure gone. The parody on Wordsworth, which, in the palmy state of the *Edinburgh Review*, when that rascal oracle had all but succeeded in sneering down the Great Poet, passed off as a tolerable imitation of his style, is now, when he has taken his enduring place among the ever-during bards of England, nothing but a stupid puerility. Poor Fitzgerald has departed, and a parody on what is forgotten is but dull work. The "Address without a Phœnix," which is now acknowledged to have been a *real* rejected address, is stolid enough to have come from the pen of Horace himself. The imitation of Southey never could have been considered as successful;—nor was it worth while to parody such writers as Laura Matilda, William Spencer, or Dr. Busby. The songs, "Drury's Hustings," "Macbeth Travestie," "Stranger Travestie," "George Barnwell Travestie," "Punch's Apotheosis," (*not* by Theodore Hook, by any manner of means, for Hook could not be guilty of the Cockney rhymes which deface it,) are only average *jeux d'esprit*, —not better nor worse than those which James Smith, their author we suppose, used to transmit in after-years to the *New Monthly Magazine*. The aping of Johnson is merely miserable; and Tom Moore's "Living Lustres" do not shine. Cobbett, the Morning Post, Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Cole-

* **Rejected Addresses; or, the New Theatrum Poetarum. Eighteenth edition. Carefully revised; with an original Preface and Notes by the Authors. London: Murray.**

ridge, and Crabbe, are the jewels of the book, and these are all from the hands of James. Our criticism, we admit, applies more to the work in 1833 than it could have done in 1812; for many of the things which now seem to us dull and stupid were then fresh and startling. The occasion was a good one;—as for the idea, it is as old as the history of parody; and the *Rejected Addresses* are far from equalling the Poems in praise of tobacco. The Smiths are not Brownes.

They made their hit, and then, as we read in John Bunyan, "they are heard of no more." Their *Horace in London* was sad trash; their *Jokeby* execrable—not merely paltry in composition, but mean in feeling. James, we believe, has not ventured upon any thing beyond an occasional trifle in the *New Monthly*, in which Russell Square, Norton Falgate, Mrs. Deputy Dabbs, and Miss Maria Hopkins, were duly satirised in the usual style. Horace has taken bolder flights, and is the author, in poetry, of conspicuous poems about the Nymphs and other fine Greek subjects, in which he displays himself as egregious a Cockney as any of those whose water-parties or hops have drawn down the indignation of his illustrious pen. He is the author, in prose, of those noble novels, *Brambletye House*, &c. &c., which bear the same resemblance to those of Scott—of whose school, Heaven help us! they profess to be—that the black dog, which dangles over the alehouse of that name, bears to the deep-mouthed sleuthhound, whose eye of fire gleams from the canvass of Edwin Landseer.

Horace, we perceive by the preface to this edition of the *Rejected Addresses*, is of a considerably different opinion.

"In commenting on a work, however trifling, which has survived the lapse of twenty years, an author may almost claim the privileged garrulity of age; yet even in a professedly gossipping Preface, we begin to fear that we are exceeding our commission, and abusing the patience of the reader. If we are doing so, we might urge extenuating circumstances, which will explain, though they may not excuse, our diffuseness. To one of us the totally unexpected success of this little work proved an important event, since it mainly decided him, some years afterwards, to embark in that literary career which the continued favour of the novel-reading world has rendered both pleasant and profitable to him."

We cannot believe a charge against the novel-reading world so utterly abominable as this, upon testimony so slender. We admit that our friend Colburn, by dint of the most industrious and meritorious puffing, did manage for some years to palm off upon a much-injured public the direst trash—including Horace Smith's—as matter of sale. We suppose also that Colburn shared a due proportion of the profits of this honourable business with his operatives, and so far, no doubt, the transaction might have been pleasant and profitable to Smith and the rest of them. But that the continued favour of any body, except those who were gulled by puffs of all the descriptions enumerated by Sheridan in the *Critic*, and a thousand more invented since his time, gilded the literary career of Horace, we take upon us most flatly to deny. Who remembers the names of any of his novels, except from having seen them in an advertisement! Who knows any thing of their characters, their descriptions, their plots? Who ever quoted a line from them, or made their scenes the subject for the pencil or the stage? Not one. They fell dead the very moment that Colburn's play of penny trumpets had ceased, and the voice of the puffer was heard no more. *The Quarterly* in one article dished Smith. And now that we of *Fraser's Magazine* have totally demolished the puffing system, we recommend Horace to try his hand again; and unless those who have succeeded Colburn in wielding the sceptre of the novelmongering world be wholly insane, he will not find it *profitable*—and we, for private reasons of our own, can assure him that it would not be particularly *pleasant*.

It is useless to make quotations from squibs which have reached an eighteenth edition, and of which every thing worth recollecting is sure to be recollected by our readers. The preface to this new edition is written in a somewhat senile style of wit, as for example.

"In the present publishing era, when books are like the multitudinous waves of the advancing sea, some of which make [as *Reuben Apsley*] no impression whatever upon the sand, while the superficial traces left by others are destined to be perpetually obliterated by their successors, almost as soon as they are found, the authors of the *Rejected Addresses* may well feel flattered, after

a lapse of twenty years, and the sale of seventeen large editions, in receiving an application to write a Preface to a new and more handsome impression. In diminution, however, of any overweening vanity which they might be disposed to indulge on this occasion, they cannot but admit the truth of the remark made by a particularly candid and good-natured friend who kindly reminded them, that if their little work has hitherto floated upon the stream of time, while so many others of much greater weight and value have sunk to rise no more, it has been solely indebted for its buoyancy to that specific levity which enables feathers, straws, and similar trifles, to defer their submersion, until they have become thoroughly saturated with the waters of oblivion, when they quickly meet the fate which they had long before merited.

"Our ingenuous and ingenious friend furthermore observed, that the demolition of Drury-Lane Theatre by fire, its reconstruction under the auspices of the celebrated Mr. Whitbread, the reward offered by the committee for an opening address, and the public recitation of a poem composed expressly for the occasion by Lord Byron, one of the most popular writers of the age, formed an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances which could not fail to insure the success of the *Rejected Addresses*, while it has subsequently served to fix them in the memory of the public, so far at least as a poor immortality of twenty years can be said to have effected that object. In fact, continued our impartial and affectionate monitor, your little work owes its present obscure existence entirely to the accidents that have surrounded and embalmed it,—even as flies, and other worthless insects, may long survive their natural date of extinction, if they chance to be preserved in amber, or any similar substance.

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare—
We wonder how the devil they got there!

With the natural affection of parents for the offspring of their own brains, we ventured to hint that some portion of our success might perhaps be attributable to the manner in which the different imitations were executed; but our worthy friend protested that his sincere regard for us, as well as for the cause of truth, compelled him to reject our claim, and to pronounce that, when once the idea had been conceived, all the rest followed as a matter of course, and might have been executed by any other hands not less felicitously than by our own."

This is heavy joking, and scarcely conceals the fear of the writers, that the remarks of their "ingenious and ingenuous friend" are all too true. Another passage is not quite correct.

"Our first difficulty, that of selection, was by no means a light one. Some of our most eminent poets, such, for instance, as Rogers and Campbell, presented so much beauty, harmony, and proportion in their writings, both as to style and sentiment, that if we had attempted to caricature them, nobody would have recognised the likeness; and if we had endeavoured to give a servile copy of their manner, it would only have amounted, at best, to a tame and unamusing portrait, which it was not our object to present. Although fully aware that their names would, in the theatrical phrase, have conferred great strength upon our bill, we were reluctantly compelled to forego them, and to confine ourselves to writers whose style and habit of thought, being more marked and peculiar, was more capable of exaggeration and distortion."

Had our authors spoken truth, they would have said that Rogers and Campbell were in those days great lights among the Whigs, and a pair of very testy fellows to boot, whom it would have been at the same time easy and un-Whiggish to offend. Poor Fitzgerald is insulted as much for his politics as his poetastery. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, Crabbe, were Tory bards. Cobbett the Radical, and the Morning Post, the then ministerialist (alas the day!), are victimised without scruple. Neither Moore nor Byron could care a farthing for the manner in which their writings were parodied; but the other Whigs must not be touched. The *Edinburgh Review*, therefore, if it was serious, did most unwisely to "marvel why the author of *Rejected Addresses* had shut out Campbell and Rogers from his theatre of living poets." They were excluded, because they could not bear quizzing, and because they were glories of Whiggery, and therefore not to be damaged. As for saying they could not be parodied, that's all fudge. "Lochiel" has been parodied fifty times; so has the song of the "Mariners of England." The "Ritter Ban" is a parody in itself. And would not the very title of the "Pleasures of Memory" afford a hint for a lamentation in smooth and sleepy verse over the glories of the playhouse destroyed. Ay! What recollections the fifteen years of the Drury that was burnt in 1812 would have suggested to those who knew it! We ourselves could

conjure up many a reminiscence when Sheridan and we—but hold—we must not weep. With respect to beauty, harmony, proportion, style, sentiment, &c. &c. in the poems of Campbell and Rogers,—do these gentlemen possess these merits to the exclusion of Scott, Byron, Crabbe, Wordsworth, and Southey? No; we have assigned the true reason, and the Smiths have shirked it in their preface.

The real poets were not annoyed at the joke. We are glad to see such anecdotes as the following:

"To the credit of the *genus irritabile* be it recorded, that not one of those whom we had parodied or burlesqued ever betrayed the least soreness on the occasion, or refused to join in the laugh that we had occasioned. With most of them we subsequently formed acquaintanceship; while some honoured us with an intimacy which still continues, where it has not been severed by the rude hand of Death. Alas! it is painful to reflect, that of the twelve writers whom we presumed to imitate, five are now no more; the list of the deceased being unhappily swelled by the most illustrious of all, the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of Sir Walter Scott! From that distinguished writer, whose transcendent talents were only to be equalled by his virtues and his amiability, we received favours and notice, both public and private, which it will be difficult to forget, because we had not the smallest claim upon his kindness. 'I certainly must have written this myself!' said that fine-tempered man to one of the authors, pointing to the description of the Fire, 'although I forget upon what occasion.' Lydia White, a literary lady, who was prone to feed the lions of the day, invited one of us to dinner; but, recollecting afterwards that William Spencer formed one of the party, wrote to the latter to put him off; telling him that a man was to be at her table whom he 'would not like to meet.' 'Pray, who is this whom I should not like to meet?' inquired the poet. 'O!' answered the lady, 'one of those men who have made that shameful attack upon you!' 'The very man upon earth I should like to know!' rejoined the lively and careless bard. The two individuals accordingly met, and have continued fast friends ever since. Lord Byron, too, wrote thus to Mr. Murray from Italy—'Tell him we forgive him, were he twenty times our satirist.'"

Scott could be no more affected by a parody than old Homer himself, who, if the *Batrachomyomachia* had "come out" in his day, would, we are very confident, have read it with perfect equanimity. Lord Byron was more vulnerable; but his tactic was to conciliate any person who could annoy him. Nobody can believe that he cared a farthing for Gifford or Croker; but, having the fear of the *Quarterly* before his eyes, he lauded these gentlemen excessively. No doubt the genius of Wilson must have rendered him an object of admiration in the mind of his lordship, but who thinks that the Professor would not occasionally have been as roughly treated as Wordsworth or Coleridge, but for dread of the vengeance of Christopher North? The satirical powers of the author of the *Fudge Family* and the *Twopenny Post-Bag* secured Moore his friendship;—he never forgot the sneer at the "sallow, sublime, Werterfaced sort of man," and assuredly did not forgive it, though he dissembled his wrath to prevent a repetition of the offence. In the case before us, he saw at once that the Smiths were fashionable parodists, and conciliated them accordingly. Of his lordship we have here a few anecdotes.

"This [the opening lines of the parody on Lord Byron—

'Sated with home, *of wife, of children tired*,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam,' &c.]

would seem to shew that poet and prophet are synonymous, the noble bard having afterwards returned to England, and again quitted it, under domestic circumstances painfully notorious. His good-humoured forgiveness of the authors has been already alluded to in the preface. Nothing of this illustrious poet, however trivial, can be otherwise than interesting. 'We knew him well.' At Mr. Murray's dinner-table the annotator met him and Sir John Malcolm. Lord Byron talked of intending to travel in Persia. 'What must I do when I set off,' said he to Sir John? 'Cut off your buttons!' 'My buttons! what! these metal ones?' 'Yes; the Persians are in the main very honest fellows; but if you go thus bedizened, you will infallibly be murdered for your buttons.' At a dinner at Monk Lewis's chambers in the Albany, Lord Byron expressed to the writer his determination not to go there again, adding, 'I never will dine with a middle-aged man who fills up his table with young ensigns, and has looking-glass panels to his book-cases.' Lord Byron, when one of the Drury-lane Committee of Management, challenged the writer to sing alternately (like the swains in Virgil) the praises of

Mrs. Mardyn, the actress, who, by the by, was hissed off the stage for an imputed intimacy, of which she was quite innocent.

"The contest ran as follows:

'Wake muse of fire, your ardent lyre,
Pour forth your amorous ditty,
But first profound, in duty bound,
Applaud the new Committee:
Their scenic art from Thespis' cart
All jaded nags discarding,
To London drove this queen of love,
Enchanting Mrs. Mardyn.

Though tides of love around her rove,
I fear she'll choose Pactolus—
In that bright surge bards ne'er immerge,
So I must e'en swim solus.
'Out, out, alas!' ill-fated gas,
That shin'st round Covent Garden,
Thy ray how flat, compared with that
From eye of Mrs. Mardyn!'

"And so on. The reader has, no doubt, already discovered 'which is the justice, and which is the thief.'

"Lord Byron at that time wore a very narrow cravat of white sarsnet, with the shirt-collar falling over it; a black coat and waistcoat, and very broad white trousers, to hide his lame foot—these were of Russia duck in the morning, and jean in the evening. His watch-chain had a number of small gold seals appended to it, and was looped up to a button of his waistcoat. His face was void of colour; he wore no whiskers. His eyes were grey, fringed with long black lashes; and his air was imposing, but rather supercilious. He undervalued David Hume; denying his claim to genius on account of his bulk, and calling him, from the heroic epistle,

'The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.'

One of this extraordinary man's allegations was, that 'fat is an oily dropsy.' To stave off its visitation, he frequently chewed tobacco in lieu of dinner, alleging that it absorbed the gastric juice of the stomach, and prevented hunger. 'Pass your hand down my side,' said his lordship to the writer; 'can you count my ribs?' 'Every one of them.' 'I am delighted to hear you say so. I called last week on Lady ——; 'Ah, Lord Byron,' said she, 'how fat you grow!' But you know Lady —— is fond of saying spiteful things!' Let this gossip be summed up with the words of Lord Chesterfield, in his character of Bolingbroke: 'Upon the whole, on a survey of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but 'Alas, poor human nature!''

* * * *

"The writer never heard him allude to his deformed foot except upon one occasion, when, entering the green-room of Drury-lane, he found Lord Byron alone, the younger Byrne and Miss Smith the dancer having just left him, after an angry conference about a *pas seul*. 'Had you been here a minute sooner,' said Lord B., 'you would have heard a question about dancing referred to me;—me! (looking mournfully downward) whom fate from my birth has prohibited from taking a single step.'"

Apropos of the joint composition between Smith and Byron ("then did the sun on dunghill shine"); and of which, whatever may be the parts of the justice and the thief, neither part is very brilliant, his lordship writing down to the level of Smith—we find James is here and elsewhere still sadly addicted to his well-known practice of quoting his old jokes. *Ex. gr.*

"The writers were then bachelors. One of them, unfortunately [why unfortunately? Bachelors may live very pleasantly, and have many gay *orgies*, in London], still continues so, as he has thus recorded in his niece's album:

'Should I seek Hymen's tie,
As a poet I die—
Ye Benedicks mourn my distresses!
For what little fame
Is annexed to my name,
Is derived from *Rejected Addresses*.'"

This might have been very safely left in Miss Cadell's album. We recollect how when James Smith used to write squibs for Campbell's magazine, he was in the habit of going about town repeating them. "Have you read the last *New Monthly*? if you have, you observed an epigram,—

'How M.D. swaggers, D.D. rolls,—
I hold them both a pair of noddies;
Old D.D. has the cure of souls,
And M.D. has the care of bodies.'

&c. [but James allowed you no &c.; he gave you the whole to the end]. "What do you think of that? Clever? Eh?"

"O, very clever!" responded the polite auditor.

"It was I wrote it. You recollect the 'London Lyrics?'

'Mr. Deputy Dabbs, of Cheapside;
Mrs. Higgins, of famed Norton Falgate,'

&c. [repeated as before to the end,—ay, to the twenty-fourth stanza.] "Pleasant? Eh?"

"Very pleasant," was of course the reply.

"It was I wrote it. Do you recollect the lines beginning ——"

And so on to the end of the chapter. But let us get back to our poets—*revenons à nos moutons.*

Even poor Fitz did not show pet, though he indeed was unfairly insulted.

"William Thomas Fitzgerald. The annotator's first personal knowledge of this gentleman was at Harry Greville's Pic-Nic Theatre, in Tottenham-street, where he personated Zanga in a wig too small for his head. The second time of seeing him was at the table of old Lord Dudley, who familiarly called him Fitz, but forgot to name him in his will. The Earl's son (recently deceased), however, liberally supplied the omission by a donation of five thousand pounds. The third and last time of encountering him was at an anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund, at the Freemasons' Tavern. Both parties, as two of the stewards, met their brethren in a small room about half an hour before dinner. The lampooner, out of delicacy, kept aloof from the poet. The latter, however, made up to him, when the following dialogue took place:

"Fitzgerald (with good humour.) 'Mr. —— [why, in the name of Harpocrates, suppress Smith?] I mean to recite after dinner.'

"Mr. —— 'Do you?'

"Fitzgerald. 'Yes; you'll have more of 'God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!''

Another now illustrious obscure took the matter as good-humouredly. We allude to William Robert Spencer, who, also, by "a whimsical coincidence," was a friend of the late Earl of Dudley. A note on "Sobriety cease to be sober" says,—

"The good-humour of the poet upon occasion of this parody has been noticed in the Preface. 'It's all very well for once,' said he afterwards, in comic confidence, at his villa at Petersham, 'but don't do it again. I had been almost forgotten when you revived me; and now all the newspapers and reviews ring with,' this fashionable, trashy author.' The 'sand 'and filings of glass,' mentioned in the last stanza, are referable to the well-known verses of the poet apologising to a lady for having paid an unconscionably long morning visit; and where, alluding to Time, he says,

> 'All his sands are diamond sparks,
> That glitter as they pass.'

"Few men in society have more 'gladdened life' than this poet. He now resides in Paris, and may thence make the grand tour without an interpreter—speaking, as he does, French, Italian, and German, as fluently as English."

He is unquestionably a graceful and accomplished man; and we hope that he has no other reasons for making the grand tour than a desire of exhibiting his polyglot powers. There is, by the way, a slight mistake in the above. Spencer never had a villa at Petersham: he lived at the time alluded to in the villa of Sir H. Englefield, who had a great regard for him and his family.

Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, of course took no notice of these things. Coleridge never heard of them; Wordsworth has a lofty disdain of parodists; and Southey, on the contrary, parodises himself; but the only other great name in the book, Crabbe, came in contact with Smith, and the meeting is thus described:

"The writer's first interview with this poet, who may be designated Pope in worsted stockings, took place at William Spencer's villa at Petersham, close to what that gentleman called his gold fish-pond, though it was scarcely three feet in diameter, throwing up a *jet d'eau* like a thread. The venerable bard, seizing both the hands of his satirist, exclaimed, with a good-humoured laugh, 'Ah! my old enemy, how do you do?' In the course of conversation, he expressed great astonishment at his popularity in London; adding, 'In my own village they think nothing of me.' The subject happening to be the inroads of time upon beauty, the writer quoted the following lines:—

> 'Six years had pass'd, and forty ere the six,
> When time began to play his usual tricks:
> My locks, once comely in a virgin's sight,
> Locks of pure brown, now felt the encroaching white;
> Gradual each day I liked my horses less,
> My dinner more—I learned to play at chess.'

"'That's very good!' cried the bard;—'whose is it?' 'Your own.' 'Indeed! hah! well, I had quite forgotten it.' Was this affectation, or was it not? In sooth, he seemed to push simplicity to puerility. This imitation contained in manuscript the following lines, after describing certain Sunday-newspaper critics who were supposed to be present at a new play, and who were rather heated in their politics:—

> 'Hard is his task who edits—thankless job!
> A Sunday journal for the factious mob:

"With bitter paragraph and caustic jest,
He gives to turbulence the day of rest;
Condemn'd, this week, rash rancour to instil,
Or thrown aside, the next, for one who will:
Alike undone or if he praise or rail
(For this affects his safety, that his sale),
He sinks at last in luckless limbo set,
If loud for libel, and if dumb for debt."

"They were, however, never printed; being, on reflection, considered too serious for the occasion.

"It is not a little extraordinary that Crabbe, who could write with such vigour, should descend to such lines as the following:—

'Something had happened wrong about a bill
Which was not drawn with true mercantile skill;
So, to amend it, I was told to go
And seek the firm of Clutterbuck and Co.'

"Surely 'Emanuel Jennings,' compared with the above, rises to sublimity."

The Sunday journal satirised in the lines discreetly suppressed was the *Examiner*, then flourishing in all the greenery of youth, before the blighting hand of Z, "gruff old General Izzard," had fallen upon it, and when the withering nickname of the Cockney school of poetry was unknown. Leigh Hunt, no doubt, exercised a merciless tyranny over the poor players of the day, and was, therefore, a fair mark for the satire of a philo-dramatic poet; but he was dangerous then, and Smith prudently left him out. Alas, poor fellow! the case is different now; and in another part of this volume he is assailed even by name.

James Smith may indeed be well called a philo-dramatic poet. His play-going reminiscences thickly haunt him. He recollects with a painful intensity the history of the drama for some forty years. See the note on "Holland's Edifice," in his parody on Lord Byron.

"'Holland's edifice.' The late theatre was built by Holland the architect. The writer visited it on the night of its opening. The performances were *Macbeth* and the *Virgin Unmasked*. Between the play and the farce, an excellent epilogue, written by George Colman, was excellently spoken by Miss Farren. It referred to the iron curtain which was, in the event of fire, to be let down between the stage and the audience, and which accordingly descended, by way of experiment, leaving Miss Farren between the lamps and the curtain. The fair speaker informed the audience, that should the fire break out on the stage (where it usually originates), it would thus be kept from the spectators; adding, with great solemnity—

'No! we assure our generous benefactors
'Twill only burn the scenery and the actors!'

A tank of water was afterwards exhibited, in the course of the epilogue, in which a wherry was rowed by a real live man, the band playing—

'And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman?'

Miss Farren reciting—

'Sit still, there's nothing in it,
We'll undertake to drown you in a single minute.'

'O vain thought!' as Othello says. Notwithstanding the boast in the epilogue—

'Blow, wind—come, rack, in ages yet unborn,
Our castle's strength shall laugh a siege to scorn'—

The theatre fell a victim to the flames within fifteen years from the prognostic! These preparations against fire always presuppose presence of mind and promptness in those who are to put them into action. They remind one of the dialogue, in Morton's *Speed the Plough*, between Sir Abel Handy and his son Bob:

'*Bob.* Zounds, the castle's on fire!
Sir A. Yes.
Bob. Where's your patent liquid for extinguishing fire?
Sir A. It is not mixed.
Bob. Then where's your patent fire-escape?
Sir A. It is not fixed.
Bob. You are never at a loss.
Sir A. Never.
Bob. Then what do you mean to do.
Sir A. I don't know.'"

"They remind *one* of the dialogue in Morton's *Speed the Plough*." Who can be the *one* that is reminded of the helpless rubbish of Morton? Can it be James Smith?

It must be he; for we find, to our horror, that he duly commemorates his poetry in the O. P. row.

"O. P. This personage, who is alleged to have growled like a bull-dog, requires rather a lengthened note, for the edification of the rising generation. The 'horns, rattles, drums,' with which he is accompanied, are no inventions of the poet. The new Covent Garden Theatre opened on the 18th Sept. 1809, when a cry of 'Old Prices' (afterwards diminished to O. P.) burst out from every

part of the house. This continued and increased in violence till the 23d, when rattles, drums, whistles, and cat-calls, having completely drowned the voices of the actors, Mr. Kemble, the stage-manager, came forward and said, that a committee of gentlemen had undertaken to examine the finances of the concern, and that until they were prepared with their report the theatre would continue closed. 'Name them!' was shouted from all sides. The names were declared, viz. Sir Charles Price, the Solicitor-General, the Recorder of London, the Governor of the Bank, and Mr. Angersteen. 'All shareholders!' bawled a wag from the gallery. In a few days the theatre re-opened: the public paid no attention to the report of the referees, and the tumult was renewed for several weeks with even increased violence. The proprietors now sent in hard bruisers, to *mill* the refractory into subjection. This irritated most of their former friends, and, amongst the rest, the annotator, who accordingly wrote the song of 'Heigh-ho, says Kemble,' which was caught up by the ballad-singers, and sung under Mr. Kemble's house-windows in Great Russell Street. A dinner was given at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, to celebrate the victory obtained by W. Clifford in his action against Brandon the boxkeeper, for assaulting him for wearing the letters O. P. in his hat. At this dinner Mr. Kemble attended, and matters were compromised by allowing the advanced price (seven shillings) to the boxes. The writer remembers a former riot of a similar sort at the same theatre (in the year 1792), when the price to the boxes was raised from five shillings to six. That tumult, however, only lasted three nights."

So James Smith actually wrote "Heigho, says Kemble!" which was caught up by the ballad-singers, and positively sung under the windows of John Kemble, in Great Russell Street. *Quel gloire!* He ought to have published this valuable poem. *Tantamne rem tam negligenter!* In the next century, perhaps it will be as unknown as Wade's boat, Speght's provoking silence concerning which Tyrwhitt so pathetically laments. The O. P. row was a most blackguard business; and we can neither see the wit of the *wag* in the gallery (qu. James himself?), or the decency of the dinner at the Crown and Anchor. The office of poet-laureate to the O. P. is not a very enviable dignity.

Another theatrical event is connected with an important epoch in the lives of "our authors." They were actually introduced to a lord! a real live lord! by a theatrical row.

"'From the knobb'd bludgeon to the taper switch.' This image is not the creation of the poets: it sprang from reality. The authors happened to be at the Royal Circus when 'God save the King' was called for, accompanied by a cry of 'stand up!' and 'hats off!' An inebriated naval lieutenant perceiving a gentleman in an adjoining box slow to obey the call, struck his hat off with his stick, exclaiming, 'Take off your hat, sir!' The other thus assaulted proved to be, unluckily for the lieutenant, Lord Camelford, the celebrated bruiser and duellist. A set-too in the lobby was the consequence, where his lordship quickly proved victorious. 'The devil is not so black as he is painted,' said one of the Authors to the other; 'let us call upon Lord Camelford, and tell him that we were witnesses of his being first assaulted.' The visit was paid on the ensuing morning at Lord Camelford's lodgings, in Bond Street. Over the fire-place in the drawing-room were ornaments strongly expressive of the pugnacity of the peer. A long thick bludgeon lay horizontally supported by two brass hooks. Above this was placed parallel one of lesser dimensions, until a pyramid of weapons gradually arose, tapering to a horsewhip:

> 'Thus all below was strength, and all
> above was grace.'

"Lord Camelford received his visitants with great civility, and thanked them warmly for the call; adding, that their evidence would be material, it being his intention to indict the lieutenant for an assault. 'All I can say in return is this,' exclaimed the peer with great cordiality, 'if ever I see you engaged in a row, upon my soul, I'll stand by you.' The authors expressed themselves thankful for so potent an ally, and departed. In about a fortnight afterwards, Lord Camelford was shot in a duel with Mr. Best."

This, with the exception of the following, is the principal personal anecdote of the author contained in this new edition.

"'Winsor's patent gas'—at that time in its infancy. The first place illumined by it was the Carlton-house side of Pall Mall; the second, Bishopsgate Street. The writer attended a lecture given by the inventor: the charge of admittance was three shillings, but, as the inventor was about to apply to parliament, members of both houses were admitted gratis.

The writer and a fellow-jester assumed the parts of senators at a short notice. 'Members of parliament!' was their important ejaculation at the door of entrance. 'What places, gentlemen?' 'Old Sarum and Bridgewater.' 'Walk in, gentlemen.' Luckily, the real Simon Pures did not attend. This Pall Mall illumination was further noticed in *Horace in London:*—

'And Winsor lights, with flame of gas,
Home, to king's place, his mother.'

The spirit of parody here prevailed; and, as the brothers were Brummagem poets, they made excellent Brummagem members of parliament.

We shall close here. There would not have been any sense in praising or quoting the good parts of a book which has "made its hit;" but we should have wished that the brothers had divided their parts, and that the art of poetry of Horace should have been marked by itself. We shall tell James a story, although, as he is himself the hero, he knows it much better than ourselves.

James is not only a wit but an attorney, and he dwells, or dwelt, in Austin Friars. It does not need the testimony of Lord Byron, in *Don Juan*, to prove the universality among us English of the name of Smith; because a reference to the *Blue Book* or *Robson's Directory* will afford proofs in thousands. Neither is the Christian name of James unusual, nor, we regret to say, the profession of an attorney, no fewer than 9400 of them having paid for their licenses last year. Now it so happened that another James Smith, *solicitor*, came to live in the same building in Austin Friars with our friend the parodist; and the consequences of two James Smiths, attorneys, of No. —, Austin Friars, may be easily conjectured. Letters, messages, papers, of all kinds, were continually going astray, and the confusion was most annoying. At last, one morning, James Smith, the new-comer, made his appearance in the chambers of his namesake, with an open letter in his hand.

"This, sir," said he, "I find is intended for you; it is a confidential letter, on a very delicate and important subject, addressed to no eye but yours; and I have read it from beginning to end. You made a mistake of the same kind a few days ago, and it is most unpleasant. What is to be done? I really can see no plan for preventing this confusion, but that one or other of us should leave the building."

"I agree with you," said *our* James, "and you, of course, must be the man to leave."

"I do not exactly see why it should necessarily be *me*, and not *you*," was the answer.

"Because, my dear fellow," replied the wit, "you are here *James the Second*, and therefore should *abdicate*."

Now if James found it detrimental as a professional man to be mixed up, in Austin Friars, with a brother in the craft, he will find it equally detrimental, as a literary man, to be mixed up in the *Rejected Addresses* with his brother in the flesh. He ought to make Horace abdicate, and tell us plainly, somewhere or other—in FRASER'S MAGAZINE if he will—that the twenty pages of the *jeux d'esprit* here collected, which are worth reading (and they do not exceed that number) are from his pen, not from that of the asinine author of *Brambletye House*. We hope this hint will be duly attended to.

*** Justice to James makes us add, that he has been for some years converted to Toryism, chiefly by the preaching of Theodore Hook, and the compotations of John Murray. He is now a good, jovial, port-bibbing, gout-bemartyred believer in the Tory faith; and those who think his present countenance and appearance any thing like what they are in the frontispiece will be mistaken. The look of the man is no doubt retained, and the likeness once was good. Perhaps, however, to a book of parodies, a parody on the author's face is the most appropriate title-page. But why, in the name of all that is disgusting, why tint the cheeks? It looks as if the Smiths were in the habit of putting on rouge; and we venture to say, that the only die used by James (of Horace we know nothing) for colouring his cheeks has been applied from within. If the book reaches a nineteenth edition, James ought to insist on having his face washed.

JAMES MONTGOMERY'S LECTURES ON POETRY.*

WORDS are of eternal origin — they abode with Deity of old; nay, they were themselves divine. For what is a word? — the sign of an idea. And what is an idea? — the correlative of a law. And of a law, what say we? "Of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all, with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." Such a law is a word, and of such laws are words expressive.

It will probably, however, be necessary to give a more enlarged signification to the four letters, W O R D, than is generally meant; to extend, indeed, the signification, much in the sense of the author of *An Outline of Sematology*, according to whom a word is primitively but a natural cry, communicating the emotions and passions of the soul. But the same object occasions not always the same emotion; and accordingly we separate, mentally, the object from the emotion, or the emotion from the object, and proceed to estimate the causes of difference in the effects produced. With this process of abstraction begins man to difference himself from the inferior animals, and becomes emphatically μέροψ, or divider of a natural word into parts of speech. This natural word is only understood by a conscious breast; knowledge can be conveyed only by appealing to knowledge, which is already there. He who has a communication to make, gives a new application to a certain sign, by uniting it to another, neither being unknown; and thus composing a sentence. Such a sentence, according to Monboddo, is a word — ῥῆμα, or communication — though the appellation may be reasonably given to the principal sign; that, we mean, by which the speaker intimates the actual emotion. Such a word we now call a verb; and by a process like this we are able to deduce the genesis of grammar, and of the way in which such verbs, and such sentences, are made to come together and to qualify one another. Thus the parts of speech become developed, and "men placed in society, and endowed with powers for observation, reflection, comparison, judgment, become μέροπες, or dividers of a natural word into significant parts, with the same kind of certainty that they become *bipeds*, or walkers on two legs; being born neither one nor the other."

A word, in this enlarged sense, is a spiritual growth — the fruit of the lips is the produce of the soul — and our knowledge grows with the use of words. And how extensive is this use! It may be, that a communication cannot be effected but by more signs than go to make up a single sentence; many sentences may be required — sections, chapters, books. Each word is then to its sentence what each syllable is to its word; each sentence to its section what each word is to its sentence; each section to its chapter what each sentence is to its section; each chapter to its book what each section is to its chapter; and each book to other books what each chapter is to its book. In this sense, the words of a sentence, understood in their separate capacity, do not constitute the meaning of the whole sentence (*i. e.* are not parts of its whole meaning), and therefore, as parts of that sentence, they are not by themselves significant; neither do the sentences of the discourse, understood abstractedly, constitute the meaning of the whole discourse, and therefore, as parts of that discourse, they are not by themselves significant: they are significant only as the instrumental means for getting at the meaning of the whole sentence, or the whole discourse. Till that sentence or oration is completed, the word is unsaid which represents the speaker's thought. In this wide sense of the expression, says our sematologist, "is the Bible called the Word of God." And pursuing the idea, we may add, that, until all the Bibles or

* Lectures on Poetry and General Literature, delivered at the Royal Institution, in 1830 and 1831. By James Montgomery, Author of the "World before the Flood," the "Pelican Island," &c. &c. London, Longman and Co. 1833.

books in the world shall have been written which are to be written, the word will be unsaid which shall represent the whole mind of man; which until then will not have been adequately incarnated and tabernacled in its fitting shrine. But though never as a whole exhibited in the successive forms of Time and Space, that word ever exists in eternal completeness; and only in an infinite series may in its integrity be developed. All time shall fail to accomplish its perfect enouncement, but any time may manifest its perpetual being, like a shadow suggesting a glorious and everlasting substance by means of a symbol, equally obscure and evanescent.

Evanescent! —— But our friend, James Montgomery, to a review of whose book of Lectures on Poetry and Literature the above remarks have been prefatory, declares that these fragments of the ever-self-revealing Word are of more enduring stuff. "Words last for ever!" An earthquake may suddenly ingulf the pyramids of Egypt, and leave the sand of the desert as blank as the tide would have left it on the sea-shore. A hammer in the hand of an idiot may break to pieces the Apollo Belvedere, or the Venus de' Medici; nay, temples and palaces, amphitheatres and catacombs, are now either gone—utterly gone—or exist but as mouldering and brittle ruins. Words, however, have survived them; the words of poets, historians, philosophers, and orators, who being dead yet speak, and in their immortal works still maintain their dominion over inferior minds through all posterity. The words of inspired prophets and apostles "last for ever." Yes, and so they do; but not in this visible diurnal sphere. It is when heaven and earth shall pass away, that the eternal duration of all words in one Word becomes manifest, and that one Word unites itself by virtue of the glorified communion of the sainted members of restored and all-accomplished humanity. Meantime, words have no essential, imperishable attributes; for some words indisputably perish. All words, the poetical lecturer confesses, "do not last for ever; and it is well for the peace of the world, and the happiness of individuals, that they do not: yet even here every word has its date and its effect; so that with the tongue or the pen we are continually doing good or evil to ourselves or our neighbours. On a single phrase expressed in anger or affection, in levity or seriousness, the whole progress of a human spirit through life—perhaps even to eternity —may be changed from the direction which it was pursuing, whether right or wrong." Sir Poet! this is the only way in which words are at all indestructible, and in which all are equally so, the evanescent or enduring; such as seem to die with the utterance, and such as shall last till earth and heaven pass away, and only pass therewith—but then pass. And well may; for then shall all books be contained in those two books which shall be then opened, and out of which every man shall be judged. For those included books, and the words which they include, are but, one and all, partial revelations, in which we see ourselves as in a glass darkly, and may well be done away when that which is perfect is come.

Meantime, as such revelations, words have manifestly a privileged life, when uttered under favourable circumstances, and couched in acceptable forms; whereof the most acceptable is the form of verse. It is this form which has preserved for us the speech of Lamech to his two wives, the prophecies of Enoch, the doom of Noah, the benedictions of Isaac, and the words of dying Jacob. "Poetry, with a fellow-feeling exclaimeth James Montgomery, "is the eldest, the rarest, and the most excellent of the fine arts. It was the first fixed form of language, the earliest perpetuation of thought; it existed before prose in history, before music in melody, before painting in description, and before sculpture in history. Anterior to the discovery of letters, it was employed to communicate the lessons of wisdom, to celebrate the achievements of valour, and to promulgate the sanctions of law. Music was invented to accompany, and painting and sculpture to illustrate it."

Poetry, also, is the most permanent of things: "pagan poetry, with all its sins, has survived pagan philosophy with all its merits." And this pre-eminence and permanence verily it deserveth. For poetry is "that which is highest, purest, loveliest, and most excellent to the eye or to the mind, in reference to any object, either of the senses or the imagination." A poet must be born, not made; and true in

the most extended sense is this, for every man is born a poet. What boy feels not in his bosom the ineffable forecastings of hope, thinking to himself much oftener than he says it, "When I am a man!" What man looks not back through the vista of years with tender but sublime emotions, and exclaims, "When I was a child!" remembering, as saith our poetic lecturer, "remembering only the delights of nutting, bird-nesting, fishing for minnows with a crooked pin, and going home at the holydays; but forgetting the tasks, the control, the self-denial, and the hard fare to which the schoolboy was subjected." Such "pleasures of memory," such "pleasures of hope," make every man and boy a poet. All sights and sounds are poetical, and to every man in his own way, whose praise he speaketh or museth in inexpressive silence—whether it be "the well-proportioned statue of Minerva on her temple at Athens"—"the low sounds of battle, booming from the sea-coast, along the banks of the Thames, when the British and Dutch fleets were engaged within hearing, but out of sight of the metropolis"—"the first view of his native land, and its nearer approach, till he beheld the smoke from his own chimney, to the mariner returning from a long voyage"—or "the contemplation of the stars and the heavens." These instances will all be found very prettily set forth in the very lectures under review; and against none of them have we any objection to bring, save in regard to a philosophic slip concerning the last mentioned; our worthy lecturer being better poet than philosopher, though better poet had he been if a better philosopher.

This objection we are more inclined to urge, as it relates to a point of sectarian opinion, which makes way with minds otherwise of a certain metaphysical tendency. After some raptures—quite in keeping—about the stars, and in what way they "are the poetry of heaven;" and how that this same celestial poetry, "of which the stars are the symbols, is perused and enjoyed even to transport in contemplating the clear, blank, beautiful expanse—"worlds, suns, and systems," continues the poet, "numbers without number, pour into being, as they came into it, at the word 'Let there be light.' We *know* that the whole material universe does verily exist within that seeming void which we are exploring, at the same instant, with the eye of the body and the eye of thought." Now follows the objectionable passage:

"Yet more, much more, than this is included (inevitably included) in the association of ideas awakened by the silent, solitary firmament. We feel that all the invisible world of spirits, disembodied or pure—I say *feel*, because, abstract them as we may, every idea we can frame of spiritual essences will be crudely material—we feel that all these must be somewhere within that impenetrable veil, which is itself the only perfect emblem of eternity, and *is* eternity made visible."

Only not all are materialists! says a living sage. And lamentable is the modern Mahometan fashion of mate[illegible]rialising the locality and cond[illegible] Heaven, and even of Hade[illegible] of *separate* spirits; at th[illegible] that there is an increasing [illegible] spiritualise away the pai[illegible] what is technically called Hell. To talk of ideas being material at all, is utter nonsense; ideas are the growth of reason; and reason is all spiritual: and such must ideas be, or be nothing. Next, to talk of material dwelling for "spirits disembodied or pure," and to conceive of that abode being "somewhere within that impenetrable veil" is equally gratuitous. Better Milton understood the point, and wisely poetical was he when he wrote, "The mind is its own place." Inadequately has that man felt, who feels not that place and time are forms of his own mind, with which he limits his perception and conception of bodies, but not the mind in which they are included—the mind that neither space nor time can comprehend, self-comprehended only in its own eternity.

In a similar materialist way, Mr. Montgomery decides that poetry is verse. No other definition, he says, contrive as we may, can be given. Poetry, say we, is irrespective both of verse and prose—it is simply a creation, an emotion uttered by the soul in chosen signs, fitly expressive of its highest moods. But we have already, in the first Number of REGINA, written an essay "on poetic genius, considered as a creative power;" to which we have nothing to add, though perhaps something to amend, in so far as we may have referred genius to organisation though spiritual, which we would now

rather ascribe, as we have since ascribed it, to the self-determination of a strong will acting upon the accidents of individual destiny Mr. Montgomery himself acknowledges that there exists verse which is not poetry; poetry, therefore, is not whatever is in verse, but only certain productions assuming that harmonious guise. In regard to condemning poetical prose he is right enough: we will join him in condemning all—but our own. What he has written on what he calls the mannerism of poetry is excellent, and so are his remarks on the Miltonic quantities, and the Scottish dialect.

Mr. Montgomery's taste is in harmony with his genius—he is more of a versifier than a poet, and seems to attach more importance to the mechanism than the essence of verse. Unlike Mr Wordsworth, he makes much account of the article of poetic diction, and prates by the hour of alliteration and rhyme—matters of no consideration; since where the spirit is not, the form, whatever it be, is but a dead letter, and where the spirit is, it will work, from within, its own manifestation in the world without, "as the fish in the convoluted shell shapes its dwelling by the motion of its body within." This simile, by the by, is not ours, but our poet's; and we quote it to shew how vain is the task of laying down rules about poetic forms and poetic diction, when such is the result. We doubt not, that to these rules Mr. Montgomery has been in the practice of his art much indebted; since he, with the exception of Moore, is the one of all our poets, of any name, who has bestowed more pains on the brilliancy of his composition than solicitude for the more mysterious qualities of poetic inspiration. Far be it from us, however, to underrate Mr. Montgomery's merits; and in particular are we grateful to him for evincing, in these degenerate days, the union between poetry and religion.

As might have been expected, the compatibility of devotional themes with poetical embellishment is strongly asserted by our author, in opposition to the dictum of Dr. Johnson. What he has written is written, and is worth reading too; something may nevertheless be added, not without effect on this concerning matter. In the same way in which Mr. Montgomery has said "poetry is verse," may it be said "religion is poetry;" for only by means of poetry has religion been manifested to the world—all her revelations have been by means of poetical strains, from the Mosaic account of the creation to the apocalyptic vision of the final judgment. Poetry thus is as much the form of religion as verse is of poetry; and only in such form can even now be most perfectly represented. What are all the cold commentaries of the Bible but accommodations of a poetic text, which in its universality exceeds the limits of logical rules, and laughs at the schoolman's categories? The appeal is made to the heart, the feelings, the imagination, and the will; but your prose theologian would confine it to the understanding, and lower it to the speculative apprehension, omitting wholly the practical life, which is the all in all. Poetry is this practical thing; and, as Mr. Montgomery well enough shews, is essentially the voice of truth. Only the true is the poetical; nay, more, the poetical is the only true. This saying may, indeed, be gainsayed; but, verily, the gainsayer is a fool!

THE SHEPHERD'S NOCTES,

AND THE REASON WHY THEY DO NOT APPEAR IN FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

The plain fact of the matter is this:—

The Shepherd has sent us up a couple of the most admirable articles that can possibly be conceived, which he wishes us to publish under the title of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Nothing can be better than the dialogue; but we have our own reasons for doing what the grammarians deem impossible, viz. declining the article. Hogg thinks that we are wrong. He writes to say, that

"You cannot imagine the sensation the very advertisement will create; for there never was as popular and as happy a plan projected in the world for vending all sorts of sentiments and ideas. I have been the hero of the *Noctes* all along, and there is no man has so good a right to carry it on as I have. I told North lately, in a letter, that I began *Blackwood's Magazine*, and by —— I would end it: therefore, none of your London whims; but let my articles retain their original title. But, if you like, you may make it A NEW SERIES."

There may be some truth in this; but we doubt the fact that Hogg was the hero of the original *Noctes* from the beginning. We rather think that the Shepherd had nothing whatever to do with the affair until long after they had been started. But this is nothing to the purpose. We object to opening any thing in imitation; and even if Lockhart, Maginn, Wilson, Hamilton, John Cay, Douglas Cheape, Hogg, Moir, &c. were themselves altogether to write *Noctes* in any other magazine than *Blackwood's*, their work would be nothing better than secondhand now-a-days. And, in truth, we think that, even in its original soil, the matter is somewhat worn out. A *Noctes* in *Blackwood* is almost a bore,—elsewhere it would be a botheration.

But what the Shepherd has done is so uncommonly excellent, that it can by no means be lost. It is useless to say that his songs are magnificent. The first abuses the Whigs in the following fashion:—

"Awa, Whigs! awa, Whigs!
Awa, Whigs, for ever!
Ye're but a pack o' brosy-mows,
An' gude ye'll do us never.
Our thristles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonny bloom'd our roses,
Till Whigs cam, like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our poesies.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in church an' state
Surpasses my descriving:
The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
An' we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust—
De'il blind them wi' the stowre o't;
An' write their names in his black buik
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see it wauken.
God help the day, when royal heads
Are crouchin' like a mawkin!
Awa, Whigs, &c.

The de'il he heard the stoure o' tongues,
And vamping cam amang us;
But he pitied us sae wi' cursed Whigs,
He turn'd an' doughtna wrang us.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

But aye he keek'd aneath his sleeves,
An' shook his sides wi' laughter:
'Give Britain lang these selfish knaves—
She'll bang the devil after!'
Awa, Whigs! awa, Whigs!
Awa, Whigs, for ever!
Ye're but a pack o' brosy-mows,
An' gude ye'll do us never."

As people might think, by this denunciation of the Whigs,—who, God help us! are for a few days more in office,—that the Shepherd may be disaffected to the powers that be, we next introduce a say about the King.

"Our Willie was a wanton wag,
The bravest lad that e'er I saw;
Wha 'mang the lasses bore the brag,
An' carried aye the gree awa.
An' wasnae Willie weel worth gowd,
When seas did rowe an' winds did blaw;
An' battle's deadly stoure was blent,
He fought the foremost o' them a'.

Wha hasnae heard o' Willie's fame,
The rose o' Britain's topmost bough—
Wha never stain'd his royal name,
Nor turn'd his back on friend or foe?
An' he could tak a rantin glass—
An' he could chaunt a cheery strain—
An' he could kiss a bonny lass,
An' aye be welcome back again

Though now he wears the British crown,
For which he never cared a flee,
Yet still the downright honest tar,
The same kind-hearted chield is he.
An' every night I take a glass,
An' fill it reaming to the brim,
An' drink it in a glowing health
To Adelaidé and to him.

I've ae advice to gie my king,
An' that I do wi' right good will:
'Stick by the auld friends o' the crown,
Wha bore it up through good an ill;
For new-made friends and new-made laws,
They suit nae honest hearts at a'.'
Then royal Willie's worth I'll sing
As lang as I hae breath to draw."

The Shepherd, contented with this panegyric on majesty, sends us next what he says a Puritan fellow wrote in the days of Charles the First, but which, nevertheless, we are quite sure was written by himself. It is as follows:—

"See now, my brethren, heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous man shall flourish now—
Brave days are coming on.
Come then, dear comrades, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey, then up go we!

Whate'er the bishops' hands have built
Our hammers shall undo;
We'll break their pipes, and burn their copes,
And burn their churches too.
We'll exercise within the groves,
And preach beneath the tree;
We'll make a pulpit of a cask,
And hey, then up go we!

We'll down with deans and prebends too,
And I rejoice to tell ye,
How we shall eat good pigs our fill,
And capons stow'd in jelly.
We'll burn the fathers' learned books,
And make the schoolmen flee;
We'll down with all that smells of wit,
And hey, then up go we!

If once the greedy churchmen crew
Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to stoop,
And keep the gentry down.
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride we see;
We'll therefore cry good manners down,
And hey, then up go we!

The name of lord shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother;
No reason why, in church or state,
One man should rule another.
Now when this change of government
Has set our fingers free,
We'll make their saucy dames come down,
And hey, then up go we!

What though the king and parliament
Do now accord together?
We have more cause to be content,
This is our sunshine weather.
For if that reason should take place,
And they should disagree,
For us there would be little grace;
For hey, then up go we!

What should we do then in such case?
Let's put it to a venture,
If we can hold out seven years' space,
We'll sue out our indenture.
A time may come to make us rue,
Yet time may set us free,
Unless the gallows claim his due,
And hey, then up go we!"

The other songs are miscellaneous. We have some idea that the song about M'Kimman is good, though we confess we do not quite understand it.

"Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, M'Kimman?
Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever?
Shall the pibroch that welcomed the foe to Ben-Aer
Be hushed when we seek the red wolf in his lair,
To give back our wrongs to the giver?
To the raid and the onslaught our chieftains have gone—
Like the course of the fire-flaught their clansmen pass'd on,
With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe they have bound them,
And have taken the field with their vassals around them.
Then raise the wild slogan-cry, On to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again.

Youth of the daring heart, bright be thy doom
As the bodings which light up thy bold spirit now;
But the fate of M'Kimman is closing in gloom,
And the breath of the grey wraith hath pass'd o'er his brow.
Victorious in joy thou'lt return to Ben-Aer,
And be clasp'd to the hearts of thy best beloved there;
But M'Kimman, M'Kimman, M'Kimman shall never—
O never—never—never—never!

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou can shun not, M'Kimman?
Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou can shun not?
If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon know
That the soul of M'Kimman ne'er quail'd when a foe
Bared his blade in the land he had won not.
Where the light-footed roe leaves the wild breeze behind,
And the red heather-bloom gives its sweets to the wind—
There our broad pennon flies, and our keen steeds are prancing
'Mid the startling war-cries, and the bright weapons glancing!
Then raise the wild slogan-cry! On to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!"

The two next songs relate to the female sex, concerning whom the Shepherd has had always a weakness, which appears to be every year increasing. The first opens with a famous old chorus.

" Gin ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gie her a kiss an' let her gae;
But gin ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gae rub her ower wi' strae.
Nought is like a bonny lassie,
Brisk an' bonny, blithe and gay;
But gin ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gae rub her ower wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
O' ilka joy while ye are young,
Afore auld age your veetals nip,
An' lay ye twafauld ower a rung.

But look out for a bonny lassie,
Brisk an' bonny, blithe an' gay;
But gin ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gae rub her ower wi' strae.

Auld age an' youth hae joys apart,
An' though they dinna weel combine,
The honest, kind, an' gratefu' heart
Will aye be blithe like yours an' mine.
But nought is like a bonny lassie,
Dearer gift Heav'n never gae;
But gin ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gae rub her ower wi' strae."

The other has for its heroine Hogg's own wife. Here's a health to Mrs. Hogg!

" O wha are sae happy as me an' my Moggy?
O wha are sae happy as Moggy an' me?
We're baith turnin' auld, an' our walth is soon tauld,
But contentment bides aye in our cottage sae wee.
She toils a' the day when I'm out wi' the hirsel,
An' chaunts to the bairns while I sing on the brae;
An' aye her blithe smile welcomes me frae my toil,
When down the glen I come weary an' wae.

Aboon our auld heads we've a nice little biggin,
That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's awa;
We've twa wabs o' linen o' Moggy's ain spinnin',
As thick as silk velvet and white as the snaw;
We've kie in the byre, an' yauds in the stable,
A grumphie sae fat that she hardly can stand;
An' something, I guess, in yon auld painted press,
To cheer up the speerits an' steady the hand.

'Tis true we hae had mony sorrows an' crosses,
Our pouches oft toom, an' our hearts fu' o' care;
But wi' a' our crosses, our sorrows, an' losses,
Contentment, thank Heaven! has aye been our share.
I've an auld roostit sword that was left by my father,
Whilk aye has been drawn when my king had a fae;
We hae friends ane or twa that aft gie us a ca',
To laugh when we're happy or grieve when we're wae.

Our duke may hae goud mair than schoolmen can reckon,
An flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his ee,
His lady aye braw sittin prim in the ha';
But are they sae happy as Moggy an' me?
A' ye wha ne'er fand the straight road to be happy,
Wha are nae content wi' the lot that ye dree,
Come down to the dwellin o' whilk I've been tellin',—
You'll learn it by looking at Moggy and me."

The following, with which we wind up, is to our ears a most magnificent strain,—a Jacobite ballad, worth all the Jacobite Relics, always excepting "Donald MacGillivray," which is no relic at all, but one of Hogg's own.

"Rise! rise! lowland and highland men;
  Bald sire and beardless son, each come, and early:
Rise! rise! mainland and island men,
  Belt on your broad swords, and fight for Prince Charlie!
    Down from the mountain steep,
    Up from the valley deep,
Out from the clachan, the bothy, and sheeling;
    Bugle and battle-drum,
    Bid chief and vassal come;
Loudly our bagpipes the pibroch are pealing.

CHORUS.

Rise, rise, &c.

Men of the mountains!—descendants of heroes!
  Heirs of the fame and the hills of your fathers,—
Say, shall the Sassenach Southron not fear us,
  When fierce to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers?
    Long on the trophied walls
    Of your ancestral halls
Rust hath been blunting the armour of Albin:
    Seize, then, ye mountain Macs,
    Buckler and battle-axe,
Lads of Lochaber Brae, Mar, and Bredalbine.

CHORUS.

Rise, rise, &c.

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?
  When did the bonnet blue crest the disloyal?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart!
  Follow your hero, the rightful, the royal.
    Come, chief of Clanronald,
    And gallant M'Donald;
Come Lovet, Lochiel, with the Grant and the Gordon;
    Rouse every kilted clan,
    Rouse every loyal man;
Musket on shoulder, and thigh the broad sword on!

CHORUS.

Rise! rise! lowland and highland men;
  Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early:
Rise! rise! mainland and island men,
  Belt on your broad swords, and fight for Prince Charlie!"

Nobody can say that these songs are not worthy of the most extravagant commendations; and the prose, though we think it not equal to the verse, capital. That we may not be unjust to the Shepherd, we shall give a bit of his dialogue.

SHEPHERD.

"We had some capital Tory meetings in London. We had ane in Archy Hasty's house every week; an' how we did enjoy oursel's, wi' Burns' bowl afore us! Then we had ane in the British Coffee-house,—a wheen noble fellows, maistly Scotsmen. An' we had ane in Cuff's ae night, where I was wae to meet sae mony o' the fine fellows that I had often been sae happy wi' in this very room. There was Galt, an' Croley, an' M'Gwinn, an' Robertson, an Jiffor', an' Lockhart, an' mysel—foreby Sadler, an' Vivian, an' Croker, and Lord Shandoes, an' a' the sterling chaps we could hale thegither,—priests an' bishops, an' deans an' archdeacons, an'——

GILFILLAN.

What is an archdeacon, sir?

SHEPHERD.

The de'il a bit o' me kens. But I noted that, whenever I met wi' th'm, they were set high up, at the table next to the bishops an' nobility. I fancy they're a kind o' ruling elders or vicars.

GILFILLAN.

We hae never had a crack with you since you left London, Shepherd; and it was principally for that that we all came to-night, to hear what impressions such a place, and such society, have left on such a man. What astonished you the most in London?

SHEPHERD.

Its enormous size, an' the impossibility o' winning out o't. But that which will always strike a Scotsman maist, after entering London, is the extraordinary rapidity with which every one travels. Every one is galloping on, hurling on, and posting on, as if life were afore them, an' death ahind. But I hae a great smash o' queer stories to tell ye about that by an' by.

GILFILLAN.

O man! there is nothing I like sae weel as your stories about London. We saw by the papers that you were in a great number of public societies as a guest: which of them all did you enjoy most?

SHEPHERD.

O! THE BEEF-STEAK CLUB out o' a' sight!

SIMON.

The Beef-steak Club?—a curious denomination! What sort of a society is that?

SHEPHERD.

Ah, Sim! the queerest set o' devils that ever were conjoined thegither. A' noblemen an' first-rate gentlemen, though, for a' their mischievous tricks. I never was wi' the hempies but ae night, by particular invitation, alang wi' Murray; but I never leugh as muckle on a night sin' I was born. O, I wad like to be a member o' the Beef-stake Club! But that's impossible, as they are a' far aboon my sphere, an' I live ower far frae them. An' mair than that, by a clause in their original institution, the number is limited, which is a great pity. The late king, when Prince of Wales, had to wait three years after he applied before he could be admitted; and only got in by sending a nobleman abroad to a lucrative situation. When Mr. Murray and I went in, the first service of beef-steaks was just serving, and the Recorder was on his legs reading some apologies. The first was from the Duke of Leinster, whose turn it was to have filled the chair that night, but who found it out of his power to reach London in time. There was one from the Lord Chancellor, who was detained by the illness of a darling daughter; and one from the Duke of Wellington on account of precarious health.

GILFILLAN.

And what is about the club that delighted you so much? Do they actually dine on beef-steaks?

SHEPHERD.

Solely on beef-steaks—but what glorious beef-steaks! They do not come up all at once, as we get them in Scotland—no, nor at half-a-dozen times; but up they come at long intervals, thick, tender, and as hot as fire. And during these intervals they sit drinking their port, and breaking their wicked wit on each other, so that every time a service of new steaks came up, we fell to them with much the same zest as at the beginning. The dinner, I think, would last from two to three hours, and was a perfect treat—a feast without alloy.

SIMON.

What! do they drink port during dinner?

SHEPHERD.

They do that, billy. If ony member had ca'd for aught aboon port, I wadna hae been i' his line for forty shillings, as the bogle said. In the first place, he wad hae been fined; in the second, he would hae been obliged to take a public rebuke. Ony o' them may hae as muckle punch as they like, or toddy, or twist; but wine of a nominal higher quality than port they are not allowed to taste. The Hon. Lord Saltoun, who was unanimously voted into the chair, had committed a high and serious offence to the club that night; so he was adjudged to stand with a white sheet about him, while the Recorder-general put on his cocked hat, and gave him a very sharp and cutting rebuke, but in a style of ludicrous sublimity quite indescribable. What do you think was Saltoun's offence? I'll defy ony living man to guess. It was for sending a dozen bottles

of sublime Highland whisky from his own stock, for the use of the society, without leave granted. It is a club in which nae man can ken whether he is doing right or wrang; the kindest action may be accounted an offence: but always the more *outré* a man's behaviour is, the better. The greatest offence of all is to lose temper. No man is there allowed to lose his temper, on pain of being turned out of the society. It is no uncommon thing for a gentleman to be fined and rebuked for his face growing red. The club seems to have been originally formed to teach men good temper, good humour, and forbearance; and certainly there never was a better school established, for there is no sly insinuation that can be brought forward against each other that is neglected, and always brought forward in the most laughable and extravagant terms. During the whole evening, the jocular laugh was so constant and so hearty, that, save when a gentleman got up, who was always listened to, no man could hear a word of the conversation, save from his next neighbours.

GILFILLAN.

How were you placed?

SHEPHERD.

I was near the head of the table, with Sir John Hobhouse above me on my left, and the Recorder on my right.

GILFILLAN.

Oh, man! how I would have liked to have been in your place!

SHEPHERD.

Are you a Whig?

GILFILLAN.

No, no—you have nothing ado with that. But tell us what sort of a gentleman Sir John is.

SHEPHERD.

A thin chap, wi' a Wellington face—rather younger-looking than I expected; and appeared, that night at least, modest and unassuming in his manners. As for the Recorder, his tongue never lay for a moment; but then his good humour was inexhaustible. The croupier, a real clever chield, with ane o' the glibest tongues that ever waggit within teeth, got up and gave his honour the Recorder a severe reprimand for havering sae muckle to me, whereby no one could get a word exchanged with me but himself. But he just hotched, an' leugh, an' gaed on. He told me a great number of anecdotes regarding the club, which I was sorry I could not with propriety take notes of, for they were very queer indeed. There was one which struck me as particularly whimsical. Lord Brougham, said to be the greatest wag among them, adjudged an honourable member one night, for some alleged misdemeanour, to walk three times round the company with a white sheet about him, and helmeted with a particular chamber utensil. The culprit obeyed without the least hesitation, and swaggered majestically round the apartment so equipt. I shall give you only one trait more of this singular society. Campbell of Islay sat over against me, next to the president but one, and observing that his chair was generally empty, I asked the Recorder the reason of it, who told me that Islay was *Boots* to the club, being the youngest member! He had every thing to do as far as drinkables were concerned—to draw all the wine, decant, and arrange it. The landlord and waiter, when present, were not suffered to do any thing, save to break their jokes on the members; so that really on such a night, when the club was so numerous, the member for Argyle's birth was no sinecure. They dine on Saturdays at the Bedford Coffee-house, somewhere, I think, about the laigirs o' Covent Garden, and always part before twelve. O, it is a joyous club! I have fourteen other societies to describe to you, of one half of which I was made a member. I shall give a minute description of them all on some future nights, as I propose meeting a few friends here every night while I remain in town."

Now, we should wish that the Shepherd would do what he here says,—viz. give us truly an account of what he did and what he saw when he was in London. One series of the true and genuine *Epistolæ Hoggi* would be worth an acre of the imitative *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, ever so well executed. And so he will think on reflection.

OLIVER YORKE.

MR. THORBURN'S MS.—THE ORIGINAL "LAWRIE TODD."

[Continued from page 681, vol. vii.]

Being thus left with a child two years and two months old, with the care of a house and store, and thinking it more creditable and wise to marry a wife than to hire an housekeeper, I again entered into that state in 1801. Shortly before this, the introduction of cut-nails cut me off from making a living by my hammer; I now kept a grocery, and had a good run of customers: I still resided at No. 22, Nassau Street.

On the east corner of Nassau and Liberty Streets there lived the venerable old Mr. Isaac Van Hook, so well known as the sexton of the new Dutch Church opposite his house, for nearly fifty years. James Laing and William Smith, both cabinet-makers, and carrying on a respectable business, having in their employment ten or twelve journeymen and apprentices; these men took the mad resolution, gave up the business, sold their stock, hired the corner-house over the head of poor old Van Hook,* turned him and his tobacco-pipes out of doors, and commenced the grocery-business. Theirs being a corner, took away the most of my customers; insomuch that I was obliged to look round for some other mode to support my family. This, you may be sure, I considered a great misfortune; but, in the sequel, you will see that Providence was thus preparing the way to put me into a more agreeable and profitable business: and what we may often think is a great misfortune at the time, is only making the way for a greater blessing.

About this time, the ladies in New York were beginning to shew their taste for flowers; and it was customary to sell the empty flower-pots in the grocery-stores. In the fall of the year, when the plants wanted shifting, preparatory to their being placed in the parlour, I was often asked for pots of a handsomer quality, or better make. As I stated above, I was looking round for some other means to support my family. All at once it came into my mind to take and paint some of my common flower-pots with green varnish paint, thinking this would better suit the taste of the ladies than the common brick-bat coloured ones. I painted two pair, exposed them in front of my window; they soon drew attention, and were sold. I painted six pair; they soon went the same way. Being thus encouraged, I continued painting and selling to good advantage: this was in the fall of 1802. One day, in the month of April following, I observed a man for the first time selling flower-plants in the fly-market; as I carelessly passed along I took a leaf, and rubbing it between my fingers and thumb, asked him what was the name of it. He answered, a geranium. This, as far as I can recollect, was the first time that I ever heard that there was a geranium in this world; as, before this, I had no taste for, nor paid any attention to plants. I looked a few minutes at the plant, thought it had a pleasant smell, and that it would look well if removed into one of my green flower-pots, to stand on my counter to draw attention. Observe, I did not purchase this plant with the intention of selling it again, but merely to draw attention to my green pots, and let people see how well the pots looked when the plant was in them. Next day, some one fancied and purchased plant and pot. Next day I went when the market was nearly over, judging the man would sell cheaper, rather than have the trouble of carrying them over the river; as he lived at Brooklyn, and in those days there was neither steam nor horse-boats. Accordingly I purchased two plants, and having sold them, I began to think that something might be done this way; and so I continued to go at the close of the market, and

* This Mr. Van Hook was so great a smoker, that the pipe was not out of his mouth perhaps one hour in the twenty-four: he used the longest kind of Liverpool pipes. In the house, in the street, in the church, and in his bed, have I seen him with the pipe in his mouth. One day, a wag sent a countryman to ask if he sold any *smoked tongues?* The old man took the hint, said he had none to sell, but directed him across the street to old Mr. Watkays, another noted smoker; between them they smoked the man, and, after drinking some good old hollands, parted good friends.

always bargained for the unsold plants. And the man finding me a useful customer, would assist me to carry them home, and shew me how to shift the plants out of his pots and put them into green pots, if my customers wished it. So I soon found by his tongue that he was a Scotchman, and being countrymen, we wrought to one another's hands: thus, from having one plant, in a short time I had fifty. The thing being a novelty, began to draw attention; people carrying their country friends to see the curiosities of the city, would step in to see my plants. In some of these visits the strangers would express a wish to have some of these plants, but having so far to go could not carry them. Then they would ask if I had no seed of such plants; then, again, others would ask for cabbage, turnip, or radish-seed, &c.

These frequent inquiries at length set me a-thinking, that if I could get seeds, I would be able to sell them; but here lay the difficulty, as no one sold seed in New York, no one of the farmers or gardeners saved more than what they wanted for their own use; there being no market for an overplus. In this dilemma I told my situation to George Ingliss, the man from whom I had always bought the plants in the fly-market. He said he was now raising seeds, with the intention of selling them next spring along with his plants in the market; but if I would take his seeds, he would quit the market, and stay home and raise plants and seeds for me to sell. A bargain was immediately struck; I purchased his stock of seeds, amounting to fifteen dollars, and thus commenced a business on the 17th of September, 1805, that already is the most extensive of the sort in the United States.

It is worth while to look back on the steps by which Providence led me into this business, without my ever planning or intending to become a seedsman.

1. By the introduction of cut-nail machines, cutting me off from making a living by my own trade of nail-making.

2. By shutting me up, so that I could not make a living by keeping grocery.

3. By directing my mind to the painting of green pots, which induced me to purchase the first plant that ever drew my attention; and this merely with a view of ornamenting my store, and not for the purpose of sale.

4. In being led by the sale of this plant to keep a quantity of them for the same purpose, which induced people to ask for the seed of the plants, and also for vegetable seeds, long before I ever thought of selling seeds.

I now advertised in the papers of the day, garden seeds. In a short time my small stock was all sold out: I knew not where to replace them. In this dilemma, a friend stept into the store, and introduced me to his friend Mr. Morgan, just arrived from London, having a small invoice of garden-seeds, which he was willing to sell at a small advance. A bargain was soon struck, for the invoice contained the very articles I was daily asked for, and knew not where to obtain. Next day, on opening the casks, I found a catalogue of seeds for sale by W. Malcolm and Co., London; this was at that time a prize to me, for never before this had I seen a seed catalogue. This catalogue had noted on the margin the time of sowing—a thing I was totally ignorant of. Having now a plan, I published a catalogue of my own, and with the assistance of my friend the gardener at Brooklyn, adapted the time to suit our own climate; so that now when my customers asked when such and such seeds ought to be sown, I was able to give the necessary information. Next fall, I sent a small remittance with an order to Mr. Malcolm. The seeds arrived in good season, and with the seeds raised by my friend at Brooklyn, composed a good assortment to commence business in the spring. The seeds I had imported and got raised here proving very good, my sales increased beyond what my friend could supply; and some of the market-gardeners supposing they might be able to sell me seeds, had this year raised seeds for that purpose. Having no other resource, I was fain to purchase such as was offered; and being a mechanic by profession, and alike ignorant of seeds and gardening, I had long to struggle with the impositions of unprincipled seed-raisers, they often selling me spurious seeds, and asserting they were of the most genuine quality.

Having at length brought the business to a pretty respectable footing, it narrowly escaped total destruction in 1808, by a great fire, which commenced in a soap and candle manufactory ad-

joining the store. This fire broke out at midnight the 25th of August, and was so rapid, that five of the inmates of the house where it commenced perished in the flames. Several circumstances occurred in connexion with this fire, in which I could discern the kind hand of Providence, and are in themselves so remarkable, that they deserve never to be forgotten. It was impressed on my mind, long before it took place, that that factory would be burned. For many months before it took place, when the fire-company belonging to engine No. 16 came to the pump, corner of Liberty and Nassau Streets, on the first Monday in every month (according to law), to wash and clean the engine, I used to tell them, in a jocose manner, how I wished them to act when the candle-box (as I termed the building) should take fire. I got my property insured a short time before the fire took place—it was in time of the long embargo. I had on hand a large stock of early York cabbage and other seeds, which I was obliged to import, but which could not then be imported, on account of the restrictions then existing. At dinner, the day previous to the fire, I told my wife I was going to pack my most valuable seeds, and head them up in flour-barrels, that they might be safely removed when the fire broke out next door. I came from my store between nine and ten o'clock that evening. My wife was much fatigued with nursing our youngest child, who was sick at the time; I told her to lay down, and I would nurse till she got asleep. She arose about five minutes before twelve. As I laid my head on the pillow, the clock in the corner of my room struck twelve. I must have dropped to sleep immediately, for the next day I found my clock in the new Dutch Church, with the hands stopped at fifteen minutes past twelve. I awoke by a loud scream from my wife, who was then rocking the cradle; I sprung on the floor before my eyes were opened, and asked what was the matter. She said we were all on fire. I opened the back-window, and was saluted by a column of smoke and fire, issuing from the back of the soap-works. Having for many months previous resolved in my mind how I would act when the thing took place, I was in nowise alarmed; she being dressed, I told her to take herself and child to a place of safety, and I would wake up and take care of the other children and servants. I afterwards dressed, and put on a pair of double-soled boots, fearing that in the confusion I might tread on a rusty nail in some of the boards that might be pulled down. I then went in my store, which was by this time on fire, and secured my valuable papers and money, by pinning them in my jacket-pocket; I wet my nightcap and put it on, to preserve my hair from being singed. As the engines came up, I directed them to the places where their services would be most useful, and then ran from place to place, saving and preserving such property as I could.

The buildings where the fire originated stood on the south side of my premises, my back-store, a wooden building two stories high. The wind blew fresh from the south,* which covered this building with flame; but, notwithstanding, there was so little damage done this building, that ten dollars put it in as good repair as it was before the fire began. There was only an inch-board between the factory and my back-building. The day previous, I had been painting pots with green varnish. The shelf on which the painted pots stood was next to the factory; one pot, containing about four pounds of verdigrease, mixed with spirits of turpentine and varnish; a pitcher also, containing half a gallon of rosin, varnish, &c., with a jug with half a gallon of spirits of turpentine. The fire burned through the boards, directly opposite where these inflammable articles stood; the end of the shelf burned through, and dropping about twelve inches rested on the floor, and then was extinguished. The heat melted the paint that was on the outside of the

* Had the wind been from the north-west, there is no knowing where the conflagration would have stopped, as the new Dutch church was undergoing repairs, and a new steeple erecting; the churchyard was filled with shavings, and had these caught on fire, it would have taken hold of the scaffolding, and the church must have inevitably shared the same fate, and have been reduced to a heap of ruins. The want of the bell of that church added much to the property destroyed, it laying mute in the church-garret; and of course the alarm could not be so soon sounded as was desirable.

pots and jug, running down the sides; when the fire subsided, they were found glued fast to the board. The jug with spirits of turpentine was corked; the pots containing paint and varnish were without covering, but completely filled up with black coals, which must have fallen in while burning. Yet for all this, these inflammable articles did not take fire; had they taken fire, my whole premises must have been consumed.

Next day, when the carpenter and his men came to repair what little damage was done, they were the first to observe this circumstance; and being struck with surprise, not only called me but several of the neighbours, besides others, to see it, before they removed the articles. One of the neighbours observed, it was impossible that they could have stood there during the fire, without being burned; when one of the carpenters told them to lift up the pots and jugs. They found them glued fast to the board, and were then convinced, that, however strange, it was true.* For my own part, I saw in it the power of Him whose hand is in every thing, whether it is the fall of an empire or a sparrow. In short, the small damage that was done to my premises surprised many; and many came from a distance to view the premises for months after. Eight or nine houses were burned on the rear and on the windward side of the factory where the fire commenced; while my store, which was joined by nails and boards, had scarcely the smell of fire on its roof.

During the periods of the embargo and non-intercourse laws, which preceded the war that commenced in 1811, our importation of seeds being stopped, I was advised by my friends to purchase a small farm in the neighbourhood of Newark, for the purpose of raising seeds that could not at that time be imported. Here I expended my whole capital, and more, in fruitless attempts to raise seeds, as the ground never produced enough to pay the labour. In 1815, I returned to the city pennyless. In 1816, by the help of $500 advanced me by my friend, Mr. Garrit Hyer, I commenced the business anew; and ever since that period Providence has smiled on all that I have undertaken. I have been enabled to pay most of the debts which the sale of my estate would not meet when I failed, and to this day our business continues to increase.

In 1825 I purchased the ground and building in Liberty Street, which for a hundred and thirty years had been used by the Society of Friends as a place of burial, school, and meeting-house. For the following reasons I think I see the kind hand of Providence in this matter. As it was a transaction of great importance, I earnestly prayed for direction from Him who has said, "Acknowledge me in all your ways, and I will direct your steps." I did so, and I think he directed me in that important matter; for, 1st. Every step I took towards furthering my views succeeded beyond my expectations. 2d. Every time I went to see any of the persons concerned in the sale, I always found them at home, and did the business I went about without once going what we call a *needless errant*. 3d. I bought it at *private sale*—a circumstance which has not happened, in the sale of so much valuable property in the lower part of the city, for very many years. The circumstance is more remarkable, as several individuals had also applied to make a purchase; also the New York Athenæum, the High School Society, and other public bodies: besides several gentlemen, who wished to have it for building lots. In this state of things, each party was preparing for the contest of public sale. One broker since told me, that he was authorised to bid as high as $32,000. I purchased six lots for $26,000, Mr. Tilletson paying $5,200: so our four lots on Liberty Street, with the building, cost us only $20,800. Every one who knew the circumstance was surprised, and unable to conceive a reason for its being sold at private sale. Under the above circumstances, for my own part, I can only say that so Providence ordered it should come to our hands; for, had it come to public sale, it would have gone for higher than our business would afford to pay so high an interest for the purchase-money.

Our expenses in erecting a green-house, and other necessary fixtures for

* Mr. Jacob I. Roome, the person who copied this book from the manuscript, being at that time sexton of the South Dutch Church, and also a member of fire-engine No. 16, can attest this to be a real fact.

carrying on our business to advantage, was great; but several circumstances took place which enabled us to meet our heavy disbursements, the first of which, at the time, seemed a great misfortune, yet turned out much to our advantage. 1st. The ship Crisis sailed from London in January 1826, having on board our whole supply of seeds for the ensuing spring, and was totally lost. 2d. The months April, May, and part of June, were uncommonly dry and warm; many of our gardeners and farmers sowed their ground three times before obtaining a crop. It being impossible to replace what was lost in the Crisis, and the demand being unusally great, we were obliged to sell the seeds on hand, which were two years old: we told our customers the character of the seeds. We tried and ascertained that half of them would grow, and sold them at a price accordingly. By this means we got clear of an old stock, which we never would have offered for sale but for these circumstances. The next favourable breeze was the great demand for *liverwort*. By great exertions we were enabled to procure enough of the herb to answer all demands, and sold it to a good profit; and now whilst I am writing (June 1828), Dr. Cook's book on the efficacy of white mustard seed bids fair to be a very profitable part of our business. The demands for our seeds, at home and abroad, keep increasing at a fair and reasonable rate; so, by strict economy and industry, we have been able to answer the demands of our extra disbursements.

When I look back, I remember some ludicrous and curious scenes in which I have been part actor. I have come in contact with several of the men whose names have bore a conspicuous part in the history of the last forty years: such as Thomas Paine, Wm. Cobbett, Blanks, Generals Moreau, Hamilton, &c. (*gentlemen*). When Tom Paine escaped from the dungeon of the Committee of Safety — men whom the writings of Paine, and such as Paine, had turned into monsters — he put up at the City Hotel in this city. One morning, about nine o'clock, a person came in my store and stated that he was standing on the steps in front. As I lived next street, and being anxious to see him, I, with two gentlemen, who happened to be in the store at the time, went round to have a look at him; but before we got there, he stepped in. While I stood considering how to get a sight of him, I observed Samuel London, the printer, enter the hotel. As I knew Samuel and he were copatriots through the whole of the American revolution, I presumed he was going to see his old friend. I proposed to my companions to go in, and as I was acquainted with Mr. London, we would thus get introduced: they declined going. As I went alone, I asked the waiter —

"Is Mr. Paine home?" "Yes."

"In his own room?" "Yes."

"Alone?" "Yes."

"Can I see him?" "Follow me."

He ushered me into a spacious room, where the table was set for breakfast; a gentleman at the table writing, another reading the paper. At the further end of the room, a long, lank, coarse-looking figure stood, with his back to the fire: from the resemblance to portraits I had seen in his *Rights of Man*, I knew it was Paine. While I followed the waiter, presuming Paine was alone, I was preparing an exordium to introduce myself to a plain republican alone; but when I thus found myself in company with the great author of *Common Sense*, for a moment I was at a stand. Says I, "Gentlemen, is Mr. Paine in this room?" He stepped towards me and answered, "My name is Paine." I held out my hand, and while I held his, says I, "Mr. Paine, and you, gentlemen, will please excuse my abrupt entry; I came, out of mere curiosity, to see the man whose writings have made so much noise in the world." Paine answered, "I am very glad your curiosity is so easily satisfied." Says I, "Good morning, gentlemen;" walked out, and shut the door behind me. I heard them all burst out into a loud laugh. Thinks I, they may laugh that win; I have seen Paine, and, all things considered, have made a good retreat. The gentlemen called the waiter, and inquired who that was. "It is Thorburn, the seedsman." They reported the matter at the coffee-house, and among their acquaintances. As the story travelled, it was told with all manner of additions. One was, that I told Paine he was a d—d rascal; had it not been for his books, I would never have left my native country, &c. &c.: in short, there was nothing heard for many days but Thorburn's visit to Tom Paine. . . . . . .

At that time I was clerk, or psalm-singer, in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, of which the famous Dr. John M. Mason was the minister. The church-session caught the alarm; an extra-meeting was called —to be sure, I was not noticed to attend; perhaps, they were afraid of contamination from one who had shook hands with Tom Paine. Be that as it may, I was suspended from office for some months.

A few years after this, when Paine had fallen into disrepute, and his company shunned by the more respectable of his friends, on account of his unpopular writings and hard drinking, he boarded in the house of one William Carver, a blacksmith and horse-doctor. This Carver and I had wrought journeywork together in the same shop, ten years before that period; so, having free access to the house, I frequently called to converse with Tom Paine. One evening he related the following anecdote; he said it was in the reign of Robertspere, when every republican that the monster could get in his power was cut down by the axe of the gullentine. Paine was in the dungeon, and his name on the list, with twenty more, ordered for execution next morning. It was customary for the clerk of the tribunal to go through the cells at night, and put a cross with chalk on the back of the door of such as were to be gullentined in the morning. When the executioner came with his guard round, wherever they found a chalk the victim was brought forth. There was a long passage* in the cellar, or dungeon, of this bastile, having a row of cells each side containing the prisoners; the passage was secured at each end, but the doors of the cells were chiefly left open, and sometimes the prisoners stepped in one another's room to converse. Paine had gone into the next cell, and left his door open, back to the wall; thus having the inside out. Just then came the chalkers, and, probably being drunk, crossed the inside of Paine's door. Next morning, when the guard came with an order to bring out twenty, and finding only nineteen chalks (Paine being in bed, and his door shut,) they took a prisoner from the further end of the passage, and thus made up the number. So Tom Paine escaped; and before the mistake was discovered—about forty-eight hours after—a stronger party than Spirie's cut off his head, and about thirty of his associates; and so Paine was set at liberty. But being afraid to trust his head any longer among these good democrats, for whom he had wrote so much, he made the best of his way for this country.

I asked him what he thought of his almost miraculous escape? He said the *Fates* had ordained he was not to die at that time. Says I, "Mr. Paine, I will tell you exactly what I think: you know you have wrote and spoke much against what we call the religion of the Bible; you have highly extolled the perfectibility of human reason when left to its own guidance, unshakeld by priest-craft and superstition; the God in whom you live, move, and have your being, has spared your life, that you might give to the world a living comment on your own doctrines. You now shew to the world what human nature is when left to itself, to wander in its own counsels. Here you sit, in an obscure, uncomfortable dwelling, powdered with snuff, and stupified with brandy—you, who was once the companion of Washington, Jay, and Hamilton, is now deserted by every good man; and even respectable Deists cross the streets to avoid you." He said, he cared "not a straw for the opinions of the world." Says I, "I envy not your feelings." So we parted. In short, he was the most disgusting human being you could meet in the street. Through the effect of intemperance, his countenance was bloated beyond description; he looked as if God had stamped his face with the mark of Cain. A few of his disciples, who stuck to him through good and through bad report, to hide him from the gaize of men, had him conveyed to New Rochelle, about twenty miles from the city, where they supplied him with brandy till it burned up his liver. So he died as a fool dieth.

One evening, shortly after he gave me the history of his escape from the gullentine, I found him in company with a number of his disciples, as usual abusing the Bible for being the cause of every thing that is bad in the world. As soon as I got an opportunity to edge in a word, says I, "Mr. Paine, you have been in Ireland, and other Roman Catholic countries, where the common people are not allowed to read the Bible; you have been in Scotland, where every man, woman,

and child has the Bible in their hands; now, if the Bible were so bad a book, they who used it most would be the worst people. In Scotland, the peasantry are intelligent, comfortable, sober, and industrious; in Ireland they are ignorant, drunken, and live but little better than the brutes. In New York, the watch-house, bridewell, alms-house, penitentiary, and states-prison, is filled with Irish; but you won't find a Scotchman in these places." This being an historical fact which he could not deny, and the clock just having struck ten, he took a candle from the table and walked up stairs, leaving his friends and myself to draw our own conclusions.

I will now, to give the devil his due, mention one good action he performed. The man who suffered death instead of Paine left a widow, with two young children, in poor circumstances. Paine brought them all with him to this country, supported them while he lived, and, it is said, left most of his property to them when he died. The widow and children lived in apartments up town by themselves; I saw them often, but never saw Paine in their company: he then boarded with Carver. I believe his conduct was disinterested and honourable to the widow. She appeared to be about thirty years of age, and was very far from being handsome.

When William Cobbett kept seed-store in New York, in May 1818, the following address appeared in the *Evening Post*:

"*William Cobbett's Address to the Public.*

"I have received from my own farm, in Hamshire, a quantity of the seed of Ruta Baga, or Russia Turnip, of which I shall sell all that I do not want for my own use, at the price of one dollar for a pound weight. It will be put up in pound parcels, and sold by my man in his waggon, in the Fly-market, N. Y., every Saturday, between an early hour in the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon: I shall put my name on the parcels.

"A store-keeper, who has been selling Russia turnip-seed in N. Y., having a fine large farm, has a specimen, bought, I am informed, of my man, and says it was raised from his seed. This may, probably, not be recognisable in a court of law; but it may be worth the consideration of this store-keeper, whether it be not recognisable in a court of conscience. [It is enough to make the devil blush to hear Cobbett talk of conscience.] Mr. Thorburn has advertised, that his Russia turnip-seed is as good as mine; I am very glad of it, for in that case it is a great deal better than seedsmen in England sell, except by mere accident. I am exceedingly glad that America contains a seedsman who is scrupulous about what he sells; though in that respect she possesses, what I believe my native country—dear old England—never possessed, viz. an honest seedsman.

"Dated at Hyde Park, L. I., 16 June, 1818.

(Signed) "WILLIAM COBBETT."

Next day I carried the following answer to the *Evening Post*, and offered to pay for its insertion: Coleman refused. However, it was published in another.

"MR. PRINTER,

"Sir,—Now that Bonaparte and Wm. Cobbett have gone into dignified retirement—the one to catch shrimps in Saint Helena, the other to raise Ruta Baga turnips on Long Island—I presume you are not so pressed with important matter but that, if inclined, you can spare me part of a column of your paper to state the following facts. Perhaps, too, when you consider the mighty inequality of the parties—one, a small seedsman; the other, a powerful author, whose porcupine quill, dipped in republican gall, has shook the monarch's throne—pity may induce you to give me a chance to rub off the dust thrown on my coat by an advertisement in your paper of yesterday, signed 'William Cobbett;' in which, if I understand his meaning, he says I sold Russia turnip-seed, and told people it was raised from his turnips, or was his seed; and talks about the courts of law and courts of conscience, &c. The following is the truth:—Coming up Wall Street, about the 2d or 3d of last April, I was overtaken by the young man who attends the business of Mr. Cobbett's Register office in this city. He stated that Mr. Cobbett was anxious to get some one to sell his Russia turnip-seed; and that at his office there was some of the turnips, to which, if I would send, he would give me one. I thanked him, and said I would sell the seed for Mr. Cobbett, he allowing me good commissions—sent to the office (not to the waggon), got the turnip, placed it on the counter, and to all inquires said it was of Cobbett's turnips, and that I would warrant my Russia turnip-seed to be as good as his; as mine was not got from a seed-shop, but was brought over by a gentleman, who, like Mr. Cobbett, came

off as fast as his feet could carry him, and who got his seed, not from a seedsman, but from a friend in Old England, just as Mr. Cobbett got his. I also told my customers that I was surprised when he, Mr. Cobbett, knew that the people in this country were so wise and enlightened,* how he thought he would make them believe he was the first to introduce that turnip, when we had it in our Fly-market every spring these twenty years past; that ten years ago I had sold the seeds that produced the same roots of turnip; that we always knew it by the name of Russia, or Swedish, or Ruta Baga; and that the bulb was always yellow. There is not an old farmer on Long Island but remembers raising that self-same turnip, when Mr. Cobbett was writing long letters in his dear Old England.

"In the year 1796, a large field of these turnips was raised by Wm. Prout, on that piece of ground now occupied by the Navy Yard, at the city of Washington. If Mr. Cobbett will turn to page 545 of *Porcupine's Gazette*, published at that time by Mr. Wm. Cobbett, printer, in Philadelphia, perhaps he will find an account of said field. At No. 43, Beekman Street, in New York, lives a gentleman who assisted in pulling the Russia turnips from said field, in 1796. Had Mr. Cobbett been the first to introduce this fine vegitable into America, he deserved, as Mr. Windham said on another occasion, 'a statue of gold.'† To conclude, it's not the least of the wonders of the 19th century to see William Cobbett and Grant Thorburn scolding one another in the Fly-market, and quarrelling about who sells the best Ruta Baga seed at $1 per pound.

(Signed) "GRANT THORBURN."

Next morning after this advertisement appeared I received a polite letter of apology, with an invitation to call and see him. I went, and spent half a day very agreeably, in getting the history of his life, &c. He asked how I, a nailmaker, come to be so extensive in the seed business. I answered, I landed in this country with only three cents in my pockets: while making nails, it was as much as I could do to earn 75 cents per day. Two dollars I paid for my board, twenty-five cents for washing, and twenty-five cents to spend, making sure to lay up two dollars per week. Now, says I, mark the difference. Some of my fellow-passengers received twelve dollars per week; on Sundays they went to the country, got in company, spent their week's wages, contracted loose habits, and went to the devil. I went to church; put two cents in the plate; if the preacher was lively, I heard him — if he was sleepy, I slept also; at any rate, I saved my money, rested my body, rose on Monday morning refreshed for work: while they spent their money, fatigued their body; on Monday rose with the headach, unable to work. Now, says I, you see it was by keeping the Lord's day that I came to be a seedsman; and added, whatever religion might do for us in the next world, it was the most profitable concern a man could follow in this. He looked earnestly in my face, and said he believed I was right. I made these observations to him, as I suspected that he was a free-thinker.

When General Moreau fled from Bonaparte's persecution, he took up his abode in New York — he and his lady, the beautiful Madame ——, daughter of a bancker in Paris. She was said, at that time, to be the richest and handsomest woman in Europe: be that as it may, she was a very pretty little woman, and fond of flowers. The general condescended to all her whims and notions about plants; and very well he might: for he was rather ugly, and old enough to be her father. When any thing was to be arranged among the plants, she was not pleased except the general and I had the fixing of them. One day I was placing some pretty little modest Scotch daisies in his study; I cast my eyes on his hat, coat, sword, and other accoutrements hanging on one side. Thinks I to myself, it is but a few months since that sword in hand was arrainging the ranks, and directing the most masterly retreat, perhaps, on military record; and here he is, seemingly exerting all his mind in *ranking* up flower-pots. He observed the directions of my eyes, and spoke in French to his servants, who

* See his Letters to the people of England.

† Some time about the year 1800, Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, obtained a verdict of some thousand dollars against Cobbett, for defamation of character; he then sold out, and went home. He applied to parliament for a sinecure, or share of the secret-service money. Mr. Windham, in his speech on that occasion, remarked, that for the services Cobbett had rendered to the cause of kings by his writing in America, he deserved a statue of gold.

told me the general wished to know what I thought. I said, I wished to know if that sword and hat was with him in the field of battle? He said it was. I told him what I thought; he explained to the general, who laughed as loud as Frenchmen generally do.

The last time I saw General Hamilton, I think, was on the 9th of July, 1804; just two days before he went to Hoboken, and stood up and let a blackguard shoot him to death. He, on the day I speak of, was in my store, and purchased several green-painted flower-pots—no doubt, to please his wife and daughters. In two days after, when I heard of the duel, I thought how it could be possible a man of his mind, and seemed so fond of his children, could be such a slave to this barbarous custom as to rise from bed, while there was just light enough to see his children and their mother lost in sweet, unconscious sleep, and steal out, when he knew it was most probable he would never see them more. From such honour, may the good Lord deliver us!

STANZAS.

Thou art gone to the dust, and thine ashes are laid,
Like the wan leaves of autumn, to sleep in the shade:
Unknown and forgot by the world they may be,
But the earth that enshrouds them is holy to me.
O, angel beloved, to what land art thou passed?
To what clime of eternity distant and vast?
Hast thou ta'en thy abode in the caves of the sea,
Since the limits of earth are too narrow for thee?
In the rocks of the deep hath thy lustre been hidden?
On the pinions of ether away hast thou ridden?
The sapphirine pavement of heaven hast thou trod,
A seraph to sing at the throne of thy God?
Hath He lifted the veil from His shadowed face?
Hath He circled thee round with a parent's embrace?
With dews of the heaven, ambrosial and mild,
Hath He watered thee o'er, and baptised thee His child?
Thou art gone to the dust; but the flight of thy soul
Not the ice-fettered gates of the grave can control;
And wherever in nature its dwelling may be,
Thy sacred remembrance is holy to me.

A Modern Pythagorean.

GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XXXVIII.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, ESQ.

SORRY are we to present

"The noticeable man with large grey eyes"—

the worthy old Platonist—the founder of the romantic school of poetry—the pourer-forth of wisdom multifarious, in language as mellifluous as that of Nestor himself—the good honest old thoroughgoing Tory—even Samuel Taylor Coleridge himself—in an attitude of suffering. But so it is. He is at this present writing under the sheltering roof of worthy Mr. Gillman, on the summit of Highgate hill, labouring under sciatica, jaundice, and other of those ills that afflict mankind. He has come to the third step of the animal who formed the subject of the Sphinx's riddle, and walks hobblingly upon three legs; and more the pity.

Coleridge has himself told us all the more material parts of his life in that queer and pleasant book his *Biographia Literaria*, and it is needless for us now to tell how he was an Unitarian preacher, but soon abandoned that pestilent and cold-hearted heresy—how he was a newspaper editor—how he wrote the *Friend*—how he stirred up wars against Napoleon Buonaparte, late of the island of St. Helena, deceased—how the Emperor wished very particularly to take him under his kind protection, and patronise the editor of the *Morning Post* as he patronised Palm—how he wrote all manner of fine verses, and generally forgot to publish them—how *Christabel* having been recited to Sir Walter Scott, and a thousand others, was the acknowledged parent of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—how Lord Byron, having made free with a passage of it in his *Siege of Corinth*, it was at length produced—how Jeffery, or some of his scrubs, foully abused it in the *Edinburgh Review*—how he valiantly brought Jeffery to the scratch, and made the little fellow apologise—how, in short, he has lectured, talked, preached, written, dogmatised, philosophised, dreamed, promised, begun, never-ended, and so forth, are all written by himself, and of course well known to the reader.

What he has done is exquisite, but it is nothing to what he could have done. Σαμερον αδιον ασω, has been unluckily his motto, and the morrow never has come. Procrastination, that thief of time—the quotation is old, though the author is Young—has beguiled him onward in comparative idleness; and his best ideas have been suffered so often to lie unused, that they have at last appeared as the property of others. His graceful *Christabel* is a flagrant instance of this. It remained twenty years unpublished, but not unknown; and when its example had reared the ballad epic, or poetical novel, to its highest and most magnificent state, it made its appearance, in the eyes of the general reading public an imitation of its own progeny. We do not remember any worse luck in all literary history.

But Coleridge cared for none of these things. On he went, holding the even tenour of his way, *conversing* with all and sundry. Many a critic deemed original has lived exclusively by sucking Coleridge's brains. The late William Hazlitt was one of the most conspicuous thieves. There was not an observation—not a line—in all Hazlitt's critical works, which was worth reading, or remembering, that did not emanate directly from our old friend the Platonist; other spoliators, more or less known, were as barefaced. It was always worse done than if Coleridge had done it, and sometimes vilely perverted in spirit; but still the seed was good, and he has thus strongly acted upon the public mind of his day. We fear that his *Lay Sermons*, abounding as they do in brilliant and eloquent passages, have not found a very enlarged audience; but what he has spoken and suggested is now diffused throughout the literature of England, and forms part and parcel of every mind worth containing it in the country.

Would that we could see him drinking everlasting glasses of brandy and water in coffee-houses various—or carousing potations pottle-deep, as of old, in the western world of Bristol—or making orations to barmaids and landladies, and holding them by his glittering eye and suasive tongue; and, above all, we most ardently hope to witness the publication of the conclusion of

The lovely Lady Christabel,
Finished by Coleridge hale and well!

THE BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.*

The late Earl of Bridgewater has caused a monument to be erected to his memory, which shall last longer than marbles. By his will, dated the 25th of Feb. 1825—of such a will there is a pleasure even in dwelling on the date—he directed certain trustees to invest in the public funds EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS sterling, to be held, with the accruing dividends thereon, at the disposal of the President, for the time being, of the Royal Society of London, to be paid to such person or persons as should be selected by the said President to write, print, and publish one thousand copies of a work, *On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation; illustrating such work by all reasonable arguments, as, for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the effect of digestion, and thereby of conversion; the construction of the hand of man; and an infinite variety of other arguments; as also by discoveries, ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature.* The late President of the Royal Society, Davies Gilbert, Esq., accordingly requested the assistance of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and of the Bishop of London, in determining upon the best mode of carrying into effect the intentions of the testator. Acting by their advice, and with the concurrence of a nobleman immediately connected with the deceased, Mr. Davies Gilbert appointed eight gentlemen to write separate treatises on different branches of the subject. We are surprised to find that that part of the plan which refers to *discoveries, ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature*, is not included in the present arrangement. This is a subject which we have an exceeding desire to see well done—and, indeed, which we would ourselves undertake to do *con amore*.

Three of these works now lie on our table. If revealed religion be a pleonasm, natural religion is a contradiction; and Mr. Whewell rightly acknowledges that natural theology is at best unsatisfactory. All our knowledge of nature will not serve us to comprehend either the Divine Essence or Existence. True it is that the Author of the laws of nature is also the Author of the law of duty. In each province of creation, the spiritual and the physical, refined adaptations and arrangements, calculated to lead us to one and the same Creator, may be traced. Whosoever created the atmosphere, also created the plants and animals. This the wonderful adaptations of its mechanical and chemical properties, and of the vital powers of plants to each other, indubitably avouch. It also subserves the life of man. It is the vehicle of voice—it answers the purpose of intercourse—and, in the case of man, of rational intercourse. To this intercourse rational faculties are equally needed, and are parts of the same scheme. How closely connected are the properties of light with the structure of our own bodies! The mechanism of the organs of vision and the mechanism of light are most curiously adapted to each other. But visual perception relates to ulterior faculties and capacities, by which sight becomes a source of happiness and good to man. Who can doubt that our capacities for the most exalted visual pleasures, and the feelings flowing from them, proceed from the same Creator? Certain chemical and other qualities in the soil support vegetable life; and the power of the earth to increase its produce under the influence of cultivation, and the necessary existence of property in land, in order that

* On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man. By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man, principally with reference to the Supply of his Wants, and the Exercise of his Intellectual Faculties. By John Kidd, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford.

Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology. By the Rev. William Whewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.

London: William Pickering, 1833.

this cultivation may be advantageously applied, have express reference to human agency, and presuppose corresponding human faculties, in a social state of existence. Must we not then suppose that this attribute of the earth was bestowed upon it by Him who gave to man those corresponding attributes, through which the apparent niggardliness of the soil is the source of general comfort and security, of polity and law? Must we not suppose that He who created the soil, also inspired man with those social desires and feelings which produce cities and states, laws and institutions, arts and civilisation—and that thus the apparently inert mass of earth is a part of the same scheme as those faculties and powers with which man's moral and intellectual progress is most connected? The same course of reasoning will hold good as to the material elements, and the structure and instincts of animals.

The Creator, then, of the world is also the Author of our intellectual powers: another step in the argument will ascribe to him, in like manner, the source and direction of our moral being. The existence and universality of the conception of duty and right speak a divine original. The respect for law in which we habitually live, our admiration for what is good, the order and virtues and graces of civilised nations, are no casual and extraneous circumstances, but denotements of "a foregone conclusion"—they were contemplated in the formation of man. This irresistible esteem for what is right, our conviction of a rule of action extending beyond the gratification of our irreflective impulses, is an impress stamped upon the human mind by the Deity himself—a trace of his nature—an indication of his will—an announcement of his purpose—a promise of his favour: and though this faculty may need to be confirmed and unfolded, instructed and assisted, by other aids, it still seems to contain in itself a sufficient intimation, that the highest objects of man's existence are to be attained by means of a direct and intimate reference of his thoughts and actions to the Divine Author of his being.

But not only is there organisation, life, intelligence, in *this* earth;—other earths, all starry, surround us in the abyss of space, no doubt similarly occupied. Other suns, also, are there, with yet other planets revolving round them—like ours, probably, the seats of vegetable, and animal, and rational life—innumerable worlds! Consider, too, the variety which, in this province, the telescope discovers. Not only do the stars differ in colour and appearance, but some of them grow periodically fainter and brighter, as if they were dark on one side, and revolved on their axis. In other cases, two stars appear close to each other; and in some of these cases it has been clearly established, that the two have a motion of revolution about each other; thus exhibiting an arrangement before unguessed, and giving rise, possibly, to new conditions of worlds. In other instances, again, the telescope shews, not luminous points, but extended masses of diluted light, like bright clouds, hence called *nebulæ*. Some have supposed that such nebulæ, by further condensation, might become suns. Some stars, again, have undergone permanent changes, or have absolutely disappeared.

If we take the whole range of created objects in our own system, from the sun down to the smallest animalculæ, and suppose such a system, or something in some way analogous to it, to be repeated for each of the millions of stars thus revealed to us, we have a representation of the material part of the universe, according to a view which many minds receive as a probable one; and referring this aggregate of systems to the Author of the universe, as in our own system we have found ourselves led to do, we have thus an estimate of the extent to which his creative energy would thus appear to have been exercised in the material world. If we consider, further, the endless and admirable contrivances and adaptations which philosophers and observers have discovered in every portion of our own system, every new step of our knowledge shewing us something new in this respect—and if we combine this consideration with the thought, how small a portion of the universe our knowledge includes, we shall, without being able at all to discern the extent of the skill and wisdom thus displayed, see something of the character of the design, and of the copiousness and ampleness of the means which the scheme of the world exhibits. And when we see that the tendency of all

the arrangements which we can comprehend is to support the existence, to develope the faculties, to promote the well-being of those countless species of creatures, we shall have some impression of the beneficence and love of the Creator, as manifested in the physical government of his creation.

About the same time when the invention of the telescope shewed us that there might be myriads of other worlds claiming the Creator's care, the invention of the microscope proved to us that there were in our world myriads of creatures, before unknown, which this care was preserving. While one discovery seemed to remove the Divine Providence further from us, the other gave us the most striking examples that it was far more active in our neighbourhood than we had supposed: while the first extended the boundaries of God's known kingdom, the second made its known administration more minute and careful. With both, however, we are able to perceive that in each direction the universe is finite. The sun appears to us the largest body in the universe; and, at any rate, bodies of the order of the sun are the largest of which we have any evidence. We know of no substance denser than gold; and we are almost certainly acquainted with the largest animals, whether in the sea or on the earth. Nor are we ignorant of the smallest. Many of the animals detected by the microscope are as complete and complex in their organisation as those of larger size; but beyond a certain point they appear, as they become more minute, to be reduced to a homogeneity and simplicity of composition which almost excludes them from the domain of animal life, and precludes the possibility of an indefinite progression of animal life in a descending scale of minuteness. Telescopes of greater power probably would enable us to obtain, with some approximation, the limits of the universe as to the number of worlds, in the same manner as we have been enabled to detect the limits of size in the inhabitants of our own planet.

But all the phenomena whereof we have been discoursing, with Mr. Whewell for our guide, are reducible to certain fixed and general laws. Does not the mere existence of a law, connecting and governing any class of phenomena, imply a presiding intelligence which has preconceived and established the law? What we call a general law is, in truth, a form of expression including a number of facts of like kind. The facts are separate; the unity of view by which we associate them, the character of generality and of law, resides in those relations which are the object of the intellect. The law once apprehended by us, takes in our minds the place of the facts themselves, and is said to govern or determine them, because it determines our anticipations of what they will be. But we cannot, it would seem, conceive a law, founded on such intelligible relations, to govern and determine the facts themselves, any otherwise than by supposing also an intelligence by which these relations are contemplated, and their consequences realised. We cannot, then, represent to ourselves the universe governed by general laws, otherwise than by conceiving an intelligent and conscious Deity, by whom these laws were originally contemplated, established, and applied.

Now here is the precise point where comes into special consideration that divine lore, whereof the divine Wordsworth writes in lofty verse, while his

> ———" voice proclaims
> How exquisitely the individual mind
> (And the progressive powers, perhaps, no less,
> Of the whole species) to the external world
> Is fitted: and how exquisitely, too,
> (Theme this but little heard of among men,)
> The external world is fitted to the mind."

Law implies mind, because mind is the only source of law, natural or moral. What we call the laws of nature, are only the forms of conception in a judging mind; and a discovery of the number of these forms (which Aristotle aimed after, and Kant succeeded in ascertaining) will give all the possible modes in which phenomena can be conceived as connected under general laws. Here, then, comes into express view that part of the subject of these Bridgewater Treatises which has been given into the hands of Dr. Chalmers, *The Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man.* We shall reserve our consideration of Dr. Chalmers' book to the conclusion of this article, contenting ourselves in this place with what Mr. Kidd has written on this high theme, and which, though touching

on another man's department, he has thought fit to treat in his ninth chapter. Mr. Kidd has quoted Cicero to some purpose; be it permitted to us to quote the venerable Hooker. "Man," says Hooker, "doth seek a triple perfection; first, a sensual, consisting in those things which very life itself requireth, either as necessary supplements, or as beauties and ornaments thereof; then an intellectual, consisting in those things which none underneath man is either capable of or acquainted with; lastly, a spiritual and divine, consisting in those things whereunto we tend by supernatural means, but cannot here attain unto them." The history of human culture indicates that man has in different ages been educated with especial reference to this triple perfection; and this, although unconsciously, Mr. Kidd's summary of the rise and progress of human knowledge indicates. The sensual department comes first; and we find here the skilful management of processes before their true nature was at all apprehended. Thus, before zinc was known as a distinct metal, it was used for the purpose of making brass. Wine was made from the earliest times; the principles on which it is produced were not till lately well understood. The present is peculiarly an intellectual age: things low are exalted, things high are reduced, to the level of the understanding. The ancients had an intellectual age as well as we; but theirs was rather a fore-feeling—rather a dim prophetic sense—than a fulfilling and a perfect revelation. Accurate observers of obvious phenomena, they were too hasty in coming to conclusions as to their character and cause. Mr. Kidd bestows a long section on the opinions of Lucretius on the constitution of matter in general, and on the nature of light, heat, water, and air; and another on the opinions of the ancients on the organisation and classification of animals, in which Aristotle and Cuvier are compared and contrasted with considerable skill and effect. *Lusus naturæ* also claim a portion of his attention,—apparent exceptions to all laws—yet to laws subject, and to a final cause referred. These deviations from usual structure seem not to depend on the construction of the parts; the result, moreover, in every case, is necessarily connected with the well-being, and even the life, possibly, of the individual—a result evidently the effect of design. These very anomalous productions, then, serve as proofs of a particular or constantly superintending providence. They are miracles in their way, commissioned to attest the Divine presence and power.

Mr. Kidd does rightly in repudiating the notion, that the certainty and regularity of particular motions in the universe are either the result of necessity, or of the laws of an undefined agent called *nature*. In thus failing to acknowledge explicitly the true Author of those laws, though not indeed formally denying his existence, it is very rightly and appropriately suggested by Mr. Kidd, that we, like the nations of old, may have worshipped the creature, rather than the Creator, and bowed down the knee, as it were, to the host of heaven. From this state of idolatry, which must at all times be the specific character of an intellectual, as distinguished from a rational, age, we have now doubtless to be redeemed. But it is a state which, in the progress of the race, must be incurred and be surmounted—and can only be surmounted by being incurred The third state mentioned by Hooker is dependent on the other two. And what saith St. Paul? "Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual." Of course, the apostle must be understood as speaking of the order of time, and not of dignity.

In this divinely appointed order, the adaptation of external nature to the physical condition of man may be considered, in this place, as the first step in building up the argument, which it it is desirable to raise, in an essay on a series of works professing to set forth the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the *creation*. The physical condition of man must not be considered only with reference to savage or uncivilised life. All the states of man's existence, civilised or savage, are equally natural. If any, indeed, can be pre-eminently called his *natural** state, it is that of civili-

* This is a vicious use of the term nature; but it is Mr. Kidd's phrase. We are surprised at his using it in this sense, considering the disclaimer which he makes of such use in his charge of idolatry, quoted above.

sation; for not only does experience shew that his natural tendency is towards such a state, but we know, from the highest authority, that the existence of man is connected with a moral end; (with more, indeed, than a moral end, since morals have immediately a relation to this life only, while man is destined for a future;) and a moral end is hardly attainable in an uncivilised state of society.

Man holds the first rank among animals, and, viewed merely in his animal nature, is found to differ little from any of the species of the higher classes; divested of his intellectual powers, he appears even inferior to the brutes, wanting most of the prospective or preservative instincts, necessary as they would be for some of his most imperious wants. It has been asserted, that men are superior to brutes only because they possess that "instrument of instruments," the hand; but it is more philosophical to conclude, that man is provided with such auxiliary to his powers precisely because he is already superior to all other animals. Such a provision has express reference to a presiding mind, ordained to direct its movements; yet how feeble is man in infancy, compared with other animals! The causes of childhood's weakness exist to a certain extent in every part of the body, but most of all in the spine. Traces of admirable contrivance are, however, discoverable in this arrangement. The bodies and processes of the several vertebræ on which the strength and flexibility of the spine depend, are in early infancy still in a soft or cartilaginous state; while the annular portions, which with their intervening ligaments constitute the spinal canal, are completely ossified, so as to give as great a degree of security to the spinal marrow as at the age of manhood. And what is the final cause of this disposition? Why, the very helplessness and imperfect state of the physical powers in infancy, so ill understood and appreciated, though so beautifully described, by Lucretius, contribute to the fuller development of the moral character, not only of the individual but of his parents also, and of all his immediate connexions. What claim, then, has man, from his physical structure or powers, to be placed first in the scale of animal beings? Compared with those of the human species, the powers of other animals are contracted indeed; nor is the difference to be ascribed wholly to intellectual power: for were the form of man deficient, by one of the smallest of its present members, he would be rendered nearly helpless. Take from his hand but one of the fingers, and he could do nothing. It is the human hand which gives the power of execution to the human mind, and it is the relative position of one of the fingers to the other four which principally stamps the character of the hand; for the thumb, by its capability of being brought into opposition with each of the other fingers, enables the hand to adapt itself to every shape, and gives it that complete dominion which it possesses over the various forms of matter. Give all the intelligence, therefore, that you please to the horse, or to the elephant; yet with hoofs instead of hands, it is physically impossible that they could construct the simplest instrument; nor could the organs even of the beaver, were that animal gifted with the highest intellectual powers, enable it to effect much more than it is capable of effecting at present.

Is not man, then, in every sense superior, in organisation as well as in intellectual powers, to all other animals?

The resemblance to the human form, as well internally as externally, is so remarkable in particular species of the ape, that it has been maintained that the ape and man are but varieties of the same species; or, at most, but different species of the same genus. But let us suppose that the whole and every part of the structure of the ape were the same as that of man; let every bone, and every muscle, and every fibre of the one correspond exactly with those of the other, not only in form and situation, but also in size and proportion; let the brain itself—that tangible instrument of the intellectual powers—be in structure the counterpart of the human; yet, unless in its functions it resembled that of man—in other words, unless there were associated with it his intellectual peculiarities, and the moral and religious sense, we have no reason to decide that the ape approaches to the standard of human perfection. In comparing other animals with man, we ought not to affirm that they approach nearer to that standard, in proportion as they approach nearer to him in the structure

of this or that part, or in the development of particular powers or qualities; but in proportion to that approximation which results from the balance of their structure and powers, considered collectively. Little anxiety, therefore, need we feel, to vindicate, by searching for some fixed and invariable difference in the structure of corresponding parts, the dignity of human nature from a supposed insult.

Long as is the period, compared with the natural term of his own life, and longer still, compared with the corresponding period in the life of other animals, before man attains the full stature of mind as well as of body, he at a very early season begins to manifest the superiority of his intellectual nature; first, in those expressive smiles with which the infant greets his mother's love. There is in the higher order of animals an evident instinctive propensity to those actions which are naturally determined by their specific form when fully developed; hence, the young ram couches his head and tilts at his adversary, long before his horns have appeared; and the young pheasant assails his antagonist with his projected legs, long before his spurs have begun to bud. So do the sports of childhood prefigure the occupations of manhood; and in the amusements of children of different temperaments may be traced instinctive differences connected with their future destination in life. The first period of life is passed in the exercise of the senses, that the incipient man may acquaint itself undistractedly with those sensible qualities with which it must necessarily be familiar before it can proceed to reason on causes and relations. A great instance of the harmony that exists between the nature of man and the external world, is the readiness and confidence with which, at this early season of vitality, the impressions of sense are received. "Where all is new," beautifully exclaims Mr. Kidd, "and therefore equally matter of wonder, there is yet no room for doubt. Nature teaches the mind to receive every thing without distrust, and to rely implicitly on those inlets to knowledge, the impressions of sense, which are destined to be its only guides in the first years of life. Scepticism is not the tendency of childhood; and perhaps it is with reference to the analogy between the eye of faith and the eye of sense at this early period of life, that our Saviour pronounces a blessing upon those who receive the evidences of our religion with the simplicity of little children."

Having passed the period of discipline, man sets about providing for the supply of his wants, and the exercise of his intellectual faculties. For this purpose he is provided with appropriate corporeal organs, whereof the chief are the *brain* and the *hand*. "To man," says Galen, "the only animal that partakes of divine intelligence, the Creator has given, in lieu of every other natural weapon or organ of defence, that instrument, *the hand;* an instrument applicable to every art and occasion, as well of peace as of war." We have no space to give fully all the eloquent things which this ancient physician has written on its capabilities, but Mr. Kidd has; and in his book the reader will do well to seek the quotation. Neither would it be proper here to anticipate a treatise only just published, and committed, as part of the present series, to Sir Charles Bell. Concerning the brain, Mr. Kidd decides for a natural connexion between it and the mental faculties, as the instrument of thought and reason. The degree of intelligence, he adds, characteristic of different classes of animals, is proportional to the approximation of their structure to that of man.

With this subject the nervous system is intimately connected. In the lowest species of animals, which appear to be devoid of any specific organs of digestion, motion, or sensation, there exists only a variable number of small insulated masses of nervous matter, called *ganglions*, which are connected with each other, and with different parts of the body, by means of slender filaments that radiate from these masses in various directions. Where organs of digestion are present, the upper part of the passage leading from the mouth to the stomach is usually surrounded by a kind of collar, from whence distinct nerves are distributed to the other parts of the body. In a still higher scale, additional component parts of the nervous system are found in company with a symmetry of structure in the whole individual: a greater degree of regularity also belongs to the distribution of these added parts. Thus, in those classes of animals which include the leech, the centipede, and the bee,

whose bodies are naturally divisible into distinct segments, we find a series of ganglions placed opposite the respective segments, and sending out nerves, which are appropriated to the muscles of voluntary motion attached to these segments; and the several ganglions are reciprocally united by intervening portions of a nervous cord, which is continued from one extremity of the body to the other, so as to present the appearance of a thread in which knots have been tied at stated intervals. And in those species of these classes which have eyes (as is the case with insects), there are additional ganglions near the head; from which arise the nerves of vision, and, probably, of touch. Ascend in a still higher scale: examine the nervous system of fish, reptiles, birds, and quadrupeds — what find we? Those parts which are subservient to the nutrition of the individual, and to the continuation of the species, are supplied with ganglions and nerves, corresponding in their general character and mode of distribution with the nervous system of the lower classes. The arrangement of the nerves of voluntary motion merely differs from that of the intermediate classes, in being more elaborate; the individual nerves all communicating with a continuous cord (called sometimes the spinal *marrow*), which extends from one extremity of the body to the other, but which, instead of floating loosely in the general cavity of the body (as in insects, &c.), is contained in a canal essentially consisting of a series of parts called *vertebræ*, which, taken together, form what is called the spine, or back-bone. From the structure of this spine these classes are called *vertebrated:* and it is deserving of notice, that these classes alone have a *cranium*, or skull, into the cavity of which the spinal cord is continued, and is there apparently lost in a more or less regular mass of nervous matter, called the brain; from the lower surface of which arise several pairs of nerves, which are principally distributed upon the organs of the distinct senses, and the muscles of the face. The muscles of mere animal motion, as of the trunk and extremities, are derived from the spinal marrow; the muscles of the face, which may be called pre-eminently the muscles of moral and intellectual expression, are derived from the brain itself. The human brain, when fully developed, contains parts which do not exist in the brain of those animal species which approach nearest to man in the structure of this part. With respect also to *lusus naturæ*, nature never elevates the brain of an individual of a lower to that of a higher class; though the brain of an individual of a higher is frequently not developed beyond the degree of a lower: and this law of the development of the brain is, with reference at least to the distinction of classes, correspondent with that of the general form.

The *absolute* and *proportional* size of the brain, with reference to intellectual manifestations, next occupies Mr. Kidd's notice; and he finds both *criteria* deficient. He then considers the system of Dr. Gall, on which he opines, that had Gall satisfied himself with developing the structure of the brain in the various classes of animals; and had he been content to shew that, in tracing its structure from those animals which manifest the least indications of intelligence to those which exhibit still stronger and stronger, it proportionally advances in its resemblance to the structure of the human; and, lastly, had he only drawn from these premises the general probable conclusion, that specific parts had specific uses with respect to the manifestations of the immaterial principle of animal existence: had he done all this, without venturing to define the local habitations of the supposed specific organs, he would have deserved credit. Decided opponents of the phrenological theories, nothing can induce *us* to speak with respect of the memory of Gall; towards whom, it seems to us, that Mr. Kidd has a too partial leaning. He is certainly deficient in metaphysical instinct and tact, and judged rightly of his peculiar abilities when he made it the immediate object of this treatise "to unfold a train of facts, not to maintain an argument." To his remarks on physiognomy we readily yield unqualified praise.

The physical development of the human brain advances proportionally up to a certain period. In quadrupeds, the brain is fully developed at the moment of birth; in man, all the parts have not attained their full size till the age of seven years; but then those parts of the human brain which are formed subsequently to birth, are en-

tively wanting in all other animals. During the evolution of the parts peculiar to the human brain, the peculiar faculties of the human intellect are proportionally developed: nay, till those parts are developed, those faculties are not clearly perceptible. From the age of seven years to the age of eighty, the changes of the human brain with respect to size, either collectively or in its several parts, are so trifling as hardly to be worth notice. To the conclusions which Mr. Kidd arrives at from these premises, we could make great and important exceptions, but we have no space for controversy. We are sorry, however, very sorry, that he did not reconsider the whole of this part of his treatise; in fact, it might have been omitted altogether, without injury to the design of his work.

Over the objects of the external world what power has man! A battleship—the Macedonian hero—Napoleon—form our author's illustrations; the catalogue might be easily enlarged. But we, with him, pass on from the view of the general capabilities of the nature of man to his actual state, which at different periods of time, or in different parts of the world at the same period, will be very different itself, both with respect to communities and to individuals. "How great the contrast, with reference to the case of individuals, between the intellectual powers and attainments of a Newton and a native of New Holland; and in the case of communities, how great the contrast between any of the kingdoms of modern Europe and the rude tribes from which they were originally derived!"

One difference in the state of man at particular times or in particular places arises from that of the *atmosphere*. Light, heat, water, air, pass in review as constituent elements of this important condition of our well-being. Next comes under remark the adaptation of minerals to the physical condition of man; their application to architecture and sculpture, in which section the Eddystone Lighthouse, and Chantrey's Sleeping Infants in Lichfield Cathedral, are not forgotten. The third section treats of gems and precious stones; the fourth of the distribution and relative proportions of sea and land; and the geological arrangement and physical character of some of the superficial strata of the earth. The fifth section, as beds of gravel, is particularly interesting in respect to diluvial action and deposits. The sixth concerns metals; and the seventh, common salt. The next two chapters relate to the vegetable and animal kingdoms. There is an appendix to the work, setting forth in opposite columns, the corresponding descriptions of Aristotle and Cuvier, relating to the physiology and classifications of animals. From which comparison it appears that, with respect to those points in the history of animals, the knowledge of which was equally accessible to both writers, the descriptions of Aristotle are hardly inferior in accuracy to those of Cuvier. Nor does this observation hold with reference to the more common animals only; it is equally remarkable with reference to those which are of comparative rarity; in support of which assertion, Mr. Kidd refers, among other instances, to the description of the Sepia and of the Chamelion, and of the evolution of the egg of the bird during incubation.

It is now high time to return to Mr. Whewell's treatise. The character of natural religion is necessarily imperfect and scanty; yet, however imperfect may be the knowledge of a Supreme Intelligence, which we gather from the contemplation of the natural world, it is still of use. Nature, so far as it is an object of scientific research, is a collection of facts governed by *laws;* our knowledge of nature is our knowledge of laws; of laws of operation and connexion, of laws of succession and coexistence, among the various elements and appearances around us. The occurrences of the world in which we find ourselves result from causes which operate according to fixed and constant rules. The succession of days, and seasons, and years, is produced by the motions of the earth; and these again are governed by the attraction of the sun, a force which acts with undeviating steadiness and regularity. The changes of winds and skies, seemingly so capricious and casual, are produced by the operation of the sun's heat upon air and moisture, land and sea; and though in this case we cannot trace the particular events to their general causes, as we can trace the motions of the sun and moon, no philosophical mind will doubt the generality and fixity of the rules by which these causes act. The variety of the effects takes place, because the circum-

stances in different cases vary; and not because the action of material causes leaves any thing to chance in the result. And again, though the vital movements which go on in the frame of vegetables and animals depend on agencies still less known, and probably still more complex, than those which rule the weather, each of the powers on which such movements depend has its peculiar laws of action, and these are as universal and as invariable as the law by which a stone falls to the earth when not supported. . . .

Concerning the government of the universe, the general tendency of the results produced by the laws (so called) of nature, may discover to us something of the character of the Power which has legislated for the material world. But we must recollect (and in this caution comes out the insufficiency of natural theology) that there is a wide difference between the circumstances of man legislating for man, and God legislating for matter. It seems to Mr. Whewell that when we speak of material nature as being governed by *laws*, the term is used in a manner somewhat metaphorical, the laws to which man's attention is directed being *moral* laws, rules laid down for his actions; rules for the conscious actions of a person; rules which, as a matter of possibility, he may obey or may transgress; the latter event being combined, not with an impossibility, but with a penalty: while the laws of nature are something different from this; they are rules for that which *things* are to do and suffer, and this by no consciousness or will of theirs. Mr. Whewell has here lost a fine opportunity of shewing, how our intellectual powers have their source and origin in the moral; and, to speak the truth, we have reason to complain of these treatises, inasmuch as they want that philosophical depth, necessary to make them those permanent records of reference which a bequest so munificent naturally demands. "All speculative truths," says Coleridge, "begin with a postulate, even the truths of geometry. They all suppose an act of the will; for, in the moral being lies the source of the intellectual." It is, as it were, a translucence of this moral being into the forms of the understanding, which so regulates its perceptions of the physical universe, as to compel it to demand an image, in the operations and phenomena that are the objects of its study, of that law, which directs as an act of the will—(in this itself an image of the will divine)—its own conduct as a responsible agent—responsible at the awful bar of a truth-announcing conscience, that presence of God in the soul of man. This act of the will Mr. Whewell acknowledges in rather a singular manner, but without appearing to perceive the deep meaning of the little auxiliary verb which he uses. "The language," says he, "of a moral law is, man *shall* not kill; the language of a law of nature is, a stone *will* fall to the earth." The italics, be it observed, are Mr. Whewell's, not ours. *Will* fall! Whose will? The stone's. There is plainly here a reflection supposed of man's inner life—the shadow of a will which the stone has not, but which the philosophic and observing mind has, and which, being an image itself of God, recognises in the falling of the stone the presence of a will—the will of God,—or a law of (that is, concerning, or regulating) nature. In all this, therefore, there is more than a metaphor,—there is a profound truth. Would that it had been set forth by such a pen as Mr. Whewell's. To proceed.

The relations and rules by which natural occurrences are determined, necessarily depend on measures of time and space, motion and force; on quantities which are subject to numerical measurement, and capable of being connected by mathematical properties. The legislation of the material universe is necessarily delivered in the language of mathematics; the stars in their courses are regulated by the properties of conic sections, and the winds depend on arithmetical and geometrical progressions of elasticity and pressure. The constitution of the universe, so far as it can be clearly apprehended by our intellect, thus assumes a shape involving an assemblage of mathematical propositions; certain algebraical formula, and the knowledge when and how to apply them, constitute the last step of the physical science to which we can attain. The labour and the endowments of ages have been employed in bringing such science into the condition in which it now exists; and an exact and extensive discipline in mathematics, followed by a practical and profound study of the researches of natural philosophers, can alone put any one in possession of all the knowledge concerning the course of the material world, which is at present open to man. . . .

The laws of nature, by their *form*, that is, by the quality of the connexion which they establish among the quantities and properties which they regulate, are remarkably adapted to the office which is assigned them. But the law may be the same, while the quantities to which it applies are different; for sometimes *the nature of the connexion* remaining the same, the quantities which it regulates may also in their *magnitude* bear marks of selection and purpose. Thus the law of the gravity which acts to the earth and to Jupiter, is the same; but the intensity of the force at the surfaces of the two planets is different. The law, in like manner, which regulates the density of the air at any point, with reference to the height of the earth's surface, would be the same if the atmosphere were ten times as large, or only one tenth as large, as it is; if the barometer at the earth's surface stood at three inches only, or if it shewed a pressuse of thirty feet of mercury.

The apparent motions of the sun, moon, and stars, have been more completely reduced to their causes and laws than any other class of phenomena. Astronomy, the science which treats of these, is already a wonderful example of the degree of such knowledge which man may attain. The forms of its most important laws may be conceived to be certainly known; and hundreds of observers in all parts of the world are daily employed in determining, with additional accuracy, the arbitrary magnitudes which these laws involve.

Mr. Whewell divides his subject into two branches: 1. terrestrial adaptations; 2. cosmical adaptations. In the first he proceeds to point out relations which subsist between the laws of the inorganic world,—that is, the general facts of astronomy and meteorology,—and the laws which prevail in the organic world—the properties of plants and animals. With regard to the first kind of laws, they are in the highest degree various and unlike each other. The intensity and activity of natural influences follow in different cases the most different rules. In some instances they are *periodical*,—increasing and diminishing alternately in a perpetual succession of equal intervals of time. This is the case with the heat at the earth's surface, which has a period of a year; with the light, which has a period of a day. Other qualities are *constant*,—thus the force of gravity at the same place is always the same. In some cases, a very simple cause produces very complicated effects; thus the globular form of the earth, and the inclination of its axis during its annual motion, give rise to all the variety of climates. In other cases, a very complex and variable system of causes produces effects comparatively steady and uniform; thus solar and terrestrial heat, air, moisture, and probably many other apparently conflicting agents, join to produce our weather, which never deviates very far from a certain average standard.

In the chapters which follow this announcement, Mr. Whewell proceeds to exemplify,—that those properties of plants and animals which have reference to agencies of a periodical character, have also by their nature a periodical mode of working; while those properties which refer to agencies of constant intensity, are adjusted to this constant intensity; and again, there are peculiarities in the nature of organised beings which have reference to a variety in the conditions of the external world, —as, for instance, the difference of the organised population of different regions; and there are other peculiarities which have a reference to the constancy of the average of such conditions, and the limited range of the deviations from that average,—as, for example, that constitution by which each plant and animal is fitted to exist and prosper in its usual place in the world.

"And not only," adds Mr. Whewell, "is there this general agreement between the nature of the laws which govern the organic and inorganic world, but also there is a coincidence between the *arbitrary magnitudes* which such laws involve on the one hand and on the other. Plants and animals have, in their construction, certain periodical functions, which have a reference to alternations of heat and cold; the length of the period which belongs to these functions by their construction, appears to be that of the period which belongs to the actual alternations of heat and cold,—namely, a year. Plants and animals have, again, in their construction, certain other periodical functions, which have a reference to alternations of light and darkness; the length of the period of such functions appears to coincide with the natural day. In like manner, the other arbitrary magnitudes which enter into the laws of gra-

vity, of the effects of air and moisture, and of other causes of permanence, and of change, by which the influences of the elements operate, are the same arbitrary magnitudes to which the members of the organic world are adapted by the various peculiarities of their construction."

As an illustration of this view, Mr. Whewell devotes several chapters on the following subjects: the length of the year—the length of the day—the mass of the earth—the magnitude of the ocean—the magnitude of the atmosphere—the constancy and variety of climates—the geography of plants—the constituents of climate—the laws of heat with respect to water and to air—the laws of magnetism—the properties of light with regard to vegetation—sound—atmosphere—light—and the ether. These chapters shew that a great number of quantities and laws appear to have been *selected* in the construction of the universe; and that by the adjustment to each other of the magnitudes thus selected, the constitution of the world is what we find it, and is fitted for the support of vegetables and animals, in a manner in which it could not have been, if the properties and quantities of the elements had been different from what they are. The laws and magnitudes, to which he has shewn this conclusion to apply, are the *data*, —the *elements*, as astronomers call the quantities which determine a planet's orbit,—on which the mere *inorganic* part of the universe is constructed. To these, the constitution of the organic world is adapted in innumerable points, by laws of which we can trace the results, though we cannot analyse their machinery. Thus, the vital functions of vegetables have periods which correspond to the length of the year and of the day; their vital powers have forces which correspond with the force of gravity; the sentient faculties of man are such, that the vibrations of the air (within certain limits) are perceived as sound, those of ether as light; and, while we are enumerating these correspondences, we perceive that there are thousands of others, and that we can only select a very small number of those where the relation happens to be most clearly made out, or most easily explained.

"Now," adds Mr. Whewell, "in the list of mathematical *elements* of the universe which has just been given, why have we such laws and such quantities as these occur,* and no other? For the most part, the data there enumerated are independent of each other, and might be altered separately, so far as the mechanical conditions of the case, are concerned. Some of these data probably depend on each *other*. Thus the latent heat of aqueous vapour is perhaps connected with the difference of the rate of expansion of water and of steam. But all natural philosophers will, probably, agree, that there must be, in this list, a great number of things entirely without any mutual dependence, as the year and the day, the expansion of air and the expansion of steam. There are, therefore, it appears, a number of things which, in the structure of the world, might have been otherwise, and which are what they are in consequence of choice or of chance. We have already seen, in many of the cases separately, how unlike chance every thing looks; that substances which might have existed any how, so far as they themselves are concerned, exist exactly in such a manner and measure as they should to secure the welfare of other things; that the laws are tempered and fitted together in the only way in which the world could have gone on, according to all that we can conceive of it. This must, therefore, be the work of choice; and if so, it cannot be doubted, of a most wise and benevolent Chooser."

Mr. Whewell proceeds to prove, that the appearance of choice is still further illustrated by the variety as well as the number of the laws selected. The laws are unlike one another.* Every separate substance has its own density, gravity, cohesion, elasticity, its relations to heat, to electricity, to magnetism; besides all its chemical affinities, which form an endless theory of laws, connecting every one substance in creation with every other, and different for each pair any how taken. Nothing can look less like a world formed of atoms operating upon each other according to some universal and inevitable laws than this does: if such a system of things be conceivable, it cannot be our system. "We have"—says Mr. Whewell—

"We have, it may be, fifty simple substances in the world, each of which is

* Steam certainly expands at a very different *rate* from air by the application of heat, probably according to a different *law*. Water expands in freezing, but mercury contracts: heat travels in a manner quite different through solids and fluids.

invested with properties, both of chemical and mechanical action, altogether different from those of any other substance. Every portion, however minute, of any of these possesses all the properties of the substance. Of each of these substances there is a certain unalterable quantity in the universe; when combined, their compounds exhibit new chemical affinities, new mechanical laws. Who gave these different laws to the different substances? Who proportioned the quantity of each? But suppose this done. Suppose these substances in existence, in contact, in due proportion to each other. Is *this* a world, or at least our world? No more than the mine, or the forest, or the ship of war, or the factory. These elements, with their constitution perfect, and their proportion suitable, are still a mere chaos. They must be put in their places. They must not be where their own properties would place them. They must be made to assume a particular arrangement; or we can have no regular and permanent course of nature. This arrangement must again have additional peculiarities; or we can have no organic portion of the world. The millions of millions of particles which the world contains must be finished up in as complete a manner, and fitted into their places with as much nicety, as the most delicate wheel or spring in a piece of human machinery. What are the habits of thought to which it can appear possible that this could take place without design, intention, intelligence, purpose, knowledge?"

Turn we now to the consideration of the "cosmical arrangements." Considering the universe as a collection of *laws;* astronomy, the science which teaches us the laws of the motions of the heavenly bodies, possesses some advantages, among the subjects from which we may seek to learn the character of the government of the world; our knowledge of the laws of the motions of the planets and satellites being far more complete and exact, far more thorough and satisfactory, than the knowledge which we possess in any other department of natural philosophy. On the construction of the solar system, however, it is not necessary to enter in this reviewal. Neither can it be needed to take up our space with any statement concerning the circular orbits, the stability of the system, the central position of the sun, the satellites, or the stability of the ocean. Upon the *nebular hypothesis*, Mr. Whewell bestows an elaborate chapter, in opposition to Laplace, rightly remarking, that it merely carries us back to the beginning of the present system of things; but that it is impossible for our reason to stop at the point thus presented to it. The sun, the earth, the planets, the moons, were brought into their present order out of a previous state, and, as is supposed in the theory, by the natural operation of laws. But how came that previous state to exist? We are compelled to suppose that it, in like manner, was educed from a still prior state of things; and this, again, must have been the result of a condition prior still. Nor is it possible for us to find, in the tenets of the nebular hypothesis, any resting-place or satisfaction for the mind. "Whatever," says our author, "may be the merits of the opinion as a physical hypothesis, with which we do not here meddle, can it for a moment prevent our looking beyond the hypothesis to a First Cause, an Intelligent Author,—an origin proceeding from free volition, not from material necessity?"

Mr. Whewell contends for a "resisting medium;" and holds, therefore, that the movements of the solar system cannot go on for ever. The difference in the duration of material things is only in degree. The ephemeron perishes in an hour; man endures for his threescore years and ten; an empire, a nation, numbers its centuries, it may be its thousands of years; the continents and islands which its dominion includes have had perhaps their date, as those which preceded them have had; and the very revolutions of the sky, by which centuries are numbered, will at last languish and stand still. The same course of reasoning goes likewise to prove that the present order of things must also have had a beginning.

A further inquiry remains. How came matter to have such properties and laws as are assumed in this argument? We have already shewn that we, in some sort, *make* the laws we *find;* still, even in this purely metaphysical view, a similar question occurs: *the* how we came, one and all of us, to conceive of nature under such laws? waits for answer. Let us trace, with Mr. Whewell, the physical solution. Physical solution! why, the properties of matter and the laws of motion are what we find them, not by virtue of any internal necessity which

we can understand, but because of an independent agency, not material, and acting in voluntary wise. Mr. Whewell shews, by reference to the laws of gravitation and of motion in general, that such properties and laws are things of selection and institution. The laws of nature as we *find* them, are "discovered only after various perplexities and false [or insufficient] conjectures of speculators on mechanics. We have learnt that it is so; but we have not learnt, nor can any one undertake to teach us, that it must have been so. For aught we can tell, it is one among a thousand equal possible laws which might have regulated the motions of bodies." The laws of nature as we *make* them are purely metaphysical, but not the less certain on that account, as was proved in the case of the controversy between Buffon and Clairault; in which, as Laplace observes, the metaphysician turned out to be right, and the mathematician wrong. These are not the products of experience, but of an *à priori* exercise of the understanding faculties; yet those manifestations and processes of the rational Will legislate, not unaccompanied with necessity: election having been pronounced, what is or will be, must be. Neither are these laws one or more out of an indefinite many; the laws are few, but universal, and easily expressible in abstract terms of relation, that may in physics take a thousand forms, which are not so properly named laws, as so many revelations of the same identical arcana. They are all reducible to three grand ideas of substance, cause, and concurrence, taken in connexion with those of absolute quantity and quality, together with the mode of operation, which proceeding from the absolute decree and self-moved election of a perfectly free agent, must be, for this reason — but for no other — one of necessity; a necessity, however, not precluding selection and institution, but presupposing both, and in consequence of both. Except for these laws which we *make*, we should discover none to *find*; nay, we should *seek* none.

This high argument, which, as it is of the essence of theology, we wish both Mr. Whewell and Mr. Kidd had borne in mind throughout their treatises, leads us directly to the subject of Dr. Chalmers's work, *On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man.* We must acknowledge that we took up this production with distrust — we did, and do, not think Dr. Chalmers exactly the writer for this theme. To nobody should this subject have been intrusted but to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, if he could have been got to work. Nevertheless, in all impartiality will we proceed on the track in which it may please this eloquent, but not always sound divine, to lead his numerous admirers and his one critic.

One singular remark struck us at the very outset of the book. The worthy doctor insists upon the distinguishing "between the moral constitution of man, and that moral system of doctrine which embodies in it the outer truths or principles of ethical science. The two," he continues, "are as distinct from each other as are the objective and subjective in any quarter of contemplation whatever, and ought no more to be confounded than, in optics, the system of visible things with the anatomical structure of the eye." To this statement we dauntlessly oppose the following extract from Coleridge's *Friend*:—"I should have no objection to define Reason with Jacobi, and with his friend Hemsterhuis, as an organ bearing the same relation to spiritual objects, the universal, the eternal, and the necessary, as the eye bears to material and contingent phenomena. But then it must be added, that it *is an organ identical with its appropriate objects*. Thus, God, the soul, eternal truth, &c. are objects of Reason; but they are themselves *Reason*." The moral constitution of man, and moral truth, stand not in the relation of subject and object; and it is terribly unphilosophical to compare them by the relation of visible things to the eye. For what is the eye that sees? — not, surely, that which is capable of anatomy. The structure spoken of sees not, but is only the organ of a seeing *subject*; and that seeing subject is spiritual. But the visible thing it contemplates is material—that is an *object*; and therefore it is, they stand in contrast and distinction. But with respect to the moral constitution of man and moral truth, both are spiritual, and consequently stand in no such contrast. Truth is nothing which has no relation to a person — to and for each one of us, truth is what we conceive it to be — to another and higher intelligence it

may be something else; but then that something is above and beyond our knowledge, and we can have nothing to do with it. There is no scriptural ground for the distinction assumed by Dr. Chalmers. Truth in the Bible has always a personal reference. It is not truth in itself, of which we are and must be ignorant, but "truth as it is in Christ Jesus," of whose life and character we have abundant records, that is there set forth. "I am the truth;" "*He* is truth." When Pilate asked, "*What* is truth?" he was vouchsafed no answer.

The "Introduction," from which we have taken the passage just animadverted on, is a splendid masterpiece of composition. We are more surprised at the error just noticed, when we consider the metaphysical power with which the author has risen to what he calls the "transcendental mystery," that remains after the argument for the being of a God, or the multitude of necessary conditions to the accomplishment of a given end, has been built up and established. It is true that each separate condition reduces the hypothesis of chance to a more violent improbability than before. But then —let, however, the writer speak for himself.

"We can understand the complex machinery and the circuitous processes to which a human artist must resort, that he might overcome the else uncomplying obstinacy of inert matter, and bend it in subserviency to his special designs. But that the Divine Artist, who first created the matter and ordained its law, should find the same complication necessary for the accomplishment of his purposes—that such an elaborate workmanship, for example, should be required to establish the functions of sight and hearing in the animal economy —is very like the lavish or ostensible ingenuity of a being employed in conquering the difficulty which himself had raised."

This is very fairly stated, and no solution is possible, but by reason of the final cause, wherefore it is thus. Nor should an efficient reason be omitted—namely, the constitution of the human mind, by which the matter is so represented to us; inasmuch that we can only affirm that so the universe appears to us, and is conceived by us, not what it is in itself. The doctor's transcendental question then occurs, Why was the mind thus constituted? This, however, it is not the part of wisdom to answer, it being a subject beyond the limits of human capacity, which can account for nothing but what lies within the sphere of consciousness, or concerning which it may have responses from the oracle of conscience.

These words have very neatly, though unintentionally, brought us to the first chapter of Dr. Chalmers's treatise, which is entitled *On the Supremacy of Conscience,* and which unfortunately begins with a repetition of the error that we have thought fit, by the authority of Coleridge, utterly to explode. "The objective nature of virtue is one thing; the subjective nature of the human mind, by which virtue is felt and recognised, is another." Now, how can virtue, which is none other, by its very etymology, than true manliness, be taken apart as an object separate and distinct from the manhood in which it inheres? An accident without a substance is clearly inconceivable, and could be no object at all; and an abstract idea of virtue, which is doubtless what the doctor means, is so far from being an object, that it stands in antithesis to all objects whatever, being of the very substance of reason—for the ideas of reason are reason, and not to be distinguished from it;—as the organs of the five senses are of the substance of body, compose the body, and are not to be distinguished from it. Concerning, moreover, this objective virtue, which, as he asserts, is not a creation of the Divine will, but has had everlasting residence in the nature of the Godhead,—it may be asked, How has it thus resided but in a person, *namely* that of the Incarnate—as an embodied idea? Ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο—but not until it was made, or only in the anticipation of its being so made, could it be contemplated as an object. Until then, it was purely an idea, of which a word is the sign, and a law the correlative. In the law only was it set forth until then, nor was that law more than a formulary of words, externally coercing, until the time when it should be written on the fleshly tablets of the heart; and so written, the subject and object are again become identical in union. Virtue without reference to being, were indeed the vainest and most void abstraction that could haunt with meagre shadows the brain of mere scholastic theologian,

whether ancient or modern. Fortunately, however, it happens that this fundamental error is not so mischievous as it might be; as it is not on the system of ethical doctrine, that the doctor's argument professes to be properly founded, but on the phenomena and the laws of actual human nature. But how much more majestic might these phenomena and laws have been set forth, had they been contemplated in the Divine humanity, and surely in a theological work this might have been expected. But the days are yet to come when this point shall be fully revealed objectively by being experienced subjectively. We hope that the time hastens; for the world is in travail with vehement desire.

Setting aside all dogmatas therefore, and dealing only (and rightly) with the constitution of man's spirit, Dr. Chalmers comes to the great psychological fact, of homage rendered by human nature to the supremacy of conscience. The whole of this chapter, based upon this correct principle, is admirable alike in conception and execution. The chapter on the pleasure of virtuous and misery of vicious affections, is equally excellent, shewing that neither the pleasure nor the misery is selfish, but that the affections in the first instance have only regard to their object, and the pleasure is a constitutional accompaniment. "This is well illustrated by the appetite of hunger, of which it were more proper to say that it seeks for food, than that it seeks for the pleasure which there is in eating the food. The food is the object; the pleasure is the accompaniment. We do not here speak of the distinct and secondary pleasure which there is in the taste of food, but of that other pleasure which strictly and properly attaches to the gratification of the appetite of hunger. This is the pleasure or relief which accompanies the act of eating; while the ultimate object, the object in which the appetite rests and terminates is the food itself. The same is true of all our special affections."

Dr. Chalmers grounds his third general argument on *the power and operation of habit*; after which he enters on the grand question—*the general adaptation of external nature to the moral constitution of man;* which he treats in reference to such three arguments. It is such as to furnish full exercise for the conscience, being a "richly furnished gymnasium," expressly contrived for the purpose. It possesses the power, by means of our fellow-men, to revive with a touch or a tone the remembrance of buried years, and to affright us with the spectres of past guilt—to impress us with new traits of character—new views of things, which yet are confessed immediately as truths by the recipient—to restore a sense of the existence of conscience, at some period of great emergency, to a mind which had become lethargic to its influences—to prevent, also as well as to punish crime. Such is the pleasure which attends acts done according to the dictates of conscience, that we feel "that the bliss of paradise would be almost fully realised upon earth, were but the moral graces and charities of paradise firmly established there, and in full operation." There were "in a state of society thus constituted and thus harmonised, the palpable evidence of a nature so framed, that the happiness of the world and the righteousness of the world kept pace the one with the other." This statement is followed by a digression on the state of our poor-laws, on which Dr. Chalmers's opinions are well known and appreciated by our readers—one word will suffice to set the point at rest—the doctor's plan may suit a future, but certainly does not suit the present time. It requires, as an indispensable condition, that "the wealthy should be as generous as they ought in their doings, and that the poor be as moderate as they ought in their expectations and desires." If that time should ever arrive, then are we willing to admit that "that problem which has so long baffled the politicians and economists of England will find its own spontaneous, while, at the same time, its best adjustment." Certainly it will—but not till then—and when will be that *then?* In such a state of society, no laws will be required, neither poor nor otherwise; but until that blessed millennium arrive, we opine that law must substitute the benevolence of the rich, and the moderation of the poor. Indeed one would think, from the doctor's book, and, verily, from all these treatises, that evil had no existence in nature—human, or purely physical—that in nature there was no oppugnancy to spirit or grace—all is so exquisitely and neatly adapted to our physical, moral, and intellectual constitution. Such optimism is absurd; it is at

variance with every man's experience, and with the express declarations of Scripture. The writers, one and all, so far as they go, are demonstrating "a happy *life* in the regions of *death*," for what is all nature but a "body of death"—a great body of corruption, tending, however, to a new generation —a death unto life, but still a death—a new birth unto righteousness, but still a birth, and accompanied with birth-throes? "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." These are grievous omissions and deficiencies in theological treatises such as these. Surely an argument might be erected for the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, from the very existence of evil itself, setting forth its final cause, in which must be sought the true ground of its efficient origin, and which will sufficiently vindicate the ways of Providence to man, up to that transcendental point, the solution of which is out of the region of human capacity, and therefore no subject of human argumentation.

It is with pain that we find any fault with works so well intended, and in other respects so well executed, as these; but we must say, that a bequest so magnificent should have been more adequately applied. We mean not to say, that the existence of evil is not recognised,—but no argument is raised from it; the adaptability of physical nature to virtuous ends in us is not set forth as the result of a struggle between nature and grace; and the uses of the evil experienced by mortals are not made plain either to the consciousness or the conscience of readers, as corrective of improper tendencies, as forcible and right oppositions to wrong directions, suggesting to the patient the propriety of retracing his steps, and seeking a better path in future. Dr. Chalmers recognises a sort of natural tendency in society to correct sentiments and rules of conduct. "All the ostensible countenance and exertion in the cause of learning, whether by governments or associations, is on the side of virtue; while no man could dare to front the public eye with a scheme of discipleship in the lessons whether of fraud or profligacy." Alas! this is not the natural tendency of things, but this is the *spiritual* con-[illegible] which the grace of God has obtained over the natural tendency, and which grace is set forth in the institution of government and associations. This spiritual grace is nevertheless much counteracted in the very persons of the individuals themselves, who are invested with the offices of government or the membership of associations. Holy and sacred are the offices and membership; evil and wicked too often are the bearers of office and honour. A wiser man than Dr. Chalmers, even Goethe, has given his personal testimony, and the evidence of his experience, to the facts in this matter. "Religion," says he, "morality, the laws, the influence of profession, habitual relations, and custom; all these things rule the surface only of society. In a town, the streets embellished with fine houses are kept carefully clean; every one behaves in them with tolerable decency. But penetrate into the interior, and you will often find in them a disorder, which seems the more disgusting from the neatness that prevails without. A dazzling stucco on the outside scarcely conceals walls that are ready to fall in ruins. At length, some night down they come, with a crash which seems the more terrible, on account of the tranquil repose amidst which it suddenly happens. How many families, more or less connected with me, have I already seen either precipitated into the abyss, or with difficulty preserving themselves on the brink of the precipice, towards which they have been hurried by bankruptcies, divorces, rapes, robberies, murders."

This paper we find is extending to too great a length; and as other treatises remain to be published, which we shall think it doubtless our duty to examine, the necessity will be then imposed upon us of taking up the remaining arguments of the volumes before us. It may be as well therefore to defer the further discussion till such occasion. We may not conclude, however, without repeating, that these eight treatises, cannot be taken as performing the design of the testator. A treatise adequately executed, concerning *the discoveries ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature*, with a theological reference, would serve, and is necessary, as a summing up of the whole matter in preceding treatises, and might be made to supply all omissions.

THE WHOLE WEST INDIAN QUESTION.

BY JOHN GALT.

To OLIVER YORKE, *Esq.*

SIR,

THERE is no topic now before the public so interesting as the West Indian question. Hitherto it has been discussed in piecemeal; we have had elaborate disquisitions concerning slavery, sedate essays on the value of the islands, and several very pertinent papers about the advantages of the West Indian trade to our shipping and manufacturing interests; but we have had no compendious view of the whole subject, and it is to that I crave your attention.

To understand the question properly, and for political and practical purposes, it is necessary to divide it into several heads; afterwards, to deduce from them a few inferences that may be useful to those who consider it morally, as well as to those who are interested in its pecuniary results. There is, indeed, a serious error existing in most minds with regard to this subject, and it can never be rightly understood until that error is removed. I allude to the mistake that has arisen from confounding our commercial intercourse with the West Indies, as part and parcel of the stake we have in the sugar colonies. I therefore mean to shew, that the commercial advantages which were derived from the West Indies constitute a different subject of consideration from that of the West Indian question, with which it is too common to blend it.

Before entering upon the general question, I will endeavour to shew that the state of the sugar colonies furnishes another distinct from it; and, as preliminary to what I have subsequently to say, I take the liberty of stating a fact, that the production of sugar makes the West Indian question different from all others, inasmuch as it may now be said, that new soils for the manufacture of the article have been brought into use; and from them a great change has been induced, independent of those considerations that make it at the present time so momentous.

I was many years ago led to investigate the history of sugar by a casual remark of the late Sir Joseph Bankes one morning at breakfast. He inquired if I had ever met with any remains of the sugar-cane in Sicily, mentioning, that it had been previously produced in the island of Crete. "But the sugar," said he, "manufactured in the latter island was more crystallised than ours, and was called, from the place where it was made, sugar of Candia, otherwise Candy sugar."

How far Sir Joseph was a correct antiquary in this statement, is not necessary to ascertain, but in the year 1148 considerable quantities of sugar were produced in the island of Sicily; also, about the same period, the Venetians traded with the Sicilian sugars to the ports of the ocean, as well as with the sugars of Egypt, and what was brought thither from India by the Red Sea. But I have met with no evidence to support the *Essai de l'Histoire du Commerce de Venise*, in which the writer says that the Saracens brought the sugar-cane from India to Sicily.

The ancient Greeks and Romans, says Dr. William Douglas, used honey only for sweetening; and Paulos Ægeneta, who calls the sugar-cane the cane of honey, says it came originally from China, by the East Indies and Arabia, into Europe. Salmatius says, however, that it had been used in Arabia nine hundred years before: it is certain, however, that sugar was only used in syrups and medicinal compositions when it was first introduced into the west of Europe.

Wooten, in his *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning*, thinks that the sugar-cane was not anciently unknown, as it was indigenous in Arabia and in Indostan; but so little was the old world acquainted with it, that some of the ablest men doubted whether it were a dew, like manna, or the juice of the plant itself. It is, however, certain, that raw sugar was used in Europe before the discovery of America.

Herrera observes, that sugar grew formerly in Valentia, in Spain, brought thither by the Moors, by whom it was transmitted to Grenada, afterwards to the Canary Islands, and, lastly, to the Spanish West Indies. About the year

1419, the Portuguese planted the island of Madeira with sugar-canes from Sicily; and Giovanni Batero, on the causes of the grandeur of cities, mentions the excellence of the sugar-cane of Madeira. From Madeira it was transported to the West Indies.

In 1503 two ships arrived at Campveer, laden with sugar from the Canary Isles.

The sugar-cane did not exist in America; but soon after it was transplanted from the Canaries to the Brazils. About that time the art of refining sugar was discovered by a Venetian, who made a large fortune by the discovery.

From the Brazils and the Canaries, sugar-canes were brought and planted in the island of Hispaniola; and at the same time sugar was brought from the Brazils into Europe. The commodity was then very dear, and only used on rare occasions: honey was the general ingredient for sweetening meats and drinks.

When sugar was first introduced into this country is doubtful; but in 1526 it was imported from St. Lucar, in Spain, by certain merchants of Bristol, who brought the article as it had been imported into St. Lucar from the Canary Islands.

In the year 1641, the sugar-cane was imported from the Brazils into Barbadoes; and as it was found to thrive there exceedingly, sugar-mills were established. A Colonel James Daax, who began the cultivation with about three hundred pounds, declared that he would never return to England till he had made ten thousand a-year; and a Colonel Thomas Modiford was still higher in his expectations.

From the island of Barbadoes the British slave-trade began. The first planters finding such immense profits, induced the merchants at home to send ships with assorted cargoes for the products of the islands; but they found it impossible to manage the cultivation of sugar in so hot a climate by white people. The example of the Portuguese gave birth to the negro slave-trade, and it flourished till abolished by act of parliament in our own time. In a pamphlet entitled *Trade Revived*, the slave-trade is spoken of as having, in 1659, given to many men of low degree vast fortunes; and that upwards of one hundred sail of ships yearly found employment at Barbadoes, by carrying goods and passengers (slaves) thither, and bringing thence other commodities, "whereby seamen are bred, our custom increased, our commodities vended, and many thousands employed therein, and in refining our sugar at home, which we formerly had from other countries."

In 1670, our sugar colonies began to draw the means of support from our North American colonies, particularly from New York, Pennsylvania, and the Jerseys. But it was not till 1685 that sugar was made subject to taxation here: like other merchandise, it previously paid a poundage.

In 1739, the importation of sugar from the West India islands was so great, that our colonial policy was relaxed towards them; and they were permitted to carry their sugars directly to any port of Europe south of Cape Finisterre, without coming to Great Britain. From that time the cultivation of sugar has continued to increase, insomuch that many are of opinion, that to the increase may be ascribed the distress of the West Indian proprietors.

From this historical sketch two important inferences may be drawn; first, that sugar has been, and is, a commodity always in quest, as it may be said, of a more congenial soil; and, secondly, that to the less-favoured parts of the world than those where it has been cultivated, it is necessarily an imported manufacture.

Upon these two inferences a serious question arises, which is,—Has sugar yet found its most advantageous location? Granted that it has, it must be allowed that the old countries in which the manufacture was earliest established have ceased to produce sugar, that it is no longer found in them, and that it is now entirely cultivated in tropical climates. In a word, it is in a migratory state, and the question to be solved is,—Are not the West Indies gradually feeling that exhaustion which Crete, and Sicily, and Valencia, and Grenada, and the Canaries, and Madeira, have all undergone. I do not say that the fact is so; but I solicit you to consider, whether some of the West Indian distress may not be owing to the soil having become impoverished. If this is the case, then it must follow, as a maxim in judicious policy, that the new sugar colonies should be preferable objects of attention to the government.

But, without endeavouring to ascertain the fact, it is matter of notoriety that the cultivation of a sugar estate is now much more expensive than it was formerly.

Whether the *vis* of the West Indian soil has been impaired by the cultivation of sugar, or that the soil applied to the same purpose in other parts is better, of course cannot be determined, however plausible my opinions on the subject might be; but attention should be directed to the subject. For governments, be it observed, are practical machines; and statesmen have no authority whatever for experimenting with theories, whether they regard trade or policy; but, among other grievances, the West Indian proprietors have much to complain of in this. It ought to have been ascertained, and it should be, how the case stands; and, considering how important it has been deemed to our national interests to give a preferable attention to those of the sugar colonies, it is not saying too much to assert, that the government should institute an investigation into the state of the West Indies with respect to soil; for it is kicking against the pricks to expect that any improvement in the circumstances of the West Indian proprietors can be effected, if the soil there begins to lessen in its productive power, or is inferior to that of other countries where sugar has been only recently cultivated.

Another point requires consideration, too much overlooked, and yet it solicits attention from the very surface of things; I allude to sugar not being sufficiently considered as a manufacture. The West Indians, if they now do the contrary, certainly, within the memory of no very ancient men, did consider sugar as a purely agricultural production. Under this misconception, men, nothing better than mere boilers of cane-juice, ranked themselves with the nobles and aristocracy of Europe. There may have been individuals to whom the observation does not apply; but the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of the West Indian interest is a notorious historical fact. They saw not that the trade in which they were engaged was *deduced* from a scourging production of the soil; and that, if there were no other causes in operation to limit its duration, it must have been limited, from that cause alone, sooner or later.

Of all the products of human ingenuity, the manufacture of sugar has been the slowest in improvements, and few and far between have its steps of progression been manifested. From time immemorial to the sugar manufactures of Candia, supposing Sir Joseph Bankes correct, no improvement, until that period, was discovered. The next stage was when sugar, about the year 1148, was cultivated in Sicily; for I suppose that it was not the crystallised sugar of Candia that was then there raised, but something resembling our Muscovado. From that period to 1503, no improvement is on record as having been accomplished in the manufacture; but in that year the Venetian discovery of the art of refining was undoubtedly a great step. Since then, however, no very important improvement has been made till very recently. Many alterations in the manipulation of the manufacture were no doubt tried, and some of them with great success; but, from the invention of the refining in 1503, down to a very recent period within our own time, nothing of a decisive improvement has been made. Even in our own time, the improvements effected have been rather as to the means of abridging time, or of saving expense in the manufacture of the article, than in the improvement of the article itself. I request particular attention to this point, because the improvement of the article is the only way by which the West Indian proprietors can overcome the decay arising from the exhaustion or inferiority of the soil of their estates.

It is true, that some attention has now been given to this subject by individuals. I understand that Dr. Ure, the chemist, of Glasgow, has been employed by Messrs. Reid, Irving, and Co., on a series of experiments, which have for their object the improvement of sugar; and I have heard, accidentally, that the same gentleman is, or about to be, employed in a course of similar experiments for government.

All this is very wise, and must be followed by beneficial results. How much may be effected, I can speak from my own knowledge with great certainty.

When in Canada, it was with me an object to ascertain what productions of the soil could be converted into articles of export; and, of course, maple sugar particularly attracted my attention. Throughout the country, as well as in

the United States, I completely ascertained, that the manufacture of the maple juice into sugar was, as may be believed, in a very low and crude state, and that no pains were taken at all to cultivate the tree for purposes of commerce.

When this fact was ascertained to perfect satisfaction, I sent home a tierce of maple sugar to be refined in London, where it underwent the process, and answered every expectation. A portion of the refined loaves was sent out to me, but only a small quantity arrived,* which I gave, as a curiosity, to the lieutenant-governor, in order to shew what resources were yet unopened for the trade of the province.

Satisfactory as this experiment proved, I did not stop; for it happened that, among the settlers at Guelph, was a person who had some knowledge of sugar-baking, and I employed him to try what he could do in boiling up the maple juice in a better manner than that in use in the country. In this, too, the result was beyond hope. The sugar which he made from the juice was *better* granulated than any West Indian sugar I ever saw; and in my younger years I saw enough of it to enable me to speak thus: it was of a bright golden yellow, not very fair, but the crystals were sparklingly formed: it presented in appearance something that may be likened to crushed topaz or amber.

Expecting to make that country my home, I laid out a farm to be in time my residence, on which I desired an avenue of maples to be planted. The gardener did not very strictly adhere to my orders, and as I saw the place but seldom, maples were not uniformly preferred to other trees; still it remains, I believe (if the expression may be used), a prospective monument of my intentions.

Nor have I since abandoned my maple inquiries and experiments, though my information has not of late been very voluminous. Bouchette mentions a fact, calculated to make the mouths water of the friends of humanity, and draw tears from the eyes of the West Indian interest; namely, that the seignory of St. Maurice, in Lower Canada, has produced no less than five hundred thousand pounds weight of maple sugar in a season: and I am informed that a person near the village of Cohambly has done what I was doing, namely, cultivated the maple for its sugar-yielding qualities.

Hitherto, nature has been, in this important work, only taken in her wildest state; but facts enough have been now ascertained to justify experiments of a more artificial kind. There can be no doubt, that quite as good sugar may be made from the maple in Canada as is produced from the cane by slave-labour in tropical climates, and in every respect as sweet and beautiful as Buonaparte's product of the beet-root.

But to return from this digression, which is introduced here for two purposes; first, to shew that means have been discovered in nature by which the necessity of cultivating the cane for sugar may be superseded; and that, although the West Indian distress may arise from the exhaustion of the soil, or the superior productive qualities of other countries, it is not to be hoped that these distresses can be more than temporarily alleviated, inasmuch as nature herself is opposed to the recovery of that interest; and, second, that it is only by improving the manufacture of the article that the power of nature is to be counteracted. The whole question, in fact, turns on this. If the cane produces a superior juice to other vegetable productions from which sugar is made — and I believe it does — it follows, that to keep up the superiority of cane-sugar is to improve the article. Unless this can be done, the decline of the West Indian interest is inevitable, and must terminate fatally. Until, indeed, this is fairly a-foot, it is the very *scoria* of the human mind to imagine, that by legislative relaxations of the whole system, abatements of duty, &c., any measure of effectual relief can be established.

* The vessel in which the loaves were sent happened to run out of refined sugar for the passengers; and the captain, in consequence, supplied himself from the loaves coming to me, and thought he would amply indemnify me by giving two loaves for one. Fortunately, the ship arrived before all was consumed, and about half of a loaf reached me. The most provoking thing in this business was, that plenty of other sugar was on board, by which my package might have been spared. I offer no comment.

The next point to be considered on this interesting subject is the slave-trade. Returning to the circumstance of the West Indies being the site of a manufacture, this momentous question admits of an easier solution than has been proposed, not founded on the general question, but upon the manner in which the West Indians may be indemnified for the liberation of their slaves; entitled, as they are, to compensation from this country.

If we consider sugar as a manufacture, and the growth of the cane as purely agricultural, a great difficulty is got rid of. In the corn countries of Europe the land is divided among tenantry, who either pay a rent for the use of the soil, or a compensation in lieu of rent out of the produce. No such thing exists like this in the sugar colonies. An estate there is wholly in the hands of the proprietor; he grows all the canes that are grown upon it, and he manufactures all the sugar that can be made from the canes. It thus happens, that upon a West Indian estate all the population consists of labourers, or, at least, all under the principal family; but it is not so with a corn-estate in the old countries, for the population in them consists of what may be described as detached groups: labourers are, no doubt, the basis of them all; but still, on every farm there is a separate group, working for their own advantage, and in which there is an epitome of those gradations into which society in the general world is subdivided. The inference, therefore, to be drawn is, that unless the sugar-estates can be assimilated in their economy to the corn-estates, there must always exist a difference that ought to be well considered.

The first point towards this assimilation is to detach the growing of the canes from the manufacturing of the sugar; or, perhaps, the postulatum will be more obvious if we say, the making of sugar should be considered as a manufacture, for which the raw materials may be derived from an open market; that is to say, the population upon the estates should be divided, one portion to be employed in the rural cultivation of the canes, &c., exactly as the peasantry are employed with us in the production of corn. They should then take their canes to market, and sell them there, in the same manner that our farmers sell their corn: the purchasers will be those engaged in the sugar-mills.

It has been suggested, that as the cane must be boiled immediately after it is cut, this proposal does not meet the case; but it should be recollected, that if the process of selling at market is not suitable, there can be no reason alleged why the crop may not be sold on the ground. It is known, that in many parts of Sicily and Spain this practice prevails with respect to the barilla crops; and there is no reason why it should not be introduced with the abolition of slavery.

By a division of the boiling-house negroes from the field negroes, which does not either appear operose or difficult, a great improvement would result to the condition of the West Indians. For example: it would not be necessary to consider the amount of their compensation for the value of their slaves, but rather with respect to the value of their lands. They may (supposing the slaves to approximate in intelligence to our peasantry) give up to them, as a tenantry, the land of their estates, on compensation for so doing by the anti-slave philanthropists of England, as justice requires, and allot to these *ci-devant* slaves farms, for which a rent shall be paid in certain prescribed quantities of cane; the growers to be free to sell their surplus in the market, or to any sugar manufacturers that may choose to deal with them. The quantity of canes may be thus secured for the manufacturers of sugar, and the pains and hazards which now arise from the whole population on a sugar-estate being dependent on the makers of sugar, would be avoided.

In venturing to offer this idea for consideration, I do not presume to say that it is susceptible of universal application; I only think that the tendency of things inclines towards such an arrangement: for if we look at the circumstances of the sugar-trade generally, we must acknowledge that there is now, in the state of commerce, many things which render it less and less profitable, and that there is no other mode of counteracting a physical effect but by moral means. A subdivision of labour claims the first consideration. Leaving all other topics out of view for a moment, it indisputably appears that, until we separate the making of sugar from the growing of canes, the West Indians are wearing out their strength

in an unavailing contest. But, instead of seeking to recover the bygone prosperity of the old system, they would shew more practical discernment in considering the expedients necessary for establishing a new system. A new one is inevitable — nature and knowledge require it; and it should be recollected, that ignorance can never be restored, though man may succeed for a time in banishing its adversary—civilisation.

But the West Indian question is embarrassed with another that has nothing whatever to do with the sugar-trade — I mean the commercial; and yet it is the common practice to huddle up and conglomerate the whole into one. I shall endeavour to shew that the commercial question is altogether different, and that, although the prosperity of the trade has faded in fellowship with the West Indian, a mere accident has made it so: it is to confound all logic to mix them up.

Besides the legitimate West Indian question, slaves, sugar, and their concomitants, the other (distinct, as I have stated it) has been made parcel of it in the public mind; I allude to the West Indian trade question, as distinct from that involved in the sugar colonies. I entreat attention to the distinction, for it is a vital one as to the West Indian question properly so called; and yet it is made use of as if they constituted one and the same.

It is a fact well known to every person at all acquainted with the subject, that, previous to the declaration of their independence by the Spanish colonies, we enjoyed a lucrative trade surreptitiously with them. Kingston in Jamaica, and Nassau in New Providence, may be considered as the two grand centres of this trade. No doubt, there were several other places engaged in it, but as I wish in this paper to speak of things within my own knowledge, I particularly mention Kingston and Nassau. The dry-good trade, as it was carried on to those ports, had nothing earthly to do with the supplies requisite for the islands; the cargoes sent thither were manifold more precious than the supplies for the plantations, and were generally assorted for the markets of the Spanish colonies. The ships employed in the West Indian trade carried out only plantation stores and necessaries for the negroes, bringing home the products of the estates. This was the true nature of the West Indian trade; but in that commercial intercourse which made the islands stepping-stones to an unsanctioned trade with the Spanish colonies, the case was entirely different. In that trade, as I have stated, the cargoes outwards were adapted to the taste and markets of the Spaniards, and the ships brought home, as return cargoes, any sort of plantation rags and remnants which they could glean after the ships of the regular trade were filled up.

Their outward cargoes were carried to Kingston, Nassau, and the other ports frequented by the Spaniards, where the cargoes were deposited in stores to supply the traders from the Spanish main. These traders generally bought the goods for hard cash, with which the storekeepers bought bills of exchange, sold by the commissariat, or by persons who had occasion to draw on England. This was the nucleus of the business; but, during the war, the storekeepers found it advantageous to make their remittances by purchasing prize goods.

This unrecognised trade was, while it lasted, very lucrative, and not only gave employment to many ships, but constituted no unimportant item in the West Indian trade, when it was supposed to be a legitimate part of it; it is now, however, almost entirely extinct; and of course those who were engaged in it, and have not yet transferred their establishments to the old Spanish colonies, unite in swelling the clamour, or, more properly, the outcry which the West Indians have raised by the pressure of causes with which that trade had nothing to do.

It happened, however, as it must be allowed, that the decline of the legitimate West Indian commerce was coeval with the decline of this trade: how it happened, ingenuity would be taxed in attempting to explain; but the decline of what may be called the dry-good trade had as little connexion with the decline of the West Indian trade, as the balderdash speechifications at the anti-slavery hobbleshows have to do with the independence of the Spanish colonies. The fact is, that as those colonies became independent, a direct trade with them grew up, and, in consequence, the trade with Kingston, Nassau, &c., withered and fell off. But it is not fair to consider this declension as forming any part of the

West Indian question; on the contrary, it cannot be doubted, that the direct trade between our manufacturers here and the consumers in the *ci-devant* Spanish colonies, is as great at this time as when it took the circuitous route described. Indeed, to understand the question properly, an account should be given of the value of our direct trade with Columbia, Mexico, &c.; and that value should be compared with the indirect trade carried on formerly by Kingston, Nassau, &c. This trade, no doubt, like all commerce, is subject to vicissitudes; but, at this moment, I am inclined to think, that by the balance between the two accounts a very large surplus would appear, as the effect of an open intercourse with the Spanish colonies; and be it observed, that the system which was formed long ago for the behoof of the West Indies, imposes shackles on this intercourse with the new Spanish states such as ought not to be allowed to remain; for by them a sacrifice of the interests of our manufacturers is made which should not in any judicious commercial policy be allowed. Upon this subject, the advocates of the free-trade system have shewn their incapacity as much, if not more, than on any other.

In making the latter remarks, I beg to be understood as being decidedly of opinion, that we have derived great commercial advantages from the independence of the Spanish colonies, and particularly by the transfer of the house of Braganza from Portugal to Brazil; thereby demonstrating, if the thing required any proof, that mankind, even in their pecuniary interests, acquire benefits from the diffusion of national liberty. I remember very well, and not without reason, what the sensation was in this country when Sir Home Popham took possession of the river Plate, and the impression that was produced by the attempt of the disgraced drill-sergeant Whitlocke to conquer the country. We are now in full possession of all the advantages which we then only dared to imagine we might acquire; but the subject has not been enough considered as it ought: I am happy, however, to state, that the enterprising merchants of Liverpool have begun to see it in a proper light; for it is not to be conceived possible, that their applications to procure the admission of Brazil sugars, as a return for our manufactures, will terminate the subject, even were their petition complacently granted to-morrow. That it will be ultimately granted, is highly probable; for we have hitherto carried on a trade with the Brazils and the Spanish colonies highly disadvantageous compared to what it might be, were our merchants permitted to bring every variety of raw materials in return for their manufactured goods.

But the admission of the Brazil sugars will, no doubt, be opposed by the West Indian interest; and, as far as vested rights can be allowed a preference over speculative anticipations, no doubt the West Indians have a claim to be heard. I put it, however, to the common sense of mankind, if there can be any right existing by which the West Indians may claim the preservation of an old and decaying system against the just and well-founded grounds set forth by the Liverpool merchants in their petition. In saying this, I am not sure but the case would be altered, if the West Indians were to shew themselves actuated by a desire to comply with what knowledge in its progress requires.

But the West Indians make a weakness in their case, by the pertinacity with which they adhere to what may be justly called an obsolete system. For a long time they derided the advocates for the abolition of the slave-trade, just as they do now the advocates for emancipation. Had there been among them any influential mind to see the tendency of the doctrines when first promulgated, instead of opposing them, they would have been taught to prepare for their taking effect; but they lent a deaf ear to all representations. Although it was as plain as the sun at noon-day, that when the slave-trade was abolished their interests would be impaired, they made no adequate preparation for that consequence; they acted after it precisely as they did before it, and now they begin to reap the fruits of their blind and obstinate indiscretion. The same thing will happen again when the emancipation is established; they are making no preparations for that event, and they will, when too late, rue the progress, as it may be said to be, of the rights of man. Let me not be here misunderstood: although I do speak with contempt of the mountebank artifices which are resorted to by the philanthropists to

inflame the public mind against negro slavery, I nevertheless think that it should be abolished; but as the nation was concerned in the original committal and upholding of the guilt, the nation should make compensation to the West Indians for their slaves, of their property in which, speaking with reference to the maxims of society, the philanthropists are by all possible means now endeavouring to rob them. It is needless to mince the matter, or to mitigate the terms; they are of a very delicate tint compared to the ignominious epithets which the philanthropists in their ravings have made use of in speaking of the West Indian proprietors.*

There may be here and there individual planters in the West Indies who do not come under the lash of animadversion; but I call on the body to prove that, in the course of more than thirty years, they have done any thing to meet the exigency which has now arrived. They have, no doubt, in concession to the charlatanry, as I think it is, of the philanthropists, perhaps done something to ameliorate the condition of their slaves, just as our country gentlemen consent to the imposition of an increase to the poor-rates, to improve the condition of the poor. But I confess myself one of those who think this fractional and farthing relief a thing little deserving of consideration; for I have been all along persuaded that the condition of the slaves in the West Indies, making the distinctions that I wish were more made between a rural and a manufacturing population, "better off," to use an homely Scottish phrase, than the cotters and rural labourers of England. Indeed, it seems an absurdity assumed by the philanthropists to suppose that the West Indian planters are less solicitous about the welfare of their negroes than farmers are here about their black cattle. Are not the negroes their property? and is it not insanity to suppose that they have less interest about the preservation of that property than of any other species? Before tampering with our sympathies, as the mawkish philanthropists do about the cruelty practised on slaves, they should prove to us that the West Indians have less regard for the welfare of their horses and oxen than Englishmen. The fact is, that the true merits of the case are studiously kept out of sight; the West Indians keep an interested surveillance over their slaves far greater than the landlords of England do over their tenantry, merely because the slaves constitute part of their wealth. But it does not suit the morbid misanthropy, as it may be denominated, of the philanthropists to take this view of the subject. When they propose the emancipation of the slaves, they should see that workhouses are building to receive the infirm negroes, and poor-rates in a process of collection to support those who will not work, like the thousands of vagabonds that suck the blood of the industrious in this country. However, this is not a place to express the abhorrence that must be felt by every right-thinking man who looks at the tricks, stratagems, and frauds, which the fanatics for emancipation, absolute and without compensation, practice on the good-natured Christians of this country.

But while I do not pretend to speak with a mealy mouth of the philanthropists, and the danger which they have stirred up against the West Indians, never to be allayed, I yet think the West Indians immensely to blame for the manner in which they have opposed, or rather have endeavoured to oppose, the ameliorations suggested by the diffusion of knowledge. They are, however, now awake to the clamour of their enemies, and are doing, when it is too late, what they ought to have done long ago.

But what are they doing to counteract the question which the Liverpool merchants engaged in the Brazil trade have now started against them? Here is a new and unsuspected mine sprung, and new enemies come into the field, who have a far better claim for what they ask than the long-faced philanthropists demand. They surely cannot but see that the Liverpool petition (I am not sure whether it is to Parliament or the Board of Trade) is stirring up a hornet's nest against them which will not be appeased. The Liverpool merchants engaged in the Brazil trade state, that they cannot get adequate returns for their merchandise, unless the importation of the Brazilian sugars is allowed. Do

* N.B. Since this was written, Government have consented to do "scrimp justice" in the business, by saddling the country with 20,000,000*l*. of debt for compensation. The anti-slavists should pay this.

the West Indians not see that thereby hangs a tale? If the merchants cannot get returns for their goods, they cannot pay the manufacturers, and it will not be denied, that the manufacturers, of Manchester and Glasgow for example, have quite as good a right to be paid for their articles as the manufacturers of Jamaica and the other West Indian islands. The West Indians, therefore, may oppose the Liverpool petition, but are they aware that the Liverpool merchants will enlist the manufacturers of the kingdom in their cause? and how will the West Indians oppose them? In short, every way possible in which the question can be viewed, it is manifest that the old system—the high and palmy state of the West Indians—is virtually no more; and they do not shew themselves acquainted with the history of mankind by their vain endeavours to cobble it up. Unless they resolve henceforth to begin a new system, there are adversaries rising on all sides against them, backed by nature, that cannot but accomplish their entire ruin, if they are not wise enough, by a timely compliance, to save a remnant.

How that remnant may be saved, it would be very presumptuous in me to think I could suggest, when so many much abler men are goaded by their interests to reflect upon it. But it is obvious, that the separation of the negroes employed in the mill from the field-negroes, is an indispensable preliminary. The field-negroes, instead of being considered as mere manufacturing labourers, must be regarded and established as a peasantry; they must receive the lands in trust for a rent, and the sugar manufacturer must buy the canes from them, and make what profit he can by boiling up, and, as I think, refining the juice. Some alteration of this sort is inevitable: every thing points to it; the very mad gestures of the philanthropists direct attention to it; nature in the present circumstances of the world calls for it; and philosophy says it must be done.

The next point of alteration which the West Indians have to consider is, how to get rid of the cost of maintaining their negroes. Neither do I offer any opinion upon this subject; but if the negroes are *reduced* into the state of peasantry, then the planters will not be obliged, in the nature of things, to provide for them; the negroes will be left to themselves: and all those supplies of herrings, and osnaburghs, and woollen cloths, and negro clothing, which at present constitute the outward-bound cargoes of the West Indian ships, and are provided at the cost of the proprietors of estates and slaves, must be converted into common merchandise, and sold in shops and stores to the negro peasantry: they will no longer be distributed from the plantation-houses to the slaves on the plantation as rations, and the negroes must be allowed to buy them at the shops and stores as freely as children are permitted to buy oranges and apples at stalls. When, however, I say this, I beg most distinctly to be understood as not suggesting any specific plan for the abrogation of the evil, but only as expressing my conviction that the West Indian trade to this complexion must come at last.

It is, however, thrashing the water, and raising bubbles, to offer any other plan to the consideration of the West Indians, than what shall have for its object the restoration of their drooping prosperity. If one had to deal with a body that could discern the forward tendency of things, the case would not be desperate: but we have to deal with those who are deaf and blind to this truth, and who think any abatement whatever of tax could do more for them than grant a temporary relief. What have the West Indians to do with the tax on sugar? it is not the West Indians who pay those duties, but the consumers of the sugar, for by the price of it they are remunerated for the advance they make, in the shape of duties. No doubt, the system of levying the duties is highly susceptible of improvement, and the existence of it reflects no honour on the intelligence of the government; but the details of that part of the subject involve no essential relief. The payers of the duty are the persons who pay the ultimate price, and all that respects the details of collection and the amount levied is mere manipulation.

One might have thought, that it would long ago have required no statement to convince them, that as the supply of sugar approximated to an equality with the demand, the consumption, without being diminished, would be slower in its increase. This is precisely the state in which it stands at the present moment: the demand for sugar in this country is nearly cloyed, but the means of supply are still enlarging; and the consequence is,

that the market for the supply is gradually becoming less necessitous, and the suppliers, by becoming more numerous, divide smaller profits. I do not say that the kingdom is saturated with sugar, but it is something not far short of it. It may be that old women, in different remote parts of the country, are content with three cups of tea when they could take four; but these are exceptions. The country generally cannot consume much more of the sugar made than it does. For sugar has become a necessary as much as any other; and, like salt, or water, or any other necessary, it has nearly obtained its maximum; the increase of the consumption is not greatly to be augmented by any reduction of the price. When an article, not a necessary, is reduced in duty, the consumption, by the reduction of the price, becomes increased; but it is not so with a necessary; you cannot increase the consumption beyond a certain limit, and to that limit, I am inclined to think, sugar very closely approaches. No man drinks more water by having the Thames at his door; no man uses more salt by having it free on the table before him. It is so with sugar. No man will put two knobs to sweeten his cup if one will be sufficient; no man eats more liquorish puddings and pies, after his appetite is satisfied, however sweet they may be: which remark brings us back to what I have already stated, namely, that it is not by increasing the manufacture of sugar, or even by lowering its price, that the West Indians can be benefited, but only by improving the article.

J. G.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL MARRIAGE.

There lived adjacent to my neighbourhood, not many years ago, a single—I might almost say also a singular—lady, whose name was Marion Naesmith.

What the singularity consisted of that I am disposed to attribute to this particular lady, it is not perhaps easy readily to certify. To the ordinary observer she was but one of the current coin of society, stamped with the common stamp, and bearing the usual image and superscription. To others, however, she did not appear common; and yet they knew not well why. The distinction, for one thing, lay, perhaps, in her not being very *current*, that is, not much *worn* in the world's ways, and involuntarily shewing it; for it was known that she kept more "to herself" than is usual for any unmarried lady to do, who was willing to use the appointed means, which, by the blessing of Providence, might be successful in providing her with a husband. Saving this tendency to seriousness and seclusion, however, and a certain proper and elevated way of speaking, I do not affirm that Marion Naesmith exhibited to the eyes of her compeers any thing that could be called particular. For looks, and so forth, she was allowed by her own sex to be "middling;" for accomplishments, rather better than middling—in some respects, fastidious; for sense, and high reasoning, and such sort of things, she was esteemed to be more like a man than a woman — as if she had more *in* her mind than she was willing should come *out*: and thus she only escaped being marked as a *blue*, by sometimes acting almost like a simpleton.

And yet this last word is not the one which ought to designate any characteristic of Marion Naesmith, whose very simplicity had a dignity in it of which she seemed herself unconscious; and whose strong and severe perception of propriety was a terror to silly ladies, yet seldom reaped the praises of those who did well. What, then, could be the reason, that with all these advantages — descended from a stock that, though reduced, was unexceptionable — and possessing an ascendancy in society wherever she went that seemed like magic, Miss Naesmith should have seen eight-and-twenty summers, without having entered into the holy bonds of wedlock? Fate, that generally orders this matter, was not here to blame; for it was known that she had declined "the dear proposal," or postponed "the auspicious event," more than once, and had therefore made herself responsible for her own future happiness. What, then, was the theory of this lady's conduct? what was the key to open the mystery of her character? It was something which common people do not understand; — in short, Marion Naesmith was troubled with philosophy!

I would not be understood, however, as offering to speak lightly of so serious a matter as the acceptance or rejection of a reasonable match; far less would it be becoming in me to call in question any system of feminine philosophy. In speaking of the lady I have named, all I mean to do is, to explain as I can what those reasonings were, which in her case tended naturally to the main point in a woman's life (namely, the question of marriage), how they arose, what were their first effects, and how the conclusions of her philosophy were illustrated by the event. All this I could wish to do; but as explanation is tedious, and reasoning is apt to fatigue, perhaps by hastening forward to the event itself we may be enabled to get sufficiently at the philosophy.

By the time that Miss Naesmith arrived at her nine-and-twentieth year, there came to live close by the neighbourhood where she lived a worthy and most respectable gentleman, whose name was Alfred Rhoding. Mr. Rhoding was a wealthy and well-connected bachelor, not more than ten years' older than Miss Naesmith; consequently, to have lived to this day, and run the gauntlet of marriageable girls and match-making friends, without having committed himself, was a feat which deserves no ordinary praise (or blame), particularly when, as it appears, his heart had received no wound, and he had acted solely from *the firmness of principle*. Like the lady we speak of, Mr. Rhoding had also deeply and seriously considered the question of marriage; for, like her, he was a philosopher in his way, though, like many more, he was not quite certain what philosophy meant. Nevertheless, he had his reasons for abstaining from marriage, as well as had Miss Naesmith; and although these might be of a somewhat opposite kind, they served him for sure guide-posts of conduct; which, propped by obstinacy, and defended by temperament, were more to be depended on, after all, than any known system of *philosophy*.

The chief reason which influenced the mind of Mr. Rhoding to abstain from matrimony, was one which must be confessed to be founded upon a sound and orthodox *principle*; namely, that women are troublesome, and given to contradiction, and that their nature is sometimes even to contradict themselves. Viewing this profound truth in all its bearings, therefore, he saw fully the danger that it involved to a man of his habits, should he give way to the ordinary prejudices of society, and commit his peace of mind to one of that sex, who were known to have troubled honest men in all time past; and who could not avoid vexing and perplexing the world by their very fascinations,—it being in their nature so to do. The next corner-stone of his reasoning was of a less metaphysical, and, as far as his experience went, a more practical kind. Having been informed early in life, that his fair round face and his large estate made him a desirable match, and that he ought therefore to be on his guard, he was on his guard accordingly. But marrying mothers and match-making aunts are insidious; and notwithstanding all his caution, Mr. Rhoding declared that he had narrowly escaped two actions for breach of promise of marriage: the one, merely for having asked one young lady to take wine with him at dinner; and the other, for giving a second a set down in his carriage one wet evening, after a ball. Under these circumstances, perhaps, his nervousness is to be excused; but be that as it may, the thought of these dangers had made him so habitually cautious, that now, at this time of life, to pass from the defensive and become himself an active verb in the troublesome conjugations of courtship, was naturally deemed by him a *moral* impossibility.

In these respective states of mind, Miss Naesmith and Mr. Rhoding happened to meet in society; and involuntarily shrunk from each other at first, as those often do who are destined afterwards to become man and wife. Seldom meeting on either side with unmarried persons of the opposite sex, it was this evident disregard, or rather avoidance of him, that, on Mr. Rhoding's part, caused him at first to consider Marion Naesmith with attention —then to draw towards her—next, to think of her in her absence — and, lastly, openly, if not anxiously, to seek her society.

There is a tendency to friendship in all mankind—there is particularly this tendency in persons of the opposite sex; and it is not long that any adopted *principle* can withstand the involuntary tendencies of nature. This profound reasoning applied now particularly well

to Miss Naesmith, for she *had* mind; and, what in her sex is better than mind, she had *feeling* and virtue. It was feeling that had made her resist marriage, from a just view of the common miseries of the world, and from that forethought into the risks of the marriage-state to one of her temperament, which is the produce of reflection on what is necessary to happiness, and the sure indication of a superior mind. What the deep conviction was which had kept Miss Naesmith unwedded until this day, will appear in the sequel. Though dreading marriage from the prospects it afforded, by any offers that had yet been made to her, she had not lived to her twenty-ninth year without feeling something of the helplessness and vacuity that a woman has to experience in single life. Accordingly, when she came to converse with Mr. Rhoding, her mind began to waver, and the principles of true philosophy seemed to change their direction. In all this there was something perhaps more than mere metaphysics, for Miss Naesmith was all but without fortune, and Mr. Rhoding had five thousand a-year.

On his part, the reasons why his philosophy began also to change were less complicated, and more easy of explanation. The *impelling principle* in human nature is some form of uneasiness, some present pain, which irritates the nerves or harasses the mind, and which must be removed at least by the effort to obtain some desired object. This, however, was not Mr. Rhoding's case, for having no desires that he could not readily gratify, he was never uneasy at all; unless, indeed, when he was put to trouble, and this he made it his constant study to avoid. What moved him, therefore, on the present occasion, was nothing that amounted to a passion or a desire; but merely the result of a certain process of reasoning, which he called philosophy: and that philosophy again was only in reality a transient spurt of languid ambition—an ambition to possess a clever wife, of which possession he had always had a sort of latent envy. This half-formed wish, however, he never before had thought of actually gratifying, from that instinctive horror which dull men have of talented women; nor could he on this occasion have in reality entertained the imagination, had the evident talent been accompanied with the ordinary adjuncts in the person of Miss Naesmith. But with her, the habit of keeping her intellect *under*, in the country society which fell in her way, together with the involuntary humility of mind that is sometimes acquired by self-contemplation, had so far chastened down Miss Naesmith's manners and mode of speaking, that he thought he could with her enjoy the gratification of shewing off a talented lady, without being put to personal trouble; or, at least, being subjected to that constant worry at home, and snubbing abroad, which is well known to be the *horreur* of a clever wife. He, accordingly, at length brought himself to make a business-like proposal, which Marion, after some consideration, did not think it proper to reject; or, rather, accepted even with joy, for reasons that shall be made more apparent in the sequel.

The excitements of a change so interesting as marriage, and the intoxication of jaunting and congratulations, for a time prevented both parties from taking a sober view of *the philosophy* of their new condition. This philosophy, however, came upon them both soon enough, particularly upon Mrs. Rhoding, who, unfortunately for herself, was of a nature to place much of her happiness upon the capacity and disposition of her husband, or of any being with whom she required constantly to associate. It was considerations of this kind, indeed, which had so long kept her from venturing into the wedded condition; and it was that sanguine view of untried things, so often in life causing us to deceive ourselves, that had led her to justify her present choice, by the specious reasonings of her peculiar philosophy. This self-deception had consisted chiefly in striving to admire Mr. Rhoding for qualities that were the opposite of her own; and although these qualities had hitherto in her own consciousness been the source of all her bliss, she forgot that fact in the no less certain conviction, that they had also been the source of all her wo. Though this state of mind is no rarity in the world, its causes and effects may in this case require some further explanation.

Feeling acutely those pains, which, in a nature originally exceedingly sensitive and sympathetic, had been brought out and sharpened by the observed misfortunes of her family, she almost envied

the disposition which was exempted from what she was persuaded at the moment to consider in the light of mere mental weakness—a weakness of which she was herself most painfully conscious. With all a woman's partiality, therefore, for the man who had done her the honour to offer her his hand, and the natural and involuntary respect with which a secluded female —or any one else—may be supposed to listen to the opinions of a man who had five thousand a-year, she drank in Mr. Rhoding's reasonings against the feelings she avowed with sincere admiration; and saw, for the time, in his very dulness, only reasonable and suitable command over himself; and, in the maxims prompted by his selfishness and insensibility, only sound common sense and manly strength of mind. Deceived also by her very candour and habitual watchfulness over herself into a suspicion of her own feelings, and all the views of human affairs of which they were the foundation, she suffered herself to be blamed for her most amiable thoughts, and humbly acknowledged the error of that which forms the chief source of all that is admirable in woman. Contemplating the advantages which Mr. Rhoding had over her in many respects, she saw how excellently these qualities of his would neutralise her own unfortunate sensibility. Thus, proposing to learn from him how to oppose to her unfortunate weakness the accredited maxims of the world, she saw in his very silence, and the self-complacent coolness with which he listened to tales of the trials of others, at which she was excited or disturbed—and which frequently came before them out of a distressed neighbourhood—proofs only of his superior sense, and even of his more rational humanity. Thus, all these seemed good reasons for this wise and philosophical marriage.

They had not been long united, however, when some things began to be forced upon her notice, which, instead of curing, seemed calculated to aggravate the very weakness of which she was conscious. These consisted, at first, only in occasional observations of the squire's, concerning various matters in transactions with his tenants and dependents, with which Mrs. Rhoding did not consider herself as having strictly aught to do. These brief and somewhat austere remarks ended occasionally, as she learned accidentally, in acts with reference to some of these persons, and also to the poor of his neighbourhood, which, if not amounting to absolute oppression, savoured of an insensibility to the distresses of his inferiors, which is not usually designated by the name of mere strength of mind. This discovery came upon Mrs. Rhoding like a clap of thunder, awakening her from the spell of excuse for, or rather admiration of, her husband, in the shape of a blight to her dearest feelings, and a sanctioning of those very weaknesses which it had been his great aim to teach her *philosophically* to repress. She now began to understand better her own character, and to suspect the virtue of those worldly reasonings which would stop the current of that generosity towards others, of which the misfortunes of her own family had taught her the value; and the exercise of which she felt to be the very hinge of her existence. Being, in fact, one of those high-minded but unfortunate persons, who, entering sympathetically into the feelings of the distressed, are always ready for any self-denial for the good of others, and constantly occupied with plans or exertions for the diminution of the sum of human suffering,—she had fancied, that while it was her duty to check her admitted weakness, that also, in consenting to this cold and philosophical marriage, she was actually enlarging her sphere of usefulness, and adding to her means of exercising a well-regulated benevolence. In proportion, therefore, as Mr. Rhoding, either as a magistrate or a private country gentleman, shewed himself insensible, obstinate, or rigorous, she being, from her known character, often appealed to by the unfortunate, her sensibility was put to the torture, by the spectacle of distresses which the circumstances of the times entailed upon his dependents, in cases where she found herself less able than ever to afford assistance; and where her occasional interference was answered by reasonings which she now saw to be an excuse only for the most selfish disregard of the feelings of others, and which served no other purpose but to pain her, by exhibiting the unhappy contrast between herself and her husband. In process of time, her own grateful pensioners (for even when comparatively poor herself, she had contrived to help the needy) were rudely driven, by the squire's order

from her gates; the hand of charity was closed against all; the cry of distress, even in a time of general depression, was never suffered to be lifted up near the portals of Norwood; and she found, with astonishment, that within the dull walls of her spacious mansion the tear of pity and the blessing of gratitude were equally unknown.

Not in these respects alone was Marion Naesmith made to feel the full measure of the disappointments of her new situation. From mere inanity of intellect, Mr. Rhoding was a resolutely domestic man; and two persons left much together soon come to find out each other's real character. Among the first things that chilled her grateful feelings towards her rich husband, was the light in which he soon began to view those intellectual accomplishments in which she had always taken so much pride, and which formed so large a portion of her domestic pleasures. Notwithstanding the complimentary cant used before marriage, the inability which the squire ultimately discovered to understand or relish those arts and elegancies, or to reciprocate in the slightest degree those simple pleasures, was among the first things that opened Mrs. Rhoding's eyes to his actual qualities, and to the true nature of what he had once persuaded her to designate by the respective names of weakness and strength of mind. Life has, in all situations, its moments of *ennui*, of sadness; but to amuse the stupid, to rouse the insensible, even long to endure the dismal vacuity of the society of a clod in human form, is of all slow punishments the most intolerable to an active intellect. Yet even dulness is not always harmless, else this life itself might have been suffered, although it was actually beginning to crush the spirit of its victim. The next thing that Mrs. Rhoding found was, that her own talent, in which the squire took pride before company, by throwing him contrastingly into the shade, began to excite his jealousy, and even to kindle by degrees more questionable feelings; and then dogged obstinacy came in aid of resolutions rashly formed in the irritation of spleen, to take away the little remnant of happiness or liberty which his insensibility had left her. On his part, the philosophy by which he had fancied himself governed before marriage was now as much disappointed by the event as hers could possibly be. Her elevated and intellectual employments eventually became his annoyances, her talents a bore; and her so-called weaknesses, in reference to a sentiment of which he could form no conception, were visited by constant and even rude opposition. This went on until contradiction of his wife became additional rigour against those whose cause she ventured to advocate; and his hatred of charity, which commits the monstrous anomaly of "giving for nothing," began ultimately to shew symptoms of degenerating into miserly avarice or ungentlemanly penuriousness. These rapid changes in a character hitherto merely negative, or resistingly cautious, Mrs. Rhoding witnessed with despairing astonishment: in vain she tried both patience and remonstrance. A twelvemonth had not passed since their marriage, ere the wealthy and envied lady of Norwood Hall, as she brooded silently in her great dull mansion, or sat melancholy in her carriage beside her dogged husband, found herself truly an unhappy woman.

Here, then, came the test of all her philosophy. It is only by experience of new circumstances that we get acquainted with our own characters, and what is necessary for our proper happiness. She now saw that the *sympathy* of some human being with her intellectual tastes, her enjoyments, and her occupations, was necessary to make her know the true meaning of the word society, without which she could not live. Before her marriage, she *had* this sympathy from many quarters, even in the casual intercourse of the world; and she had many, many, though humble, opportunities of giving and receiving the *bienséances* of life. Now, from all such opportunities she was totally excluded; for the dull formalities of her husband's household precluded the possibility of any social enjoyments that did not depend almost exclusively on himself; and these interchanges of all that to her made life interesting, he was incapable of affording. Yet her lot was cast, and now she must submit to it; and, though it was long before she would give up her first philosophy, or allow respect for her husband to give way to painful truth, every day's experience more fully shewed her the misery of

sensibility being coupled with insensibility, and of activity and talent being tied to irreclaimable dulness.

It were tedious to tell how the effect of these contrarieties were aggravated by degrees on her part, to unconscious dislike mingled with terror; and on his to sour watchfulness, opposition, and tyranny. She dared not praise an acquaintance but he took dislike to them; she dared not advocate an opinion but he would contradict her, even before company. She dared not visit a friend but he would suspect her of some plan or mission of charity, which he said was her besetting weakness, and which, therefore, upon *principle*, he was determined to oppose. Thus, without any positive ill-intention on his part, he contrived to render his wife so miserable (they having no children, and all her little labours of love and benevolence being by his order put a stop to), that she took long fits of nervousness and despondency, which became absolutely alarming for the state of her intellects. It was about this time that her mind was disturbed by the following incident.

She was sitting one day at her window, calling back several recollections of her juvenile days, and thinking in particular of a humble young woman, of whom she had heard nothing for several years. This female was the grand-daughter of a very old servant of her father's,—had been, when a girl, particularly interesting, and had rendered some services to herself long ago, of which she had a painful recollection of unrepaid gratitude. Hannah Layall had been married some time before to a handsome but rather forward-spirited young man; and she now remembered, with regret, that she had intended to send Hannah a small marriage present; but some circumstance connected with Mr. Rhoding's will had intervened at the time to make it somehow inconvenient. She wondered within herself what had become of old Robert Layall, the young woman's grandfather, if still alive; and adverted with deep anxiety to the circumstance, that her yearly present of five pounds, which she had given to the old man since her own father's death, Mr. Rhoding, soon after their marriage, had persuaded her to withhold. While occupied in devising some way of at least inquiring concerning her little favourite Hannah, the servant entered, announcing a person from the village as waiting below with a request to see her. She at once rose, and descended to meet the stranger.

By his habit, he appeared to be a respectable tradesman. He said he came, bringing one of those unpleasant requests with which persons of fortune were always liable to be troubled; but as the present was on behalf of one (at least in the person of his wife) of whom, and her forefathers, the lady had in former years taken some notice, he trusted she would feel a happiness in attending to the petition. He stated, that Robert Raydall, the husband of Hannah Layall, having met with a misfortune both in person and property, by the falling of great part of his house during a storm, which threatened to have a most serious effect upon his prospects, those who knew him were willing to make up the loss, if the squire would be pleased to put his name at the head of the subscription.

The lady looked confused, on hearing the nature of the request; but, determined to make a bold push for her old favourite, she went into the library to speak to Mr. Rhoding.

He received her with one of those stern looks with which he was wont now to treat her, as if suspicious of the errand she had come upon. But when she stated the case, and laid the paper before him, his phlegmatic nature rose into absolute fury. He not only refused to do it, but opened out to her pretty fully that *philosophy* which formed the grounds of his reasons,—a philosophy which is so great a favourite with many political economists of our day, and upon which, as he was a man of *principle*, he was determined to act in reference to this, and all similar cases. He said, that what was foolishly called charity,—that is, giving away money without value received,—was merely a "bounty on the improvidence of the poor," by the encouragement of marriages which were overwhelming the country with a "superabundant population." That as it was a clear case, that the more you gave, the more claimants there would be on your bounty, it being the nature of the needy to "swarm after a charity purse," if such false benevolence were encouraged, no man could keep a shilling of his property; so the best way was to give *nothing*. Her arguments on

the other side he would not even listen to, saying, that he had heard them already a hundred times; and as to what she could do herself for the petitioner, she had too much experience of similar cases to place her own name on the paper without his, which, besides incurring his serious displeasure, would make her appear to the world in invidious opposition to her own husband. To give away money clandestinely, without his privacy, as well as against his will, she felt in every case to be unworthy of her as a faithful wife; and thus she was obliged to return the paper to the messenger, with a total but shamefaced refusal.

"It is not the money, madam," said the messenger, astonished, "but the influence of the squire's name, that would do the business. But perhaps his honour has some objection to Robert Raydall's character?"

"Mr. Rhoding, at all events, does not think it right to comply with the request," said the lady, hardly knowing what she said. The man took the paper in silence. As he was leaving the room, she stopped him, and put into his hand a single guinea, simply saying, "that is from *me* to Mrs. Raydall."

Her feelings all day after this incident were oppressed and uneasy. She knew not well how to act. She felt an unhappy anxiety that she could not explain to herself, but it seemed almost like the humiliating consciousness of guilt. When it came on towards evening, there being no company at the mansion, taking her footman with her, she went to refresh herself by her usual solitary walk towards the outskirts of the village.

Having gone farther than common, it was darkening twilight ere she got back to the edge of the plantations of Norwood. As she came up, she perceived a female figure, as if waiting for her at the little gate. "Your pardon, madam," said a voice which she could not hear without painful feelings, for she knew it at once as that of Hannah Layall.

"Lady," said the female, with a look of melancholy excitement, "you'll excuse this boldness; but the time has been when I would not require to waylay you thus to see you, or to say what I now feel impelled to say. It was I, lady, who spurred on my husband to apply to the squire and you to-day; and you have not only refused — as no doubt you had a right — but the refusal has come against his character, in a way I little expected. If *we* are changed, madam, thank Heaven it is not so much as you seem to be since you have married this great and wealthy squire. But those who have most of this world's wealth have least feeling for others,— I see that. Yet, though we have met with a misfortune, we are not quite beggars, at least in the sense you suppose; and so, madam, I have come to return you your guinea."

"Hannah, you wrong me," said the lady; "I wish to serve you, but I cannot do what you request; and as for Mr. Rhoding, he has his reasons."

"Your good father, lady,— you'll pardon me,— was a differently situated gentleman from the squire of Norwood; but he never had *his reasons* for refusing to do a friendly action,— in short, for doing as you and your husband are doing. Is not his name about throughout the whole neighbourhood, for driving every unfortunate claimant from his gates? But I have no right to speak to you; and the rich can always find reasons for turning a deaf ear to the prayer of the destitute. And so adieu, madam; I have now discharged in your own ear the dying words of my poor grandfather, who bid me tell you, that he thanked you, with his last breath, for all the kindness you did for him *before* you became the lady of this wealthy squire."

Mrs. Rhoding stood rooted to the spot; and ere she was able to reply, the woman had made her curtsy, and was almost out of sight down the lane, leaving her standing with the guinea, which she had unconsciously taken, and which she now felt cold and heavy between her fingers. The whole circumstances now passed in rapid review before her mind. She had scarcely strength left to return to the mansion.

Time went on, however, and her happiness and power in her own house seemed to diminish every hour. One day she sat at her window, thinking regretfully over former days, and looking with a melancholy sadness over the broad lands and rich park of Norwood, of which she had so little real enjoyment—she not even having the power of relieving the wants of others to the extent of scarcely a single guinea, consistent with her duty as a wife, and the honour of her husband—when she

observed a stranger pacing backwards and forwards at the end of the mansion. The stranger was a young man with a handsome but pale face, a quick restless eye, and his arm in a sling, who moved about rapidly, as if under the influence of some painful excitement. A sudden curiosity shot through her mind as to who this stranger could be; but from the number of persons who came on country business to the squire, she concluded he was only one of these; and knowing Mr. Rhoding's temper, she with habitual self-denial abstained from making any inquiry. It was not long, however, after the youth had disappeared, until her curiosity was too well satisfied.

"Here is a business that you have brought upon me!" said the squire, entering in a fury: "this is the fruits of *your* charitable name, madam, to bring the whole country upon me with endless applications. Here is this Mr. Raydall himself come to me again, who, it seems, has met with some new misfortune, and, on the strength of old charities between you and his wife, has got the curate of the parish to back him, and so I am to be worried with his affairs. And when I told him my sentiments plainly, and that I could do nothing, the fellow presumed to argue with me about the duties of the wealthy, and the feelings of humanity, and so forth, until his language became openly and downright insulting. This is the fruits of benevolence, madam! By Heavens! I have a mind to have the rascal committed for his insolent language."

"Oh, sir! consider your own good name at least," cried Mrs. Rhoding, "and do not by persecution, for the natural sentiments of human nature, drive a distressed man reckless, and turn misfortune even into criminality."

"I shall not require to do that," said the squire coolly, "for, if I can augur any thing from words and looks, this man will not be long out of a prison. But he never would have troubled me if it had not been for your encouragement, Mrs. Rhoding." And saying this the squire flounced out of the room.

"There must be something dreadful happened to Hannah Layall's husband, when he has come here after what passed," said the lady; and determining that nothing should prevent her from rendering them assistance, she sought an opportunity next day to go to her lawyer, to raise some money for them herself. Suspecting her intention, the squire threw every obstacle in her way, at the same time ridiculing her imprudent *weakness*; until several days having passed over before she obtained the money, she learned that Raydall and his wife and child had left that part of the country.

Her mind after this fell into so unhappy a state, that the squire, becoming alarmed, at length resorted to company-keeping, and even to unwonted amusements, on purpose to arouse her. But all would not do; for every effort of her own strength could not banish the abiding persuasion that she had acted undutifully towards the Raydalls in particular; and an involuntary apprehension haunted her thoughts, that some dreadful event might happen in consequence. At length change of air was recommended by the physicians, and she was carried to a distant part of England.

Here, living with a family whom she had known in her youth—although she would never discover the secret of her depression, and always guarded carefully the character of her husband—the amiable dispositions of those with whom she now associated greatly contributed to the amusement of her mind. The assizes being at hand in the adjacent town, created in the course of her visit an unusual bustle in the neighbourhood; and feeling a morbid anxiety upon the subject of crime and punishment, she expressed a desire to witness some of the expected trials. Her wish for some time was rather discouraged; but a trial of some interest being expected on the second day, accompanied by the ladies of the family she set out for the court-house.

It was with difficulty they could obtain places where they could see with convenience, for a trial was going on which had excited, not generally, but in certain quarters, the most intense interest. It was that of a young man, not known till lately in this part of the country, who stood charged with the fatal crime of forgery. The trial, when Mrs. Rhoding entered, was nearly over. The fact in the indictment was fully proven; and the counsel who acted for the unfortunate accused had little else to do but address the jury for the hopeless chance of commutation by banishment for the utmost sentence of the law.

When Mrs. Rhoding learned, in brief whispers from a bystander, the outline of the case, she was seized with a sudden and nervous interest in the fate of the prisoner. Though nearly a stranger, he had received the highest character for honourable dealing from several respectable individuals, up to the day the forgery had been committed, which was upon a bill of exchange for a very small sum; and he was said to have been driven to the commission of the act by circumstances of peculiar hardship, in reference to a young and handsome wife, to whom he had not very long been married. In rising to address the jury on his behalf, the lawyer who had the charge of his unfortunate case seemed absolutely agitated. Every eye was upon him; and the unusual silence that reigned in the court bore, in its deep and hollow murmur, a fearful ominousness of death. The counsel was an old man; and he said he did not stand up there to make any remarks on the laws of his country, that awarded to certain crimes certain punishments; but to say a few words on the history of a case, as singular as it was unfortunate. "The prisoner at the bar," he said, "was no hardened culprit, of whom it was the interest of society to get rid by the transport-ship or the gibbet; but an honest man's son, and a youth well brought up, who had begun life with as fair intentions, if not with as good hopes, as most of those he had the honour of addressing. But one of those accidental misfortunes, to which all are liable, overtaking him shortly after he had united himself in marriage to an interesting young woman, threw him suddenly into circumstances of humiliating perplexity. And here, gentlemen of the jury," he continued, "I am obliged to advert to a melancholy fact, the undoubted cause of much crime and misery in this Christian country, namely, the increasing influence of the selfish maxims of trade over all society; and the obvious decline of *private* charity and *personal* benevolence—I might almost say even of proper friendship. It is not for me to discuss now those doctrines, which, erected by some into a system called philosophy, tends to stifle in the bosom the few charities of nature which civilisation has left us, and to render us Christians more deaf to the cry of our neighbour's distress than the wild savage of the wilderness; but this I know, that of the truth of what I now state the prisoner about to be condemned to an ignominious death is a most painful example.

"When the misfortune I allude to first overtook him, some friends were ready to lend him a helping hand, at least if he could have got the squire of his neighbourhood, or some such influential person, to aid his cause and set the example. The squire was applied to, under circumstances which would have moved any common feelings. But—will you believe it, gentlemen?—this person, enjoying an estate of at least three thousand a-year more than he usually spent, refused the petition, and excused his unfeeling selfishness by the modern jargon of a bastard philosophy. Rich men are influential, and man is an imitative animal; so, in consequence of the squire's refusal, and the terms in which that refusal was communicated, the young man not only failed in his attempts to recover from his misfortune, but became liable to suspicions as to his actual character, that obliged him to fly from calamity to another part of the country. Upon different minds and temperaments, misfortune, we know, has different effects. Upon some men, the first deep insight into the unkindness of his species has the effect of driving the sufferer into a bitter recklessness of feeling, of which crime, under the pressure of distress, is the frequent consequence. You have now before you the brief history of this painful case, and the pecuniary forfeiture amounts, gentlemen, to *thirty pounds!* But revert to how this crime originated. Had the philosophic individual who refused to assist the prisoner in the time of his trouble, but put down out of his abundance even a sixth part of the sum for which the prisoner is now to forfeit his life—had he given little more than the trouble of his signature, as an example to the humane, and an influence to the imitative, the unfortunate prisoner would no doubt have been preserved from this terrible issue. But, for the sake of a mere fraction of a rich man's wealth—for the sake of a slight indication of common sympathy—an aspiring young man is driven by his own nature to crime—is lost to himself and to society—is cut off in his youth upon the gallows-tree—his young wife driven

distracted, as no doubt she will—and his children and her, for whom he did all this, cast as weeping beggars upon an uncharitable world. Hark, gentlemen, to that fearful groan, which comes from the bitter heart of the unfortunate at the bar, who is, as I may say, already doomed to die! I do not wish to stir up your minds—I do not wish to aggravate your feelings, —but before I would be that heartless man, who may be truly said to be the real worker of all this wo—before I would lay down my head upon my pillow with all this destruction and misery on my conscience, I would strip myself of twice more than this rich man has amassed, and I would become a beggar upon that world, where the needy and the helpless seem to be left no right to existence!"

What more he said could scarcely be heard, from the low tone into which the voice of the speaker had sunk, and the sobs of the ladies who crowded the gallery. One there was who shewed no signs of emotion; but, leaning forward on the rails with a face rigid as marble, kept her eyes fixed upon the dark curled head of the prisoner. Still she moved not while the verdict of guilty was recorded, and the faint and doubtful recommendation to mercy was delivered by the foreman of the jury. The black cap was put on the head of the judge, and the solemn sentence of death, pronounced with dreadful emotion, chilled every heart in the court. All this time the face of the prisoner could not be seen from where Mrs. Rhoding sat. When, however, the judge exhorting the condemned to prepare for death, the nature of the crime precluding any hope, the prisoner turned round a little, and she recognised, as she expected, the deadly haggard features of Robert Raydall.

A bustle now arose in the interior of the court, and a shriek rung in the ears of all present, that seemed to have a more terrible effect upon the unhappy prisoner than all that had passed before this instant. The shriek was repeated, as a woman carrying an infant now made herself visible to all; and her wild screams and loud exclamations at once roused Mrs. Rhoding from the stern rigidity into which her senses had fallen. "I see her now!" screamed Hannah Morris, fixing her wild gaze upon the unfortunate lady—"I see her now! There she is, my Robert's murderer, come to feast her eyes upon him as he is dragged to the gallows! There is Squire Naesmith's changed daughter, come to see me and mine driven to beggary and the gibbet! But I will haunt her!—my spirit will follow her and her cruel spouse, until—let me alone, I say—till I *curse* the murderer of my beloved husband!"

While the woman was screaming out these mad sentences, all eyes were turned upon Mrs. Rhoding. Rising from her seat, and stretching forth her arms over the gallery, she seemed as if striving to say something to the wife of the condemned. Once and again she tried to get utterance, but a choking gasp, twice repeated, was all the result of her efforts; until, fixing her eyes again on the prisoner with her former stony gaze, she fell back into the arms of those who surrounded her.

Amidst the excited confusion that now agitated the court and people, she was carried out into a neighbouring house, and the surgeon who attended said he found a faint flutter of pulsation at her heart. It proved only, however, to be that sort of quivering motion which accompanies the breaking or bursting of that delicate organ; and in a very few minutes the unhappy Mrs. Rhoding was pronounced to be no more.

It remains only to be told that, after great exertion, the sentence of Robert Raydall was commuted to banishment for life—that funds were raised which enabled his wife and children to follow him to his place of banishment—and that the squire, after the burial of his unfortunate lady, went abroad, because he was now so much disliked that he could scarcely be suffered at home. Though, however, he had witnessed all this misery, with true obstinacy he never was thoroughly convinced that he had not been all along in the right;—but the people of the neighbourhood still talk with deep regret of the lost virtues of Marion Naesmith, and of the sad consequences of her *philosophical* marriage.

LETTER TO EARL GREY ON THE MINISTERIAL CONSTRUCTION OF THE CORONATION OATH.

My Lord,

You are represented by the newspaper reports of the debates in the House of Lords, during the week ending on the 8th of June, as having stated, in reply to some observations of the Bishop of Exeter, that "the coronation oath was binding upon the king, not in his legislative, but in his executive capacity."

Had such a construction been advanced at any period of the history of England for the 250 years previous to that week, it would have been utterly impossible to bring forward the shadow of an argument derived from the non-execution of the executive powers of the crown, to justify, in the most remote degree, the view so given by you, the prime minister of the British empire. In that week, however, your lordship's colleague, Lord Althorp, (according to the same authority, the newspaper reports of the debates in the House of Commons), stated, that the executive powers of the crown had, by the direction of his Majesty's ministers, been interfered with and superseded; and that for the purpose of facilitating the spoliation of one portion of his Majesty's subjects, that portion was deprived, and justifiably deprived, of the advantages they might otherwise derive from the recognised laws of the land.

Now, my lord, taking it for granted that, though contrary to every maxim of sound reasoning, to fair induction, and historical proof, your lordship's "executive" construction of the coronation oath is the true one, how, I beg leave to ask, is the suspension of that "executive" construction, if the statement attributed to Lord Althorp be correct, to be reconciled with your lordship's speech in the House of Lords, viz. "That while ministers would not respect the meaning put upon the coronation oath by others, there was a sense in which they understood it, and for which they held themselves responsible"?

The Bishop of Exeter, in presenting a petition against the passing of the Irish Church Spoliation Bill, relied on the king's coronation oath, as an insuperable bar to his Majesty's giving the royal assent to any bill, the object of which was to diminish, if not destroy, the rights and privileges of the bishops and clergy, for whose sake that oath was framed. Your lordship's mode of meeting this argument of the Bishop of Exeter, was to deny that the oath restrained the king from any legislative act by which these rights and privileges might be weakened or destroyed; and that it had reference only to the duty imposed on the king, of never suffering any interference with those executive powers, to the use of which, it may be inferred from your lordship's speech, you think the clergy are entitled, for the purpose of asserting their rights.

Such is the ministerial construction of the coronation oath in the House of Lords; such are the inferences to be drawn from it; such is the statement made by a minister of the crown in reply to an advocate of the church complaining that the protecting hand of the law is about to be withdrawn from those who seek nothing more than the free and moderate use of the powers which it bestows.

"The church," says your lordship, "pleads, under the coronation oath, an exemption from the legislative power of the king, to which I deny that it is entitled." "The terms under which it pleads immunity from any legislative act, confer not any such protection: they give only to the bishops and the clergy the executive use of the laws that be." Admitting for a moment that the coronation oath gives no more; it follows, from the position laid down by your lordship, that, if the executive power be withdrawn, there is an infraction of the coronation oath, the blame of which must rest *somewhere*.

Now, my lord, let us examine how these matters are managed in the lower house, where your lordship's colleague, the noble chancellor of the exchequer, and a co-trusteee with your lordship and Lord Brougham in managing the regal power, gives us, if the newspaper accounts be correct, a commentary somewhat different with regard to the executive powers of the crown.

In the commons, the debate, in the course of which Lord Althorp's construction of the coronation oath is given, is opened, not by an advocate

of the church, but by one of its most vulgar, most corrupt, most ignorant, and therefore one of its most deadly foes. He rises to complain not, although he, too, is an opponent of the ministry, that the clergy of the established church are about to be deprived, by what Lord Grey calls a proceeding consistent with the fundamental principles of the constitution, of certain rights, properties, and privileges; but that they, the clergy of the established church, make use of legal means to enforce the legal rights which, it is admitted on all hands, that they possess!!! But the complaint is not confined to this; no, it is further alleged in aggravation, that the Irish branch of his Majesty's government is actually engaged in carrying into *boná fide* execution, a law, introduced by his Majesty's present ministers, during the reign of the king that now is, by the very same parliament to whose wisdom it seemed fit, at the dictation of the same ministers, to alter the constitution of the country, the provisions of which act can alone be carried into execution by his Majesty's government.

What, then, my lord, is the course taken by your noble, independent, honest, and spirited colleague, according to the authority of the newspaper reports? Do they represent Lord Althorp indignantly rebuking the audacity which dared to question the right of any of his Majesty's subjects to the protection of the law of the land? Do they present to our view your colleague repelling the abettor of plunder and spoliation with any portion of that spirit, with any approach to that tone of hostility, any mark of that bitterness with which you my lord, the prime minister of a Protestant king, thought it right to assail and insult a bishop of that church which placed the house of Brunswick upon the British throne, because that prelate had the boldness and the honesty to state a fact, however galling, to your face? Did the partner of your political views and opinions say one word of the necessity of holding sacred the "executive" functions to which, according to your own admission, the king is bound by his coronation oath?

No such thing. Nothing in this strain fell from the minister; he stood neither upon the law nor the constitution; he vouchsafed not a word on behalf of the "executive" duties of the crown, nor the integrity with which its servant should discharge them. Bending low, and in a bondsman's key, with "bated breath," he begged leave, very respecfully and very submissively, to avert the indignation and anger of the honourable member who had been pleased to take his Majesty's ministers to task for allowing the laws to operate in favour of a certain portion of his Majesty's subjects in Ireland, highly obnoxious to the honourable member and his priestly masters, by assuring the honourable member, and the house, that his Majesty's ministers had sent over orders to their subordinate agent, the Marquess of Anglesey, not to execute the law by which the property of the clergy was being recovered; and then went on further to say, that he, Lord Althorp, did not approve of the course that the Irish clergy were taking, in making the laws of the land subservient to their own use and advantage, &c. &c.

How are the mighty fallen!! where now, my lord, is the dignity, where now are the characteristic marks, where now are the distinguishing traits of *your order?* Alas, my lord! what a degraded position are you placed in when you, a British peer, the prime minister of the British empire, are obliged, in the person of your colleague, to crouch and cringe before an Irish agitator, and, abandoning both the legislative and executive construction of the coronation oath, in the teeth not only of the doctrines of your opponents, but in despite of your political dogmas, beg for mercy on the ground that the execution of one law is abandoned, while the use of others is rebuked!!!

Under what circumstances, my lord, has the operation of the Clergy Relief Act been suspended? Pray learn, if you are still ignorant. The papist landholders of Ireland, impressed with the idea that your lordship's government was friendly to the overthrow of the established church, and relieved by emancipation from the necessity of simulating an honesty they never possessed, commenced a resistance to the legal demands of the clergy: while that resistance was partial, your lordships colleague, Mr. Stanley, made his celebrated declaration; the opposition to church property became universal, and Mr. Stanley, if he did not extinguish tithes, did certainly, for a time at

least, extinguish the power of their owners to recover them. In the year 1832, when this opposition had been more or less in operation for three years, and universally so in the popish part of Ireland for one year, an act was passed for the purpose of enabling the Irish government to distribute the paltry pittance of 60,000*l.* among the clergy, taking in lieu the whole of the tithes of 1831, amounting to 600,000*l.* which the government was bound to collect, and deducting the 60,000*l.* advanced in the first instance, to hand over to the clergy their several proportions; and this sum of 60,000*l.* formed the chief, and, in many cases, the only means of support which the clergy possessed during the years 1830, 1831, 1832. At length, by the passing of an act which had become actually necessary for the protection of the lives, rents, and properties of the laity, as well as of the clergy, the latter found it practicable to recover some portion of the arrears, then amounting to more than a million, due to them; and the landholders of Ireland finding that the government, having no longer any parliamentary object in passively permitting the spoliation of the church, was repudiating the notion that it was friendly to its plunder, began to pay the arrears they owed, and, along with the rest, offered the tithes of 1831. That debt for 1831, really due to them, the clergy were actually obliged to refuse, and to explain, that having got a miserable fraction of it from government, they were obliged to consider it all a debt due not to them but to the crown, through whose hands alone they could now receive it: and now, my lord, what has been the conduct of your government towards the clergy — how have you administered for them the executive powers of the crown—what benefit are they deriving from your "executive" construction of the coronation oath?

Your lordship's government, under the faith of an act of parliament, which the clergy were told would be strictly put into force, has obtained a right to the recovery for the benefit of the clergy of a great portion of a whole year's income, 600,000*l.* on the advance of 60,000*l.* The clergy themselves cannot sue for that year's income, they have received a tenth part of it only, and the remaining nine parts they can only receive by the interposition of a law which the government alone can execute, and, strange to say, that government having obtained a right to the recovery of that year's income, under what must be called the false pretence of holding out to the clergy a hope which might be fairly taken as a certainty that it would be fully recovered and fairly paid over to them, now actually refuses to carry into effect what your lordship is pleased to say, under your construction of the coronation oath, is the sworn executive duty of the crown!!!

But, my lord, let me call your attention now to the conduct of your lordship's colleague, Lord Althorp, in condemning the use which the clergy have made of the laws which they can have recourse to, without looking to the government for initiating the necessary proceedings. It is brought as a charge against the clergy that they, in the interval which elapsed between the 1st of May 1833, and 8th of June, have had recourse to legal means to enforce the payment of the income which became due to them only a few days before. Now, my lord, admitting for a moment that it is necessary, under your lordship's administration, to enter into any apology or explanation why one body of his majesty's subjects enforces, in a legal manner, the payment of that property most wantonly and illegally withheld by another; I ask, has Lord Althorp looked at this question in its proper point of view? Is it the fact that the clergy are suing for the income due on the 1st of May last? Are there not, in fact, nine parts of one whole year 1831, still unpaid? No matter how much or how little government may have advanced, is not the whole due by the landholders? your government, my lord, has recovered it, or it has not: if it has recovered it, why has it not been paid to the clergy? if it be not recovered, according to your own interpretation of the sworn duty of the ministers of the crown, why should not the defaulters be made to pay? why should the clergy be forced to allow a year and half's income to be due to them? why should they alone, of all his majesty's subjects, be exposed to insults and privations? what means of relief has your condemning colleague devised for them? what protection, exemption, or immunity, has been vouchsafed to them? have *their* persons or *their* properties been protected from the operation of legal proceedings? has

any tax or impost been suspended in their favour? have the sheriffs received any directions to afford them any special privilege or protection? have their families, widows, or orphans, experienced any share of ministerial sympathy or protection? has the education of their children been provided for? have their life-insurances been maintained? have their past sufferings or future prospects been considered, except by the friendly taxing under the Church Reform Bill?

No, my lord, nothing has been done for them, and they are allowed to do nothing for themselves; and these are the men whom your sneaking colleague, truckling to the dregs of Irish representation, calls *imprudent;* while you suffer, what you allow to be the sworn duty of the crown, and therefore of its ministers, to be undischarged, because it would tend to relieve their miseries and their wants. I have now the honour, my lord, to declare your correspondent to be

ONE WHO HAS GREAT RESPECT FOR YOUR ORDER AND OFFICE—ONE WHO PITIES HIM WHO IS WEAK ENOUGH TO DISGRACE BOTH, OR EITHER—AND ONE WHO HOLDS IN SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT THOSE WHO ARE SLAVES ENOUGH TO BETRAY THEIR RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

ON NATIONAL ECONOMY.

No. VII.

"FREE TRADE"—COL. THOMPSON'S AND MR. BOOTH'S PAMPHLETS.

THE "Free Trade" question, though advocated by its partisans with the greatest zeal and pertinacity, has never yet received full justice at their hands. A clear and sufficient statement of the general principle, with illustrations of its working in particular instances, and a sufficient notice of the most popular objections to the theory, is yet a desideratum. We have felt the want of such a publication in the present case; for the question has been argued on so many different grounds, and to such different degrees of extent, that it is not easy to know the exact points to which our consideration should be directed. However, in this uncertainty, we have visited the head-quarters of the "Free Traders"—the office of the *Westminster Review,*—and there we received, as the standard publications on the question, two tracts,—one by Col. Thompson, entitled, *The Article on Free Trade, from the Westminster Review, No. XXIII.*, and the other, *The Substance of Mr. Henry Booth's Pamphlet on Free Trade as it affects the People.* To the consideration of these two little summaries, then, we shall now address ourselves.

The necessity of a close examination of the general argument for "Free Trade" is rendered the more apparent by the fact, admitted by its advocates themselves, that the system in its actual operation is felt, by every individual class which has experienced its pressure, to be the greatest possible evil with which they could be afflicted. Mr. Booth confesses that, while "the *general reasoner* is *satisfied* that the argument is incontrovertible," still "the *merchants and parties interested* are *dissatisfied* with the unavoidable conclusion."

Mrs. Hannah More introduces us, in one of her stories, to a very religious lady, who was ever bewailing her fallen human nature, and confessing herself to be a very great sinner; but who, nevertheless, was highly offended if charged with any one fault, and never failed indignantly to resent the imputation. She was a sinner in the gross, and a saint in detail—she was *all sin,* and yet had *no faults!* The "Free Trade" people reverse the absurdity; for their system is nothing but perfection in the gross, and nothing but deformity in detail. It throws into ruin and hopeless misery every separate class or interest with which it comes into contact; but then it promises, out of this individual suffering, to construct an aggregate of general happiness!

We are not, however, under any necessity of yielding to these attempted impositions. The fault must be our own, if we allow our vote to be extorted or seduced from us by the Free Trade party, without first subjecting their assumptions to the only unerring

test,—that of ascertained facts and recorded experience.

A desperate attempt is made, in the last number of the *Westminster Review*, to gain, most unlawfully, a step in advance. Constantly advocating the side of the "theorists," against that of the "practical men," the reviewer is annoyed to find how little value men in general attach to mere "abstract conclusions." He discovers, therefore, that it was a mistake to give this name to the speculations of his coadjutor, and that they ought rather to be called "universal," and not "abstract conclusions."

The attempt is manifestly a dishonest one. It aims at imposition. At present, when we hear of "abstract principles," we understand sufficiently that we are talking of mere speculations, and not of conclusions deduced from a sufficient examination of facts. But, could the reviewer succeed in his object, the result would be, a perpetual assumption, a continually reiterated taking-for-granted, of things *not proved*. Against this we altogether protest. If the reviewer would give the hue of honesty to his proposition, let him amend it thus:—"instead of "abstract conclusions," a term which he dislikes, let the speculations in question be called "conclusions, which, if true, are of general application." By this plan, no violation of truth will take place, nor any unfair advantage be gained.

The real difference between the "theorists" and the "practical men" is just this: the one class amuse themselves by laying down "axioms" and "principles" in their closets, either without any care about facts, or with a very imperfect knowledge of them; while the other party draw all their conclusions from actual experience; and expect the same results in the case before them which they have already beheld in many similar cases, in times past.

The "theorists" foretold, from the operation of their "Free Trade" schemes, a large increase of the wealth and prosperity of the country. The "practical men" foretold the reverse. What has been the result, after seven years' trial? Can the *Westminster Review* point us to a single branch of trade or manufacture which has been benefited by their nostrums? Can they point out any branch which has suffered under their infliction without great and serious injury?

But we must draw closer to the subject. The strength of the economists lies in keeping at a distance from facts; our strength, on the contrary, lies in a constant appeal to them. Let us take up, then, some individual case, and examine into the actual working of the "Free Trade" system.

The best point at which we can commence such an investigation is that of the *Silk Trade*. We select it because it was originally chosen by the Free Trade people themselves, as the best and fittest sphere for the trial and exemplification of their theory, and as a selected sample of that whole budget of commercial novelties which were to follow in their turn, and by which the trade and manufactures of the country were to be advanced to a state of prosperity, unequalled in its extent, and perpetual in its duration.

The silk manufactures of England had enjoyed, up to 1826, complete protection. The products of foreign looms were altogether prohibited. This was in direct opposition to every principle of the economists, and they accordingly proceeded, without hesitation, to demolish the system which had been followed for more than half a century, and to bring into operation their own theories in its room. The result has been to spread the most complete ruin, and the greatest possible amount of misery and wretchedness, over a population of more than half a million souls, who were previously enjoying the reward of their labour in a comfortable and respectable subsistence.

When we speak of this branch of our manufactures as *ruined*, we do not, of course, mean to deny that much silk is still wrought up in this country; but what we mean by so strong a term as "ruin," is this—that, generally speaking, the master-manufacturers are employing their capital without obtaining profit, and their workmen are giving their labour without gaining a subsistence. It may be, in fact it is, extensively the case, that the cruel necessity of their circumstances may compel each of these classes to continue treading this round of suffering, from which they would gladly escape; and that thus a large apparent remainder of the trade is seen still to exist, perplexing and deceiving the ill-informed bystander. A little inquiry, however, will soon shew him, that even this, which looks like a remnant of prosperity, is, in truth, a por-

tion, and a gloomy portion, of that general ruin and destruction of which we have been speaking.

That a vast amount of positive misery and destruction has taken place, is a fact which no one will have the hardihood to deny. Mr. Ballance states distinctly to the Committee of the House of Commons, that "in the spring of 1826, there were 167 manufacturers in Spitalfields, and in the spring of 1832 there were only 79; of the remainder, *sixty-seven had failed*, seventeen, who were men of capital, had retired from the trade." At Macclesfield, Mr. Brocklehurst states, that since 1826 "about forty have failed (being two-thirds of the whole) besides a great many in minor trades."

Still however, it has been said, that the trade, on the whole, cannot be bad or unprofitable, otherwise it would totally cease. The economists, who are always fond of abstract principles, perpetually harp upon this string, and demand to know how it is, that any man can be found to carry on a losing trade.

Several of the witnesses before the *Silk Committee* of 1832, were examined on this point. It is one of the common assumptions of the Economists, that "no one will carry on a losing business;" and therefore they always argue, from some general view of the amount of the raw material imported, or some similar data, that the trade must be in a prosperous condition. One of the greatest silk-manufacturers in the kingdom, Mr. Joseph Grout, was asked by that committee,—"Will any manufacturer continue to carry on a losing trade?" To which he replies,

"Not generally, I should think; but as we have above 100,000*l.* invested in buildings and machinery, which capital will be lost unless we continue to work, the committee will see, that we *have no alternative; we must go on.*"

And, on the point of quitting the trade, Mr. Brocklehurst observes,

"At the time when individuals wish to get out of a trade, they find *that* the moment, of all others, at which no one wishes to get into it."

There is no difficulty, then, in reconciling the fact, that much silk is still wrought up in Spitalfields and Macclesfield, with the assertion that, both as it respects the master and the workman, the trade is a *ruined* trade. As to the workmen, we may be quite sure that their fate is no better than that of their employers. In fact, it is worse. A master-manufacturer may be said to be ruined when he is reduced from opulence to a bare subsistence—when an income of 1000*l.* per annum is reduced to one of 100*l.* But still, even with the latter pittance, he has bread to eat, and clothes to wear, and knows not the misery of hearing the cry of his children for food. His workmen, however, are not so happy. Poverty, to them, is not merely "comparative," but often "superlative:" it is not the having *less*, but the having *nothing*. Listen to the following descriptions of the state of these unhappy wretches, and remember that they themselves are wholly innocent of having had the least share in producing the sufferings which they endure; but are the mere helpless victims of a series of wanton experiments, made by men who consider the starvation of tens of thousands of their industrious countrymen a small matter, if it may but conduce to the success of a darling theory.

Mr. Barrett Wadden, in the Silk Committee of last year, states:

"The great bulk of them, I believe, are thrown on their respective parishes; others of them, in my rambles through Spitalfields, I have seen, several of them standing at the corners of streets selling matches; some sell fruit when in season; others hawk fish; and some of them are, attended by their wretched families, with their hearts almost ready to break within them, trying to catch a penny from the passenger by imitating the song of joy. I have seen such a state of suffering, that I am afraid to trust my feelings to describe it."

Mr. Brocklehurst is asked:

"What might be the number of persons employed in the throwing mills of Macclesfield in 1824?" "*Ten thousand two hundred and twenty-nine.*"—"In 1828?" "*Five thousand two hundred and fifty-four.*"—"In 1831?" "*Three thousand seven hundred and sixty-two;* and at the commencement of this year (1832), only 3622!"

He adds:

"They are now reduced to a state of destitution, hundreds of them without a change of clothes, and in many instances without any thing like a bed left in their cottage, sleeping on straw, covered with the clothes worn during the day, and huddled together for the sake of warmth. Demoralisation of every kind has been the

result; and the once respectable and well-conducted artisan is now broken-hearted and reduced to pauperism,—two-thirds of the people being in want of the common conveniences and necessaries of life."

The rapid increase of pauperism and poor-rates is attested from every quarter. The official return from St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, exhibits a growth which is altogether appalling. It states that in 1821 the inmates of the workhouse were 498, and the out-door paupers 157. In 1832 the numbers were, in the workhouse, 1160; out-door paupers, 6218! The numbers in the house had only been a little more than doubled, the building being, doubtless, unable to admit more than the number stated, 1160. But the out-door poor had been multiplied forty-fold;—157 having grown into rather more than 6000. The whole increase is, from 655 in 1821, to 7378 in 1832! And this in a single parish.

In Macclesfield, a similar state of things is exhibited. Mr. Brocklehurst states that, in the years from 1821 to 1826, the average number of families receiving relief was fifty-six. In 1826, the trade having been thrown open, the number of pauper families had increased to three hundred and thirty-two; and in 1831 they amounted to *five hundred and eleven*,—having been multiplied nearly tenfold! And the burden on the parish having become thus severe, the paupers themselves are far worse treated. "In 1826," says Mr. B. "the allowance was calculated at 2*s*. per head per week, but it has latterly been reduced to 10*d*.; and in general they require the able part of the family to break stones, sweep the streets, draw coals, &c."

That immorality and crime should rapidly spread, is an obviously inevitable consequence of this state of things. Mr. Johnson is asked, how the discharged hands subsist? He replies, "Some on the poor-rate, others by begging, others by thieving, and many of the females by prostitution." Mr. Bennett says, "Pilfering is going on to a great extent." Mr. Sisson says, "The effects on the moral feelings of the country are very awful: numbers of young females who were turned out of bread, and had no possible means of getting any support, were obliged to turn to prostitution."

But a portion, it will be said, are still employed. They are; and it may almost be made a question whether their condition be better or worse than that of their discharged brethren. Mr. Joseph Grout's evidence gives us, at one view, both an insight into the enormous number of hands who must be out of employ, and also the miserable condition of those who are still retained, but whose wages have fallen from a sufficiency to a starvation level. This great manufacturer laid before the committee a table of the hands employed, and the average wages paid, in his establishment, during a period of ten years. From this table it appeared, that in 1825 he employed 3908 persons, at wages averaging 8*s*. 8½*d*. per week. In 1831, his hands were only 1871, and their average of weekly wages only 3*s*. 8½*d*. In the first year his payments for wages must have exceeded 88,000*l*.; in the latter, they barely reached 18,000*l*. Seventy thousand pounds, or nearly four-fifths of all their earnings, having been taken from the workmen employed by this single manufacturer.

A table of the amount paid for labour in the weaving department at Macclesfield was also put in. From this it appeared that the looms employed were, in 1825, 5214, at wages averaging 19*s*. 7*d*. per week. In 1832, only 3500 looms were employed, at wages averaging 9*s*. per week. The difference thus lost to the workmen was nearly 190,000*l*. a-year. The wages here stated at 9*s*. per week are the gross wages. The incidental expenses deducted from this will leave the weaver in the actual receipt of about 6*s*. per week, clear, for the support of his family.

But the economists will tell us that there are two views of every case; and he will remind us that the importation of silk into England in the year 1831 was nearly equal to the average of the years 1824-25, and greatly exceeded that of 1823.

The year 1823, however, and those preceding it, cannot with any justice be brought into comparison, the duties being then far higher than they have been since. The years 1824-5 may fairly be compared, and we find that the imports of raw silk in those two years averaged 3,637,969 lbs. We also find that the average of the last six years, during which foreign silks have been admitted, is 3,610,876; exhibiting a diminution of only about 27,000 lbs.

per annum. This, it has been said, proves that the complaints of the falling off and ruin of the trade must have been greatly exaggerated, even if they were not entirely fictitious.

Such a supposition is certainly warranted by the first glance at the above statement; but it vanishes the moment we come to examine the details of the case. In fact, we might be sure that something remained to be told. The accounts of silk imported might be relied on; but so might the official statements of the increase of poverty and pauperism. Clearly, therefore, something must remain to be stated, which should shew how large imports of raw silk were to be reconciled with a great diminution of employment among the workmen.

The difficulty is removed at once, when we examine the actual working of the trade. It then appears that the competition of the foreign manufacturer has fallen entirely upon the finer, richer, and more costly silks—upon those which give good employment to the workmen, and a fair profit to the master. Driven out of this branch, the English manufacturer has been forced to increase his make of coarser and cheaper silks; and by excessive competition in this branch, prices have been greatly lowered, and a vast weight of goods crowded upon the market; without, however, doing any good, either to master or workman. The one forces a low species of trade, at a profit which barely meets his trading expenses; the other is reduced from 18*s*. per week for moderate labour, to 6*s*. per week, for 16 hours' work per day.

These facts prove themselves in a variety of ways. We trace them first in the very facts adduced by the economists themselves, namely, in the imports of raw silk. It there appears that the import of Italian, or fine silk, which was, in 1824-5, 1,937,094 lbs. per annum, has fallen, on the average of the last six years, to 1,626,815 lbs. a reduction of 310,279 lbs. per annum; while Bengal, or coarse silk, on the other hand, which was imported, in 1824-5, to the amount of 1,705,875 lbs., has since increased, on the average of the last six years, to 1,983,910 lbs. Here we begin to see how the present system is really working.

A further light is thrown on this subject by the evidence of Mr. Ballance. That gentleman laid before the committee a statement of the quantity of silk worked up by one hundred looms, and the wages paid to the workmen, during a series of years, from 1821 to 1831. In 1821, for instance, that number of looms worked up 5964 lbs. of silk, and received 4803*l*. for wages. In 1831, the same number of looms worked up 7680 lbs. of silk, but received only 3490*l*. in wages. Competition was here producing its usual consequences. More goods, more work, but less wages. At once, then, we see why large imports of raw silk may still be going on, and yet a great portion of the weavers become paupers, and the rest be forced to work longer hours for half their former earnings.

In one word, those parts of the silk manufacture which were really valuable to us, as employing and rewarding talent and ingenuity, we have given to France, and nothing remains but the common drudgery of the lowest description of work, paid by wages which scarcely exceed the pauper's allowance. Mr. Barrett Wadden says: "I am personally acquainted with three houses which, prior to the opening of the ports, had between them nine hundred looms at work on figured goods; and those three houses now have not between them eighty looms." Meanwhile, Lyons, which in 1825 had not more than 25,000 looms, has now above 35,000; a clear fourth of which, at the very least, are employed wholly for the English market.

A gross and wicked falsehood, however, here comes into view, to which we must give a few minutes' attention. The "economists" pride themselves on being "citizens of the world;" and, assuredly, the love of their country is not one of those failings which can, with any safety, be laid to their charge. It is a favourite assumption with them—and Miss Martineau, we observe, in her last number, eagerly joins in the cry—that the only cause of the successful rivalry of the French silk manufacturers is to be found in the great superiority of their productions! We will not attempt to give utterance to the feelings of disgust which arise within us when we see a female—a *young female*—advocating the starvation of thousands of our countrymen; and advocating it by means of a barefaced falsehood!

The silks of France have driven our manufacturers out of the market: that

is the fact. The economists, who prophesied all manner of prosperity to our own industrious classes from a repeal of the prohibitory laws, now turn round and tell them, with impudent effrontery: "If you are driven out of the market, you have none but yourselves to thank for it;—you are inferior and bungling workmen, and it is no wonder that the superiority of the weavers of Lyons produces these effects."

This audacious assumption is false. The advantage obtained by the French manufacturer is easily accounted for on other grounds. It is *not true*, that silks are wrought in France of a *character* which cannot be rivalled in England; but it is true, that the finer description of goods are produced in Lyons *at a rate* which defies British competition. This is the simple truth; and it entirely alters the complexion of the case. Let not the *amiable* Harriet taunt her poor countrymen in Spitalfields with their inability to produce the article of sufficient fineness; let her rather speak the truth, and say, You cannot get the raw material at an equal rate, nor have you yet been taught the art of living, like the Lyons workman, on ten-pence a-day.

The freedom, in truth, of which the advocates of "Free Trade" are most fond, is that which enables the monied capitalist, the rich man, to encourage the highest degree of competition between the poor workmen. Competition between manufacturer and manufacturer at home will not content him; he has discovered that there are a number of poor wretches on the continent who have been inured to labour for a bit of black bread and a little water daily. He pants, therefore, to run these poor wretches against the English beef-fed, beer-drinking weaver; confident that he shall thereby soon be able to reduce the price of manufacturing labour in England to the level of that of France.

We have said, that the economists are eager to impute the loss of trade by the weavers of this country entirely to an inferiority of skill; we have also said that this assumption is wholly false. The true causes of this loss of trade are those to which we have already adverted; *first*, that the French have a home supply of the raw material, of which they wisely take care to prohibit the exportation; and, *secondly*, that the poor Lyons workman, unprotected by poor-laws, has been pressed down by his master—eager to gain, by underbidding, the English market—to all but absolute starvation. On this point we shall call a witness, which even the *Westminster Review* will not gainsay.

The *Morning Chronicle* of December 16, 1831, contained a letter from its favourite correspondent, O. P. Q., which described the state of the poor workmen of France in the following terms:

"Let us pay a visit to Lyons, and let us begin with the quarter of the silk-weavers, and commence with the ground-floor, proceeding to the fourth, fifth, and sixth *étages*. 'What do you earn, poor man?' 'Nothing, sir!' 'But when you are in full work, what do you earn?' '*Twenty-four sous a-day*, sir!' 'How do you expend this twenty-four sous a-day?' 'Why, that is nearly 440 francs per annum; of which 100 go for my lodgings; 100 for fuel, candle, or lamp (for I work by night, sir), and for clothes; and the remaining 240 francs support me in food and drink.' 'What! nine pounds twelve shillings per annum to support a man—a hard-working man, in food and drink for one year? It is only *sixpence halfpenny* a-day!'

"But let us go a story higher. There the husband is sick, and the wife labours to support him; she has a child at the breast, who draws its aliment from a bosom oppressed with care and with sorrow, and which never heaves but with pain and misery. Yet the wages are not so much; for, with all her zeal and care and affection, she cannot make so much of silk per day as her husband would do if he were to labour with or for her. One franc per day is all she has to live upon; and yet her husband must be nursed, her child fed with the milk of her bosom, and she must *labour from five in the morning until midnight, in order to gain this scanty, this wretched pittance!*"

Such is the statement of the *Morning Chronicle*, itself one of the greatest advocates of the "Free Trade" system. Its truth is warranted by the fact, that about the time this sketch was traced, a downright rebellion, arising from sheer starvation, broke out at Lyons. That the case is not exaggerated, is seen at a glance. The writer sketches only a single man, and a man with one child. The misery of the father of five or six children he does not attempt to portray, but the feelings of those who have hearts will supply the deficiency.

And it is against such a population that our silk-weavers are pitted. The game may be very profitable to Messrs. Todd and Morrison, very interesting to Dr. Bowring, and very amusing to Col. Thompson; but the poor silk-weavers may well say, "what is sport to you, gentlemen, is death to us." Messrs. Todd and Morrison, and Messrs. Leaf, may well drive a roaring trade, if silks can be afforded at 3*s.* per yard, instead of 5*s.* 6*s.* or 7*s.*; and they may strenuously resist any attempt to stop this ruinous competition—ruinous to the manufacturer, but gainful to them;—but the workman who is obliged to work at a shilling a-day, because the Lyons weaver, to undersell him, is made to work at ten-pence, may very naturally grow tired of the whole system.

Such, however, is the working of the Free Trade theory with respect to our silk manufacture. Evils of the most frightful and extensive description have been brought upon us; but for the counterbalancing benefits we may search in vain. Tens of thousands of industrious workmen thrown out of employ, and reduced to the verge of starvation; themselves and their families pauperised in myriads; their sons driven to thieving, their daughters to prostitution; while the masters, whose welfare is bound up with theirs, are rotting in prisons or perishing as exiles. And what have we on the other side of the account? Surely something is to be shewn, by the gain of which all these evils may be in some degree counterbalanced.

Silks are cheaper! We know not whether any other plea or set-off can be advanced; but this fact certainly is undeniable,—silk goods are of much lower price than formerly.

We look, however, in vain for the benefit or advantage of this change. Admit the fact, still, what have we gained by it? Granted, our wealthy ladies may save, perhaps, five pounds each per annum in the prices of their silk habiliments; granted, that our farmers' daughters, and even our cooks and housemaids, may now clothe themselves in sarsnet and *gros de Naples*,—still we seek in vain to discover any real advantage in all this change. Does it add to the happiness of the people? We doubt it. Is the mere gratification of the eye to be reckoned a substantial gain? Surely not. Then what have we to set off against the ruin of hundreds of masters, and the pauperism and destruction of tens of thousands of the workmen? Literally nothing!

But this brings us at once to the main principle of the "Free Traders," or, we should rather say, to their leading assumption. For, strange though it may seem, it is not the less true, that these gentlemen, while they claim to be considered the only reasoners, the only correct logicians on these topics, are nevertheless quite unable to proceed a step until they are first allowed to take for granted that which is the very foundation of their theory. They uniformly ask to be permitted to assume this; and well they may, for if this step be not conceded, it will never be gained. That which we are asked to believe *without proof*, could never be proved, if we were to wait till doomsday for the demonstration.

They will tell us, when we ask what countervailing advantage has been gained by the opening our ports to foreign silks—they will tell us, that the importation of the gauzes of Lyons *must have* caused an exportation of our own products to a similar amount. This quantum of exports they will assume to have been entirely new and additional, and they will argue that it must have given employment to English industry to that amount.

This, we have said, they will assume. We will quote their own words to that effect. Mr. Henry Booth says:

"The following axioms may be considered as established, and it would be a *waste of time to offer proof* of their truth and correctness. 1. If imports are prevented by prohibitory duties, exports are prevented to the same extent." P. 2.—2. "Importations from foreign nations *must* be paid for by the produce of the industry of this country, and therefore *must* afford employment to the labouring people." P. 7.

Col. Thompson argues, or rather begs the question, in a similar strain:

"When you buy a pair of French gloves, it is clear that they have been paid for in something. They must have been paid for either with goods of English produce, or with goods of some kind which have been brought from abroad with goods of English produce, or with bills," &c. "Here, then are, at all events, two shillings accounted for out of the three; *which are as fairly expended for the benefit of the British producers and manufacturers of some kind, as they would be if the gloves were bought*

from a British glove-maker, at the same price. They are paid for to the Frenchman, it may be, in Sheffield goods. But if the glove-maker procures a law that gloves shall not be brought from France, it is plain that Sheffield goods must stop. The glove-maker may gain employment and trade by the alteration, but it is equally plain that the Sheffield man must lose."

There is a convenience altogether inexpressible in this method of conducting an argument, namely, by inventing the facts as you have occasion for them. We should doubt if there be any proposition, either of the possible or impossible class, which might not, on this plan, be made to appear, not only just, but inevitable.

"If you will but consent to take your silks and gloves from France," say these writers, "it follows of necessity that France *must* take payment in Sheffield or Birmingham goods. To close your ports, therefore, against the products of Lyons, is just depriving your Sheffield workmen of exactly the same amount of employment."

We never meet with such statements as these, without feeling a strong desire to bring the parties using them to the test of a categorical examination. Could we but meet such an one in a court of law, or before any other tribunal possessing the power of sifting facts, we should beg to put some such question as this:—You state that the importation of French manufactures, on our part, of necessity causes an equal exportation of our own products in return; so that any considerable increase in our purchases from France must necessarily augment their purchases from us, and thus increase the employment given to certain classes of our manufacturers. Now, please to state the actual amounts of imports and exports between this country and France during the last few years.

Many of our readers, doubtless, are aware of the facts which must be elicited by this question; but those who are not acquainted with them will be astonished at their nature and extent. We cannot encumber our pages with any extended detail, but two or three brief statements will answer every purpose.

Our imports from, and exports to, France, for the years 1822, 1830, and 1832, were as follows:—

	Imports.	Exports.
1822 ...	878,273	1,185,961
1830 ...	2,328,484	667,349
1832 ...	3,056,154	892,009

Or, to state the facts more explicitly, in the year 1822, before the "Free Trade" theory had been brought to bear upon our commercial relations with France, our *imports* from that country were 878,273*l.*: and our *exports* in the same year, were, of British products, 346,811*l.*, and of colonial produce 839,151*l.*;—in all, 1,185,961*l.*

In 1830, our system was entirely changed. We had opened our markets to their silks, gloves, &c., and our *imports* had risen to 2,328,484*l.* Our *exports* to France, upon the assumptions of Messrs. Booth and Thompson, ought to have advanced in a similar proportion. Instead of which *they had actually declined!* In 1830, we *exported* to France, of home products 486,284*l.*, of colonial produce 181,065*l.*; or, in all, 667,349*l.*! So much for the *inevitable necessity* which, it was said, the French would feel, of taking our goods in return for their own!

Again, in 1832, our French *imports* had again advanced to 3,056,154*l.*; but the goods *exported* were still in the same unequal proportion, being, English, 635,927*l.*; colonial, 256,082*l.*; amounting together to 892,009*l.* Compared with 1822, we had *augmented* our purchases from France, from 878,000*l.* to 3,056,000*l.*, and France, meanwhile, had *reduced* her purchases from us, from about 1,200,000*l.* to less than 900,000*l.*. In 1822, France had to pay us, on the balance of the account, 300,000*l.*; in 1832, England had become the debtor, and stood bound to pay, on the year's transactions, *a cash balance of more than two millions sterling!*

What becomes, then, of all the confident assertions of the Free Trade people, that if you would but open your trade, and enlarge your imports, your exports *must* increase in a similar proportion. What becomes of Mr. Booth's first "axiom," to offer proof of which he held to be mere "waste of time,"—to wit, that "if imports are prevented by prohibitory duties, exports are prevented to the same extent." Here is the broad and simple fact, laughing to scorn all his "axioms,"—that when we *did* prevent the import of the silks of France, our exports to France were greater than they are now.

Still, however, these gentry are not silenced. When we point their attention to these facts, and remind them again and again that the French, while they are willing enough to sell us their

silks, are firm in their determination not to buy our cottons, they turn round with cool assurance, and ask, Whether we suppose that France is really so generous as to present us with her silks, without taking any thing in return!

In answer to this absurd inquiry, we beg to approach still closer to the actual facts of the case. Lyons alone sends us silks to the value of more than *a million per annum*. Of that fact the Free Traders themselves are well aware. We put it to them to answer their own question,—How do *they* suppose that the people of Lyons are paid? They will not surmise that they *give* us the goods—nor dare they say that they are paid by receiving English goods in return; for the whole exports of England into France do not amount to so large an annual sum. They will be at no loss to answer the question; in fact, there is but one way in which the Lyonese can receive payment, namely, in money. They are paid either in gold and silver, or in bills of exchange which transfer gold and silver. And this gold and silver is sent to keep the looms of Lyons in constant activity, while the weavers of Spitalfields and Macclesfield are starving and dying.

One more shift, however, remains to the logicians. Mr. Booth gives it to us in the following words:

"It is said they will take our gold and reject our manufactures. Be it so. The manufactures will then be exported *to fetch the gold*." P. 7.

We are not under the necessity of putting it as a *supposition*, that the French "*will* reject our manufactures and take our gold;"—we can speak of it as a *fact*. They *do* reject our manufactures and take our gold. But let us look at Mr. Booth's remedy in this case: "The manufactures will then be exported to fetch the gold."

Is this a practical way of treating the question? Can we imagine that a merchant is thus talking! He tells us of an exportation of our manufactures taking place, in order to fetch some gold to pay to the Lyonese for their silks! Did he ever hear of such a transaction? Does he imagine that any thing of this kind ever took place?

Our ports being opened to the silks of France, we become indebted to that country a million sterling for a twelvemonth's supply. Are we under any difficulty as to the means of paying it? Is there not already in the country a supply of gold and silver to at least thirty times this amount? What is the meaning, then, of "exporting our manufactures to fetch gold" wherewith to pay the French? What is it but a fiction, and a very foolish one? The gold is here, in our own possession, and needs not to be fetched. As to the consequences, and the wisdom, of this draining the country of the precious metals, in order to pay for manufactures which our own workmen could themselves produce—that is a distinct question, and one to which we may presently allude.

However, these people choose to assume that we are in want of gold wherewith to pay the French, and that, in order to "fetch it," we must "export some manufactures." Thus, having first invented a fictitious difficulty, he is equally ready with a fictitious remedy. We are to export some manufactures, and thereby fetch some gold.

But where are these manufactures to be sent, in order to get the gold. Into what corner of the globe do these theorists imagine it to be possible to bestow them, where the markets had not already been for years glutted to ruin with English goods. How, then, could these supposed "manufactures be *so* exported," as to be really useful in "fetching that gold" which is said to be needed to meet the French demand.

Is it not sickening to have to deal with such follies. First, we are told, "Open your ports,—take of France all the manufactures she can send you, —she *must* take your manufactures to a like amount in return."

The *fact*, however, turns out to be, that France, when you excluded her manufactures, purchased of you to the amount of 1,200,000*l*. a year. But when you admit, under the instigation of the Free Trade theorists, her silks and her gloves, she *diminishes*, instead of increasing, *her* demand for goods, and buys of you only to the extent of 900,000*l*. per annum.

Then we are told, "Well, but if you are reduced to the necessity of paying France in gold, still your manufactures must be exported to some other part of the world, in order to get the gold which must thus be paid to France."

Two fallacies are crowded into this one assumption:—1. There is no absolute necessity that we should send our goods to some foreign market in order to get the gold to pay to the Lyons silk-weavers, since we have here at home thirty or forty millions of the precious metals in circulation, a por-

tion of which can be abstracted and remitted to France. 2. But if it were necessary so to do, there is no part of the civilised globe which is not, at the present moment, fully supplied with our goods; and therefore the assumption, that we can with ease send a few millions more to some foreign market, dispose of them at once for gold, and with that gold pay our debt to France, is just one of those absurdities which are ever and anon vented by the "theorists," but which could never, in the very nature of things, be dreamt of by a "practical man."

One word, now, on a necessary result of all these schemes. Not only is there a vast amount of immediate mischief flowing directly from them, but there follows in their train a consequence which is not immediately apparent, but which is not the less serious or vital. The throwing out of employment a large proportion of our own industrious workmen is one evil, and it is open and full in view. But the reduction of the circulating medium of the country, by continual drafts upon it, to pay for these unnecessary importations, though it is not so obvious, and perhaps not so frightful an evil as the former, is yet far more serious in its real, though unperceived effects, than we are generally apt to imagine. The economists, with that grossness and audacity of folly which so especially distinguishes them, would fain appear to be altogether ignorant of the fact itself, as well as careless of its inevitable consequences. But this assumed ignorance must be a mere piece of deceit. Were it possible that they could really be what they would profess themselves, altogether unconscious that the necessary effect of their own system is materially to diminish the metallic circulation of the country,—were this blindness, we repeat, real,—then, indeed, it would be a loss of time and of self-respect to trouble ourselves or the public with any serious examination of their views. The people who could actually and deliberately overlook such a point as this, must be unfit for a book-keeper's place at a coach-office, to say nothing of seats at the Board of Trade, or voices in parliament.

Nevertheless, they constantly treat the subject as if this point were altogether [illegible] their view. Their un[illegible] is, Well, if you have to pa[illegible] in gold, you must expo[illegible] of your manufactures in order to fetch the gold;—as if it was out of their power to conceive of such a simple transaction as the payment of a million or two of gold yearly to France, out of our existing circulation of perhaps thirty millions.

Their circuitous plan, however, of doing a very simple thing, is not only more difficult than the ordinary and straight-forward method; but it is actually impossible. Our exports to foreign countries *cannot* be increased *ad libitum*, merely because the "Free Traders" want some gold to send to France. Our customers, in every part of the globe, are already fully supplied, and it is not in our power to cram a few millions more down their throats whenever we please, merely that we may "get the gold," as Mr. Booth phrases it.

No! the actual working of the system is just that which it suits Col. Thompson and Mr. Booth to leave entirely out of view. We pay for the French silks in gold; and that gold is not obtained by any new exports of our own manufactures, but is taken from our already too much contracted circulation.

And here lies the second evil of which we have spoken. Supposing that only one million per annum is abstracted from our gold circulation, in order to pay for French goods — supposing that this has been going on for only three years, 10 per cent, then, will have been silently abstracted from our circulating medium; and in another three years the loss will be 20 per cent.

The effect of this loss is seen in the gradual but perpetual fall of prices; in the general scarcity of money in trading circles; in an increasing depression and discontent among the industrious classes. This branch of the subject will be more fully discussed when the question of the Currency comes before us. Meanwhile, it must suffice to remark, that every contraction of the Currency works a general lowering of prices, and, of course, an increase of the burden of those fixed charges, such as the national debt, and the national establishments, which are to be supported by the labours of the productive classes.

Our view, however, of this subject cannot be completed without our examination of that great question, the favourite one with the economists, of the expediency and justice of the Corn Laws. To which, and to the Currency, we hope to address ourselves in the succeeding essays.

THE TRIUMPH OF HUMBUG,

A HOMILY FOR JULY.

BY M. O'D.

JULY—named after the topmost man of all the world—July, the birth-month of Julius Cæsar—the month of the Lion—the favoured period of fights and revolutions—has arrived. His advent, if we may judge from the general appearance of the days with which June has concluded, will not be brilliant; but nothing is more probable than that it will be as flaming in politics as any of its predecessors. Let it flame.

The whole world appears to be out of joint, and yet we do not cry out with Hamlet, that it is cursed spite that we should be called upon to set it right; because we do not feel any such call. The rectification of the globe is no part of our business, and we shall therefore let it roll on as it pleases, without any jogging to the right hand or the left from us. Yet, if we had the power, it is exceedingly probable that we should wield it in a different way from what it is in general wielded. We should not certainly have played so many antics as have been played during the last few months by this best of all possible ministries—the removal of which is so great a national calamity, that all possible ill measures are to be, with patient mind and long-erected ear, endured, sooner than endanger its stability for a moment.

O! much injured—but most-excessively-to-be-laughed-at, and most particularly-to-be-looked-down-upon—nation of England! O! most thinking of people, compared with whom the donkey, which, belonging to Coleridge's grandmother, looked Coleridge in the face with a countenance of reciprocal admiration, was an animal of surprising wit and intelligence—charmingly and delightfully are you now paying for the whistle, which, being called by the name of Reform, whistled away the small quantity of brains ye possessed, in the manner of the pied piper in Germany. As it seems a settled point, that money, and nothing but money, is the first consideration to be attended to—as long experience has taught us that the views of honour, justice, religion, truth, fairness, are nothing, if they can be for a moment brought into opposition to the most trumpery consideration of the most paltry cost, we shall go to the sore point first. His country's interest, his daughter's honour, moved not the excellent governor of Tilbury fort, in the *Critic*—but that eminent functionary, when assailed by the argument of the thousand pounds, confessed that he was "touched nearly." Now we shall touch thee, John Bull, most nearly.

Our reforming ministers have determined that they shall reform the West Indies altogether; and, to do them justice, so they have. They have reformed them so totally, that they are done up. The planters did very right to get from us as many millions as they could—we owed them the money fairly—it was a regular book-keeping account standing in the ledger against us, as Robbery debtor to Cash; and they were highly commendable for endeavouring to get as much as they could—forty millions in place of twenty, if possible; but then we feel no sort of pleasure in forking out the money for no manner of use to ourselves, but, on the contrary, for doing us positive mischief. And what are we to pay? Why, only 20,000,000*l*. TWENTY MILLIONS OF MONEY gone clear out of our pockets—for, from our pockets it must come at last; he who says the contrary is merely an ass, if he be not a rogue—for the purpose of losing the West India islands. If we wished to have got rid of them to advantage, France would have been too happy to have given us as much money as we are now flinging away.

What we are to pay for losing India, we do not yet know; but no doubt it will be a very pretty sum. We are bleeding through the nose, as it is, for the Irish Church and the Bank, both of which we are demolishing or disturbing; but perhaps the most amazing matter of all is, our being obliged to pay for the total ruin and destruction of our weight and preponderance in Europe.

Who are the great European states that have it in their power to disturb Europe, or to annoy us? Two only. The power of Spain is gone. The Italian, and Swiss, and smaller German states, are nothing; Turkey is ruined; Denmark

and Portugal trifles; Sweden, great as an auxiliary, and always gallant and glorious when she has appeared in European history, does not dream of acting for herself, and will hardly, we think, now that she understands her true interests, be induced to act against us. We have demolished Holland. Belgium, with all that appertains thereto, from the king downwards—we beg pardon, from the king upwards; for nothing, not even Gendebien, or Vander Weyer, or blind Mr. Rodenbach, or drunken Mr. Robaulx, can be lower than Leopold, and yet their names are synonyms of baseness—is below contempt. Prussia and Austria are inland states, which present few points of contact with us, and which will never lead, however influential they may be in the progress of a contest, in any great European affairs. Two, then, as we have already said, and two only remain; and these are France and Russia. Have our Whig ministers reduced the powers of either—have they rendered them less formidable antagonists in the case of a general turn-up?

Reduced? alas!—The Whigs have not reduced any thing but the power of England, and the clerks in Somerset House. It was wise, grand, magnificent, liberal, to allow the papist priests of Flanders to become masters of the country. There is something particularly fine, and worth fighting for, to enable the friars,

White, black, and grey, and all their trumpery,

to parade the streets of the Flemish towns, knocking on the head all who will not bend the knee to their impious fripperies.

[We pause to say, that something of the same kind took place the other day in Cork, when the members for the city—one of them, to be sure, a pork-butcher, of no particular moment except in the pig-market, but the other an M.D., and, Heaven help the mark! a *philosopher*—sneaked after a holy-water-pot in a procession headed by a fetid Franciscan in the full filth of his order! O! nineteenth century! O! march of mind! O! schoolmaster abroad! We have not heard as yet that the refractory natives of the "trusty station for shipping," who adhere to the Protestant faith, have been knocked down for not grovelling before the worse than swinish hoofs of the rascally Carmelites, or Dominicans, or Capuchins, who, so much to the honour of the intellect of the beef-and-butter city, abound there; but that will come in time. To return, however, from Cork to Brussels.] It was all very splendid, we suppose, that these rational and religious ceremonies should be duly exercised in Belgium; but then an English statesman might have thought, that even this great advantage might have been purchased at too great a price for England. To have the Cordeliers flourishing in full pomp at Louvain, as in the days of Ortuinus Gratius, with the same quantity of learning, religion, and decency, as they exhibited in the pages of the *Epistolæ obscurorum Virorum*, is no doubt an advantage to the human race, the value of which we leave to Dr. Baldwin to calculate; but still it should have been recollected, that the disjunction of Belgium from Holland gives the former to France, whenever France desires to take it. It might also have been recollected, that the steady and uniform policy of England, since the present scheme of European policy began, was to keep France from the Rhine. The efforts of all the ambitious rulers of France, from Louis XI. down to Napoleon Buonaparte—and if there be any spirit in the present mass of good-for-nothing flesh which usurps the French throne, down to Louis Philippe—has been to extend the influence of France to that river. At all events, whether Louis Philippe wishes it or not, there is an old *mousquetaire* about him who is imbued with the feelings of Napoleon, and he knows what is the value of Belgium to France.

One moment, however, before we proceed. It was with dismay of heart that we read the other day a panegyric on the blessings of peace and tranquillity, pronounced in the French chamber of deputies by Soult! We could not help crying out—

Wo worth the hour—wo worth the day—
When you praise peace, my marshal grey!

Is it old age, with stealing step, that is clawing him in his clutch?—or is it roguery? Is it merely because the old fellow, that has seen a hundred fields of fame, fears again to put on the helmet?—or does he, under the words of peace, meditate the letting loose of the thunderbolts of war? For the sake of his character, we hope the latter. It would suffer nothing from the imputation of a

little diplomatic lying; but it would be a real grief to think that he was done. Hang it, all that is worth talking about in the world is fast waning away; but that the old Toulouse-man, who fought that battle like a trump, as he was, although he knew that peace was concluded, merely for the honour of the French army, in the hope that he might finish the war by a victory over the English—for him seriously and really to talk of peace, is a horror. It would have been as bad as to hear Sir Walter Scott abusing romances of chivalry.

Waddle we back to our discourse. The object of all French statesmen is, as that poor body Max. Lamarque used to phrase it, to round the French territory, making the Rhine the boundary of their empire. The object of all English statesmen is to prevent it. The reasons which actuate both are too plain to need discussion. Those who cannot understand them without our assistance, shall not be helped by us. The wars of Elizabeth, of William, of Marlborough, of Wellington, were directed to this point. At last we succeeded in putting the Netherlands under one sovereign, and in rearing a sufficient barrier, at no small cost of both blood and treasure. France was thereby curbed during the whole of the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. The peace of Europe for fifteen years was mainly attributable to that one circumstance. By and by up gets a blackguard playhouse tumult in Brussels, and the vagabonds of that town win it, much to the shame and disgrace of the Dutch troops quartered therein, who should have levelled the city to the ground. The priests became masters of the country. The French are propitiated—the frontier fortresses destroyed or given up—the barrier totally demolished—a daughter of France put on the throne, married to the mean person who draws a pension from England—and the French shew by their invasion and conquest of Antwerp, that they can do what they please with the country. In fact, Belgium is theirs. They are strengthened in the very point where they most needed strength—in the very point where they can most annoy Europe.

Well, some one may say, we could not help that. The Belgians disliked the Dutch government, and were determined on throwing off the yoke; and we had no power of preventing them.

We *had* the power of preventing them, and it was our interest to have done so. What were the freaks or fancies of the Louvain lubbers or the Brussels blackguards to us? But suppose we had not the power, was there any reason for our paying five millions of the Russian-Dutch Loan? Was it not quite enough that our ancient rival and constant enemy should have been aggrandised, and that all our toils should be frustrated, without imposing upon us somewhere about double the amount of the assessed taxes for the purpose of making it "all right."

And Russia? Why, it is just the same story. That Russia should be mistress of Turkey was an event most deeply to be deplored; but then, liberality, and all the rest of it, rendered it necessary that we should take the part of the Greeks, the most ruffian population of Europe. We fought Navarino, glorious feat! and thereby destroyed the Turkish navy. We thus rendered any defence of Turkey in the Black Sea against Russia impracticable. The taking of Varna was the immediate result; thence the passing of the Balkan; thence the treaty of Adrianople; thence the unresisted march of Ibrahim; thence the mastery of Constantinople by Russia. There she is now; and the prayer of Catharine is completely fulfilled.

Well, somebody may again say, we could not prevent this. And again we say, that we could. And again we add, that whether we could or not, we were not bound to pay two millions of money to young Mynheer Otho, because we had given up Turkey to Russia.

Here, then, is almost 30,000,000*l.* of money squandered by the Whigs, in order that we may lose our West India colonies—in order that we may swell the power of France—in order that we may further increase the overgrown territory and influence of Russia—precious objects for the employment of thirty millions of English money! but not more precious than the objects which will ere long demand from us some ten or fifteen millions more.

Are we to pay nothing for Don Pedro? We think we ought. He is a nice nursling of the ministry, and a million or two would be properly employed for him. As we write, we find he has sailed for Lisbon, to make a dash, if he can;

and a glorious army he has with him. No doubt his navy is well officered; for there is not a man among them who has not served in *the Fleet*, except the few who have campaigned in the Bench. We were delighted the other day to see his squadron at Margate. The regiment of Falstaff was princely in comparison. The chief gentleman of the party wore a blanket, parti-coloured with various stains arising from all sorts of accidents, mentionable and unmentionable; and as he was the only person who had such splendid raiment, he was judiciously selected to appear on deck. An old grey-headed Frenchman, age about sixty, height three feet ten, was his companion; and he clearly belonged to the *sans culottes* party in the Pedroite state. A mutiny broke out among them in our presence, which was judiciously appeased by a speedy supply of sixpenny-worth of clay pipes, and a shillingsworth of mundungus. They had had nothing to eat for two days; but the supply of water was as unlimited as the sources of the Margate pumps. They were worthy company for the heroes now campaigning under Sir John Milly Doyle, described so graphically by Colonel Hodges,* in his interesting book, just published by our Publisher, and therefore to be lauded, or, at least, quoted by us.

Now, certainly, if these fragrant people win Lisbon, are we not bound to pay for their victory? if defeated, must we not indemnify them for their defeat? To be sure. We must pay.

So much for Whig retrenchment:

To starving 400 clerks at £10 per clerk	£4,000 0 0
Deduct £9 per clerk, charge on their respective parishes	3,600 0 0
Saving	400 0 0

Per contra—

For loss of West Indies	£20,000,000
For giving Belgium to France	5,000,000
For giving Turkey to Russia	2,500,000
Sundries—probable loss of Ireland, robbing the Bank, loss of India, &c., &c., say	12,500,000
	40,000,000
Deduct saving	400
Loss upon Whig retrenchment . .	£39,999,600

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* "Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal in 1832, under the orders of His Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro, Duke of Braganza. By G. Lloyd Hodges, Esq. late Colonel in the service of Her Most Faithful Majesty the Queen of Portugal. In 2 vols. 12mo. Fraser, 215, Regent Street." We just take from it a sentence or two descriptive of the ladies who attended the warriors and their miscellaneous men.

"There was no small difficulty incurred in inducing the female portion of the *cortège* to *detach themselves* from their main body, the men, and to desist from their attempts at co-embarkation on board the lighters. As the conduct of these ladies was excessively violent, I must do them the justice to say, in excuse for it, that they were the irregular mates of the least regular amongst our most miscellaneous men. They had no pretensions to the real matronly character: indeed, to be plain, they belonged to the very lowest order of female excellence, and were derived from the most obscure purlieus of the city. As to those of the men who were in *their* particular interest, it was wished that every one of the barges should be *the lighter* for them; but unluckily there was no excluding them from embarkation at that moment. They had, no doubt, their good reasons (not at all connected with fears of incarceration) for wishing to add themselves to our list!"

A glorious company! The estimation in which they held themselves in Oporto is well told by a capital story which we find in the second volume.

"Meeting a party of them half-drunk one Sunday afternoon in the public streets, I stopped them, and desired they would return immediately to their quarters. They all forthwith obeyed the injunction, with the exception of one defaulter, an old grey-mustachioed drummer, who was decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour. He told me that he had received the cross from the hands of the Emperor Napoleon himself, and, thus supported in his appeal, begged, with a sort of modest assurance, that I would allow him to have *encore une petite goutte*. To get rid of his importunity,

We prosper under this system. Retrenchment indeed! Ay, Althorp, just as much retrenchment as Brougham gives up patronage. Interesting chancellor! One brother a master of chancery, another a receiver-general, (an office to be abolished—*by and by*), a dozen judges, local and general, legal and illegal, passing through his hands—more patronage in eight-and-twenty months than Lord Eldon had in eight-and-twenty years; and yet the cry of disinterestedness, sacrifice, &c. &c. shouted forth at every corner, no matter for what purpose intended.

I told him he was *une vieille canaille;* to which he replied, *C'est vrai, mon Colonel! Si je n'étais pas une vieille canaille, je ne serais pas ici!* The sly point conveyed in this admission too much diverted me to admit of my continuing the reprimand—so I even left the old drummer to take his *petite goutte* without further interruption."

Canaille, indeed, they were and are. Never has there been an army like them since the host of Walter the Pennyless. We shall recur to Hodges' book in a more regular way. But our room is waxing small; and the cause of humbug is so triumphant, that it would be waste of time and ink to oppose it. VIVE HUMBUG! Let us fall in with the general cry. Why should we weary ourselves, and draw down abuse on our heads from the constant and victorious followers of that greatest of all the gods. Good reader, if you knew how we have been censured, railed at, and despitefully entreated, for what we said last month about Peel, you would not ask us to swim against the stream. All the humbugs, Whig and Tory, roared out against us for the demolition of one of their principal saints. Yes, Peel is a humbug, and all men know it; he is thoroughly found out; but nevertheless, or perhaps we should say, on that account, we should not be astonished to see him Prime;

> And when in Downing Street he takes the wheel
> As England's minister, VIVE HUMBUG PEEL!

Enough for July. Adieu until the Kalends of August. M. O'D.

THE FRASER PAPERS FOR JULY.

RHYMING REMONSTRANCE FROM LADY MORGAN TO OLIVER YORKE — A MAY SONG FOR EMILY — EPIGRAM ON BOB MONTGOMERY — THE SPIRIT OF THE MURPHIES — BYRON'S IMITATIONS OF THE FRENCH — HARMLESSNESS OF BULWER, AND CRUELTY OF REGINA — LETTER FROM GALT — MARTIN'S DRAINAGE OF THE METROPOLIS — THE QUAKER AND OURSELVES — FACTORY-COMMISSION EVIDENCE — MORGAN RATTLER AND POOR KEAN — BOMBARDINIO AND THE STANDARD-BEARER — THE PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION.

JUSTICE compels that we should give place to Miladi, though she *is* rather hard upon us. Alas, poor lady! emancipation has killed her, and "the likes of her," as Crofty Croker says.

RHYMING REMONSTRANCE,

From MILADI MORGAN *to* MR. FRASER,

On reading the Essay on "The Female Character," in the May Number of REGINA.

Oh fie, Mr. Fraser! 'tis shameful—'tis scandalous, shocking, and spiteful,
To think in your *Essay on Females*, that else had been perfect—delightful!
You have falsified all your pretensions to gallantry, grace, and gentility,
Or the chivalrous spirit that honours every gem of true female nobility;
You have forfeited credit and character, fitting a popular organ, 5
By omitting th' illustrious name of matchless *moi-même Ladi* MORGAN;
Only think what a wrong to the fair sex, who hail me their pride and their glory—
Only think what a loss to mankind!——But this comes of your being a Tory!
For you know that the Duke, Peel, and Eldon, and others, on whom you've dependency,
All declare "They have no chance of power, while *Miladi* maintains the ascendancy."
And so, as I shrewdly suspect, my Lord Roden, or Sir Richard Vyvyan, 11
Have prevailed upon you, Mr. Fraser, to bury my name in oblivion.
'Twas such pitiful spite! I could cry—but as tears spoil my face, I must say, sir,
It was what I had little deserved, or expected from you, Mr. Fraser.
Were I even that mean little monster, th' Abortion (the thought makes me quite ill),
That, calling herself "Lady Morgan"—usurping *my* rank and *my* title— 16
Is shewn at Bartholomew Fair, as a sort of a moral monstrosity,
No editor ever could use me with more prejudicial callosity.
Sir Charles would have ta'en up the matter—*my* knight-errant stately and steady—
But by chance he found out that his pestle—his pistols, I mean—were not ready. 20
So in the dilemma I scribbled a billet, to ask my own chieftain,
La Fayette, what was best to be done? And though his advice I had lief ta'en,
Yet for fear that reviewing *his* guards, or De Berri's accouchement, may hinder him,
I've determined to scribble a Sapphic epistle to you in the interim.
Had *th' Undying One*, Caroline Norton—who's dying, I'm told, with vexation, 25
Because she can ne'er rival ME in the world's most sublime admiration—
Had *she*, I repeat, so presumed to maltreat me in her publication,
Such petticoat jealousy surely would rouse all mankind's indignation!
Or should lackadaisical Landon, or the vain-glorious "villager," Mitford,
Neglect to *my* fame to pay tribute, the world all must own they're not fit for 't; 30
But for YOU, and your ally NOLL YORKE, by the shade of illustrious Bolivar,
You shall find *Ladi* MORGAN can give you a Roland, my lads! for your Oliver!
Like book-worms you've nibbled your way, through piles of dull dusty old folios,
Through musty and moth-eaten manuscripts, memoirs, lives, histories, and olios;
Through Susarion, Euripides, Livy, Pausanias, Propertius, Herodotus, 35
Theophilus, Tacitus, Plutarch, Quintilian; who all seem to nod at us,
As if conscious what quizzical figures they cut—every classical phantom
Shewn off *vis-à-vis* with such moderns as Bayle, Gibbon, Thicknesse, and Brantome;

You've plundered the dead and the living, sacrilegious and ruthless marauders!
Just to string up a long list of ladies, to catch some few female applauders; 40
But, in blindness of mere party-spirit—in the bigotted blindness of faction,
O'erlooked ME! the CHARM of CREATION! the sex's concentred attraction!
Nay, making, in hardness of heart, a mere cipher—a puppet—a chit of *me*,
Who in all that's great, glorious, good, witty, or wise, shine as WOMAN'S EPITOME!
Talk of Helen, Semiramis, Sappho, Elizabeth, or Russian Catherine, 45
Contrasted with ME, I must say the comparison's not very flattering:
As for Helen of Troy, she's but *Troy-weight* to my *Avoir-du-Pois* in the balance,
As *her Paris* and *mine* (cit and city) would judge by our traits and our talents;
More lovely than Helen the Trojan—if e'er there was truth in a mirror—
The bright flash of my eye would appal even Catherine of Russia with terror. 50
More queen-like and sylphid by far than Elizabeth in all her glory,
In *my* womanly witchery be forgotten Semiramis' story.
A poetess Sappho was styled—poor thing! good enough for the heathens—
But could she "*draw from self*" such a picture as I did in *Ida of Athens?*
Xantippe's the next on the list, and Sir Charles just begs leave to remind me, 55
In our sex's prerogative *I* leave Xantippe far distant behind me:
Then as for the two Mrs. Miltons, he says it may fairly be reckoned,
Had *I* been the *first* Mrs. M., Milton ne'er would have thought of a *second*.
Though the famed Teterilla, the Argive, beat legions of Lacedemonians,
More resistless the twirl of my pen than an army of armed Amazonians: 60
Zenobia, and Queen Boadicea, Cleopatra, who feasted on pearl, sir,
Were all very well in their way; but could they write the *Wild Irish Girl*, sir?
If the women of Minyæ changed dresses with their spouses, what need of fine speeches!
"Were boasting an honour," perhaps *I* might boast too of *wearing the breeches*.
Artemisia, 'tis said, once brought *Rhodes* in subjection to her native nation; 65
And I too have triumphed o'er *Roads*, by urging Macadamisation.
Though Madonna Tedea, when pregnant, shared perils and every privation,
Te Deum I'd sing but to share in the perils of *her* situation.
If Isabel Bobadil sailed o'er the waves of the Pacific Ocean,
I sailed to "the Head," when no "ocean" could be more "*pacific*" in motion: 70
Aspasia the friend was of Socrates, Pericles, and such queer codgers,
But *I* was the friend of Tom Dermody, La Fayette, Moore, and Sam Rogers.
Like Eudocia, the ancient Athenian, I love to elucidate mysteries;
As witness my *Book of the Boudoir*, that supersedes all female histories.
De Staël was, like me, quite a genius transcendant—without the least bit o' lie— 75
But some difference there is, my dear F., you'll admit, 'twixt *my France* and *her Italy*.
In short, search the wide world around—nay, ransack the records of ages,
The quintessence of womanly wisdom and wit must be found in *my* pages;
Yet never was lady so used—with rage it might well make my soul burn,
To see my sublime inspirations announced at "*half-price*" by that Colburn! 80
But, oh, Mr. Fraser! that *you* should, with dire dereliction of duty,
Betray such a want of good taste, and of homage to Talent and Beauty—
Like Cæsar, when stabbed in the senate, I well may exclaim, "*Et tu, Brute!*"
Though the *Quarterly* shews me *no quarter*, and you and your friend Morgan Rattler,
Set me down as a tiresome twaddler, a pert, pretty, pragmatical prattler, 85
Yet your *silence* wounds deeper by far than the lash of the great or the small of them,
And thus to be *cut* by REGINA, "the unkindest cut" is of all of them.
But make the *amende* with good grace, sir, and your fame from the Strand to Stillorgan,
Shall be sung in seraphical strains by myself and my muse —

Kildare Street, Dublin, June 15, 1833. LADY MORGAN.

Being in the poetry vein, we cannot do better than follow with the following, which we think particularly pretty;—it has been lying on our table, unfortunately, for two months.

A MAY SONG FOR EMILY.

May's red lips are breath'd apart
By the music of her heart,
Which ever gently stealeth through,
Like enchanted honey-dew,
Dropping from some odour tree
In the golden Araby;
And Gladness danceth on each stream,
And singing comes in every dream—
Riches flow on bower and lea,
But I am poor in wanting thee,
O beloved Emily!

Pleasant May! I love thee well,
When within my lonely cell,
In the quiet shadow sitting,
Thy mild-beaming smile is flitting
O'er the page of poet old,
Touching that dim scroll with gold.
Thou bringest from the violets pale
Sweet Colonos' nightingale,*
Where among the bloom and bees,
It dreameth still of Sophocles!
And thy soft carol wakes again
Many a joyful antique strain,
Wafting on the Doric rhyme,
Green Hymettus' flowery thyme—

Or if into the harbour green,
Where stranger-face is seldom seen,
Fair May, thy low-toned footstep cometh,
While the glad bee faintly hummeth
In the warm lily's silver bell,
Then, sweet May, I love thee well!
Then, why by thee am I forgot,
And why dost thou regard me not?
Thy love is poured on bower and tree,—
Then hear my pray'r, and bring with thee
My beloved Emily!

We cannot say that we think the subjoined epigram on Bob Montgomery very good-natured:

To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.

EPIGRAM,

On hearing a Lady extol Mr. Robert Montgomery (or Gomery, as his real name is said to be) as a Poet.

Woman's an angel, half-priced Gomery sings,
And pens his puffs that all the sex may know it;
'Tis hence fair Julia's viler flattery springs,
Who calls this zany of Parnassus—poet.

This very modest writer's announcement of his own wondrous work was as follows: "Woman, the angel of life! From the well-known talent of the author," &c. Does this gentleman found his parade of talent on the almost universal rejection of his claims as a poet by the periodical press? Let the *Age Reviewed* and the *Puffiad* be put beside the *Dunciad* of Pope and the *English Bards*, &c. of Byron; read the *Omnipresence of the Deity* and the *Pleasures of Hope* together; and next compare our *modern Milton* with the poet of the days of the Protectorate — the *Satan* and *Messiah* of the former, with the *Paradise Lost and Regained* of the latter; and then say, whether Mr. Montgomery's title to the name of poet is equal to that of Blackmore, whose popularity was once nearly similar to his. We had almost forgot to mention the *Universal Prayer*, *Death*, *Vision of Heaven and Hell*, and *Oxford*; but having named them, we are sure the reader will be quite satisfied, without further comment.

* It is unnecessary to say, that Colonos was the birth-place of Sophocles.

Clever nonsense is better than dull sense. Take the following as an example. Who the author may be, we know not: he signs himself "Mick O'D., *the strongest man in Ireland,*" — an odd-enough cognomen, in all conscience. With his strength, however, we have nothing to do; although we don't doubt he could hold out a waggon of coals at arm's length, if he were to put his Herculean energies to the test.

Let the spirit of murphies repine
  O'er the ocean's dread stultified breast,
And dolphins drink puncheons of wine
  To the murmurs of purified rest.
Let bacon and pancakes no more
  Lord Chancellors of Ireland be made,
Lest the island of Rathlin should snore,
  And by cholera's pangs be betray'd.

No longer let dull Althorp's chest
  Aspire to the dungeons below,
Where, reposing on beauty's sad breast,
  The mountains of Araby glow.
For the turmoil of courts and of kings
  Shall exalt to the skies' dark domain
The essence of butterflies' wings,
  And mingle it there with the slain.

Then mute may all sausages be:
  May the tincture of pestilence spread
Its beautiful arms o'er the sea,
  And gladden the fishes with dread.

MORGAN RATTLER TO OLIVER YORKE.

My dear Oliver,

In the May Regina you published a note for John Murray's *new* edition of *Byron's Life and Works* (for a new edition we must have, the whole being under the auspices of an editor who will leave no blanks in tenderness to Whiggery). I now send you another, which will shew that, notwithstanding the inspiration of the devil, it is difficult, in these latter days, to be original even in blasphemy. All men remember, that in Lord Byron's best and most characteristic work there is a parody upon the Decalogue, styled "Poetical Commandments," in which there is much truth, and more fun. The world supposes that this little ebullition of impiety issued immediately from his lordship's brain; but this, most probably, is not the fact. In turning over Bachaumont's *Mémoires Secrets,* I found that poetical commandments had been already written by a Frenchman. And lo! here they are. The parody is more regular than Byron's; but can compete with it in no other respect. Thine, M. R.

DECALOGUE DU DIEU DU GOÛT.

I. Au Dieu du Goût immoleras
  Tous les écrits de Pompignan.
II. Chaque jour tu déchireras
  Trois feuillets de l'Abbé Le Blanc.
III. De Montesquieu ne médiras,
  Ni de Voltaire aucunement.
IV. L'ami des sots point ne seras,
  De fait ni de consentement.
V. La Dunciade tu liras
  Tous les matins dévotement.
VI. Marmontel le soir tu prendras,
  Afin de dormir longuement.
VII. Diderot tu n'acheteras,
  Si tu ne veux perdre ton argent.
VIII. Dorat en toux lieux honniras,
  Et Colardeau pareillement.
IX. Le Mierre aussi tu siffleras
  Tout le moins un fois l'an.
X. L'ami Freron n'applaudiras
  Qu'à *l'Ecossaise* seulement.

A correspondent in Dublin has sent us the following admonitory stanzas. We feel their force perfectly well; but, somehow, giants must be indulged in their freaks, although they too often border (as we fear in our case they do) upon cruelty.

Regina! Regina!
  Why, why are you smitten
With rage so prepost'rous
  'Gainst harmless Ned Lytton?
The lion disdaineth
  To throttle the kitten;
And so should Regina
  To worry Ned Lytton.

Only think of an elephant
  Crushing a bug, ma'am;
Or huge hippopotamus
  Murdering a slug, ma'am;
The tiger encountering
  A weasel or mouse;
Or the mighty rhinoceros
  Burking a louse!

Only think of the condor
  With tom-tit engaging;
Or the eagle with sparrows
  War ruinous waging;
Conceive for a moment
  A shark or a whale
Destroying a shrimp
  With a whack of his tail!

Regina! Regina!
  Why then are you smitten
With rage so prepost'rous
  'Gainst harmless Ned Lytton?
The lion disdaineth
  To throttle the kitten;
And so should Regina
  To worry Ned Lytton.

A letter from Galt:

Athenæum, 11th June, 1833.

DEAR YORKE,

Indisposition prevented me from giving a proper explanation of the water-privilege, as the Americans call it, which I conceive resides in the ocean-tides. Give me half a page to make the matter clearer.

I allude to the enormous power (little understood) which exists in the tidal rise and fall. It is for engineers to find the means of applying this power to mechanical purposes; and upon the maxim of all science, that a principle, when once discovered, ingenuity may apply, the mode of application must be in existence — I say it is obvious; and yet I am neither engineer nor mechanician.

Some years ago, I had occasion to consider in what manner a lake could be rendered available as a mill-power, for nature never makes any thing without a purpose; and lakes, I thought, were not intended merely to beautify the landscape. In my endeavour to find a use for stagnant water in a hollow, I supposed a pit, water-tight, to be dug on the edge of it, and the water led on to a mill within the pit or dock. After setting the mill a-going, I supposed the water fell from it, and propagated the power to another mill under the first.

One of these mills, while the other was for general purposes, I supposed to pump up the water from the pit, or an adjoining reservoir, and restore it to the lake. But being no engineer, I cannot say how this might be effected, or if two mills be necessary; only I am mathematician enough to know, that the power obtained from the lake would be sufficient to pump up the quantity of water, from which the original power was generated.

Without expecting engineer or mechanician to give a form for the mill, or mills, I would require him to shew the existence of any principle upon which a mill in a dry dock, as it may be called, is opposed by nature.

I have thus, my dear sir, sufficiently annunciated the principle; my other avocations prevent me from following out the details: nor do I think myself, if I had leisure, qualified to do so.

Oliver Yorke, Esq. JOHN GALT.

THE DRAINAGE OF THE METROPOLIS.

A considerable sensation has been produced among engineers, by the plan suggested by Mr. Martin for the drainage of the metropolis. The praise of ingenuity is liberally awarded to the author, but there are two opposite sects, who lift up their voices against it. The one admits its theoretical excellence, but denies its practicability in the existing state of the banks of the river; the other, without considering its theoretical excellence at all, or that it is proposed to make the scheme a matter of profit, loquaciously condemns it, as altogether visionary. Now it does seem to us, that the opinion of the latter class is worth nothing — they condemn without having examined the subject; and however boldly they may assert, their assertions, in consequence, can merit nothing but

contempt. We shall not, therefore, take the trouble of addressing a single observation to them, but confine ourselves entirely to the other party, in what we have to say respecting this magnificent project.

As we conceive, Mr. Martin has contemplated the line for his drains to lie between the high and low water-mark. Every individual who sails up and down the river, with the sense of sight in his eyes, must, in this unappropriated space, as it may be called, acknowledge that there is more than ample room for constructing the drains, or cloacæ, on each side of the river.

No doubt such embankments would have the effect of contracting the Thames, but it could not have the effect of diminishing the quantity of water in it. In fact, it would only have the effect of exposing less mud to the action of the sun and air between the ebb and flow than at present appears. Whether this change would be a disadvantage, now that the cholera has visited this country, others may determine.

By constructing the drains on the unappropriated space alluded to, they would not interfere with wharfage-property; on the contrary, a large extent of frontage-ground towards the river would be obtained for each and every wharf along the shores. This would be no disadvantage; such ground would be of some value.

But it is observed, that where there are coal or stone wharfs, the drains, which are proposed to be also quays, would interfere. To this, however, there is an easy remedy. Over the inlets to these wharfs, Mr. Martin proposes that the ways, or quays, should be raised or bridged; which would produce, without any inconvenience, a very picturesque effect. Theoretically, therefore, the plan is not visionary, but sound and sober. The only question is, how the money may be raised to carry the work into effect: this is a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Mr. Martin proposes, that the sewerage of the metropolis should be conducted into his drains, instead of the river; and that here and there pits should be dug for the reception of it, which, as it is the best of all manure (now entirely lost), might be sold at a given price, and carried away by the barges for the fertilisation of the country. It therefore requires only to be ascertained, what is the probable quantity of this rich manure which could be rendered available; and what the price is at which it might be sold. Respecting these essential points we are not competent to speak; but if it can be ascertained that the price and quantity offer a sufficient remuneration to capitalists to embark in the undertaking, there is no doubt whatever that the plan is practicable. The other advantages of the plan may be considered as a set-off for items of expense not contemplated.

*** We wish Martin would explain to us his own views on the subject. If he draws off water as well as he draws Nineveh, he must be the first of hydraulics.

The Quaker Marriage-broker, whose name or address we shall *not* publish, has sent us the following letter:

To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.

April 20, 1833.

Sir,—Instead of acknowledging in common courtesy the offer of a small pamphlet on the continental method of contracting marriages, you have thought fit, after much affected delicacy about concealing the author's address, to publish his private note, which merely sought to have the work appended to the monthly list of new publications. That ridicule, well handled, is a powerful engine where it is required to suppress any thing fraught with injury to others, I readily admit; but here I defy any one to controvert the arguments that have been borne out by the experience of years—to say that a single expression (unlike your commentary upon it), is calculated to offend the most fastidious ear, or that its whole intent and bearing is not to improve the present arrangements of society, and advance our common happiness.

The very silly remarks of your pen-valiant reviewer (whose grovelling prejudices are now confined to the circle to which he belongs) would have passed altogether unnoticed, had he not manufactured a falsehood, by gravely asserting the author to be a Quaker! (of all things in the world). I may pass by his charge of an orthographical error, which he cannot substantiate, and that I sought to influence by money his critical notice of a work, which is as independent of his praise as it is indifferent to his censure; but I throw at him with scorn his filthy imputation, that my habit is

to further negotiations of this kind, without the necessary intervention of either "parson or priest:" in other words, that I pander to the lowest passions, and that to me belongs a word I have no courage to ask any man to print. For to-day I shall confine myself to the declaration, that my address and general conduct have been before the public some years — that I know of nothing dishonourable in these transactions, and I dare the proof of it — and that if your sense of fair dealing and manly criticism will not allow you to publish this note in your Number for May, I will immediately insert it as an advertisement in the daily papers.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

[*No name — no advertisement from us.*]

On this we append a few notes.

1. He accuses us of hostility to the plans of the *continent* in marriage-contracting. Our chief objection to his plan was that there was nothing *continent* in it.

2. The contempt of ourselves we bear with patience, but we must protest against the false pretence of the broker not being a Quaker. He dresses as a Quaker — wears a broad-brimmed hat, a square-tailed, single-breasted coat, a strange-fashioned and indescribable breeches, such as "Friends" use; and if he be not a Quaker, why deck himself in the habiliments of the followers of the Fox?

3. He throws at us our filthy imputation! "Filth, quotha!" Does he bring man and woman together for their "common happiness?" These are his own words. Let him rest contented — his position and office in society are well esteemed, and of ancient repute.

4. "If we do not publish his letter in our Number for May, he will insert it in the daily papers." Well! we have kept it back till July, and what then? Not a line in the papers has appeared, and we have waited an entire quarter.

So much for Sir Pandarus of Troy in the Quaker's hat.

"*A Medical Practitioner*" has given us a long epistle on the Factory System. It has the only fault of the *Æneid*,—"it proves nothing." Had not its length been out of all proportion to its logic, we should have been glad to have given it insertion, principally as a specimen of the sort of reasoning to which those few men of humanity and intelligence are driven, who have been induced, either by "the trick of singularity," or by some bias unknown to themselves, to adopt the untenable side of the Factory question.

Our correspondent appears to be one of that numerous class who are more successful in acquiring facts than in arranging them when acquired. Nothing can be more inconsequential than his whole train of reasoning. The burden of his song is, that many and great evils exist in our whole manufacturing system, one portion only of which is connected with the over-working of the children. He recounts the mischiefs attendant on the working of women in the factories, the evil effects of too early marriages, and the demoralisation of the gin-shops. And his conclusion is, if we understand him, that as the Ten Hours' Bill will not cure all these evils at once, therefore it is worth very little. Few, we should hope, would be led astray by such argumentation as this.

Our correspondent further objects to the vehement and "extravagant language" we have used on this subject. Our only regret is, that we have not been able to write in language more expressive of our feelings. Did our correspondent ever read the *Evidence* of last session? If not, he is not competent to form a judgment on the question. If he has, we pity his constitution of mind, in which a frigid stolidity must lamentably predominate.

But perhaps he discredits the evidence. Let him remember, however, that it has now been open for more than six months to the scrutiny of many persons, who were both able and willing to detect falsehood and exaggeration, if such existed. To this hour, however, it remains unimpeached. And while it is so, our language, instead of being open to the charge of extravagance, is rather liable to that of insufficiency and poorness.

Morgan Rattler is too abusive. We thought, and still think, the article censured a very clever one: but let the Rattler speak. Our correspondent who supplied us with the article on Kean may reply, if he pleases, next month.

My dear Oliver,

In your last Number there is a paper entitled "The Early Days of Edmund Kean," in which there are some amusing falsehoods, a great number of stupid falsehoods, and a few accidental truths. The story of the butcher's dog, that displayed such Zanga-like patience and malignity, may be placed in the first category—the utterly ridiculous assertion that Kean passed two years at Eton may be put in the second—and I presume that some of the accounts of his migrations might find a place in the third. Do not suppose, however, from these observations, that I propose to enter into an elaborate criticism of the article. The fact is, I only intend to address myself to a single point. There is a statement which I am anxious to demolish; because I am convinced (however it may have been suggested to the writer of the paper) that it was originally cast forth by the parties now engaged in concocting the life of Kean, as a foundation-stone whereon to raise the fabric of a theory conferring honour on themselves. I am extremely unwilling that this should be. I go farther; as a sincere admirer of genius, I am unwilling that its memory should be desecrated by the pollutions of the flesh. I therefore feel the utmost indignation and disgust at the announcement of a Life of Kean from the quarter whence it has been issued. His splendid theatrical career is fresh in the minds of men—the spell of his unequalled power is on the hearts of the present generation. He who has identified himself with Shakespeare's noblest creations can need no historian for half a century at least. Necessity for vindication, therefore, of the *actor's* fame is not required; and, in truth, all decent persons should feel it their duty, like the pious son of Noah, to cast a veil over the nakedness of the *man*. There is nothing in the great tragedian's private life, excepting his benevolence and charity, which can possibly escape censure. The public have forgotten, or are ignorant of, the successive passages of his gross and profligate career. Why should they now be compendiously collected for the contempt or execration of the world by his own relations? Surely this sacrilegious traffic in the character of the deceased should be as revolting to human feelings, as the sale of his mortal remains would be to human prejudices!

All this, however, savours considerably of digression: let me look to my one point. It has reference to poor Kean's almost solitary virtue; which, however—for it was large—embraced charity, generosity, disinterestedness, and a strong feeling of manliness and genuine independence. In the article to which I have alluded, sundry grave designs are attributed to Kean of endeavouring to enter into "a prudent matrimonial speculation;" and we are told that, at a particular period during his sojourn in Cheltenham, he fancied "that such a prize was in his reach."

"In Miss Chambers—who then played the heroines as an experiment of her qualification for the arduous profession of the stage—he fancied he saw the realisation of all his newly wakened hopes. He saw that she had discrimination, for she admired his acting; and he persuaded himself, that with such an education as she evidently possessed, and with the apparent independence of the profession in which she and her sister lived, that a union with such a woman must place him above the reach of those pecuniary difficulties with which he had hitherto had to contend, and open for him a way to fame and fortune. It is due to the lady, however, to state, that she not only was no party whatever to the self-delusion under which he laboured, but that she was utterly unconscious that with the avowed admiration of those mental qualities and personal attractions which he ascribed to her, any feeling so sordid as that of pecuniary advantage was mingled. The deception (if deception it could be called) was all his own;—not so the suffering by which it was succeeded: its bitter fruits were more than shared by her. He deceived himself in the anticipation of acquiring, with a prudent wife, that wealth which existed only in his own imagination; and both were deceived in the anticipation of that domestic happiness which nothing but the pure, unmingled, and disinterested impulse of affection can secure. Thus far we have thought it right to advert to the circumstances attending a marriage, which, though it might have proved the source of every earthly comfort to both, brought with it nothing but disappointment and enduring wretchedness. Kean was little more than twenty years of age when he became a husband; and as he was soon convinced that, as far as money was concerned, instead of realising the golden dream in which he indulged, he had but entailed upon himself the additional expenses of an establishment befitting a married man, he discovered that, so far from expediting his attainment of the great objects he had in view, he had only added to the obstacles which before appeared but too formidable in themselves." [The reader must look to last month's Number for the remainder of the paragraph.]

Now, here is a fine specimen of mock-romance, mock-sentimentality, mock-morality, unmitigated falsehood, and atrocious humbug. It is altogether worthy of Werter! But listen to the plain facts. It was at Waterford, and not at

Cheltenham, that Kean unfortunately committed matrimony. The lady he married was an Irishwoman, and keeper of the wardrobe to the strolling company to which Kean (in common with *Hunchback* Knowles, and some other persons now at the metropolitan theatres) then belonged. Her sister played the *soubrettes*, and such-like. Under these circumstances, we take for granted there could have been "*no apparent independence of the profession*," since if there were, from its necessarily apocryphal character, it is impossible it could attract an honourable wooer. Moreover, instead of marrying in a fit of prudence, poor Kean wooed, won, and wedded in a fit of drunkenness! Even under its influence, however, he never could have dreamt of getting a fortune with the keeper and repairer of the tattered small-clothes he wore nightly; and when reduced to sobriety, he found that he had, in his temporary madness, made a match far more imprudent than even Thespian matches generally are, since the abilities of his partner, histrionic and otherwise, were incapable of adding any thing to the common subsistence-fund, as Miss Preventive Martineau calls it. I think this plain statement, Oliver, which I am ready to substantiate, will destroy the nauseous trash of your contributor.

Thine faithfully, dear Oliver,

Morgan Rattler.

We have received the following from a correspondent, and feel quite happy in concurring, both in his opinion of the contemptible obscurity of the new M. P.s, and the excellence of the *Parliamentary Companion.* It is a book indispensable to those who wish to know any thing about the οι πολλοι of St. Stephen's; and it is generally a fair and useful book concerning the few dozen gentlemen who happen to be in that assembly. To the new police, who must be constantly on the look-out for suspicious characters, it is indispensable. It should be in every station-house.

THE PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION.

There are three hundred new members in the Reformed Parliament, and nine-tenths of them are exceedingly obscure persons; although amongst them, doubtless, there are a great number of "village Hampdens," and such-like local humbugs. Great, accordingly, must have been the ignorance respecting those persons under which the world suffered. A benevolent and industrious gentleman perceived this, and undertook to enlighten it. In an extremely pretty little volume, entitled *The Parliamentary Companion*, amongst a variety of really useful information, he gives a sketch of the birth, parentage, &c. (education I was going to say, but on that he observes a prudent silence), and political pledges of every new member; so that Smith or Thomson, Brown, Jones, or Robinson, may be convicted forthwith of rattery by a reference to this work. Nor is this all. We have, besides, some amusing records of the personal history of the old members. Take, for example, the following account of Joseph Hume:—"He was educated for the medical profession; but, on proceeding to India, was in a few years employed in the various offices of surgeon, *Persian interpreter to the army* during the Mahratta war from 1802 to 1807, paymaster, postmaster, &c. (amongst which might be enumerated clothier, contractor, and money-lender). Having realised a competence, he returned to his native country in 1808. The year 1810 and part of 1811 he spent in travelling in Spain, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, &c." By Jove, this is excellent. Joseph interpreted the Persian; but who interpreted his English to the army? And he travelled, too, in some dozen of countries. I wish he would let us know the several prices of bad dinners in those foreign parts.

C. R. D.

"Bombardinio" cannot find room this month—but he is too clever a fellow to be "thrown into a corner:" next month, if possible. On reference to his friend the Standard-bearer, (who sends him his compliments,) we find he dissents from some of Bombardinio's opinions; and a commentary is promised, adverse in many particulars to the text. This, we take it for granted, is all fair in war. We shall not meddle in the controversy, except to keep fair play. By the way, it would be more convenient for all parties if he gave his name—it would be perfectly safe.

J. Moyes, Castle Street, Leicester Square.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

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SPECIMENS OF IRISH MINSTRELSY.

No. V.

KEENS, NO. II.

In our Second Number (March 1830, vol. i. p. 191), translations of four Irish keens, or lamentations for the dead, may be found, with some prefatory observations respecting these remarkable extemporaneous compositions.

No. V.—KEEN ON YOUNG DRINAN.

Said to have been composed, about forty years since, by the nurse of a boy named Drinan, as she accompanied his funeral from Cork to Carrigaline.

According to the tradition respecting this keen, the sister-in-law of Drinan's nurse entertained an enmity towards her husband's family; and, roused by the boast respecting her father-in-law's abundant table, in the sixth verse, she replied in a severe commentary. Whether this produced a rejoinder from the *prima donna*, or whether (as is very improbable) she remained silent under the insult, I am unable to state, having faithfully translated all (and it is apparently a mere fragment) that I obtained.

The pulse of my heart and the prop of my years,
  The child of my breast, whom its softness had cherished,
Lies there! — and I see through the mist of my tears,
  In the darkness of death, that my sunshine* has perished.

Had he lived, open house he'd have kept for all men —
  Though a child, who that marked his high spirit could doubt him?
But he now lies as cold as the snow in the glen,
  And what is this world to be left in without him?

My gossips! the ways of the world I'll explain —
  They are falsehood, and meanness, and cheating, and squeezing,
Since small bits of sheep-skin will great rents obtain,
  And the agent is warm while the tenant is freezing.

The rents they are heavy; then look at the ground,
  Every foot is twice measured by learned surveyors:

* Mo grianaċ (my sunshine) is the usual term applied, in the south of Ireland, by mothers to their children.

No landlord in Ireland is now to be found,
  Who will give the odd acre to gain a man's prayers.

With clothing and victuals, the needy and poor
  My child would have helped through the cold of the winter;
In summer the thirsty would drink at his door;
  And his nurse, in no manner of thing would he stint her.

She never was stinted — fresh fish every day,
  And potatoes the largest, her father was able
To give her, with honey, and butter, and whey,
  And the best wine of France he could put on his table.*

The Speaker's Sister-in-law replies:

May a heart raw and scalding be yours for the boast!
  Your father, poor man! to his wit's end was driven;
Your fresh fish — the limpet picked up on the coast,
  Your potatoes — the small things to pigs only given.†

Your butter slocaune ‡ — that's the scum of the strand,
  Your honey — from sea-comb § flung up by the ocean,
Your whey — the sour milk from a dead woman's hand, ||
  And the best wine of France! — you're a fool, I've a notion.

* In order to convey some idea to the English reader of the Irish versification of this keen, the above four lines are here set down according to their sound on the English ear; and they will, at the same time, be sufficient to satisfy the Irish scholar of the closeness of the translation:

"*Ma harrow though gan doubt*
Augus shrovagh de vahig, ma haddeen a chlun
La konnost a pratëë rowr, esk eur aw noun
Le Mill, augus le mowl,
Le fien own Vrank an owl."

The first line, which forms the omquæd, or burden, and signifies "My darling, you were without (or beyond) doubt," is used indifferently at the commencement or close of every verse. In Irish it is termed "the consequence of the verse," and is omitted in the translation, being merely used in extemporaneous composition to allow time for the mental arrangement of the verse which is to follow, and as it is often repeated twice or thrice over, without system, to the evident injury of the keen when committed to paper.

† Literally, the cut or wounded potatoes (Cneaḃaċ) put aside for pigs' food. To be fed on small potatoes, is considered as little short of actual starvation. Thus a damsel, in the popular song, tells her lover—

"I'm none of your Looneys, nor half-famished Mooneys,
  That picked out and sold the big minions [*a species of potato*]
To portion off Joan; the crehas eat at home,
  With a dip [*a relish*] made of salt and boiled onions."

‡ Correctly written Sleaḃacan, *Anglicè*, lever. The word appears to me to be compounded of Sleaḃ, or Slaiḃ, and Can; *i. e.* mud-butter.

§ Muirineaċ, literally, sea-weft; the name given to a common marine production thrown up on the shore, and not unlike a wasp's nest.

|| It is a horrible superstition of the south of Ireland, that the left hand of a corpse, if dipped into the churn, will make the cream produce considerably more butter, and of a richer and better kind, than it would otherwise have done. "In the year 1816 I saw a woman, who had been apprehended and taken into custody on a charge of 'raising cream' by means of a dead man's hand; and two hands, in a shocking state of putrefaction, were exhibited in evidence of the fact. It was afterwards, however, proved that these hands had been conveyed into the dairy by some persons who wished to injure the poor woman. But the circumstance was sufficient to prove the existence of the superstition, which then became a general subject of conversation in the neighbourhood where it occurred."

No. VI.—THE FAIR KEEN ON EDMUND WALSH AND ARTHUR LEARY.

About sixty years since a farmer, named Edmund Walsh (Bρeηαċ),* was hanged and beheaded at Cork, for the murder of Arthur Leary, his neighbour and gossip.†

Walsh was married to a respectable young woman, by whom he had two children, when he became enamoured of another woman, named Mary Fahey. She urged him to murder his wife, in order that he might marry her; and the infatuated man at length agreed to her diabolical proposal. Fearing that his better feeling might return and overcome his resolution, Mary Fahey accompanied Walsh home the night of the proposed murder, and held a candle while he sharpened a razor for the purpose of committing it.

When Walsh and his paramour entered the room in which his wife and children slept, he stopped for a moment, conscience-struck at the act he was about to perpetrate.

"Why don't you go on?" demanded his companion in guilt.

Thus urged forward, Walsh advanced to the side of the bed. Again he hesitated, and on beholding his children calmly sleeping by their mother's side, he turned away.

"What!" exclaimed the fiend in woman's shape, "have you no courage, Edmund? give me the razor."

Stepping back from the bed, Walsh left the room. "I have done my wife enough of wrong," said he. "Heaven will not let me murder her, guarded as she is by those two little angels at her side." And he rushed forth wildly from the house, followed by Mary Fahey, in an agony of rage and disappointment.

A violent altercation ensued, between Walsh and Mary Fahey, at a gate near the high road, along which Walsh's neighbour and gossip, Arthur Leary happened at the moment to pass. It was evident to Walsh, from the loud tone of voice in which he had spoken, that Leary must have overheard sufficient to criminate him; and, acting upon the impulse of the moment, he wrenched a bar from the gate, and following Leary, struck the unoffending man a murderous blow on the back of the head, which felled him to the ground.

Whilst Walsh held a consultation with his profligate companion as to the best mode of disposing of Leary's body, the parish priest came up, and Walsh, to prevent discovery, ran furiously at him, with the intention of killing him also. But the priest, roused by the violent demeanour of Walsh, who brandished the bar of the gate, struck spurs into his horse, and plunging into the river Ownabuoy, escaped by swimming across it.

"Ah, you have escaped me," shouted Walsh (in Irish); "God is good to you —for the skin of my neck has been tanned to night, to make leather for the spurs of the devil." Which last remarkable sentence has since become an idiom in the district.

The priest, to whom Walsh's person was well known, could only believe, from his wild and extraordinary conduct, coupled with this expression, that he

* The surname of Walsh is rendered in Irish, Brenagh; *i. e.* a Briton, or Welshman. An inscription (1543) in a chapel adjoining Tullaroan Church, requests the reader to pray for the founder, "et : pro : anima : Onorina : Brenach : uxori : ejus," &c., a lady stated to be the daughter of Walter Walsh, of Castle Hoel, baron Shanacher, and lord of Walsh's country.

† Although gossip is a familiar English word, from the Saxon Godsibbe, it is necessary to remind the reader of its primitive and Irish signification, which perhaps is best done in the words of Verstegan. "Our Christian ancestors, understanding a spiritual affinity to grow between the parents and such as undertooke for the child at baptisme, called each other by the name of *Godsib*, that is, of kin together through God; and the child, in like manner, called such his Godfathers and Godmothers." The spiritual affinity of Gossipred was considered to be among the strongest of feudal ties, and is frequently alluded to by Irish historians. A common and solemn threat of vengeance still used in Ireland is, "By the hand of my gossip" (ḃαρ lαṁα mo ċαρḃαιρ Cρıoρτ, literally, by the hand planted through Christ in mine); which, although now an empty expression, was formerly sufficient to implicate the fellow-sponsors in the quarrel. As gossips were, therefore, bound to succour each other, the murder of one was popularly regarded in the same light as that of a parent, or blood-relation.

had become suddenly deranged; and it was so reported on the following morning—a supposition which Walsh's excited and agitated appearance was well calculated to confirm.

Arthur Leary having left his home with the intention of being absent two or three days, his disappearance caused no uneasiness for his safety to be felt until after the expiration of that time. But when, at the end of a week, he neither returned home nor was heard of, and inquiry after him was made in vain at the place for which he had set out, serious apprehensions began to be entertained as to his fate; and as the rivers had been much swollen by heavy rains, it was believed that he must have been drowned in attempting to pass some ford. However, the body not having been found, a rumour got abroad respecting the possibility of Leary having been murdered, as he was known to have had some money about him. This rumour becoming more general, some gentlemen of the barony (Kinalea), whether in their love of justice or sport, may be questioned, proposed a hunt with a good pack of fox-hounds, as the most likely mode of discovering Leary's body, if it lay concealed in any obscure or secret nook. The proposition was eagerly received, and, to use the words of the narrator of these circumstances, "every man and boy in the six parishes, gentle and simple, assembled at the hunt which was given out for Arthur Leary."

By the dogs, the body of Leary was discovered in what is locally termed "a double ditch," that is, a high broad bank of earth, planted with a double row of trees. An old fox-earth in this double ditch had been widened, and the body of the murdered man thrust into it, without further effort at concealment than placing a few loose stones and sods of turf over the entrance.

The body was removed, and a coroner' inquest held upon it. It was evident that robbery was not the murderer's object, from the money, which Leary was known to have about him, being found in one of the pockets. From the evidence of the priest, however, together with the place where the body was found being close to Walsh's farm, and other circumstances which transpired, strong suspicion became attached to Walsh, as the murderer of his gossip.

On Walsh being brought into the presence of the murdered man, the corpse is said to have gushed out blood at the ears and nose: such is, at least, the popular version of the story. Walsh was immediately made a prisoner, and sent to Cork, where he was tried at the ensuing assizes. Upon the evidence of Mary Fahey, who became approver, he was found guilty; and, pursuant to his sentence, was hanged at the Gallows Green of Cork, and his head spiked on the South Jail of that city.

Some years after the murder of her husband, the widow Leary met Walsh's daughter at the fair of Carrigaline, when the following keen, or dialogue, took place:

MRS. LEARY.

Is not that Ned Walsh's daughter,
In the cloak blood-money* bought her?

WALSH'S DAUGHTER.

Yes, I am she. Ned Walsh's name
Is one that makes me feel no shame.
Yes, I'm his child; though you have seen
My father hung at Gallows Green.
The Lord be good unto his soul!
It was no horse or cow he stole,
Nor was it for arrears of rent
That Edmund Walsh to jail was sent.

MRS. LEARY.

If not for these, it was for worse—
Your father had the country's curse.
By him was killed the best of men;
He at one blow made orphans† ten,
And changed to grief their infant mirth
Beside the mournful widow's hearth:
One heavy blow, with bar of gate,
My heart and home made desolate.

* Blood-money, literally, "red silver," is the name given to a reward offered for the apprehension, and paid upon the conviction of a murderer or other criminal; and to have received it—in other words, to have turned informer—is considered among the Irish peasantry to be so great a stigma upon the character, that an informer is generally obliged to leave the country. It is difficult to understand Mrs. Leary's allusion, unless it means, that as Walsh's property became forfeited with his life, it might be considered in the light of a reward, as the gift of the crown to his innocent widow and children.

† I have translated in the Anglo-Irish idiom. In Ireland, the word orphan is commonly applied to children who have lost either parent; "fatherless orphans," or "motherless orphans," is the phrase made use of. The addition of "fatherless and motherless" orphans is requisite to convey the English meaning of the word.

Huntsmen and hounds, at break of day,
Went forth to search all Kinalea;
And by the dogs was Arthur found,
Not fairly buried in the ground,
But his bruised body heedless thrown,
Like carcass that no friend would own.
Murdered he was by Gossip's hand,
For whom he would have staked his land.

WALSH'S DAUGHTER.

Small would have been the risk of ground,
When no one need for Walsh be bound;
My father had so much of pride,
Ten thousand deaths he would have died
Before a favour he would take,
Or ask a boon for friendship's sake.
A blow in passion that was given,
Through Christ may mercy find in heaven.

MRS. LEARY.

If I had silver and had gold,
As much as in this fair is told,
I'd give it all, and think I'd be
A gainer, could I Arthur see:
I'd give it, if 'twas ten times more,
My two best cows, the gown I wore—
Ay, all I had I'd freely give
To see again my husband live.

WALSH'S DAUGHTER.

Alas, alas, my father dear!
No sign he shewed of guilt or fear,
When on the car I saw him bound;
I saw the rope his neck around,
And on a spike I saw his head
When he was sleeping with the dead.
His corpse in Temple-Breedy* lies,
Keen'd by the white-winged sea-gull's

No. VII.—KEEN FOR YOUNG RYAN.

An address from the mother of a young man, to the keeners who were hired to attend his funeral, and probably delivered by her, as the procession was about to depart from her house to the burial ground. The name of the young man is traditionally said to be Ryan, and, judging from the allusion to the river Dowr, he appears to have been a resident in the eastern part of the county of Cork.

Maidens! sing no more in gladness
To your merry spinning-wheels;
Join the keeners' voice of sadness,
Feel for what a mother feels.

See the space within my dwelling,
'Tis the cold blank space of death!
'Twas the banshee's† voice came swelling
Slowly o'er the midnight heath.

Keeners! let your voices blending,
Long and loudly mourn my boy;
Through Six Counties ‡ proudly sending
Song as great as that of Troy. §

He was as the Christmas mummer,
Bounding like a ball in play;
He was as the dancing summer,
Bright and merry as the May.

What was motion now is starkness,
What was comfort now is none,
What was sunshine now is darkness —
My heart's music, it is gone!

There's a grief that few can measure,
All-absorbing, deep, and dim;
'Tis a grief makes death a pleasure,
And that grief I feel for him.

Dark as flows the buried Dowr, ||
Where no ray can reach its tide,
So no bright beam has the power
Through my soul's cold stream to glide.

Did your eyes, like holy fountain,
Gush with never-failing spring; ¶
Had ye voices like the mountain,
Then my lost child ye might sing.

* Or Temple-Breada, *i. e.* Bridget's Church, stands perched on a bleak height at the western entrance of Cork harbour, and is a valuable landmark to seamen.

† A spirit which is superstitiously believed in Ireland to give warning of death to certain families, by loud and wailing cries.

‡ A literal translation, probably meaning the province of Munster.

§ Or, as lasting as Homer's verse. The comment made upon this line to me, by the reciter of the original—a miserably poor schoolmaster—was, "*Opus vatum durat*—Glory be to God for that same."

|| Dr. Smith, in his *History of Cork*, mentions, that "about a mile south-east of Castle Martyr, a river called the Dowr breaks out from a limestone rock, after taking a subterraneous course near half a mile, having its rise near Mogeely." It has been remarked, that "the original [of this verse] would seem to have suggested to Mr. Moore the notion of that touching song, in his *Irish Melodies*—

'As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,'" &c.

¶ A holy well, or fountain, is supposed never to be dried up.

Keeners! let your song not falter—
He was as the hawthorn fair;
Lowly at the Virgin's altar
Will his mother kneel in prayer.

Prayer is good to calm the spirit,
When the keen is sweetly sung;
Death though mortal flesh inherit,
Why should age lament the young?

'Twas the banshee's lonely wailing—
Well I knew the voice of death,
On the night-wind slowly sailing
O'er the bleak and gloomy heath.

Through the holy mother, Mary,
And her babe, our Saviour blest,
Hearts that of this world are weary*
Will in heaven find joy and rest.

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO:

IN TWO FLIGHTS.

Flight Last.

Before entering on the second Section of Count Beppo's History, the Editor will indulge in a philosophical reflection.

This Beppic Hegira (Flight from Palermo) we have now arrived at brings us down, in European History, to somewhere about the epoch of the Peace of Paris. Old Feudal Europe (while he flies forth into the whole Earth) has just finished the last of her "tavern-brawls" (or wars); and lain down to doze, and yawn, and disconsolately wear off the headaches, bruises, nervous prostration, and flaccidity consequent thereon: for the brawl had been a long one (Seven Years long); and there had been many such, begotten, as is usual, of Intoxication (from Pride, or other Devil's-drink), and foul humours in the constitution. Alas, it was not so much a disconsolate doze, after ebriety and quarrel, that poor old Feudal Europe had now to undergo, and then on awakening to drink anew (wine of Abomination), and quarrel anew: old Feudal Europe has fallen a-dozing to die! Her next awakening will be with no tavern-brawl (at the *King's Head* or *Prime Minister*); but with the stern Avatar of Democracy, hymning its world-thrilling birth and battle song in the distant West;—therefrom to go out conquering and to conquer, till it have made the circuit of all the Earth, and old dead Feudal Europe is born again (after infinite pangs!) into a new Industrial one. At Beppo's Hegira, as we said, Europe was in the last languor and stertorous fever-sleep of Dissolution: alas, with us and with our sons (for a generation or two), it is almost still worse,—were it not that in Birth-throes there is ever Hope, in Death-throes the final departure of Hope.

Now the philosophic reflection we were to indulge in, was no other than this, most germane to our subject: the portentous extent of Quackery, the multitudinous variety of Quacks that along with our Beppo, and under him each in his degree, overran all Europe during that same period, the latter half of last century. It was the very age of impostors, cut-purses, swindlers, double-gangers, enthusiasts, ambiguous persons; quacks simple, quacks compound; crackbrained, or with deceit prepense; quacks and quackeries of all colours and kinds. How many Mesmerists, Magicians, Cabalists, Swedenborgians, Illuminati, Crucified Nuns, and Devils of Loudun! To which the Inquisition Biographer adds Vampires, Sylphs, Rosicrucians, Freemasons, and an *Etcetera*. Consider your Schröpfers, Cagliostros, Casanovas, Saint-Germains, Dr. Grahams; the Chevalier d'Eon, Psalmanazar, Abbé Paris, and the Ghost of Cocklane! As if Bedlam had broken loose; as if rather (in that "spiritual Twelfth-hour of the Night") the everlasting Pit had opened itself, and from *its* still blacker bosom had issued Madness and all manner of shapeless Misbirths, to masquerade and chatter there.

But indeed, if we consider, how could it be otherwise? In that stertorous last fever-sleep of our European world, must not Phantasms enough (born of the Pit, as all such *are*) flit past, in ghastly masquerading and chattering? A low scarce-audible moan (in Parliamentary Petitions,

* Hibernicè, *wùry*.

Meal-mobs, Popish Riots, Treatises on Atheism) struggles from the moribund sleeper; frees him not from his hellish guests and saturnalia: Phantasms these "of a dying brain." So too, when the old Roman world, the measure of its iniquities being full, was to expire, and (in still bitterer agonies) be born again, had they not Veneficæ, Mathematici, Apolloniuses with the Golden Thigh, Apollonius' Asses, and False Christs enough,—before a Redeemer arose!

For, in truth, and altogether apart from such half-figurative language, Putrescence is not more naturally the scene of unclean creatures in the world physical, than Social Decay is of quacks in the world moral. Nay, look at it with the eye of the mere Logician, of the Political Economist. In such periods of Social Decay, what is called an overflowing Population, that is a Population which, under the old Captains of Industry (named Higher Classes, *Ricos Hombres*, Aristocracies, and the like), can no longer find work and wages, increases the number of Unprofessionals, Lack-alls, Social Nondescripts; with appetite of utmost keenness, which there is no known method of satisfying. Nay more, and perversely enough, ever as Population augments, your Captains of Industry can and do dwindle more and more into Captains of Idleness; whereby the more and more overflowing Population is worse and worse governed (shewn *what to do*, for that is the only government): thus is the candle lighted at both ends; and the number of social Nondescripts increases in *double*-quick ratio. Whoso is alive, it is said, "must live;" at all events, will live; a task which daily gets harder, reduces to stranger shifts. And now furthermore, with general economic distress, in such a Period, there is usually conjoined the utmost decay of moral principle: indeed, so universal is this conjunction, many men have seen it to be a concatenation and causation; justly enough, except that such have (ever since a certain religious-repentant feeling went out of date) committed one sore mistake: what is vulgarly called putting the cart before the horse. Political-Economical-Benefactor of the Species! deceive not thyself with barren sophisms: National suffering is (if thou wilt understand the words) verily a "judgment of God;" has ever been preceded by national crime. "Be it here once more maintained before the world," cries Sauerteig, in one of his *Springwürzel*, "that temporal Distress, that Misery of any kind, is not the *cause* of Immorality, but the effect thereof! Among individuals, it is true, so wide is the empire of Chance, poverty and wealth go all at haphazard; a Saint Paul is making tents at Corinth, while a Kaiser Nero fiddles, in ivory palaces, over a burning Rome. Nevertheless here too, if nowise wealth and poverty, yet well-being and ill-being, even in the temporal economic sense, go commonly in respective partnership with Wisdom and with Folly: no man can, for a length of time, be wholly wretched if there is not a disharmony (a folly and wickedness) within himself; neither can the richest Crœsus, and never so eupeptic (for he too has his indigestions, and dies at last of surfeit), be other than discontented, perplexed, unhappy, if he be a Fool."—This we apprehend is true, O Sauerteig, yet not the whole truth; for there is more than days' work and days' wages in this world of ours; which, as thou knowest, is itself quite other than a "Workshop and Fancy-Bazaar," is also a "Mystic Temple and Hall of Doom." Thus we have heard of such things as good men struggling with adversity, and offering a spectacle for the very gods.—"But with a nation," continues he, "where the multitude of the chances covers, in great measure, the uncertainty of Chance, it may be said to hold always that general Suffering is the fruit of general Misbehaviour, general Dishonesty. Consider it well: had all men stood faithfully to their posts, the Evil, when it first rose, had been manfully fronted, and abolished, not lazily blinked, and left to grow, with the foul sluggard's comfort: 'It will last my time.' Thou foul sluggard, and even thief (*Faulenzer, ja Dieb*)! For art thou not a thief, to pocket thy day's wages (be they counted in *groschen* or in gold thousands) for this, if it be for any thing, for watching on thy special watch-tower that God's City (which this His World is, where His children dwell) suffer no damage; and, all the while, to watch only that thy own ease be not invaded,—let otherwise hard come to hard as it will and can? Unhappy! It will last thy time: thy worthless sham of an existence, wherein nothing but the Digestion was

real, will have evaporated in the interim; it will last thy time: but will it last thy *Eternity?* Or what if it should *not* last thy time (mark that also, for that also will be the fate of *some* such lying sluggard); but take fire, and explode, and consume thee like the moth!"

The sum of the matter, in any case, is, that national Poverty and national Dishonesty go together; that continually increasing social Nondescripts get ever the hungrier, ever the falser. Now say, have we not here the very making of Quackery; raw-material, plastic-energy, both in full action? Dishonesty the raw-material, Hunger the plastic-energy: what will not the two realise! Nay observe farther how Dishonesty is the raw-material not of Quacks only, but also, in great part, of Dupes. In Goodness, were it never so simple, there is the surest instinct for the Good; the uneasiest unconquerable repulsion for the False and Bad. The very Devil Mephistopheles cannot deceive poor guileless Margaret; "it stands written on his front that he never loved a living soul." The like too has many a human inferior Quack painfully experienced; the like lies in store for our hero Beppo. But now with such abundant raw-material not only to make Quacks of, but to feed and occupy them on, if the plastic-energy (of Hunger) fail not, what a world shall we have! The wonder is not that the eighteenth century had very numerous Quacks, but rather that they were not innumerable.

In that same French Revolution alone, which burnt up so much, what unmeasured masses of Quackism were set fire to; nay, as foul mephitic fire-damp in that case, were made to flame in a fierce, sublime *splendour;* coruscating, even illuminating! The Count Saint Germain, some twenty years later, had found a quite new element, of Fraternisation, Sacred right of Insurrection, Oratorship of the Human Species, wherefrom to body himself forth quite otherwise: Schröpfer needed not now, as Blackguard undeterred, have solemnly shot himself in the *Rosenthal;* might have solemnly sacrificed himself, as Jacobin half-heroic, in the *Place de la Révolution.* For your quack-genius is indeed born, but also made; circumstances shape him or stunt him. Beppo Balsamo, born British in these new days, could have conjured fewer Spirits; yet had found a living and glory, as Castlereagh Spy, Irish Associationist, Blacking-Manufacturer, Book-Publisher, Able Editor. Withal too the reader will observe that Quacks, in every time, are of two sorts: the Declared Quack; and the Undeclared, who if you question him, will deny stormfully, both to others and to himself; of which two quack-species the proportions vary with the varying capacity of the age. If Beppo's was the age of the Declared, therein, after all French Revolutions, we will grant, lay one of its main distinctions from ours; which is it not yet (and for a generation or two) the age of the Undeclared? Alas, almost a still more detestable age;—yet now (by God's grace) with Prophecy, with irreversible Enactment (registered in Heaven's chancery,—where *thou* too, if thou wilt *look,* mayst read and know) that its death-doom shall not linger. Be it speedy, be it sure!—And so herewith were our philosophical reflection, on the nature, causes, prevalence, decline and expected (temporary) destruction of Quackery, concluded; and now the Beppic poetic Narrative can once more take its course.

Beppo then, like a Noah's Raven, is out upon that watery waste (of dissolute, beduped, distracted European Life), to see if there is any carrion there. One unguided little Raven, in the wide-weltering "Mother of dead Dogs:" will he not come to harm; will he not be snapt up, drowned, starved, and washed to the Devil there? No fear of him,—for a time. His eye (or scientific judgment), it is true, as yet takes in only a small section of it; but then his scent (instinct of genius) is prodigious: several endowments (forgery and others) he has unfolded into talents; the two sources of all quack-talent, Cunning and Impudence, are his in richest measure.

As to his immediate course of action and adventure, the foolish Inquisition Biographer, it must be owned, shews himself a fool, and can give us next to no insight. Like enough, Beppo "fled to Messina;" simply as to the nearest city, and to get across to the mainland: but as to this "certain Althotas" whom he met there, and voyaged with to Alexandria in Egypt, and how they made hemp into silk, and realised much money, and came to Malta, and

studied in the Laboratory there, and then the certain Althotas died,—of all this what shall be said? The foolish Inquisition Biographer is uncertain whether the certain Althotas was a Greek or a Spaniard: but unhappily the prior question is not settled, whether he *was* at all. Superfluous it seems to put down Beppo's own account of his procedure; he gave multifarious accounts, as the exigencies of the case demanded: this of the "certain Althotas," and hemp made into false silk, is as verisimilar as that other of the "sage Althotas," the heirship-apparent of Trebisond, and the Scherif of Mecca's "Adieu, unfortunate Child of Nature." Nay the guesses of the ignorant world; how Count Cagliostro had been travelling tutor to a Prince (name not given), whom he murdered, and took the money from; with others of the like,—were perhaps still more absurd. Beppo, we can see, was out and away,—the Devil knew whither. Far, variegated, painful, might his roamings be. A plausible-looking shadow of him shews itself hovering over Naples and Calabria; thither, as to a famed high-school of Laziness and Scoundrelism, he may likely enough have gone to graduate. Of the Malta Laboratory, and Alexandrian hemp-silk, the less we say the better. This only is clear: That Beppo dived deep down into the lugubrious-obscure regions of Rascaldom; like a Knight to the palace of his Fairy; remained unseen there, and returned thence armed at all points.

If we fancy, meanwhile, that Beppo already meditated becoming Grand Cophta, and riding at Strasburg in the Cardinal's carriage, we mistake much. Gift of Prophecy has been wisely denied to man. Did a man *foresee* his life, and not merely *hope* it, and grope it, and so, by Necessity and Free-will, make and fabricate it into a reality, he were no *man*, but some other kind of creature, superhuman or subterhuman. No man sees far; the most see no farther than their noses. From the quite dim uncertain mass of the Future ("lying there," says a Scottish Humorist, "uncombed, uncarded, like a mass of *tarry wool* proverbially *ill to spin*), they spin out, better or worse, their rumply, infirm thread of Existence (and wind it up, up—till the spool is *full*); seeing but some little half-yard of it at once; exclaiming, as they look into the betarred, entangled mass of Futurity, We *shall* see!

The first authentic fact with regard to Beppo is, that his swart squat figure becomes visible in the Corso and Campo Vaccino of Rome; that he "lodges at the Sign of the Sun in the Rotonda," and sells pen-drawings there. Properly they are not pen-drawings; but printed engravings or etchings, to which Beppo, with a pen and a little Indian ink, has added the degree of scratching to give them the air of such. Thereby mainly does he realise a thin livelihood. From which we infer that his transactions in Naples and Calabria, with Althotas and hemp-silk, or whatever else, had not turned to much.

Forged pen-drawings are no mine of wealth: neither was Beppo Balsamo any thing of an Adonis; on the contrary, a most dusky, bull-necked, mastiff-faced, sinister-looking individual: nevertheless, on applying for the favour or the hand of Lorenza Feliciani, a beautiful Roman donzella, "dwelling near the Trinity of the Pilgrims," the unfortunate child of Nature prospers beyond our hopes. Authorities differ as to the rank and status of fair Lorenza: one account says, she was the daughter of a Girdle-maker; but adds erroneously that it was in Calabria. The matter must remain suspended. Certain enough, she was a handsome buxom creature, "both pretty and lady-like" (it is presumable); but having no offer, in a country too prone to celibacy, took up with the bull-necked forger of pen-drawings, whose suit too was doubtless pressed with the most flowing rhetoric. She gave herself in marriage to him; and the parents admitted him to quarter in their house, till it should appear what was next to be done.

Two kitchen-fires, says the Proverb, burn not on one hearth: here, moreover, might be quite special causes of discord. Pen-drawing, at best a hungry concern, has now exhausted itself, and must be given up: but Beppo's household prospects brighten, on the other side; in the charms of his Lorenza he sees before him what the French call "a Future confused and immense." The hint was given; and, with reluctance, or without reluctance (for the evidence leans *both* ways), was taken and reduced to practice: Signor and Signora Balsamo are forth from the old Girdler's house, into the wide

world, seeking and finding adventures.

The foolish Inquisition Biographer, with painful scientific accuracy, furnishes a descriptive catalogue of all the successive Cullies (Italian Counts, French Envoys, Spanish Marquises, Dukes and Drakes) in various quarters of the known world, whom this accomplished pair took in; with the sums each yielded, and the methods employed to bewitch him. Into which descriptive catalogue, why should we here so much as cast a glance? Cullies (the easy cushions on which knaves and knavesses repose and fatten) have at all times existed, in considerable profusion: neither can the fact of a "clothed animal" (Marquis or other) having acted in that capacity to never such lengths, entitle him to mention in History. We pass over these. Beppo (or, as we must now learn to call him, the Count) appears at Venice, at Marseilles, at Madrid, Cadiz, Lisbon, Brussels; makes scientific pilgrimage to Saint-Germain (in Westphalia), religious-commercial to Saint James in Compostella, to Our Lady in Loretto: south, north, east, west, he shews himself; finds every where Lubricity and Stupidity (better or worse provided with cash), the two elements on which he thaumaturgically can work and live. Practice makes perfection; Beppo too was an apt scholar. By all methods he can awaken the stagnant imagination; cast maddening powder in the eyes. Already in Rome he has cultivated whiskers, and put on the uniform of a Prussian Colonel: dame Lorenza is fair to look upon; but how much fairer, if by the air of distance and dignity you lend enchantment to her! In other places, the Count appears as real Count; as Marquis Pellegrini (lately from foreign parts); as Count this and Count that, Count Proteus-Incognito; finally as Count Alessandro Cagliostro.* Figure him shooting through the world with utmost rapidity; ducking under here, when the sword-fishes (of Justice) make a dart at him; ducking up yonder, in new shape, at the distance of a thousand miles; not unprovided with forged vouchers of Respectability; above all with that best voucher of Respectability, a four-horse carriage, beef-eaters, and open purse, for Count Cagliostro has ready money and pays his way. At some Hotel of the Sun, Hotel of the Angel, Gold Lion, or Green Goose, or whatever Hotel it is, in whatever world-famous capital City, his chariot-wheels have rested; sleep and food have refreshed his live-stock, chiefly the pearl and soul thereof, his indispensable Lorenza, now no longer Dame Lorenza, but Countess Seraphina, looking seraphic enough! Monied Donothings, whereof in this vexed Earth there are many, ever lounging about such places, scan and comment on the foreign coats-of-arms; ogle the fair foreign woman; who timidly recoils from their gaze, timidly responds to their reverences, as in halls and passages, they obsequiously throw themselves in her way: ere long one monied Donothing (from amid his tags, tassels, sword-belts, fop-tackle, frizzled hair without brains beneath it) is heard speaking to another: "Seen the Countess?—Divine creature that!"—and so the game is begun.

Let not the too sanguine reader, meanwhile, fancy that it is all holyday and heyday with his Lordship. The course of scoundrelism, any more than that of true love, never did run smooth. Seasons there may be when Count Proteus-Incognito has his epaulettes torn from his shoulders; his garment-skirts clipt close by the buttocks; and is bid sternly tarry at Jericho till his beard be grown. Harpies of Law defile his solemn feasts; his light burns languid; for a space seems utterly snuffed out, and dead in malodorous vapour. Dead only to blaze up the brighter! There is scoundrel-life in Beppo Cagliostro; cast him among the mud, tread him out of sight there, the miasmata do but stimulate and refresh him, he rises sneezing, is strong and young again.

Behold him, for example, again in Palermo (after having seen many men and many lands); and how he again escapes thence. Why did he return to Palermo? Perhaps to astonish old friends by new grandeur; or for temporary shelter, if the Continent were getting hot for him; or perhaps in the mere way of general trade. He is seized there, and clapt in prison, for those foolish old businesses of the

* Not altogether an *invention* this last; for his granduncle (a bell-founder at Messina?) was actually surnamed *Cagliostro*, as well as named *Giuseppe*.—O. Y.

treasure-digging Goldsmith, of the forged Will.

"The manner of his escape," says one, whose few words on this obscure matter are so many light-points for us, "deserves to be described. The Son of one of the first Sicilian Princes, and great landed Proprietors (who moreover had filled important stations at the Neapolitan Court), was a person that united with a strong body and ungovernable temper all the tyrannical caprice which the rich and great, without cultivation, think themselves entitled to exhibit.

"Donna Lorenza had contrived to gain this man; and on him the fictitious Marchese Pellegrini founded his security. The Prince testified openly that he was the protector of this stranger pair: but what was his fury when Joseph Balsamo, at the instance of those whom he had cheated, was cast into prison! He tried various means to deliver him; and as these would not prosper, he publicly, in the President's antechamber, threatened the plaintiffs' Advocate with the frightfullest misusage if the suit were not dropt, and Balsamo forthwith set at liberty. As the Advocate declined such proposal, he clutched him, beat him, threw him on the floor, trampled him with his feet, and could hardly be restrained from still farther outrages, when the President himself came running out, at the tumult, and commanded peace.

"This latter, a weak, dependent man, made no attempt to punish the injurer; the plaintiffs and their Advocate grew fainthearted; and Balsamo was let go; not so much as a registration in the Court-Books specifying his dismissal, who occasioned it, or how it took place."*

Thus sometimes, "a friend in the court is better than a penny in the purse!" Marchese Pellegrini "quickly thereafter left Palermo, and performed various travels; whereof my author could impart no clear information." Whither, or how far, the Game-chicken Prince went with him is not hinted.

So it might, at times, be quite otherwise than in coach-and-four that our Cagliostro journeyed. Occasionally we find him as outrider journeying on horseback; only Seraphina and her sop (whom she is to suck and eat) lolling on carriage-cushions; the hardy Count glad that hereby he can have the shot paid. Nay sometimes he looks utterly poverty-struck, and must journey one knows not how. Thus one briefest but authentic-looking glimpse of him presents itself in England, in the year 1772: no Count is he here, but mere Signor Balsamo again; engaged in house-painting, for which he has a most peculiar talent. Was it true that he painted the country house of "a Doctor Benemore;" and having not painted, but only smeared it, was refused payment, and got a lawsuit with expenses instead? If Doctor Benemore have left any representatives in this Earth, they are desired to speak out. We add only, that if young Beppo had one of the prettiest wives, old Benemore had one of the ugliest daughters; and so, putting one thing to another, matters might not be so bad.

For it is to be observed, that the Count, on his own side, even in his days of highest splendour, is not idle. Faded dames of quality have many wants: the Count has not studied in the Convent Laboratory, or pilgrimed to the Count Saint-Germain, in Westphalia, to no purpose. With loftiest condescension he stoops to impart somewhat of his supernatural secrets,—for a consideration. Rowland's Kalydor is valuable; but what to the Beautifying-water of Count Alessandro! He that will undertake to smooth wrinkles, and make withered green parchment into a fair carnation skin, is he not one whom faded dames of quality will delight to honour? Or again, let the Beautifying-water succeed or not, have not such dames (if calumny may be in aught believed) *another* want? This want too the indefatigable Cagliostro will supply,—for a consideration. For faded gentlemen of quality the Count likewise has help. Not a charming Countess alone; but a "Wine of Egypt" (cantharides not being unknown to him), sold in drops, more precious than nectar; which what faded gentleman of quality would not purchase with any thing short of life? Consider now what may be done with potions, washes, charms, love-philtres, among a class of mortals, idle from the mother's womb; rejoicing to be taught the Ionic dances, and meditating of love from their tender nails!

Thus waxing, waning, broad-shining or extinct, an inconstant but unwearied Moon, rides on its course the Cagliostric star. Thus are Count and Countess busy in their vocation; thus do they

* Goethe's *Werke*, b. xxviii. 132.

spend the golden season of their youth, —"for the Greatest Happiness of the greatest number?" Happy enough, had there been no sumptuary or adultery or swindlery Law-acts; no Heaven above, no Hell beneath; no flight of Time, and gloomy land of Eld and Destitution and Desperation, towards which, by law of Fate, they see themselves, at all moments, with frightful regularity, unaidably drifting.

The prudent man provides against the inevitable. Already Count Cagliostro, with his love-philtres, his cantharidic Wine of Egypt; nay far earlier, by his blue-flames and divining-rods (as with the poor sheep Goldsmith of Palermo); and ever since, by many a significant hint thrown out where the scene suited, — has dabbled in the Supernatural. As his seraphic Countess gives signs of withering, and one luxuriant branch of industry will die and drop off, others must be pushed into budding. Whether it was in England during what he called his "first visit" in the year 1776 (for the before-first, house-smearing visit was, reason or none, to go for nothing) that he first thought of Prophecy as a trade, is unknown: certain enough, he had begun to practice it then; and this indeed not without a glimpse of insight into the national character. Various, truly, are the pursuits of mankind; whereon they would fain, unfolding the future, take Destiny by surprise: with us, however, as a nation of shopkeepers, they may be all said to centre in this one, *Put money in thy purse!* O for a Fortunatus'-Pocket, with its ever-new coined gold;—if, indeed, the true prayer were not rather: O for a Crassus'-Drink (of *liquid* gold), that so the accursed throat of Avarice might for once have enough and to spare! Meanwhile whoso should engage, keeping clear of the gallows, to teach men the secret of making money, were not he a Professor sure of audience? Strong were the general Scepticism; still stronger the general Need and Greed. Count Cagliostro, from his residence in Whitcombe Street, it is clear, had looked into the mysteries of the Little-go; by occult science knew the lucky number. Bish as yet was not; but Lotteries were; gulls also were. The Count has his Language-master, his Portuguese Jew, his nondescript Ex-Jesuits, whom he puts forth, as antennæ, into coffee-houses, to stir up the minds of men. "Lord" Scott (a swindler swindled), and Miss Fry, and many others were they here could tell what it cost them: nay the very Lawbooks, and Lord Mansfield and Mr. Howarth speak of hundreds, and jewel-boxes, and quite handsome booties. Thus can the bustard pluck geese, and (if Law get the carcass) live upon their giblets;—now and then however finds a vulture, too tough to pluck.

The attentive reader is no doubt curious to understand all the What and the How of Cagliostro's procedure while England was the scene. As we too are, and have been; but unhappily all in vain. To that English *Life* (of uncertain gender) none, as was said, need in their utmost extremity repair. Scarcely the very lodging of Cagliostro can be ascertained; except incidentally that it was once in Whitcombe Street; for a few days, in Warwick Court, Holborn: finally, for some space, in the King's Bench Jail. Vain were it, meanwhile, for any reverencer of genius to pilgrim thither, seeking memorials of a great man. Cagliostro is clean gone: on the strictest search, no token never so faint discloses itself. He went, and left nothing behind him;—except perhaps a few cast-clothes, and other inevitable exuviæ, long since, not indeed annihilated (this nothing can be), yet beaten into mud, and spread as new soil over the general surface of Middlesex and Surrey; floated by the Thames into old Ocean; or flitting (the gaseous parts of them) in the universal Atmosphere, borne thereby to remotest corners of the Earth, or beyond the limits of the Solar System! So fleeting is the track and habitation of man; so wondrous the stuff he builds of; his house, his very house of houses (what we call his Body), were he the first of geniuses, will evaporate in the strangest manner, and vanish even whither we have said.

To us on our side, however, it is cheering to discover, for one thing, that Cagliostro found antagonists worthy of him: the bustard plucking geese, and living on their giblets, found not our whole Island peopled with geese, but here and there (as above hinted) with vultures, with hawks of still sharper quality than his. Priddle, Aylett, Saunders, O'Reilly: let these stand forth as the vindicators of English national character. By whom Count Alessandro Cagliostro, as in dim fluc-

tuating outline indubitably appears, was bewritted, arrested, fleeced, hatchelled, bewildered, and bedevilled, till the very Jail of King's Bench seemed a refuge from them. A wholly obscure contest, as was natural; wherein, however, to all candid eyes the vulturous and falconish character of our Isle fully asserts itself; and the foreign Quack of Quacks, with all his thaumaturgic Hemp-silks, Lottery-numbers, Beauty-waters, Seductions, Phosphorus boxes, and Wines of Egypt, is seen matched, and high throttled, by the natural unassisted cunning of English Attorneys. Whereupon the bustard, feeling himself so pecked and plucked, takes wing, and flies to foreign parts.

One good thing he has carried with him, notwithstanding: initiation into some primary arcana of Free-masonry. The Quack of Quacks, with his primitive bias towards the supernatural-mystificatory must long have had his eye on Masonry; which, with its blazonry and mummery, sashes, drawn sabres, brothers Terrible, brothers Venerable (the whole so imposing by candle-light), offered the choicest element for him. All men profit by *Union* with men; the quack as much as another; nay in these two words *Sworn Secrecy* alone has he not found a very talisman! Cagliostro then determines on Masonship. It was afterwards urged that the lodge he and his Seraphina got admission to (for she also was made a Mason, or Masoness; and had a riband-garter solemnly bound on, with order to sleep in it for a night) was of low rank in the social scale; numbering not a few of the pastrycook and hairdresser species. To which it could only be replied, that these alone spoke French; that a man and mason, though he cooked pastry, was still a man and mason. Be this as it might, the apt Recipiendary is rapidly promoted through the three grades of Apprentice, Companion, Master; at the cost of five guineas. That of his being first raised into the air, by means of a rope and pulley fixed in the ceiling, "during which the heavy mass of his body must assuredly have caused him a dolorous sensation;" and then being forced blindfold to shoot himself (though with privily *dis*loaded pistol) in sign of courage and obedience: all this we can esteem an apocrypha,—palmed on the Roman Inquisition, otherwise prone to delusion. Five guineas, and some foolish froth-speeches (delivered over liquor, and otherwise) was the cost. If you ask now, In *what* London Lodge was it? Alas, we know not, and shall never know. Certain only that Count Alessandro *is* a master-mason; that having once crossed the threshold, his plastic genius will not stop there. Behold, accordingly, he has bought from "a Bookseller" certain manuscripts belonging to "one George Cofton, a man absolutely unknown to him" (and to us), which treat of the "Egyptian Masonry!" In other words, Count Alessandro will *blow* with his new five-guinea bellows; having always occasion to raise the wind.

With regard specially to that huge soap-bubble of an Egyptian Masonry which he blew, and as conjuror caught many flies with, it is our painful duty to say a little; not much. The Inquisition Biographer, with deadly fear of heretical and democratical and black-magical Freemasons before his eyes, has gone into the matter to boundless depths; commenting, elucidating, even confuting: a certain expository masonic Order-Book of Cagliostro's, which he has laid hand on, opens the whole mystery to him. The ideas he declares to be Cagliostro's; the composition all a Disciple's, for the Count had no gift that way. What then does the Disciple set forth? or, at lowest, the Inquisition Biographer say that he sets forth? Much, much that is not to the point.

Understand, however, that once inspired, by the absolutely unknown George Cofton, with the notion of Egyptian Masonry, wherein as yet lay much "magic and superstition," Count Alessandro resolves to free it of these impious ingredients, and make it a kind of Last Evangile, or Renovator of the Universe,—which so needed renovation. "As he did not believe any thing in matter of Faith," says our wooden Familiar, "nothing could arrest him." True enough: how did he move along then? to what length did he go?

"In his system he promises his followers to conduct them to *perfection*, by means of a *physical and moral regeneration*; to enable them by the former (or physical) to find the *prime matter*, or Philosopher's Stone, and the *acacia* which consolidates in man the forces of the most vigorous youth and renders him immortal; and by the latter (or moral) to procure them a Pentagon, which shall re-

store man to his primitive state of innocence, lost by original sin. The Founder supposes that this Egyptian Masonry was instituted by Enoch and Elias, who propagated it in different parts of the world: however, in time, it lost much of its purity and splendour. And so, by degrees, the Masonry of men had been reduced to pure buffoonery; and that of women been almost entirely destroyed, having now for most part no place in common Masonry. Till at last, the zeal of the *Grand Cophta* (so are the High-priests of Egypt named) had signalised itself by restoring the Masonry of both sexes to its pristine lustre."

With regard to the great question of constructing this invaluable Pentagon, which is to abolish Original Sin: how you have to choose a solitary mountain, and call it Sinai; and build a Pavilion on it to be named Sion, with twelve sides, in every side a window, and three stories, one of which is named Ararat; and with Twelve Masters, each at a window, yourself in the middle of them, go through unspeakable formalities, vigils, removals, fasts, toils, distresses, and hardly get your Pentagon after all,—we shall say nothing. As little concerning the still grander and painfuller process of Physical Regeneration, or growing young again; a thing not to be accomplished without a forty-days' course of medicine, purgations, sweating-baths, fainting-fits, root-diet, phlebotomy, starvation, and desperation, more perhaps than it is all worth. Leaving these interior solemnities, and many high moral precepts of union, virtue, wisdom, and doctrines of Immortality and what not, will the reader care to cast an indifferent glance on certain esoteric ceremonial parts of this Egyptian Masonry, —as the Inquisition Biographer, if we miscellaneously cull from him, may enable us?

"In all these ceremonial parts," huskily avers the wooden Biographer, "you find as much sacrilege, profanation, superstition, and idolatry, as in common Masonry: invocations of the holy Name, prosternations, adorations lavished on the Venerable, or head of the Lodge; aspirations, insufflations, incense-burnings, fumigations, exorcisms of the Candidates and the garments they are to take; emblems of the sacro-sanct Triad, of the Moon, of the Sun, of the Compass, Square, and a thousand thousand other iniquities and ineptitudes, which are now well known in the world."

"We above made mention of the Grand Cophta. By this title has been designated the founder or restorer of Egyptian Masonry. Cagliostro made no difficulty in admitting" (to me the Inquisitor) "that under such name he was himself meant: now in this system the Grand Cophta is compared to the Highest: the most solemn acts of worship are paid him; he has authority over the Angels; he is invoked on all occasions; every thing is done in virtue of his power; which you are assured he derives immediately from God. Nay more: among the various rites observed in this exercise of Masonry, you are ordered to recite the *Veni Creator spiritus*, the *Te Deum*, and some Psalms of David: to such an excess is impudence and audacity carried, that in the Psalm, *Memento, Domine, David et omnis mansuetudinis ejus*, every time the name David occurs, that of the Grand Cophta is to be substituted.

"No Religion is excluded from the Egyptian Society: the Jew, the Calvinist, the Lutheran, can be admitted equally well with the Catholic, if so be they admit the existence of God and the immortality of the soul." "The men elevated to the rank of master take the names of the ancient Prophets; the women those of the Sibyls."

* * "Then the Grand Mistress blows on the face of the female Recipiendary, all along from brow to chin, and says: 'I give you this breath, to cause to germinate and become alive in your heart the Truth which we possess; to fortify in you the' &c. &c.—'Guardian of the new Knowledge which we prepare to make you partake of, by the sacred names of *Helios, Mene, Tetragrammaton*.'

"In the *Essai sur les Illuminés*, printed at Paris in 1789, I read that these latter words were suggested to Cagliostro as Arabic or Sacred ones by a Sleight-of-hand Man, who said that he was assisted by a spirit, and added that this spirit was the Soul of a Cabalist Jew, who by art-magic had killed his pig before the Christian Advent."

* * "They take a young lad, or a girl who is in the state of innocence: such they call the *Pupil* or the *Columb*; the Venerable communicates to him the power he would have had before the Fall of Man; which power consists mainly in commanding the pure Spirits; these Spirits are to the number of seven: it is said they surround the Throne; and that they govern the Seven Planets: their names are Anael, Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, Zobiachel, Anachiel."

Or would the reader wish to see this *Columb* in action? She can act in two ways; either behind a curtain, behind a hieroglyphically-painted Screen

with "table and three candles;" or as here "before the Caraffe," and shewing face. If the miracle fail, it can only be because she is not "in the state of innocence,"—an accident much to be guarded against. This scene is at Mittau;—we find, indeed, that it is a *Pupil* affair, not a *Columb* one; but for the rest that is perfectly indifferent:

"Cagliostro accordingly (it is his own story still) brought a little Boy into the Lodge; son of a nobleman there. He placed him on his knees before a table, whereon stood a Bottle of pure water, and behind this some lighted candles: he made an exorcism round the Boy, put his hand on his head; and both, in this attitude, addressed their prayers to God for the happy accomplishment of the work. Having then bid the child look into the Bottle, directly the child cried that he saw a garden. Knowing hereby that Heaven assisted him, Cagliostro took courage, and bade the child ask of God the grace to see the Angel Michael. At first the child said: 'I see something white; I know not what it is.' Then he began jumping, stamping like a possessed creature, and cried: 'There now! I see a child, like myself, that seems to have something angelical.' All the assembly, and Cagliostro himself, remained speechless with emotion. * * * The child being anew exorcised, with the hands of the Venerable on his head, and the customary prayers addressed to Heaven, he looked into the Bottle, and said, he saw his Sister at that moment coming down stairs, and embracing one of her brothers. That appeared impossible, the brother in question being then hundreds of miles off: however, Cagliostro felt not disconcerted; said, they might send to the country-house (where the sister was) and see."*

Wonderful enough. Here, however, a fact rather suddenly transpires, which (as the Inquisition Biographer well urges) must serve to undeceive all believers in Cagliostro; at least, call a blush into their cheeks. It seems: "The Grand Cophta, the restorer, the propagator of Egyptian Masonry, Count Cagliostro himself, testifies, in most part of his System, the profoundest respect for the Patriarch Moses: *and yet* this same Cagliostro affirmed before his judges that he had always felt the insurmountablest antipathy to Moses; and attributes this hatred to his constant opinion, that Moses was a thief for having carried off the Egyptian vessels; which opinion, in spite of all the luminous arguments that were opposed to him to shew how erroneous it was, he has continued to hold with an invincible obstinacy!" How reconcile these two inconsistencies? Aye, how?

But to finish off this Egyptian Masonic business, and bring it all to a focus, we shall now for, the first and for the last time, peep one moment through the spyglass of Monsieur de Luchet, in that *Essai sur les Illuminés* of his. The whole matter being so much of a chimera, how can it be painted otherwise than chimerically? Of the following passage one thing is true, that a creature of the seed of Adam believed it to be true. List, list, then; O list!

"The Recipiendary is led by a darksome path, into an immense hall, the ceiling, the walls, the floor of which are covered by a black cloth, sprinkled over with red flames and menacing serpents: three sepulchral lamps emit, from time to time, a dying glimmer; and the eye half distinguishes, in this lugubrious den, certain wrecks of mortality suspended by funereal crapes: a heap of skeletons forms in the centre a sort of altar; on both sides of it are piled books; some contain menaces against the perjured; others the deadly narrative of the vengeances which the Invisible Spirit has exacted; of the infernal evocations for a long time pronounced in vain.

"Eight hours elapse. Then Phantoms, trailing mortuary veils, slowly cross the hall, and sink in caverns, without audible noise of trapdoors or of falling. You notice only that they are gone by, a fetid odour exhaled from them.

"The Novice remains four-and-twenty hours in this gloomy abode, in the midst of a freezing silence. A rigorous fast has already weakened his thinking faculties. Liquors, prepared for the purpose, first weary, and at length wear out his senses. At his feet are placed three cups, filled with a drink of greenish colour. Necessity lifts them towards his lips; involuntary fear repels them.

"At last appear two men; looked upon as the ministers of death. These gird the pale brow of the Recipiendary with an auroral-coloured riband, dipt in blood, and full of silvered characters mixed with the figure of Our Lady of Loretto. He receives a copper crucifix, of two inches length; to his neck are hung a sort of amulets, wrapped in violet cloth. He is

* *Vie de Joseph Balsamo; traduite d'après l'original Italien.* (Paris, 1791.) Ch. ii. iii.

stript of his clothes; which two ministering brethren deposit on a funeral pile, erected at the other end of the hall. With blood, on his naked body, are traced crosses. In this state of suffering and humiliation, he sees approaching with large strides five Phantoms, armed with swords, and clad in garments dropping blood. Their faces are veiled: they spread a carpet on the floor; kneel there; pray; and remain with outstretched hands crossed on their breast, and face fixed on the ground, in deep silence. An hour passes in this painful attitude. After which fatiguing trial, plaintive cries are heard; the funeral pile takes fire, yet casts only a pale light; the garments are thrown on it and burnt. A colossal and almost transparent Figure rises from the very bosom of the pile. At sight of it, the five prostrated men fall into convulsions insupportable to look on: the too faithful image of those foaming struggles wherein a mortal at handgrips with a sudden pain ends by sinking under it.

"Then a trembling voice pierces the vault, and articulates the formula of those execrable oaths that are to be sworn: my pen faulters; I think myself almost guilty to retrace them."

O Luchet, what a taking! Is there no hope left, thinkest thou? Thy brain is all gone to addled albumen; help seems none, if not in that last mother's-bosom of all the ruined: Brandy-and-water! — An unfeeling world may laugh; but ought to recollect that, forty years ago, these things were sad realities,—in the heads of many men.

As to the execrable oaths, this seems the main one: "Honour and respect *Aqua Toffana*, as a sure, prompt, and necessary means of purging the Globe, by the death or the hebetation of such as endeavour to debase the Truth, or snatch it from our hands." And so the catastrophe ends by bathing our poor half-dead Recipiendary first in blood, then, after some genuflexions, in water; and "serving him a repast composed of roots,"—we grieve to say, mere potatoes-and-point!

Figure now all this boundless cunningly devised Agglomerate of royal-arches, death's-heads, hieroglyphically painted screens, *Columbs* "in the state of innocence;" with spacious masonic halls, dark, or in the favourablest theatrical light-and-dark; Kircher's magic-lantern, Belshazzar hand-writings (of phosphorus); "plaintive tones," gong-beatings; hoary beard of a supernatural Grand Cophta emerging from the gloom; —and how it acts not only indirectly through the foolish senses of men, but directly on their Imagination; connecting itself with Enoch and Elias, with Philanthropy, Immortality, Eleutheromania, and Adam Weisshaupt's Illuminati, and so downwards to the infinite Deep: figure all this; and in the centre of it, sitting eager and alert, the skilfullest Panourgos, working the mighty chaos, into a creation—of ready money. In such a wide plastic ocean of sham and foam had the Archquack now happily begun to envelop himself.

Accordingly he goes forth prospering, and to prosper. Arrived in any City, he has but by masonic grip to accredit himself with the Venerable of the place; and, not by degrees as formerly, but in a single night, is introduced in Grand Lodge to all that is fattest and foolishest far or near; and in the fittest arena, a gilt-pasteboard Masonic hall. There between the two pillars of Jachin and Boaz, can the great Sheepstealer see his whole flock (of Dupeables) assembled in one penfold; affectionately blatant, licking the hand they are to bleed by. Victorious Acharat-Beppo! The genius of Amazement, moreover, has now shed her glory round him; he is radiant-headed, a supernatural by his very gait. Behold him every where welcomed with vivats, or in awe-struck silence: gilt-pasteboard Freemasons receive him under the Steel Arch (of crossed sabres); he mounts to the Seat of the Venerable; holds high discourse hours long, on Masonry, Morality, Universal Science, Divinity, and Things in general, with "a sublimity, an emphasis, and unction," proceeding it appears, "from the special inspiration of the Holy Ghost." Then there are Egyptian Lodges to be founded, corresponded with (a thing involving expense); elementary fractions of many a priceless arcanum (nay, if the place will stand it, of the Pentagon itself) can be given to the purified in life: how gladly would he *give* them, but they have to be brought from the uttermost ends of the world, and cost money. Now too, with what tenfold impetuosity do all the old trades of Egyptian Drops, Beauty-waters, Secret-favours, expand themselves, and rise in price! Lifeweary, monied Donothing, this seraphic Countess is Grand Priestess of the Egyptian Female Lodges; has a touch of the supramundane Undine in her: among

all thy intrigues, hadst thou ever yet Endymion-like an intrigue with the lunar Diana,—called also Hecate? And thou, O antique, much-loving faded Dowager, *this* Squire-of-dames can (it appears probable) command the Seven Angels, Uriel, Anachiel and Company; at lowest, has the eyes of all Europe fixed on him!—The dog pockets money enough, and can seem to despise money.

To us, much meditating on the matter, it seemed perhaps strangest of all, how Count Cagliostro, received under the Steel Arch, could hold Discourses, of from one to three hours long, on Universal Science, of such unction, we do not say as to seem inspired by the Holy Spirit, but as not to get him lugged out of doors (after his first head of method), and drowned in whole oceans of salt-and-water. The man could not speak; only babble in long-winded diffusions, chaotic circumvolutions tending nowhither. He had no thought for speaking with; he had not even a language. His Sicilian-Italian, and Laquais-de-Place French, garnished with shreds from all European dialects, was wholly intelligible to no mortal; a Tower-of-Babel jargon, which made many think him a kind of Jew. But indeed, with the language of Greeks, or of Angels, what better were it? The man once for all has no articulate utterance; that tongue of his emits noises enough, but no speech. Let him begin the plainest story, his stream stagnates at the first stage; chafes ("ahem! ahem!"); loses itself in the earth; or, bursting over, flies abroad without bank or channel,—into separate plashes. Not a stream, but a lake, a wide-spread indefinite marsh. His whole thought is confused, inextricable; what thought, what resemblance of thought he has, cannot deliver itself, except in gasps, blustering gushes, spasmodic refluences, which make bad worse. Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble: how thou bubblest, foolish "Bubbly-jock!" Hear him once (and on a dead-lift occasion), as the Inquisition Gurney reports it:

"'I mean and I wish to mean, that even as those who honour their father and mother, and respect the sovereign Pontiff, are blessed of God; even so all that I did, I did it by the order of God, with the power which he vouchsafed me, and to the advantage of God and of Holy Church; and I mean to give the proofs of all that I have done and said, not only physically but morally, by shewing that as I have served God for God and by the power of God, he has given me at last the counterpoison to confound and combat Hell; for I know no other enemies than those that are in Hell, and if I am wrong the Holy Father will punish me; if I am right he will reward me, and if the Holy Father could get into his hands to-night these answers of mine, I predict to all brethren, believers and unbelievers, that I should be at liberty to-morrow morning.' Being desired to give these proofs then, he answered: 'To prove that I have been chosen of God as an apostle to defend and propagate religion, I say that as the Holy Church has instituted pastors to demonstrate in face of the world that she is the true Catholic faith, even so, having operated with approbation and by the counsel of pastors of the Holy Church, I am, as I said, fully justified in regard to all my operations; and these pastors have assured me that my Egyptian Order was divine, and deserved to be formed into an Order sanctioned by the Holy Father, as I said in another interrogatory.'"

How then, in the name of wonder, said we, could such a babbling, bubbling Turkey-cock speak "with unction?"

Two things here are to be taken into account. First, the difference between speaking and public speaking; a difference altogether generic. Secondly, the wonderful power of a certain audacity (often named impudence). Was it never thy hard fortune, good Reader, to attend any Meeting convened for Public purposes; any Bible-Society, Reform, Conservative, Thatched-Tavern, Hogg-Dinner, or other such Meeting? Thou hast seen some full-fed Long-ear, by free determination, or on sweet constraint, start to his legs, and give voice. Well aware wert thou that there was not, had not been, could not be, in that entire ass-cranium of his any fraction of an idea: nevertheless mark him. If at first an ominous haze flit round, and nothing, not even nonsense, dwell in his recollection,—heed it not; let him but plunge desperately on, the spell is broken. Common-places enough are at hand; "labour of love," "rights of suffering millions," "throne and altar," "divine gift of song," or what else it may be: the Meeting, by its very *name*, has environed itself in a given element of Common-place. But anon, behold how his talking-organs get heated, and the

friction vanishes; cheers, applauses (with the previous dinner and strong drink) raise him to height of noblest temper. And now (as for your vociferous Dullard is easiest of all) let him keep on the soft, safe *parallel* course (parallel to the Truth, or nearly so; for Heaven's sake, not in *contact* with it), no obstacle will meet him; on the favouring "given element of Commonplace" he triumphantly careers. He is as the ass, whom you took and cast headlong into the water: the water at first threatens to swallow him; but he finds, to his astonishment, that he can *swim* therein, that it is buoyant and bears him along. One sole condition is indispensable: audacity (vulgarly called impudence). Our ass must *commit* himself to his watery "element;" in free daring, strike forth his four limbs from him: then shall he not drown and sink, but shoot gloriously forward, and swim, to the admiration of bystanders. The ass, safe landed on the other bank, shakes his rough hide, wonderstruck himself at the faculty that lay in him, and waves joyfully his long ears: so too the public speaker. Cagliostro, as we know him of old, is not without a certain blubbery oiliness (of soul as of body), with vehemence lying under it; has the volublest, noisiest tongue; and in the audacity vulgarly called impudence is without a fellow. The Common-places of such Steel-Arch Meetings are soon at his finger-ends: that same blubbery oiliness and vehemence lying under it (once give them an element and stimulus) are the very gift of a fluent public speaker — to Dupeables.

Here too let us mention a circumstance, not insignificant, if true, which it may readily enough be. In younger years, Beppo Balsamo once, it is recorded, took some pains to procure, "from a country vicar," under quite false pretences, "a bit of cotton steeped in holy oils." What could such bit of cotton steeped in holy oils do for him? An Unbeliever from any basis of conviction the unbelieving Beppo could never be; but solely from stupidity and bad morals. Might there not lie in that chaotic blubbery nature of his, at the bottom of all, a certain musk-grain of real Superstitious Belief? How wonderfully such a musk-grain of Belief will flavour, and impregnate with seductive odour, a whole inward world of Quackery, so that every fibre thereof shall smell *musk*, is well known. No Quack can persuade like him who has himself some persuasion. Nay, so wondrous is the act of Believing, Deception and Self-deception must, rigorously speaking, coexist in all Quacks; and he perhaps were definable as the best Quack, in whom the smallest musk-grain of the latter would sufficiently flavour the largest mass of the former.

But indeed, as we know otherwise, was there not in Cagliostro a certain pinchbeck counterfeit of all that is golden and good in man, of somewhat even that is best? Cheers, and illuminated hieroglyphs, and the ravishment of thronging audiences, can make him maudlin; his very wickedness of practice will render him louder in eloquence of theory; and "philanthropy," "divine science," "depth of unknown worlds," "finer feelings of the heart," and such like shall draw tears from most asses of sensibility. Neither, indeed, is it of moment how *few* his elementary Common-places are, how empty his head is, so he but agitate it well: thus a lead drop or two, put into the emptiest dry-bladder, and jingled to and fro, will make noise enough; and even (if skilfully jingled) a kind of martial music.

Such is the Cagliostric palaver, that bewitches all manner of believing souls. If the ancient Father was named Chrysostom, or Mouth-of-Gold, be the modern Quack named Pinchbecko-stom, or Mouth-of-Pinchbeck; in an Age of Bronze such metal finds elective affinities. On the whole, too, it is worth considering what element your Quack specially works in: the element of Wonder! The Genuine, be he artist or artisan, works in the finitude of the Known; the Quack in the infinitude of the Unknown. And then how, in rapidest progression, he grows and advances, once start him! "Your name is up," says the adage, "you may lie in bed." A nimbus of Renown and preternatural Astonishment envelopes Cagliostro; enchants the general eye. The few reasoning mortals, scattered here and there, that see through him, deafened in the universal hubbub, shut their lips in sorrowful disdain; confident in the grand remedy, Time. The Enchanter meanwhile rolls on his way; what boundless materials of Deceptibility (which are two mainly: first, Ignorance, especially Brute-mindedness, the

natural fruit of religious Unbelief; then Greediness) exist over Europe, in this the most deceivable of modern ages, are stirred up, fermenting in his behoof. He careers onward as a Comet; his nucleus (of paying and praising Dupes) embraces, in long radius, what city and province he rests over; his thinner tail (of wondering and curious Dupes) stretches into remotest lands. Good Lavater, from amid his Swiss Mountains, could say of him: "Cagliostro, a man; and a man such as few are; in whom however I am not a believer. O that he were simple of heart and humble, like a child; that he had feeling for the simplicity of the Gospel, and the majesty of the Lord (*Hoheit des Herrn*)! Who were so great as he? Cagliostro often tells what is not true, and promises what he does not perform. Yet do I nowise hold his operations as deception, though they are not what he calls them."* If good Lavater could so say of him, what must others have been saying!

Comet-wise, progressing with loud flourish of kettledrums, every where under the Steel Arch, evoking spirits, transmuting metals (to such as could stand it), the Archquack has traversed Saxony; at Leipzig has run athwart the hawser of a brother quack (poor Schröpfer, here scarcely recognisable as "*Scieffert*"), and wrecked him. Through Eastern Germany, Prussian Poland, he progresses; and so now at length (in the spring of 1780) has arrived at Petersburg. His pavilion is erected here, his flag prosperously hoisted: Mason-lodges have long ears; he is distributing (as has now become his wont) Spagiric Food, medicine for the poor; a train-oil Prince Potemkin (or something like him, for accounts are dubious) feels his chops water over a seraphic Seraphina: all goes merry, and promises the best. But in those despotic countries, the Police is so arbitrary! Cagliostro's thaumaturgy must be overhauled by the Empress's Physician (Rogerson, a hard Annandale Scot); is found naught, the Spagiric Food unfit for a dog: and so, the whole particulars of his Lordship's conduct being put together, the result is that he must leave Petersburg, in a given brief term of hours. Happy for him that it was so brief: scarcely is he gone, till the Prussian Ambassador appears with a complaint, that he has falsely assumed the Prussian uniform at Rome; the Spanish Ambassador with a still graver complaint, that he has forged bills at Cadiz. However, he is safe over the marches: let them complain their fill.

In Courland and in Poland great things await him; yet not unalloyed by two small reverses. The famed Countess von der Recke (a born Fair Saint, what the Germans call *Schöne Seele*), as yet quite young in heart and experience, but broken down with grief for departed friends,—seeks to question the world-famous Spirit-summoner on the secrets of the Invisible Kingdoms; whither, with fond, strained eyes, she is incessantly looking. The *galimathias* of Pinchbecko-stom cannot impose on this pure-minded simple woman; she recognises the Quack in him (and in a printed Book makes known the same): Mephisto's mortifying experience with Margaret, as above foretold, renews itself for Cagliostro.† At Warsaw too, though he discourses on Egyptian Masonry, on Medical Philosophy, and the ignorance of Doctors, and performs successfully with *Pupil* and *Columb*, a certain "Count M." cherishes more than doubt; which ends in certainty, in a written *Cagliostro Unmasked.* The Archquack, triumphant, sumptuously feasted in the city, has retired with a chosen set of believers, with whom however was this unbelieving "M.," into the country; to transmute metals, to prepare perhaps the Pentagon itself. All that night, before leaving Warsaw, "our dear Master" had spent conversing with spirits. Spirits? cries "M.:" Not he; but melting ducats: he has a melted mass of them in this crucible, which now, by sleight of hand, he would fain substitute for that other, filled, as you all saw, with red-lead, carefully luted down, smelted, set to cool, smuggled from among our hands, and now (look at it, ye asses!)—found broken and hidden among these bushes! Neither does the Pentagon, or Elixir of Life, or whatever it was, prosper better. "Our sweet Master enters into expostulation;" "swears by his great God, and his honour, that he will finish the work and make us happy. He carries his modesty

* *Lettre du Comte Mirabeau sur Cagliostro et Lavater.* (Berlin, 1786.) P. 42.
† *Zeitgenossen*, No. XV. § *Frau von der Recke.*

so far as to propose that he shall work with chains on his feet; and consents to lose his life, by the hands of his disciples, if before the end of the *fourth passage*, his word be not made good. He lays his hand on the ground, and kisses it; holds it up to Heaven, and again takes God to witness that he speaks true; calls on Him to exterminate him if he lies." A vision of the hoary-bearded Grand Cophta himself makes night solemn. In vain! The sherds of that broken red-lead crucible (which pretends to stand here unbroken half-full of silver) lie *there*, before your eyes: that "resemblance of a sleeping child," grown visible in the magic cooking of our Elixir, proves to be an inserted rosemary-leaf: the Grand Cophta cannot be gone too soon.

Count "M.," balancing towards the opposite extreme, even thinks him inadequate as a Quack.

"Far from being modest," says this Unmasker, "he brags beyond expression, in anybody's presence, especially in women's, of the grand faculties he possesses. Every word is an exaggeration, or a statement you feel to be improbable. The smallest contradiction puts him in fury: his vanity breaks through on all sides; he lets you give him a festival that sets the whole city a-talking. Most impostors are supple, and endeavour to gain friends. This one, you might say, studies to appear arrogant, to make all men enemies, by his rude injurious speeches, by the squabbles and grudges he introduces among friends." "He quarrels with his coadjutors for trifles; fancies that a simple giving of the lie will persuade the public that they are liars." "Schröpfer at Leipzig was far cleverer." "He should get some ventriloquist for assistant: should read some Books of Chemistry; study the Tricks of Philadelphia and Comus." *

Fair advices, good "M.;" but do not you yourself admit that he has a "natural genius for deception;" above all things, "a forehead of brass (*front d'airain*), which nothing can disconcert?" To such a genius, and such a brow, Comus and Philadelphia, and all the ventriloquists in Nature, can add little. Give the Archquack his due. These arrogancies of his prove only that he is mounted on his high horse, and has now the world under him.

Such reverses (occurring in the lot of every man) are, for our Cagliostro, but as specks in the blaze of the meridian Sun. With undimmed lustre he is, as heretofore, handed over from this "Prince P." to that Prince Q.; among which high believing potentates, what is an incredulous "Count M.?" His pockets are distended with ducats and diamonds: he is off to Vienna, to Frankfort, to Strasburg, by extra-post; and there also will work miracles. "The train he commonly took with him," says the Inquisition Biographer, "corresponded to the rest; he always travelled post, with a considerable suite: couriers, lackeys, body-servants, domestics of all sorts, sumptuously dressed, gave an air of reality to the high birth he vaunted. The very liveries he got made at Paris cost twenty *Louis* each. Apartments furnished in the height of the mode; a magnificent table, open to numerous guests; rich dresses for himself and his wife, corresponded to this luxurious way of life. His feigned generosity likewise made a great noise. Often he gratuitously doctored the poor, and even gave them alms." †

In the inside of all this splendid travelling and lodging economy, are to be seen, as we know, two suspicious-looking rouged or unrouged figures, of a Count and a Countess: lolling on their cushions there, with a jaded, haggard kind of aspect, they eye one another sullenly, in silence, with a scarce-suppressed indignation; for each thinks the other does not work enough and eats too much. Whether Dame Lorenza followed her peculiar side of the business with reluctance or with free alacrity, is a moot-point among Biographers: not so that, with her choleric adipose Archquack, she had a sour life of it, and brawling abounded. If we look still farther inwards, and try to penetrate the inmost self-consciousness (what in another man would be called the conscience) of the Archquack himself, the view gets most uncertain; little or nothing to be seen but a thick fallacious haze. Which indeed *was* the main thing extant there. Much in the Count Front-d'airain remains dubious; yet hardly this: his want of clear insight into any thing, most of all into his own inner man.

* *Cagliostro démasqué à Varsovie, en* 1780. (Paris, 1786.) P. 35 *et seq.*

† *Vie de Joseph Balsamo*, p. 41.

Cunning in the supreme degree he has; intellect next to none. Nay, is not cunning (couple it with an esurient character) the natural consequence of *defective* intellect? It is properly the vehement exercise of a short, poor vision; of an intellect sunk, bemired; which can attain to no free vision, otherwise it would lead the esurient man to be honest.

Meanwhile gleams of muddy light will occasionally visit all mortals; every living creature (according to Milton, the very Devil) has some more or less faint resemblance of a Conscience; must make inwardly certain auricular confessions, absolutions, professions of faith,—were it only that he does not yet quite loathe, and so proceed to hang himself. What such a Porcus as Cagliostro might specially feel, and think, and *be*, were difficult in any case to say; much more when contradiction and mystification, designed and unavoidable, so involve the matter. One of the most authentic documents preserved of him is the Picture of his Visage. An Effigies once universally diffused; in oil-paint, aquatint, marble, stucco, and perhaps gingerbread, decorating millions of apartments: of which remarkable Effigies one copy, engraved in the line-manner, happily still lies here. Fittest of visages; worthy to be worn by the Quack of Quacks! A most portentous face of scoundrelism: a fat, snub, abominable face; dew-lapped, flat-nosed, greasy, full of greediness, sensuality, oxlike obstinacy; a forehead impudent, refusing to be ashamed; and then two eyes turned up seraphically languishing, as in divine contemplation and adoration; a touch of quiz too: on the whole, perhaps the most perfect quack-face produced by the eighteenth century. There he sits, and seraphically languishes, with this epigraph:

De l'Ami des Humains reconaissez les traits:
Tous ses jours sont marqués par de nouveaux bienfaits,
Il prolonge la vie, il secourt l'indigence;
Le plaisir d'être utile est seul sa récompense.

A probable conjecture were that this same Theosophy, Theophilanthropy, Solacement of the Poor, to which our Archquack now more and more betook himself, might serve not only as bird-lime for external game, but also half-unconsciously as salve for assuaging his own spiritual sores. Am not I a charitable man? could the Archquack say: if I have erred myself, have I not, by theosophic unctuous discourses, removed much cause of error? The lying, the quackery, what are these but the method of accommodating yourself to the temper of men; of getting their ear, their dull long ear, which Honesty had no chance to catch? Nay, at worst, is not this an unjust world; full of nothing but beasts of prey, four-footed or two-footed? Nature has commanded, saying: Man, help thyself. Ought not the man of my genius, since he was not born a Prince, since in these scandalous times he has not been elected a Prince, to make himself one? If not by open violence (for which he wants military force); then surely by superior science,—exercised in a private way. Heal the diseases of the Poor; the far deeper diseases of the Ignorant: in a word, found Egyptian Lodges, and get the means of founding them.—By such soliloquies can Count Front-of-brass Pinchbecko-stom, in rare atrabiliar hours of self-questioning, compose himself. For the rest, such hours are rare: the Count is a man of action and digestion, not of self-questioning; usually the day brings its abundant task; there is no time for abstractions,—of the metaphysical sort.

Be this as it may, the Count has arrived at Strasburg; is working higher wonders than ever. At Strasburg indeed (in the year 1783) occurs his apotheosis; what we can call the culmination and Fourth Act of his Life-drama. He was here for a number of months; in full blossom and radiance, the envy and admiration of the world. In large hired hospitals, he with open drug-box (containing "Extract of Saturn"), and even with open purse, relieves the suffering poor; unfolds himself lamblike, angelic to a believing few, of the rich classes; turns a silent minatory lion-face to unbelievers, were they of the richest. Medical miracles have in all times been common: but what miracle is this of an Oriental or Occidental Serene-Excellence that, "regardless of expense," employs himself not in preserving game, but in curing sickness, in illuminating ignorance? Behold how he dives, at noon-day, into the infectious hovels of the

mean; and on the equipages, haughtinesses, and even dinner-invitations of the great, turns only his negatory front-of-brass! The Prince Cardinal de Rohan, Archbishop of Strasburg, first-class Peer of France, of the Blood-royal of Britany, intimates a wish to see him; he answers: "If Monseigneur the Cardinal is sick, let him come, and I will cure him; if he is well, he has no need of me, I none of him."* Heaven, meanwhile, has sent him a few disciples: by a nice tact, he knows his man; to one speaks only of Spagiric Medicine, Downfall of Tyranny, and the Egyptian Lodge; to another, of quite high matters, beyond this diurnal sphere; of visits from the Angel of Light, visits from him of Darkness; passing a Statue of Christ, he will pause with a wondrously accented plaintive "Ha!" as of recognition, as of thousand-years remembrance; and when questioned, sink into mysterious silence. *Is* he the Wandering Jew, then? Heaven knows! At Strasburg, in a word, Fortune not only smiles but laughs upon him: as crowning favour, he finds here the richest, inflammablest, most open-handed Dupe ever yet vouchsafed him; no other than this same many-titled Louis de Rohan; strong in whose favour, he can laugh again at Fortune.

Let the curious reader look at him, for an instant or two, through the eyes of two eye-witnesses: the Abbé Georgel (Prince Louis's diplomatic Factotum), and Herr Meiners, the Göttingen Professor:

"Admitted at length," says our too-prosing Jesuit Abbé, "to the sanctuary of this Æsculapius, Prince Louis saw, according to his own account, in the incommunicative man's physiognomy, something so dignified, so imposing, that he felt penetrated with a religious awe, and reverence dictated his address. Their interview, which was brief, excited more keenly than ever his desire of farther acquaintance. He attained it at length: and the crafty empiric graduated so cunningly his words and procedure, that he gained, without appearing to court it, the Cardinal's entire confidence, and the greatest ascendency over his will. 'Your soul,' said he one day to the Prince, 'is worthy of mine; you deserve to be made participator of all my secrets.' Such an avowal captivated the whole faculties, intellectual and moral, of a man who at all times had hunted after secrets of alchemy and botany. From this moment their union became intimate and public: Cagliostro went and established himself at Saverne, while his Eminence was residing there; their solitary interviews were long and frequent." * * "I remember once, having learnt, by a sure way, that Baron de Planta (his Eminence's man of affairs) had frequent, most expensive orgies, in the Archiepiscopal Palace, where Tokay wine ran like water, to regale Cagliostro and his pretended wife, I thought it my duty to inform the Cardinal; his answer was, 'I know it; I have even authorised him to commit abuses, if he judge fit.'" * * "He came at last to have no other will than Cagliostro's: and to such a length had it gone, that this sham Egyptian, finding it good to quit Strasburg for a time, and retire into Switzerland, the Cardinal, apprised thereof, despatched his Secretary as well to attend him, as to obtain Predictions from him; such were transmitted in cipher to the Cardinal on every point he needed to consult of."†—

"Before ever I arrived in Strasburg," (hear now the as prosing Protestant Professor,) "I knew almost to a certainty that I should not see Count Cagliostro; at least, not get to speak with him. From many persons I had heard that he, on no account, received visits from curious Travellers, in a state of health; that such as, without being sick, appeared in his audiences were sure to be treated by him, in the brutalest way, as spies." * * "Nevertheless, though I saw not this new god of Physic near at hand and deliberately, but only for a moment as he rolled on in a rapid carriage, I fancy myself to be better acquainted with him than many that have lived in his society for months." "My unavoidable conviction is, that Count Cagliostro, from of old, has been more of a cheat than an enthusiast; and also that he continues a cheat to this day.

"As to his country I have ascertained nothing. Some make him a Spaniard, others a Jew, or an Italian, or a Ragusan; or even an Arab, who had persuaded some Asiatic Prince to send his son to travel in Europe, and then murdered the youth, and taken possession of his treasures. As the self-styled Count speaks badly all the languages you hear from him, and has most likely spent the greater part of his life under feigned names far from home, it is probable enough no sure trace of his origin may ever be discovered."

* *Mémoires de l'Abbé Georgel*, ii. 48.

† Georgel, *ubi supra*.

"On his first appearance in Strasburg he connected himself with the Freemasons; but only till he felt strong enough to stand by himself: he soon gained the favour of the Prætor and the Cardinal; and through these the favour of the Court, to such a degree that his adversaries cannot so much as think of overthrowing him. With the Prætor and Cardinal he is said to demean himself as with persons who were under boundless obligation to him, to whom he were under none: the equipage of the Cardinal he seems to use as freely as his own. He pretends that he can recognise Atheists or Blasphemers by the smell; that the vapour from such throws him into epileptic fits; into which sacred disorder he, like a true juggler, has the art of falling when he likes. In public he no longer vaunts of rule over spirits, or other magical arts; but I know, even as certainly, that he still pretends to evoke spirits, and by their help and apparition to heal diseases, as I know this other fact, that he understands no more of the human system, or the nature of its diseases, or the use of the commonest therapeutic methods, than any other quack."

"According to the crediblest accounts of persons who have long observed him, he is a man to an inconceivable degree choleric (*heftig*), heedless, inconstant; and therefore doubtless it was the happiest idea he ever in his whole life came upon, this of making himself inaccessible; of raising the most obstinate reserve as a bulwark round him; without which precaution he must long ago have been caught at fault."

"For his own labour he takes neither payment nor present; when presents are made him of such a sort as cannot without offence be refused, he forthwith returns some counter-present, of equal or still higher value. Nay he not only takes nothing from his patients, but frequently admits them, months long, to his house and his table, and will not consent to the smallest recompense. With all this disinterestedness (conspicuous enough, as you may suppose), he lives in an expensive way, plays deep, loses almost constantly to ladies; so that, according to the very lowest estimate, he must require at least 20,000 livres a-year. The darkness which Cagliostro has, on purpose, spread over the sources of his income and outlay, contributes even more than his munificence and miraculous cures to the notion that he is a divine extraordinary man, who has watched Nature in her deepest operations, and among other secrets stolen that of Gold-making from her." * * "With a mixture of sorrow and indignation over our age, I have to record that this man has found acceptance, not only among the great, who from of old have been the easiest bewitched by such, but also with many of the learned, and even physicians and naturalists." *

Halcyon days; only too good to continue! All glory runs its course; has its culmination, and then its often precipitous decline. Eminence Rohan, with fervid temper and small instruction, perhaps of dissolute, certainly of dishonest manners, in whom the faculty of Wonder had attained such prodigious development, was indeed the very stranded whale for jackals to feed on: unhappily, however, no one jackal could long be left in solitary possession of him. A sharper-toothed she-jackal now strikes in; bites infinitely deeper; stranded whale and he-jackal both are like to become her prey. A young French Mantua-maker, "Countess de La Motte-Valois, descended from Henri II. by the bastard line," without Extract of Saturn, Egyptian Masonry, or any (verbal) conference with Dark Angels,—has genius enough to get her finger in the Archquack's rich Hermetic Projection, appropriate the golden proceeds, and even finally break the crucible. Prince Cardinal Louis de Rohan is off to Paris, under her guidance, to see the long-invisible Queen (or Queen's Apparition); to pick up the Rose in the Garden of Trianon, dropt by her fair sham-royal hand; and then—descend rapidly to the Devil, and drag Cagliostro along with him.

The intelligent reader observes, we have now arrived at that stupendous business of the *Diamond Necklace;* into the dark complexities of which we need not here do more than glance: who knows but, next month, our Historical Chapter, written specially on this subject, may itself see the light? Enough, for the present, if we fancy vividly the poor whale Cardinal, so deep in the adventure that Grand-Cophtic "predictions transmitted in cipher" will no longer illuminate him; but the Grand Cophta must leave all masonic or other business, happily begun in Naples, Bourdeaux, Lyons, and come personally to Paris with predictions at first hand. "The new Calchas," says poor Abbé Georgel,

* Meiners: *Briefe über die Schweiz,* (as quoted in *Mirabeau.*)

"must have read the entrails of his victim ill; for, on issuing from these communications with the Angel of Light and of Darkness, he prophesied to the Cardinal that this happy correspondence" (with the Queen's Similitude) "would place him at the highest point of favour; that his influence in the Government would soon become paramount; that he would use it for the propagation of good principles, the glory of the Supreme Being, and the happiness of Frenchmen." The new Calchas was indeed at fault: but how could he be otherwise? Let these high Queen's favours, and all terrestrial shiftings of the wind, turn as they will, *his* reign, he can well see, is appointed to be temporary; in the mean while, Tokay flows like water; prophecies of good, not of evil, are the method to keep it flowing. Thus if, for Circe de La Motte-Valois, the Egyptian Masonry is but a foolish enchanted cup to turn her fat Cardinal into a quadruped withal, she herself converse-wise, for the Grand Cophta, is one who must ever fodder said quadruped (with Court Hopes), and stall-feed him fatter and fatter,—it is expected, for the knife of *both* parties. They are mutually useful; live in peace, and Tokay festivity, though mutually suspicious, mutually contemptuous. So stand matters, through the spring and summer months of the year 1785.

But fancy next that,—while Tokay is flowing within doors, and abroad Egyptian Lodges are getting founded, and gold and glory, from Paris as from other cities, supernaturally coming in,—the latter end of August has arrived, and with it Commissary Chesnon, to lodge the whole unholy Brotherhood, from Cardinal down to Sham-queen, in separate cells of the Bastille! There, for nine long months, let them howl and wail (in bass or in treble); and emit the falsest of false *Mémoires;* among which that *Mémoire pour le Comte de Cagliostro, en presence des autres Co-Accusés,* with its Trebisond Acharats, Scherifs of Mecca, and Nature's unfortunate Child, all gravely printed with French types in the year 1786, may well bear the palm. Fancy that Necklace or Diamonds will nowhere unearth themselves; that the Tuileries Palace sits struck with astonishment, and speechless chagrin; that Paris, that all Europe, is ringing with the wonder. That Count Front-of-brass Pinchbecko-stom, confronted, at the judgment-bar, with a shrill, glib Circe de La Motte, has need of all his eloquence; that nevertheless the Front-of-brass prevails, and exasperated Circe "throws a candlestick at him." Finally, that on the 31st of May, 1786, the assembled Parliament of Paris, "at nine in the evening, after a sitting of eighteen hours," has solemnly pronounced judgment: and now that Cardinal Louis is gone "to his estates;" Countess de La Motte is shaven on the head, branded, with red-hot iron, "V" (*Voleuse*) on both shoulders, and confined for life to the Salpetrière; her Count wandering uncertain, with diamonds for sale, over the British Empire; the Sieur de Villette (for handling a queen's pen) banished for ever; the too queenlike Demoiselle Gay d'Oliva (with her unfathered infant) "put out of Court;"—and Grand Cophta Cagliostro liberated, indeed, but pillaged, and ordered forthwith to take himself away. His disciples illuminate their windows; but what does that avail? Commissary Chesnon, Bastille-Governor Launay cannot recollect the least particular of those priceless effects, those gold-rouleaus, repeating watches of his: he must even retire to Passy that very night; and two days afterwards, sees nothing for it but Boulogne and England. Thus does the miserable pickleherring tragedy of the Diamond Necklace wind itself up, and wind Cagliostro once more to inhospitable shores.

Arrived here, and lodged tolerably in "Sloane Street, Knigtsbridge," by the aid of Mr. (Broken Wine-merchant Apothecary) Swinton, to whom he carries introductions, he can drive a small trade in Egyptian Pills (sold *in Paris* at thirty-shillings the dram); in unctuously discoursing to Egyptian Lodges; in "giving public audiences as at Strasburg,"—if so be any one will bite. At all events, he can, by the aid of amanuensis-disciples, compose and publish his *Lettre au Peuple Anglais;* setting forth his unheard-of generosities, unheard-of injustices suffered (in a world not worthy of him) at the hands of English Lawyers, Bastille Governors, French Counts and others; his *Lettre aux Français,* singing to the same tune, predicting too (what many inspired Editors had already boded) that "the Bastille would be destroyed," and "a King would come who should govern by States-General." But, alas, the

shafts of Criticism are busy with him; so many hostile eyes look towards him: the world, in short, is getting too hot for him. Mark, nevertheless, how the brow of brass quails not; nay a touch of his old poetic Humour, even in this sad crisis, unexpectedly unfolds itself. One Morande, Editor of a *Courier de l'Europe* published here at that period, has for some time made it his distinction to be the foremost of Cagliostro's enemies. Cagliostro (enduring much in silence) happens once, in some "public audience," to mention a practice he had witnessed in Arabia the Stony: the people there, it seems, are in the habit of fattening a few pigs annually, on provender mixed with arsenic; whereby the whole pig-carcase by and by becomes, so to speak, arsenical; the arsenical pigs are then let loose into the woods; eaten by lions, leopards, and other ferocious creatures; which latter naturally all die in consequence, and so the woods are cleared of them. This adroit practice the Sieur Morande thought a proper subject for banter; and accordingly, in his Seventeenth and two following Numbers, made merry enough with it. Whereupon Count Front-of-brass, whose patience has limits, writes as Advertisement (still to be read in old files of the *Public Advertiser*, under date September 3, 1786) a French Letter, not without causticity and aristocratic disdain; challenging the witty Sieur to breakfast with him, for the 9th of November next, in the face of the world, on an actual Sucking Pig, fattened by Cagliostro, but cooked, carved, and selected from by the Sieur Morande,—under bet of Five Thousand Guineas sterling that next morning thereafter, he the Sieur Morande shall be dead, and Count Cagliostro be alive! The poor Sieur durst not cry, Done; and backed out of the transaction, making wry faces. Thus does a kind of red coppery splendour encircle our Archquack's decline; thus with brow of brass, grim smiling, does he meet his destiny.

But suppose we should now, from these foreign scenes turn homewards, for a moment, into the native alley in Palermo! Palermo, with its dinginess, its mud or dust; the old black Balsamo House, the very beds and chairs, all are still standing there: and Beppo has altered so strangely, has wandered so far away. Let us look; for happily we have the fairest opportunity.

In April 1787, Palermo contained a Traveller of a thousand; no other than the great Goethe from Weimar. At his Table-d'hôte he heard much of Cagliostro; at length also of a certain Palermo Lawyer, who had been engaged by the French Government to draw up an authentic genealogy and memoir of him. This Lawyer, and even the rude draught of his Memoir, he with little difficulty gets to see; inquires next whether it were not possible to see the actual Balsamo Family, whereof it appears the mother and a widowed sister still survive. For this matter, however, the Lawyer can do nothing; only refer him to his Clerk; who again starts difficulties: To get at those genealogic Documents he has been obliged to invent some story of a Government Pension being in the wind for those poor Balsamos; and now that the whole matter is finished, and the Paper sent off to France, has nothing so much at heart as to keep out of their way:

"So said the Clerk. However, as I could not abandon my purpose, we after some study concerted that I should give myself out for an Englishman, and bring the family news of Cagliostro, who had lately got out of the Bastille, and gone to London.

"At the appointed hour, it might be three in the afternoon, we set forth. The house lay in the corner of an Alley, not far from the main-street named *Il Casaro*. We ascended a miserable stair, and came straight into the kitchen. A woman of middle stature, broad and stout, yet not corpulent, stood busy washing the kitchen dishes. She was decently dressed; and, on our entrance, turned up the one end of her apron, to hide the soiled side from us. She joyfully recognised my conductor, and said: 'Signor Giovanni, do you bring us good news? Have you made out any thing?'

"He answered: 'In our affair, nothing yet: but here is a Stranger that brings a salutation from your Brother, and can tell you how he is at present.'

"The salutation I was to bring stood not in our agreement: meanwhile, one way or other, the introduction was accomplished. 'You know my Brother?' inquired she.—'All Europe knows him,' answered I; 'and I fancied it would gratify you to hear that he is now in safety and well; as, of late, no doubt you have been anxious about him.'—'Step in,' said she, 'I will follow you directly;' and with the Clerk I entered the room.

"It was large and high; and might, with us, have passed for a saloön; it seemed, indeed, to be almost the sole lodging of the family. A single window lighted the large walls, which had once had colour; and on which were black pictures of saints, in gilt frames, hanging round. Two large beds, without curtains, stood at one wall; a brown press, in the form of a writing-desk, at the other. Old rush-bottomed chairs, the backs of which had once been gilt, stood by; and the tiles of the floor were in many places worn deep into hollows. For the rest, all was cleanly; and we approached the family, which sat assembled at the one window, in the other end of the apartment.

"Whilst my guide was explaining, to the old Widow Balsamo, the purpose of our visit, and by reason of her deafness must repeat his words several times aloud, I had time to observe the chamber and the other persons in it. A girl of about sixteen, well formed, whose features had become uncertain by small-pox, stood at the window; beside her a young man, whose disagreeable look, deformed by the same disease, also struck me. In an easy-chair, right before the window, sat or rather lay a sick, much disshapen person, who appeared to labour under a sort of lethargy.

"My guide having made himself understood, we were invited to take seats. The old woman put some questions to me, which however, I had to get interpreted before I could answer them, the Sicilian dialect not being quite at my command.

"Meanwhile I looked at the aged widow with satisfaction. She was of middle stature, but well-shaped; over her regular features which age had not deformed, lay that sort of peace usual with people that have lost their hearing; the tone of her voice was soft and agreeable.

"I answered her questions; and my answers also had again to be interpreted for her.

"The slowness of our conversation gave me leisure to measure my words. I told her that her son had been acquitted in France, and was at present in England, where he met with good reception. Her joy, which she testified at these tidings, was mixed with expressions of a heartfelt piety; and as she now spoke a little louder and slower, I could the better understand her.

"In the mean time, the daughter had entered; and taken her seat beside my conductor, who repeated to her faithfully what I had been narrating. She had put on a clean apron; had set her hair in order under the net-cap. The more I looked at her, and compared her with her mother, the more striking became the difference of the two figures. A vivacious, healthy Sensualism (*Sinnlichkeit*) beamed forth from the whole structure of the daughter: she might be a woman of about forty. With brisk blue eyes, she looked sharply round; yet in her look I could trace no suspicion. When she sat, her figure promised more height than it shewed when she rose: her posture was determinate, she sat with her body leaned forwards, the hands resting on the knees. For the rest, her physiognomy, more of the snubby than the sharp sort, reminded me of her Brother's Portrait, familiar to us in engravings. She asked me several things about my journey, my purpose to see Sicily; and was convinced I would come back, and celebrate the Feast of Saint Rosalia with them.

"As the grandmother, meanwhile, had again put some questions to me, and I was busy answering her, the daughter kept speaking to my companion half-aloud, yet so that I could take occasion to ask what it was. He answered: Signora Capitummino was telling him that her Brother owed her fourteen gold Ounces; on his sudden departure from Palermo, she had redeemed several things for him that were in pawn; but never since that day had either heard from him, or got money or any other help, though it was said he had great riches, and made a princely outlay. Now would not I perhaps undertake on my return, to remind him, in a handsome way, of the debt, and procure some assistance for her; nay would I not carry a Letter with me, or at all events get it carried? I offered to do so. She asked where I lodged, whither she must send the Letter to me? I avoided naming my abode, and offered to call next day towards night, and receive the letter myself.

"She thereupon described to me her untoward situation: how she was a widow with three children, of whom the one girl was getting educated in a convent, the other was here present, and her son just gone out to his lesson. How, beside these three children, she had her mother to maintain; and moreover out of Christian love had taken the unhappy sick person there to her house, whereby the burden was heavier: how all her industry would scarcely suffice to get necessaries for herself and hers. She knew indeed that God did not leave good works unrewarded; yet must sigh very sore under the load she had long borne.

"The young people mixed in the dialogue, and our conversation grew livelier. While speaking with the others, I could hear the good old widow ask her daughter: If I belonged, then, to their holy Religion? I remarked also that the

daughter strove, in a prudent way, to avoid an answer; signifying to her mother, so far as I could take it up: that the Stranger seemed to have a kind feeling towards them; and that it was not well-bred to question any one straightway on that point.

"As they heard that I was soon to leave Palermo, they became more pressing, and importuned me to come back; especially vaunting the paradisaic days of the Rosalia Festival, the like of which was not to be seen and tasted in all the world.

"My attendant, who had long been anxious to get off, at last put an end to the interview by his gestures; and I promised to return on the morrow evening, and take the letter. My attendant expressed his joy that all had gone off so well, and we parted mutually content.

"You may fancy the impression this poor and pious, well-dispositioned family had made on me. My curiosity was satisfied; but their natural and worthy bearing had raised an interest in me, which reflection did but increase.

"Forthwith, however, there arose for me anxieties about the following day. It was natural that this appearance of mine, which at the first moment had taken them by surprise, should, after my departure, awaken many reflections. By the Genealogy I knew that several others of the family were in life: it was natural that they should call their friends together, and in the presence of all, get these things repeated which, the day before, they had heard from me with admiration. My object was attained; there remained nothing more than, in some good fashion, to end the adventure. I accordingly repaired next day, directly after dinner, alone to their house. They expressed surprise as I entered. The Letter was not ready yet, they said; and some of their relations wished to make my acquaintance, who towards night would be there.

"I answered that having to set off tomorrow morning, and visits still to pay, and packing to transact, I had thought it better to come early than not at all.

"Meanwhile the son entered, whom yesterday I had not seen. He resembled his sister in size and figure. He brought the Letter they were to give me; he had, as is common in those parts, got it written out of doors, by one of their Notaries that sit publicly to do such things. The young man had a still, melancholy and modest aspect; inquired after his Uncle, asked about his riches and outlays, and added sorrowfully, Why had he so forgotten his kindred? 'It were our greatest fortune,' continued he, 'should he once return hither, and take notice of us; but,' continued he, 'how came he to let you know that he had relatives in Palermo? It is said, he everywhere denies us, and gives himself out for a man of great birth.' I answered this question, which had now arisen by the imprudence of my Guide at our first entrance, in such sort as to make it seem that the Uncle, though he might have reasons for concealing his birth from the public, did yet, towards his friends and acquaintance, keep it no secret.

"The sister who had come up during this dialogue, and by the presence of her brother, perhaps also by the absence of her yesterday's friend, had got more courage, began also to speak with much grace and liveliness. They begged me earnestly to recommend them to their Uncle, if I wrote to him; and not less earnestly, when once I should have made this journey through the Island, to come back and pass the Rosalia Festival with them.

"The mother spoke in accordance with her children. 'Sir,' said she, 'though it is not seemly, as I have a grown daughter, to see stranger gentlemen in my house, and one has cause to guard against both danger and evil-speaking, yet shall you ever be welcome to us, when you return to this city.'

"'O yes,' answered the young ones, 'we will lead the Gentleman all round the Festival; we will shew him every thing, get a place on the scaffolds, where the grand sights are seen best. What will he say to the great Chariot, and more than all, to the glorious Illumination!'

"Meanwhile the Grandmother had read the letter and again read it. Hearing that I was about to take leave, she arose, and gave me the folded sheet. 'Tell my son,' began she with a noble vivacity, nay with a sort of inspiration, 'Tell my son how happy the news have made me, which you brought from him? Tell him that I clasp him to my heart'—here she stretched out her arms asunder, and pressed them again together on her breast—'that I daily beseech God and our Holy Virgin for him in prayer; that I give him and his wife my blessing; and that I wish before my end to see him again, with these eyes, which have shed so many tears for him.'

"The peculiar grace of the Italian tongue favoured the choice and noble arrangement of these words, which moreover were accompanied with lively gestures, wherewith that nation can add such a charm to spoken words.

"I took my leave, not without emotion. They all gave me their hands; the children shewed me out; and as I went down stairs, they jumped to the balcony of the kitchen window, which

projected over the street; called after me, threw me salutes, and repeated, that I must in no wise forget to come back. I saw them still on the balcony, when I turned the corner."*

Poor old Felicita, and must thy pious prayers, thy motherly blessings, and so many tears shed by those old eyes, be all in vain! To thyself, in any case, they were blessed.—As for the Signora Capitummino, with her three fatherless children, we can believe at least, that the fourteen gold Ounces were paid, by a sure hand, and so her heavy burden, for some space, lightened a little.

Count Cagliostro, all this while, is rapidly proceeding with his Fifth Act; the red coppery splendour darkens more and more into final gloom. Some boiling muddle-heads of a dupeable sort, there still are in England: Popish-Riot Lord George, for instance, will walk with him to Count Barthélemy's, or d'Adhémar's; and, in bad French and worse rhetoric, abuse the Queen of France: but what does it profit? Lord George must one day (after noise enough) revisit Newgate for it; and in the meanwhile, hard words pay no scores. Apothecary Swinton begins to get wearisome; French spies look ominously in; Egyptian Pills are slack of sale; the old vulturous Attorney-host anew scents carrion, is bestirring itself anew: Count Cagliostro, in the May of 1787, must once more leave England. But whither? Ah, whither! At Bâle, at Bienne, over Switzerland, the game is up. At Aix in Savoy, there are baths, but no gudgeons in them: at Turin, his Majesty of Sardinia meets you with an Order to begone on the instant. A like fate from the Emperor Joseph at Roveredo;—before the *Liber memorialis de Caleostro dum esset Roboretti* could extend to many pages! Count Front-of-brass begins confessing himself to priests: yet "at Trent paints a new hieroglyphic Screen,"—touching last flicker of a light that once burnt so high! He pawns diamond buckles; wanders necessitous hither and thither; repents, unrepents; knows not what to do. For Destiny has her nets round him; they are straitening, straitening; too soon he will be *ginned!*

Driven out from Trent, what shall he make of the new hieroglyphic Screen, what of himself? The way-worn Grand-Cophtess has begun to blab family secrets; she longs to be in Rome, by her mother's hearth, by her brother's grave; in any nook, where so much as the shadow of refuge waits her. To the desperate Count Front-of-brass all places are nearly alike: urged by female babble, he will go to Rome then; why not? On a May-day, of the year 1789 (when such glorious work had just begun in France, to him all forbidden!) he enters the Eternal City: it was his doom-summons that called him thither. On the 29th of next December, the Holy Inquisition, long watchful enough, detects him founding some feeble (moneyless) ghost of an Egyptian Lodge; "picks him off" (as the military say), and locks him hard and fast in the Castle of St. Angelo:

Voi ch' intrate lasciat' ogni speranza!

Count Cagliostro did not lose all hope: nevertheless a few words will now suffice for him. In vain, with his mouth of pinchbeck and his front of brass, does he heap chimera on chimera; demand religious Books (which are freely given him); demand clean Linen, and an interview with his Wife (which are refused him); assert now that the Egyptian Masonry is a divine system, accommodated to erring and gullible men, which the Holy Father, when he knows it, will patronise; anon that there are some four millions of Freemasons, spread over Europe, all sworn to exterminate Priest and King, wherever met with: in vain! they will not acquit him, as misunderstood Theophilanthropist; will not emit him, in Pope's pay, as renegade Masonic Spy: "he can't get out." Donna Lorenza languishes, invisible to him, in a neighbouring cell; begins at length to *confess!* Whereupon he too, in torrents, will emit confessions and forestall her: these the Inquisition pocket and sift (whence this *Life of Balsamo*); but will not let him out. In fine, after some eighteen months of the weariest hounding, doubling, worrying, and standing at bay, His Holiness gives sentence: The Manuscript of Egyptian Masonry is to be burnt by hand of the common Hangman, and all that intermeddle with such Masonry are accursed; Guiseppe Balsamo, justly

* Goethe's *Werke* (*Italiænische Reise*), xxviii. 146.

forfeited of life (for being a Freemason), shall nevertheless in mercy be forgiven; instructed in the duties of penitence, and even kept safe thenceforth and till death,— in ward of Holy Church. Ill-starred Acharat, must it so end with thee! This was in April 1791.

He addressed (how vainly!) an appeal to the French Constituent Assembly. As was said, in Heaven, in Earth, or in Hell there was no Assembly that could well take his part. For four years more, spent one knows not how,—most probably in the furor of edacity, with insufficient cookery, and the stupor of indigestion,—the curtain lazily falls. There rotted and gave way the cordage of a tough heart. One summer morning of the year 1795, the Body of Cagliostro is still found in the prison at St. Leo; but Cagliostro's Self has escaped,—*whither* no man yet knows. The brow of brass, behold how it has got all unlackered; these pinchbeck lips can lie no more: Cagliostro's work is ended, and now only his *account* to present. As the Scherif of Mecca said, "Nature's unfortunate child, adieu!"

Such, according to our comprehension thereof, is the rise, progress, grandeur, and decadence of the Quack of Quacks. Does the reader ask, What good was in it, Why occupy his time and hours with the biography of such a miscreant? We answer, It was stated on the very threshold of this matter, in the loftiest terms, by Herr Sauerteig, that the Lives of all Eminent Persons (miscreant or creant) ought to be written. Thus has not the very Devil his *Life*, deservedly written not by Daniel Defoe only, but by quite other hands than Daniel's? For the rest, the Thing represented on these pages is no Sham, but a Reality; thou hast it, O reader, as we have it: Nature was pleased to produce even such a man, even so, not otherwise; and the Editor of this Magazine is here mainly to record (in an adequate manner) what *she*, of her thousandfold mysterious richness and greatness, produces.

But the moral lesson? Where is the moral lesson? Foolish reader, in every Reality, nay in every genuine Shadow of a Reality (what we call Poem), there lie a hundred such, or a million such, according as thou hast the *eye* to read them! Of which hundred or million lying *here* (in the present Reality), couldst not thou, for example, be advised to take this one, to thee worth all the rest: Behold, I too have attained that immeasurable, mysterious glory of being *alive;* to me also a Capability has been entrusted; shall I strive to work it out (manlike) into Faithfulness, and Doing; or (quacklike) into Eatableness, and Similitude of Doing? Or why not rather (gigman-like, and following the "respectable," countless multitude) — into *both?* The decision is of quite *infinite* moment; see thou make it aright.

But in fine, look at this matter of Cagliostro (as at all matters) with thy heart, with thy whole mind; no longer merely squint at it with the poor side-glance of thy calculative faculty. Look at it not *logically* only, but *mystically.* Thou shalt in sober truth see it (as Sauerteig asserted) to be a "Pasquillant verse," of most inspired writing in its kind, in that same "Grand Bible of Universal History;" wondrously and even indispensably connected with the "Heroic" portions that stand there; even as the all-showing Light is with the Darkness wherein nothing can be seen; as the hideous taloned *roots* are with the fair *boughs*, and their leaves and flowers and fruit; both of which, and not one of which, make the Tree. Think also whether thou hast known no Public Quacks, on far higher scale than this, whom a Castle of St. Angelo never could get hold of; and how, as Emperors, Chancellors (having found much fitter machinery), they could run their Quack-career; and make whole kingdoms, whole continents, into one huge Egyptian Lodge, and squeeze supplies, of money or blood, from it, at discretion? Also, whether thou even now knowest not Private Quacks, innumerable as the sea-sands, toiling *half*-Cagliostrically, of whom Cagliostro is as the ideal type-specimen? Such is the world. Understand it, despise it, love it; cheerfully hold on thy way through it, with thy eye on higher loadstars!

THE LAST DUEL I HAD A HAND IN.

-- C. O'DONOGHUE, LATE ENSIGN 18TH ROYAL IRISH.

If few people love fighting, but few have entirely avoided it at one period or other of their sublunary transit. Some persons fight when they are angry, some when drunk, many for money, some through jealousy, some for honour, some for promotion, some for the wives or daughters of their friends, some for their own, some for religion, some lest they should be considered cowards, some to preserve their own or their country's rights (this does not often happen), some (this is more frequently the case) for the rights of others. In Spain, the chief fighting is among the smugglers for tobacco, which ends in smoke; in England we fight for freedom, which ends in nearly the same. In Arabia they fight for plunder; in France, for "*la gloire*;" in Russia, because the czar wills it; in Holland, for the preservation of commerce—along the Spanish Main, for its destruction; on the Guinea coast, for men to sell—in New Zealand, for men to eat; in Ireland only we fight for fun. Man is the same in all ages, all climes, all countries—only a little altered by circumstances—since the first duel between Cain and Abel, down to the one I contrived to have a hand in the other day, on the top of a high bare hill, honeycombed with coal-mines, within a mile and a half of Milford church;—man is the same, now fighting furiously, though more inclined to let it alone—now taking a sly peep about him, and running like a Belgian or Portuguese when he can accomplish his escape cleverly. Not that I by any means suppose "*les braves Belges*," or the ragged Lusitanian, could not be brought to the "scratch," as the member for Pontefract and Lord Coventry would say, if an adequate stimulus were applied, although facts, which are deuced stubborn things, are decidedly against both the one and the other; but I conceive the free navigation of the Scheldt, the possession of the citadel of Antwerp, their hatred of their many-breeched neighbours, the love of their king, to be far too trifling inducements to lead them into bodily danger; and as to glory!—talk to them of Quatre Bras mud!—talk to the heroes of something they can comprehend—something tangible—some substance they have seen, felt, or tasted—but not a word about Antwerp. Well, I'm glad that Chassé did not bring the cathedral down about their ears, nor send a round shot through the altar-piece by Domenichino, nor touch up the kitchen range at the Boule d'Or, nor—but I find I am straying from the direct line of road I started on, into the byways of Belgian politics, with a sheep's-eye at the Portuguese, with which—the bright star of my fate be thanked!—I am not called to soil my fingers, instead of bowling away, with the velocity of Goldsworthy Gurney's latest invented patent, elastic, unadulterated, sky-rocket steam-coach, slick right away, as Mrs. Trollope's Jonathan expresses himself, to the conclusion of my story and my paper.

Having in the course of my life seen much of the practice, as well as studied the theory of war, I wished to know how the military in Ireland managed in their tithe campaigns. I was anxious about the state of a little farm I have in Clare, which Mr. O'Connell and his Volunteers might think worth confiscating for the general good, and the particular advantage of some no-shirted patriotic agitator; and perhaps I had a notion that I might be appointed to fill the place of one of the stipendiary magistrates likely to be shot before next summer. Lord Althorp's game-bill had gone near to destroy all the hares, partridges, and pheasants in England. My gun, like St. Peter's keys,

> "Was rusty, and the lock was dull;"

Ponto was idle; so I made up my mind for a trip to the greenest isle of the ocean. My friends at the Junior United Service Club recommended me to make my will, buy a pair of Rock's best double-barrelled detonating pistols, lend my grey to Harry Peyton, send my last notions on political economy to Mr. Babbage, learn to cross myself, and to beware of Whitefeet and black-legs, too much whisky punch, Boyton, O'Gorman Mahon, and Tom Steele.

I made up my mind for the worst, stepped into the Bristol mail, dreamt I was in purgatory, and awoke at my

journey's end. I was late in coming on board; in fact I but just saved my distance, as the boat was clearing the locks of the basin when a Bristol fly whirled me down to the quay. I flung my carpet-bag on the quarter-deck, to the terror and almost annihilation of the steward, whose head it encountered, seized my portmanteau in one hand and gun-case in the other, leaped from the swing bridge to the paddle-box, was followed by my beautiful Ponto, and found myself one of a motley group of passengers in the war-office steam-packet Safety Valve, bound for Cork. The weather might have been good for the farmers; it was detestable for travellers by land or sea. Sleet and rain were carried right against us by a biting north-west wind. Not an atom of clear sky was there to give promise of finer times; the deck passengers drew their great coats close about their ears and chins; the captain of the vessel thrust his hands deep into the recesses of his breeches' pockets; and the old pilot at the wheel—a fine hard-a-weather fellow—while he turned his face, like flint, right in the wind's eye, occasionally shook the drops from his hair and brows, like some large Newfoundland dog just from the sea. It was by no means a favourable medium to see a landscape through; but I could not descend into the cabin while the stupendous rocks of St. Vincent towered in bold masses over our heads, every here and there, as we passed rapidly on, shewing openings, where copse and woodland clad the sides of ravines, brown and leafless at this ungenial season of the year, but presenting features which my recollection and imagination decked in sunshine and verdure. I remembered the times when I had wandered through their recesses by moonlight, or wooed the shade from the noon-day's sun, basked on some broad stone, enjoying the dreamy delights of an ideal existence, or, ere the dull realities of life had chased away the bright and gorgeous visions of the imagination, sauntered through their retreats,

"In deep delirium of romantic thought."

Time, steam, and the tide, bring our years and journeyings to an end, "as it were a tale that is told." Avon and her banks—rock, wood, and mud—were left far behind; King Road receded under our lee; the Somersetshire hills sunk in distance and mist; and we—went to dinner.

Such a dinner! Ye gods! such a dinner! Spirit of Ude, forbid that I ever again assist at such another! Such steamed beef, steamed carrots, steamed mutton, steamed pork, steamed onions, steamed grease, filth, fowls, cabbage, black puddings, and tripe—all apparently steamed in the same boiler that steamed us along, and flavoured with the same oil that prevented friction in the machinery and supplied the lights in the engine room. Yet our goodly company, fifty-two in number, men, women, and children, ate, drank, jostled, shoved, carved, grumbled, called, scolded, quarrelled, gobbled, and gabbled, with a velocity and pertinacity scarcely exceeded by the rapidity and endurance of the lever that set our paddles turning. The motion of the vessel and repletion soon produced their dire effects. Every berth had an occupant; and the table, which a short time before had groaned under the weight of the feast and the elbows of the replenishers, was deserted, except by a short half dozen, who still stoutly resisted the enemy sea-sickness, under the shield of potent whisky-punch, apparently callous to the audible sufferings of their recumbent messmates.

I never pretended to be squeamish; but I could stand no longer the confined air of the cabin, nor the contortions of my companions. I, who in my time have been east, west, and south, gibbed north about—have cruised in almost every craft that swims, from a canal-boat to an Indian clipper, from a Folkestone lugger to a first-rate—have been soldier, sailor, West Indian planter, indigo-grower, and what not, since I first left my home at Ballybeg to join the Royal Irish at Limerick, just at the commencement of the Irish Rebellion, (of which, by the by, I have told you something already, in a late Number of FRASER,)—I really could not longer endure the concatenation of abominations below, and sought the free and pure, though chilling, blast on deck, ere sympathy might reduce me to the necessity of whining forth an application for the steward's assistance. I have been too intimately acquainted with the realms of old Father Neptune to feel any qualms, let Boreas or Auster sweep the bosom of his broad domains; but when on the rolling sea, give me a

companion whose foot is as firm on the plank as my own — not one

> "Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;"

give me a hale and jolly seaman in preference to a sick prime minister, Whig or Tory. I joined our captain in his quarter-deck walk: "It blows fresh, captain."

"Yes, sir, yes — we shall have more of it when we put our nose below Lundy. Now you see it freshens up at W.S.W., and then veers round to west, and may be a point to the northward, and then back again. Steady with the helm, John. Then you see, sir, we must just carry on as we best can. We have two seventies (horse power engines), and dodge along through most weathers; but, as you say, sir, it blows smartish — a fresh hand at the bellows aloft, sir—ha! ha! Steward, a glass of cold gin and water. Most of the passengers on their beam ends by this time — breaking bulk, sir, as we say — starting their stowage;— you'll excuse my jocularity, sir. Out of your course half a point, John. A terrible mess most of 'em in below, sir. You getting sick, sir?"

"Me! no captain, thank you — I dodge along through most weathers, like your own craft; but, like the Safety Valve, I cannot carry on without smoke—I'll borrow a light for my segar from the glim in the binacle."

"True blue! — if not, I'm a Dutchman," said the skipper. "I thought so just now, when we came up to the sea with a weather-roll, and you didn't grab any thing to hold on by. Thought you looked queerish, however, at dinner, when you overhauled a beautiful bit of rare beef I sent you, but didn't stow it—'twas unaccountable nice— and so were the greens — very. Keep a small helm, John; — confound your cross-jack eye!. you're yawing about like a Chinaman with his tiller-ropes gone—I'm blest if I don't think you're three sheets in the wind! Let her go her course, you lubber, do!"

"You must be gratified, captain, at having your decks clear of the live lumber."

"Ay, ay, that I am! I'd rather be towed astern for a mile, like a four-pound piece of pork to catch a shark, than be bound to answer all the questions asked. 'How's the wind, captain?' asks one. 'When shall we land?' asks another. 'What turns the wheels?' says another. 'La! is that the steam?' says a chap, with a lanyard to his watch of as good silver as ever a boatswain hung his call to, pointing to the smoke out of our funnel. I'm jiggered if one lady hadn't the modesty to request I'd stop the ship, for she was getting sick. 'Tis a pleasure to get them out of one's way. They are all 'tween decks now, thank God! but the couple yonder, just close to the weather-quarter davits; and they seem to be billing and cooing as sweet as you please—quite altogether too comfortable to be sick."

"Why do you think they are billing and cooing?"

"Why? because I saw him squeezing her starboard fin, and kiss it afterwards; and then he claps his arm round her waist as firm as a topsail-sheet stopper, to prevent her tender body chafing against the tafferil-rail. I couldn't help laughing just now, when he cribbed my mate's pea-jacket to put about her feet — and pretty one's they are too."

"Is this damsel good-looking?"

"As comely a lass as you'd see in a week's shore cruise; not over bluff in the bows, but a clean run abaft, and just as much bearing as would make her stand well up to her sticks; her teeth are white as a nigger's — its too dark to see 'em now — beautiful head rails they are, sure-ly; and what I admire is, she ha'n't got none o' your flying kites aloft — top hamper that may be well enough to leeward of a hedge or a row of houses, but a terrible deal too much light duck to shew in a barkie like mine in these latitudes. She'd be a beauty for a seaman's wife."

"Are the pair spliced?"

"I shouldn't think they'd swung in the same hammock yet, 'cause you see they're too loving. Once the tie is clenched, and the parties shipped, they soon find out one another's rate of sailing, by and large. Then comes a squall — scaldings ho! — side out for a bend—and draw the splice! Law bless you, sir! sensible people, who have their own and their owner's matters to look after, can't be always making love to their wives—'tisn't feasible—is it?"

"Sensibly said, captain! You have inoculated me with the interest you feel in this couple. I wish it was light enough to see what they are about."

"And can't you guess—you that have swam in blue water? I should say he is whispering light airs and fine weather into her ear, and she is chalking down in his log the distance and bearing of Cape Fly-away, which may be the church. He freshens his nip with a suck of her fist—she turns all manner of colours, like a dying dolphin, only we can't see 'em, and he sighs like a young South Sea whale blowing. She says, pa and ma a'nt agreeable—or, may be, won't shell out the coriandérs—or, perhaps, want her to marry a chap with more money than brains or scantling—all which are breakers a-head; but he, for the life of him, won't spring his luff, but carries on, not caring a fig; and I daresay she, poor soul! thinks all he says to be as true as Norie's Navigation, till—— My eyes! if here a'nt the fat man that came on board with her—I believe 'tis her father. You'll see if he don't give her a salt-eel for her supper, for suffering that spark to come so close athwart her quarter."

The skipper's conjectures were well founded. A large stout man, enveloped in a huge cloak and red comforter, issued from the hatchway as he spoke, and soon descended again with the young lady. As they went down the companion-ladder, a light from the steward's pantry fell upon as pretty a foot and neatly turned ankle as ever dashed dew from a cowslip or chalk from a floor. Another ray convinced me that their owner's dark hazel eyes were not set in a very good face for nothing, for I detected the look she turned upwards to meet the gaze of the younker, who was assisting her below, and it said, as plainly as eye could speak, or Amanda cry, "Thou art mine, and I am thine;" or, as the skipper said to me when he saw it, "Now, if the governor was away, and he were to open his arms, she would rush into them, like a shin of beef into a soldier's knapsack." I went below soon afterwards, and asked the steward where I was to sleep.

"On the table, or under the table, which ever you please, sir," was the answer: "all the berths were secured before you came on board."

"Can I have a mattrass?"

"Not one left, sir; but I'll put a couple of double blankets on the table for you."

Tony Lumpkin's three chairs and a bolster formed a paradise, compared to two double blankets and a table in a steam-boat. Things, however, were not quite so sad with me *yet*. I gently edged a passenger, who was snoring on his back on the floor, off his mattrass,—thanks to the quantity of whisky-punch he drank, he was unconscious of any thing but his dreams!—and having placed a form alongside of the table, and three chairs next the form, I laid my acquired mattrass thereon, rolled a great-coat, for a pillow, under my head, slipped off my coat and waistcoat, put my snuff-box and pocket-handkerchief into my nightcap, and prepared for a snooze. My position was a choice one, as the chairs prevented me rolling over on one side, and the table from fetching away on the other. But, comfortable as was my berth, I could not close my eyes without having the feet, ankles, and eyes, of this damsel dancing before me. I could neither get a wink of sleep, nor conceive why. Twenty years ago I should have thought myself in love, but those follies are nearly past with me now. I tried one side, then another; I lay on the broad of my back, and endeavoured to count a thousand. No use! I opened my eyes, and began to whistle "Patrick's day in the morning."

"You whistle uncommonly out of tune, sir," said a testy old fellow, who a few minutes before had almost hove up his soul from his stomach.

"I cannot sleep, sir," said I.

"I wish to heavens you were seasick," said he.

"Steward! bring me a glass of brandy!" cried a young man on the floor close to me. "A glass of brandy, you thief!—quick!"

"I am sorry to see you so sick, sir," said I to him.

"Sick, is it?" said he, clapping his hand on his jaw. "By Gor! I'd be proud to change the worst tooth-ache ever I had for the say-sickness. Bring me the brandy, steward! for I'm kilt with my hollow grinder."

He swallowed the brandy. "How do you feel now, sir?" I asked.

"Feel, is it? Why, then, by Gor! I feel as if I wouldn't give a pin to be what you'd call a *little* better. Bad luck to the day I left Skibbereen!"

"O dear! O dear! say-sickness is the divil! Who—whaw—whroo!" roared another fellow. "Steward! bring me a sup of tay. When will we

land — when will we land at all? Is the night stormy, sir?"

"Blows like fury, sir," said I; "but nothing to what it will be by and by, when we are out of the Bristol Channel, and exposed to the open sea."

"The Lord save us!" said the poor man. "I am terrible bad, and can't be worse; nor close my eyes, nor any thing else, for this gentleman next me, who is snoring like a pig into my right ear. Faith, sir! I think he is worse since you helped yourself to his mattrass. Whoo — whaw — whroo — oo! O Lord! maybe I'll be two days at this work; nothing but—whoo—whraw —aw—aw! Steward! for the love of heaven, a sup of tay!"

"Where am I to sleep, steward?" asked a tall fat man, raising his face from the table where it had rested for some time, and turning it towards the light. This was the father of the dulcinea of the deck. He had been for some time moaning and groaning, deploring his sad fate, and drinking hot whisky and water, as if alive to the distilling interests and excise duties, notwithstanding his miseries. "I am very sick, steward; I want to go to bed: where am I to sleep?"

He, too, was offered the accommodation of a couple of double blankets and the table. At this time there was so much motion in the vessel that nothing was steady in the cabin unsecured with a lashing. Hats, carpet-bags, and boots, were rolling in happy variety to leeward, as the steam-boat heeled over; and such being the case, our fat friend, arguing by analogy, thought it probable he might roll over too.

"Never fear, sir," answered the steward, a bullet-headed fellow from Cork; "I'll engage if ye'll hold on fast when she pitches, not a ha'porth will you slip."

"A happy thought of yours, Mr. Steward," said I; "but suppose the gentleman should by accident fail in holding on, down he comes upon me: and I reckon your weight, sir, at about nineteen stone—rather too much of an incubus in a gale of wind. Pray, my good sir, eschew the rascal's proposal; save me from the prospect of the rack, and him from a beating."

"I am very ill, indeed, sir," said he, with a long face, growing more yellow and green every instant.

"Really, sir," said I, "you do look uncommonly bad; but that will wear off in time: I have seldom known sea-sickness last above a week, or ten days at most."

"Confound you!" growled the testy old gentleman who had not admired my whistling.

"I am ill—excessively ill," said the fat man, looking still more rueful: "a little sleep, sir, would do me good, and I have no place where I can rest."

At this moment I saw through the door-way into the ladies' cabin. A pair of bright eyes were peeping in our direction, and I detected the shadow of a man against the bulk-head, at the foot of the companion-ladder. Thinks I to myself, I know a couple who are neither sick nor sleepy, and, for once in my life, I'll do a good-natured action.

"I cannot rest neither, sir," said I to my miserable friend. "You may try your hand at a snooze, if you like, on this most excellent contrivance of mine; but, remember, out you must turn when I get tired of the deck and my own society. I feel sir, for any gentleman who may be sea-sick: it must be rather unpleasant. Sleep will do you good; sleep, sir, therefore, if you can, for two hours, then it will be my turn."

He was profuse in his acknowledgments of gratitude for my kindness, threw off his clothes in a twinkling, stretched himself on the form I had quitted, and was snoring before I had drawn my cigar-case from the pocket of my great-coat.

I met a fine broad-shouldered, strapping young fellow, to whom the shadow on the bulk-head belonged, at the door of the ladies' cabin, close to the foot of the companion. His handsome eyes were communicating a certain intelligence to a handsomer pair within; his hands were occasionally extracted from the side-pockets of a blue round jacket which he wore, to enforce his looks — not daring, I suppose, to speak; and now and then he peeped sharply enough about him, to see if he was watched. I liked his smile, the free attitude he was in, the cut of his jacket, and the cut of his jib altogether; I could have sworn that he was a seaman and a gentleman.

"Now is your time, my hearty!" said I, touching his elbow. "Old Blowhard is on his beam-ends—brought up just there all standing, full of whisky

as he can stow, and sure to sleep out the rest of the watch, like a ground-tier butt."

"Who the devil are you?" asked he, turning sharp round on his heel.

"Never you mind," said I, "who I am; just take the goods the gods provide you. Argus's eyes are closed—the coast is clear above—so you may walk the deck or the plank, whichever you please, in company or by yourself."

Soon afterwards I saw him taking excessive pains to prevent his charge suffering from the night air. He rolled her up in a couple of cloaks, which he borrowed from the cabin-floor, and placed himself close alongside of her, to keep her warm and comfortable.

Before the two hours were expired I tired of the deck, and went below. Matters were nearly in the same state I left them; some were sick and some asleep. The fat father was still snoring, unconscious of what was going on above his head, and the poor gentleman from Skibbereen groaning with the tooth-ache. Was I to disturb the occupier of my bed, or to accommodate myself with the two double blankets and the table? It was clear that he or I must have been reduced to the last alternative: if he, I ran the risk of being disturbed by his weight coming on top of me; if I, then I should not get any sleep certainly, but if I rolled over I should fall upon him, which could not injure *me* much. I therefore decided in favour of the double blankets and the table. Behold me, then, on my back, only separated from the hard wood by two blankets, in danger of slipping off at each heave of the sea, and only keeping my position by holding on stoutly either edge of the table. As the Safety Valve rose over the wave, I had a chance of sliding backwards on my head; as she plunged into it, I ran the risk of pitching forwards into the steward's pantry; when we heeled over to port, I was in danger of fetching away among the trunks and boots; and when we came up with the weather-roll, I rather hoped to be cast upon the huge stomach of my fat friend. Thus I lay in purgatory for several mortal hours.

At length the lamp in the cabin grew dim, the noise from the sick and snoring less distinct, the furniture more blended with the human figures; my grasp of the table gradually relaxed, and I was at last beginning to dose, when I was startled by something touching my feet. I opened my eyes; the last flicker of flame from the lamp waved and expired: we were left with what little light was afforded by the first grey of the morning's dawn. I could not distinguish any thing, and again tried to sleep; something again pushed my feet, and pressed heavily on my shins.

"What's that?" cried I, raising my head.

"Whisht! whisht!" whispered a voice close to me.

"Whisht!" said I; "who are you? and what do you mean by whisht?"

"Ah, sir, whisht! be aisey, can't ye?" The pressure became heavier on my shins, and extended towards my shoulders.

"Pray, sir," said I, "don't lay on *me*, if you please."

"Whisht! whisht!" said he; and fairly stretched himself down on my body, from shoulder to heel.

"'Pon my soul, sir!" said I, "the cabin is far too warm for such an upper blanket, and you will find yourself deuced uncomfortable."

"Whisht, sir! whisht! and let me alone," was all the answer I got.

"By Jove!" cried I, "this is rather too much of a good joke. For God's sake, sir, consider! I am uncommonly thin, and must be an unpleasant person to sleep upon; but there is a fine fat fellow just here below me—soft as a feather-bed: you will oblige me exceedingly, sir, by trying him."

"Is it the fat linen-draper, whose daughter I am going to marry?" said he. "Ah, sir, whisht! I am very well as I am, and would trouble you to let me alone."

"Hang me if I do, though!" cried I; "so walk off with yourself at once, for I am tired of having your elbow in my ear."

"It's devilish unkind of you, whoever you are," said he; "and I'll be shot if I stay here any longer."

He raised himself on his hands and knees; the vessel gave a heavy lurch to starboard; I lent him a lift with my knee, and over he went, with all the elasticity of a sack of potatoes, plump on the linen-draper. The poor man gave a grunt like a pavier, in answer to this unlooked-for thump. When he recovered his breath, he demanded who his assailant might be.

"Whisht, sir! whisht!" was the reply.

A great-coat and heavy cloak were close to my head; I gathered them up, and threw them over the heads of the worthies.

"Murder! murder!" cried the linen-draper; "somebody is burking me! Murder! fire and robbery! Oh! oh!"

They struggled violently: the chairs by the form were displaced—the motion of the vessel seemed greater than ever. I kicked the form, and down it tumbled, launching the fellows on top of the Skibbereen gentleman. The row was tremendous. Some of the passengers jumped out of their berths, thinking the vessel was sinking; others lay still, and roared for the steward. Half the women in the ladies' cabin screamed through fear, and the remainder for effect; I shouted in an ecstasy of delight. In the confusion, the young lady from the deck slipped into her berth, and her swain rushed into our cabin to see what was the matter. He pushed boldly forward; some one on the floor laid hold of his leg in the scuffle, and down he came among the combatants. Hard knocks were given and received, and when at length the steward brought a light there was a pretty scene. The linen-draper lay on his back, with his mouth open, gasping for breath, and clutching a wig in his hand; close by was extended the gentleman whose mattrass I had borrowed, bald-headed, bleeding from the nose, and with one of his eyes nearly closed; sitting on the table was the younker who had last joined the row, with his jacket torn, and his hands covered with blood; the Skibbereen was rubbing his shins; and the poor fellow who had been so sea-sick was looking for a basin.

"Is it your old tricks you are at?" said the linen-draper to the bald-headed gentleman. "And can't you find any one but me to play 'em on, Captain O'Hoolahawn? You shan't have my daughter now, by dad! 'Twas drunk you were last night!"

"Not a taste more than nine tumblers did I touch, I give you my honour," returned the person he addressed; "and that never yet made me drunk. As to your daughter, Mr. Potts, I have your promise, and back of your word you shall not go; and I'd like to know, Mr. Potts, what business you had to take my wig from off my head—I'd trouble you for it,—and pelt away at my face just now, as if 'twas beating a carpet you were?"

"I never touched your face, sir," said the other; "I was sleeping quietly, when you rolled me over on the floor: I believe my shoulder is smashed with the knock. Here is your wig; I don't want it, nor any thing else belonging to you. Steward! the least taste in life of whisky, for I'm mighty wake."

"Steward! fetch me a needleful of the same," said Captain O'Hoolahawn. "I wonder who had the impudence to strike me on the floor, and knock out my front tooth, if it wasn't you, sir?"

"Me, sir!" cried the Skibbereen gentleman, who was thus addressed. "By Gor! I have enough to do with my own tooth, let alone thinking of yours, or any one else's. I was just beginning to close my eyes, God help us! when down you and the fat gentleman and the form came altogether upon my shins, waking me up with a start. Then, when ye were squabbling together, some one must needs tumble over me, hitting me in the ribs. By Gor! I wish I was fairly shot of ye, and the say, and the ship and all."

"Then who spoiled my tooth?" cried the captain; "for I felt a set of knuckles in my face as plain as *pacs*, and sure they must have belonged to somebody."

"I believe, sir, I had the misfortune to be thrown in your direction," said the young sailor. "I was on deck, when I heard a violent noise: the women were screaming—several gentlemen calling out that the vessel was sinking; I came below to see what was the matter; and, in the dark, some one on the floor caught my leg: I tumbled forward—encountered you, I suppose. Whoever it was, however, he has a pretty knack of choking a man; for I no sooner came to the ground than I found his fingers intimate with my throat; I struck at the moment, merely in my own defence, and am very sorry to find I have done you so much mischief."

"And pray what may your name be?" asked the captain, who was now adjusting his wig.

"Fitzgerald," answered the younker.

"Fitzgerald! Fitzgerald! This is the gay fellow we heard of, Mr. Potts

— the self-same joker that was so mighty polite to ——"

"Ah! hush, sir!" cried Mr. Potts, interrupting his friend the captain before he could complete the sentence. "What use is there at all in bellowing out our private concerns before every one here? Just keep aisey, can't ye?"

"Isn't this too bad!" exclaimed the captain, "to lose my tooth, and not be let speak neither? Mr. Fitzgerald, you've used me most unkind, most bastely; and if I don't have satisfaction for all, as soon as we conveniently can—for I don't like it should be said I put any gentleman out of his way,—I say, sir, I'm yours when you choose, and trust the invitation may not be delayed very long."

"When, where, and how you please," returned the other.

"You are all a parcel of fools together, I believe," growled the testy old gentleman. "Steward, take the light out of my eyes, convey my compliments to all those gentlemen, and tell them, that as soon as they have done quarrelling and disturbing their neighbours, I request they may go to sleep."

Peace was proclaimed; the belligerents retired to slumber as well as they could; I established myself once more on my form; and, until eight o'clock, snatched from daily misery the joys of some delightful dream.

The weather was much more severely felt when we came abreast of Lundy Island, and were exposed to the unchecked influence of the waves and wind from the ocean rushing into the mouth of the Bristol Channel. The Safety Valve still held her way, though she scarcely did move. It blew furiously. The craft, however, behaved very well, and inclined me to think more favourably of steam-boats than I had hitherto done. The sea was as high as I had ever seen it off L'Agullus Cape, or even round the Horn; but she rose gloriously over it, throwing the spray from her bows clean aft, in a wholesale shower-bath, every now and then pitching bolt-sprit under; and occasionally, as she yawed to port or starboard, licking in whole seas, and canting them over funnel and mast-heads. In spite of this, she forced her way slowly, but steadily, right in the wind's eye. It would not do, however: perseverance was useless. The drifting clouds from the north-west, feathering away towards the zenith, interspersed with mackerel-backs and mare's-tails, indicated a continuance of bad weather; and, until the heart of the gale had blown itself out, it was waste of coal and straining the ship trying to make our passage. The helm was shifted; we turned our stern to the sea; and soon we exchanged the uneven road of the Channel for the calm waters of the hill-encircled harbour of Milford haven. Fortunately we did so; for we had scarcely let go the anchor, and swung round head to wind, when a tremendous squall swept over us. Though we held on, other vessels in the bay, not so well found in ground-tackle, were in unpleasant predicaments. Close on her larboard bow was a Yankee, by his paint, outward bound, probably from London, who, after getting to the southward and westward, was obliged to bout ship like ourselves, and make for the nearest port. He just headed us into the harbour. His best bower was now dragging, and he was coming too near us to be agreeable. Over went his sheet-anchor, and out flew his chain-cable from his hawse-holes like lightening: out it flew indeed! the inner end was neither clinched nor bitted; the last link left the hawse-holes, and soon found its way to the bottom: the best bower cable parted, the vessel was unchecked, round she spun upon her heel, lurched over till her main-yard nearly locked in our mizen shrouds, grazed our quarter-gallery windows, righted again; then up ran her jib, white as snow, and she steadied herself before the wind.

"A pretty boat that, sir," said Mr. Fitzgerald to me, as we leant over the bulwark together. "Though we abuse Jonathan, he models, rigs, and sails his craft in seamanlike style. Surely I ought to know that ship. Ay, there is her name on her stern and mizen-top,—'Congress,' as large and plain as paint can make it. By Jove! there stands her skipper too, close to the weather-mizen shrouds, an old ally of mine; I'll hail him. Tom Dawson, a-hoy!"

"Hilloa!" returned the person he addressed, looking towards us. "And who are you?"

"Fitzgerald, of the Chanticleer! Remember Basseterre Roads!"

"Ay, ay! As soon as I can put the barkie in a snug birth I'll come aboard of you."

"Do, do! like a good fellow," answered Fitzgerald. The Yankee captain waved his speaking-trumpet, my companion returned the compliment with his hat, and away went the Congress merrily before the wind, to Hobler's Point, at the bight of the bay.

"That gentleman and I fought a duel on shore at Guadaloupe," said Fitzgerald, "about some nonsense or another, when I was [illegible] lieutenant of the Chanticleer, and he was third of the American frigate Constitution. Next day I fell overboard, when he was in a boat alongside our ship, lying in Basseterre Roads, and should have been fine picking for the sharks, if he had not dashed after and saved me. He now commands, and partly owns that trader — a money-making concern, I fancy. He'll board us before two hours are run out."

In about that time we perceived a whale-boat, with four oars, pulling along in-shore. When abreast of us, she stretched across, in spite of the sea, and soon came under our quarter. Another moment, and the Yankee skipper stood on our decks,—a shrewd, sensible-looking man, of about eight-and-twenty years of age; stout, weather beaten, and possessing an air of independence equal to any Mrs. Trollope ever saw at Cincinnati. While he and his friend Fitzgerald were greeting each other most warmly, the steward brought me a request from a gentleman below, to speak to him immediately on pressing business.

I found this anxious person in the captain's cabin; it was Captain O'Hoolahawn, not quite sea-sick, not quite sober, nor perfectly sure whether it was to-day or to-morrow. Still very sore about his honour, and not a little so about the region of his mouth and nose, he applied some brown paper steeped in whisky to alleviate the pain, and restore a healthy appearance to the latter; and he had sent for me — Heaven knows why— to prescribe for the former. He was determined to fight; right or wrong, fight he must, and fight he would— immediately, if not sooner. He had been used "barbarously and bastely;" had been "kicked and cuffed, and hand-dragged, and the woman he was going to be married to laughing at him, may be." Flesh and blood — at least the flesh and blood of this lieutenant of the Kilkenny militia, for he was only captain by courtesy—could not bear it; and he must revenge his bleeding honour or die. The man who had used him so vilely was a rival—rather a dangerous one too — claimant to the good graces of Miss Potts and Miss Potts's fortune of nine thousand pounds —"all the corn in Aigypt, by Jasus!" So he modestly requested my kindness would so far stretch itself as to carry a message to Mr. Fitzgerald, simply to go on shore and fight it out. As I anticipated some fun from this proposed rencontre, and at any rate was determined to prevent serious mischief, I cordially placed my services and pistols at his disposal. He thanked me, with a tear in his uninjured eye, squeezed my hand most fervently, hoped he might have an opportunity of serving me in the same way soon; and, in a mistake, took a sup of the whisky, instead of applying it to his nose.

When I acquainted Mr. Fitzgerald with the hostile wishes of the valiant captain, he was first inclined to doubt the seriousness of my message, and then to give O'Hoolahawn a thrashing for his insolence. He called his American friend to his assistance, who had taken the other side of the deck while I held him in private converse; and, stating his case, requested his attendance to the field of battle as a second.

"As a second!" said Dawson. "I reckon it would not be quite so pleasant to be laid by the heels in this old country, if you were to pink the fellow, as I should certainly be for helping a hand. The girl you say is beautiful—"

"As an angel!" said Fitzgerald.

"And has nine thousand pounds," said I.

"That is progressing towards perfection," said Dawson. "Now, instead of going to fight this chap, suppose you and your angel, with nine thousand pounds, were to top your boom together for t'other side the Atlantic. You might easily get spliced here on shore, and I'll give you a precious fine double-banked cot to swing in till we make New York. She won't be a bit the worse for seeing the Hudson. I'll engage to bring you

back again at the end of three months, and keep you comfortable in the mean time. We are uncommonly well found in the Congress; copper-bottomed and fastened—mahogany bulkheads and mirrors—a French cook and regular-built doctor—London porter and choice South-side Madeira—with two fiddlers and a pipillo. Come, my good fellow, come with me."

"I wish I could, my dear friend," returned Fitzgerald; "but I fear——"

"A plan that won't do at all," said I, breaking in; "my head is older than either of yours, and I have had some practice in these matters. Captain Dawson, I'll provide you a passenger who will have but little objection to your London porter and South-side Madeira; and perhaps will be an acquisition, as he is a bachelor, when you set your fiddles and pipillo to work. I mean to bestow my friend Captain O'Hoolahawn upon you."

"Thankee," returned the American, dryly. "I calculate, however, he won't taste much of any thing with me, except perhaps the shady side of as tough a bit of bamboo as ever was cut in the woods of the Texas. Yet I can't say I am over nice, for I can clap the Irishman under hatches if you insist upon it, and keep him snug till we see Hatterass."

"Nothing like a friend in need," said I. "We will go on shore, then, in your boat at once, and take the captain with us. He shall fight his duel, since he is so fond of powder, and be victorious too—but only with the said powder. You, Mr. Fitzgerald, shall fall dead, or nearly so. Between whisky and apprehension, he shall not know whether he stands on his head or heels. We'll bother him with law terms and excess of friendship; the devil's in it, then, if he don't accept your kind offer of a cast across the Atlantic, rather than remain behind to be hanged. Old Potts may be easily bamboozled; and the first news of your resurrection, Mr. Fitzgerald, I hope he will have by an account of your marriage."

The scheme was pronounced to be a good one. The master of the steamboat said, that under any circumstances he should not break ground for six hours more, which gave us sufficient time. I slipped my favourite pair of pistols into my pockets, stowed Captain O'Hoolahawn in the stern sheets of the American's boat, and placed myself by his side—Dawson and Fitzgerald sat in the bow; and in this manner we pulled on shore. We landed, and ascended the hill to the town in pairs, our opponents in advance. Passing the Nelson hotel, I asked my friend how he found himself, and if his hand was sufficiently steady for work. He held up his extended fingers opposite his face, and I perceived his little finger vibrate. This was enough to induce him to step into the friendly bar, and ask for a trifle of brandy. The liquor was palatable, and a second edition went down. The liquor was potent, and the captain's eye brightened under its influence. Another dose would have ruined us.

"Now, captain," said I, as we passed the large church on the top of the hill, where the royal mast-head of l'Orient, blown up at the Nile, is deposited—"now, sir, in case of unpleasant accidents, have you made up your mind to any particular line of conduct?"

"Plenty of time for that," said he, "when I shoot the fellow."

"Then you are determined not to spare him?"

"Spare him! What for? Not a hap'orth. Is it to spare him my wife and her fortune? Why, man, nine thousand pounds, would make me comfortable in Kilkenny every day I have to live; and its fond she was of me, till this chap sees her at a play-house, and tries to cut me out, bad luck to him!"

"But suppose he should pink you?"

"Pink me! the *bosthoon!* I'll blow him to Jericho, and farther—aye, and kick him afterwards. See, now! I'll drill a hole in his carcass in no time—I'll hash him, and slash him, and whack him in elegant style. Steady now. Are the pops good ones? for I'll fire at him, and blaze away for ever and after-o; and I'll powder his wig for him, as I am a gentleman, and an officer, and a man, and Christian, I will—that I will." And in this fine strain of grandiloquence, he proceeded, till we came to a high bare mound, just off the London road, where we prepared for business.

I made a great show with the bullets, but took very good care they should return to my pocket, instead of entering the pistols. The ground was measured—the combatants took their places—Fitzgerald rather inclined to laugh, and my principal grown as steady as a rock.

Had the "working irons" been properly charged, I am sure O'Hoolahawn would have shot him.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked Dawson.

"All ready?" said Fitzgerald, holding his weapon in his right hand, and a paper with three-pennyworth of black-currant jelly in his left.

"Fire away, Flanagan!" cried O'Hoolahawn; "and don't be delaying the people."

"Fire!" cried Dawson, and off went both pistols. Up went Fitzgerald's hand to his face, and down he came on his back.

"Kilkenny for ever! hurra!" shouted O'Hoolahawn, leaping into the air.

Dawson and I ran up, and kneeled down by Fitzgerald's side. "Poor fellow!" said I, "Only look, sir, what you have done."

"Glory to my sowl, what a gash!" exclaimed O'Hoolahawn, looking at the currant jelly, splashed over his nose, eye, and forehead.

"Alas! alas! the best friend I ever had, gone to his final account," said Dawson; so noble-minded—so generous. You that have done this deed have much to answer for."

"It can't be helped now," said I; "the deed is done, and the consequences may be fearful. Good gracious! we all shall be hanged, if we cannot make our escape before the body is found. A man was hanged at Exeter, a month since, for the same thing."

"Was he a second or principal?" asked the American.

"A principal," I returned. "I saw him die; the seconds were transported."

"We must fly," said Dawson.

"Where?" said I.

"Any where," said he; "I'll get off to my ship."

"Do, do!" cried I. "But stay; what is to become of this unhappy man? If he is taken, he will have no chance; he is the challenger—has been seen leaving the steamer with us, and, of course, the people of the Nelson will swear to his going to the bar for two glasses of brandy—they must have heard him say something about steadying his hand. Any judge in England would pronounce it *malice prepense*—not a jury in the country but will give a verdict of *guilty* on such evidence."

"They don't hang gentlemen in Ireland for this sort of thing," said the captain, looking very blank.

"But, my dear sir, the law is quite different here; the *leges leguntur ad hoc sapientibus*, is another thing entirely from the *lex talionis*, in Ireland. Under one, a man may plead an *ad interim* insanity, and sue for a removal by *habeas corpus*, and so get off; under the other, a man is hanged as round as a hoop, before he knows whether he stands on his head or heels: do you comprehend, sir?"

"Oh, gentlemen! oh, my good friends!" roared O'Hoolahawn, "why did you not tell me this before? What shall I do? blood and fury! only think, to be hanged all out!"

"Heavens! yes!" cried Dawson. "Are we not liable too—accomplices in the act—accessories before the fact, as the lawyers say. I dare swear by this time the shots have been heard, and we shall be lodged in jail before we can escape."

"Why, then, what in the world are we waiting for at all, that we don't be off with ourselves?" cried the captain. "Oh! I've no luck, or I'd have waited till we got over to Ireland, and then shot the rogue of a fellow quietly, without bellowsing it out, to get hanged like any common pig-stealer. Let's run while we can."

"And leave this poor man here?" I said; "I am not sure he is quite dead."

"I tell you he is dead as coal-ashes," said O'Hoolahawn; "look at his face and his brains; if he isn't quite dead, he soon will—and then we must be hanged. *Dioul!* Bad luck to the country where gentlemen may not fight like gentlemen!"

"He won't even be safe in Ireland," said I to Dawson. "He would be in America."

"So he would," answered Dawson. "Will you come with me to New York, captain?"

"Will a duck swim?" said O'Hoolahawn.

"But Miss Potts!" said I.

"But to be hanged, man!" cried he. "What use would a wife be when Jack Ketch is fiddling about a person's neck? I'll be off with you in the ship, sir, in a jiffy—let's run!"

"No, don't run," said Dawson, "but walk on through the town to my boat—I'll follow you in a minute or two; people may observe us if we go together."

Off went the captain.

"I'll work the rascal to an oil before we make the Hook," said the American, when O'Hoolahawn was out of hearing. "I have no pity for him, as he has none for others."

"Nor I," said I. "Put him on a short allowance of grog, sir, and don't let him sleep upon you. Before you take him on board your vessel, however, persuade him to get his trunk from the steam-boat, or else we may be in a scrape about his disappearance. Clap him then under hatches, and return to the Nelson, where I shall order a beefsteak and a bottle of port to be ready by five. The Safety Valve cannot sail to-night; and we'll drink success to ourselves, and confusion to rascally adventurers."

Fitzgerald had by this time wiped the horrible effects of his wound from his face; Dawson followed the captain, having promised to be punctual; and I carefully deposited my pistols in my coat pocket.

The night was, of course, a pleasant one. The Congress next morning followed us with a flowing sheet out of the bay; and three weeks afterwards I heard Mr. Potts say, in Lower Shandon Church, Cork, where his daughter was married, "I wonder what in the world took Captain O'Hoolahawn to America without bidding us good bye. But its all for the best, Mr. O'Donoghue; and I hope you'll throw the stocking to-night."

And so I did.

BABBAGE ON MACHINERY AND MANUFACTURES.*

We cannot imagine any work which would have been more thankfully received, had it been properly executed, than that which Mr. Babbage has published under the above title. Our national prosperity is so intimately connected with our manufacturing interests, that every class of persons in these islands must have felt a greater or less interest in a book which professed to unfold the principles on which our commercial greatness rests, and the methods which should be adopted for rendering the mechanical processes employed more perfect than they at present are. But it is evident that between the designation of a work of this kind, and its execution, there would require to be some necessary connexion—such a degree of relationship, for example, as that the title might serve as a type of the contents—that, to be useful, its arrangement should be exact, its details ample, and the spirit of its philosophy broad and well defined. We do not stop to inquire whether a mere closet philosopher, or a practical man, would be the person best fitted to accomplish so arduous an undertaking as a satisfactory treatise on the economy of the arts in Great Britain, our business leading us directly to the statement of the fact, that in our estimation Mr. Babbage's book does not fulfil a single one of the required conditions of such a work. For failure in an enterprise of such magnitude—an enterprise which has its foundation in an analysis of British greatness—we are willing to make every reasonable allowance: but there is clearly a limit to indulgence, beyond which it would be both criminal and unjust to press the claims of of any man whatever. Mr. Babbage knew, no doubt, before he undertook the compilation of the present work, that such a book in the English language was a desideratum; he must also have known, that if the subject were properly handled the task was a heavy one, and that the thing wanted was,—not a treatise for a lady's boudoir, containing the best modern essay on pin-making, or a confused miscellany, over the perusal of which a Manchester manufacturer might dose with a tumbler of gin twist before him,—but a treatise of solid and substantial merit, which, though it might not be perfect, would repay the trouble of a careful examination; and he should have felt more keenly than any other man in the empire, considering the views which he entertains on the prospects of science in Great Britain, and the honourable office which he fills in an English University, that no production of an ambiguous character should have been introduced to his countrymen under the sanction of his name. We cannot, for

* On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures. By Charles Babbage, Esq., A.M. 12mo. London, 1832.

obvious reasons, deal with Mr. Babbage as with a man of more humble preten-sions. He is not only a mathematician of the highest order, but it is apparent enough that he deems himself equal to much more than the drudgery of a mere calculator. He talks of philosophy and philosophers with too superb an air for an ordinary person; and, though it does appear to us plain enough, that he might learn something, even on the weightiest points, from meaner men, we can on no principle consent to his be-ing ranked with the mere jobbers in literature and science with which the country is overrun. Our fault with him is, not that he could not have filled up the blank which confessedly exists in our scientific literature, but that he has not even made a decent attempt to do it. Why should such a man spend his time in querulous la-mentations over the malpractices of jew-pedlars, ignorant and unprincipled apothecaries, and malapert drapers' lads, when so much might have been accomplished for the honour of his country, and the extension of his own fame, by a proper direction of his powers? And can any thing be more melancholy than to perceive, that while he is contented to howl over the paltry grievances of human life, and to stoop to an enumeration of the miserable de-tails of a publisher's office, he leaves the translation—dare we say *the im-provement?*—of the *Mécanique Céleste* to a woman, to drivel over the manu-facture of vermicelli, glass seals, glass bottles, and wooden snuff-boxes (pp. 84, 85, and 97)? Nor is his philosophy of a more dignified description than the materials out of which it is woven. Who, for example, would have expect-ed that the following recondite truths should have been enunciated by one of the most eminent men of science in England at this moment?—"Articles," we are told, "become old from actual decay, or the wearing out of the parts;" and there is this peculiarity about look-ing-glasses, that, "when broken, they are still of some use" (pp. 146, 7); that is, tables and chairs, some how or other, grow old and useless, and out of the fragments of a large mirror several smaller ones may be made. This is all true; but who did not know it before? and wherein does the peculiarity con-sist of broken glass, whether silvered or plain, being convertible to some use? Such information as this is only fit for a hawker's manual, or the last leaf of a Scotch almanac. It would be alto-gether impossible to account for the introduction of these and similar reflec-tions, were it not obvious that Mr. Babbage is a man of unbounded phi-lanthropy,—that he delights in the exposure of knavery, and is most san-guine respecting the introduction of sundry great and striking mechanical improvements. Of the stocking-weavers, for instance, he entertains an exceed-ingly poor opinion, and therein we think he is right; for it would seem that these rogues do actually make their gear in the first place of uniform width, and only convert the shapeless silk into something bearing the form of a hose, by wetting it, and stretching it on a frame fashioned like a leg. But wit-ness the consequences, and observe of what inestimable value a book on the economy of the arts is;—"after the first washing, they hang like bags about the ankles, and are, consequently, of no farther use!" (p. 136). But this is not all. It is something, no doubt, to be uncomfortable about the legs; but it is a much greater annoyance to the lovers of social and epistolary intercourse that letters do not fly from the post-office to their destinations with the velocity of the wind. To remedy this griev-ance, Mr. Babbage proposes to "erect pillars at frequent intervals—perhaps every hundred feet—and as nearly as possible in a straight line between two post towns." To these pillars iron wires are to be attached, and the letters, en-closed in tin boxes, are to be dragged along them by means of strings. This is for the country; but in large towns, the steeples of churches are to be made the points of suspension, and, the rods being extended from one to another, the letter-boxes are to be swung high over head, and the useless things called penny-posts exterminated (pp. 270, 1). Now we should like to know what this strange mixture of womanish twaddle and incredible absurdity has to do with the economy of manufactures in Great Britain; and we should much desire to be made acquainted with Mr. Bab-bage's meaning for imposing such sin-gular speculations on his readers? He talks not a little of the progress of in-telligence, and of the necessity of our accommodating our views to the im-proved condition of modern society; dare we ask what class of men this notable plan for superseding post-car-

riages and letter-houses was intended for? Not the well-informed, surely. Hecla may some day or other give out heat enough to dissolve the ice on the bleak shores of Iceland, as he anticipates; and the hot springs of Ischia may yet generate vapour enough to drive an hundred steam engines—for the thing is not impossible; but, without any pretensions to the spirit of prophecy, we may safely say, that the letter-bags in this country will never be conveyed along iron rods from the tops of pillars or steeples, though such a conceit should have emanated from a Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and be veritably recorded in his book on the *Economy of Manufactures.*

The work consists of two parts, or rather, it is meant to consist of two parts. In the first it is intended that the processes employed in the various kinds of manufactures should be explained; in the second, an attempt is made to analyse the principles on which the philosophy of commerce should repose. Neither section, however, contains merely its own matter. In the first, the details are too scanty to be of any practical use, while they are frequently overloaded with discussions that properly belong to the second portion, which, in its turn, contains a reasonable allowance of small knowledge on the mechanism of the arts. To the arrangement proposed by the author we do not object. Our quarrel with him is, that he has not adhered to it, but that, in contravention of his own principles, he has mingled things which are in their natures distinct, and has engrafted on what should have been an essay on the economy of manufactures, little episodes on statistics, and general mercantile politics. Had Mr. Babbage been in earnest, he should have endeavoured to have made a national work of his present popular production; and, from what he now knows of the difficulty and labour attending the proper execution of such a performance, we cannot doubt that he will agree with us in thinking that, for the present, the general discussions might have been postponed, and an entire volume of the necessary dimensions dedicated to the economy of the arts alone. We willingly grant that this would have been a very laborious undertaking; but in proportion to its difficulties, so would have been the credit derived from its suitable execution; and this, we think, might have been an object of ambition even to a Cambridge professor. It is of importance to remark also, that the task, though laborious, is perfectly practicable. All that is required is time, industry, and the necessary scientific knowledge. From the different parts of the kingdom information might easily be obtained, even by letter, were it inconvenient to visit personally the manufacturing districts. There is no reason to suppose, that, if properly applied for, the required intelligence would be withheld; and from the mass of knowledge so accumulated, it is obvious enough that a man of judgment, with a tenth part of Mr. Babbage's science, might compile a work, not only of present, but of permament usefulness. It is probable that on this point Mr. Babbage may not agree with us; but whether he does or not, we must be honest enough to tell him, that by the method proposed, or some similar method, a good book on the subject which he has selected for the exercise of his ingenuity might be compiled, but that an inferior one may be put together on much easier terms.

We would willingly gratify our readers with a few extracts, could we lay our hands on any passages of such importance as to justify quotation. This, however, we really cannot do, and for this plain reason, that the book does not contain, so far as we can discover, a single striking or novel fact. We have already seen, that Mr. Babbage is peculiarly unfortunate in his attempts at what may be called philosophical instruction; and we are now compelled to add, that, considering who the author is, and considering farther what he might have done, even in this new walk of literature, we cannot but express our bitter disappointment at the manner in which the work, in all its parts, is executed. That there should here and there occur a passage fitted to remind us of what the writer might have accomplished, was to be expected; but it is abundantly provoking to be obliged to confess, that as a manual of instruction it cannot rank higher than Parkes's *Chemical Essays*, and that, in general interest, it is wholly inferior to Hone's *Every-Day Book.* It were useless to add, that it will not compare with the admirable essays of a former Cambridge professor, the late Bishop of Landaff. In Dr. Watson's little work on chemis-

try, the world was presented with a model of beautiful English writing, and with a perfect specimen of philosophical compilation. The doctor was, after all, no great chemist, and as to pure mathematics, he was an infant when compared with Mr. Babbage; but he was a man who possessed all the learning, general and scientific, which is required for the common duties of an academical teacher, while he had, what Mr. Babbage most certainly wants, a thorough knowledge of what was likely to be generally interesting, and a most captivating mode of dispensing his information. At the distance of forty years from their publication, and after the science of which they treat has undergone mutations which have utterly changed its original complexion, and exposed the inaccuracy of the fundamental principles on which the chemical theory of the bishop rested, may these essays be read with pleasure and with profit. The clear and lucid style, the fine reflections, the interesting speculations, and the lofty character of the philosophy, even when expended on comparatively mean objects, so different from the twaddle which the present work contains on tobacco-pipes and dolls' eyes, render Dr. Watson's work one of the most attractive in the language. But in forty years who will read the *Treatise on the Economy of Manufactures?* and if by any chance it should be read, who will credit the fact, that it was the production of a man whose name stood second in British science at the time of its appearance?

It is extremely painful to us to be obliged to speak thus of the work of any man whatever; for, after all, it may be presumed that it is as good as the author could make it. Were we satisfied on this point, we should certainly be disposed to modify our censure; but we cannot think so meanly of Mr. Babbage as to entertain any such opinion. From the remarkable fondness which he exhibits for petty matters, from the perpetual recurrence of his own personal grievances, and from the somewhat undignified mode which he suggests, in the note to page 328, for increasing the sale of the book, namely, by recommending to each reader to "mention the existence of this little volume to *two* of his friends," we certainly should not expect from him a work of what we should deem the necessary philosophical dimensions; but there was nothing to have prevented Mr. Babbage from expending on a treatise essentially destined to illustrate the peculiarities of the most complicated commercial system which has ever existed, the necessary care and attention; and since he was about to write on the subject at all, we, in common with others, had a right to look for fulness of detail, and ample information, on all the most important points of his undertaking. We have farther to urge, in self-justification, that Mr. Babbage has taken peculiar and conspicuous ground. His work is not an *attempt* to supply an existing defect in the literary history of art and science, but a finished production, upon which time and reflection, we are assured, have been expended, and which was to have been delivered in "the form of a course of lectures at Cambridge," (preface, p. 4). Its genesis altogether is peculiar,—for it seems, in some measure, to have owed its birth to the fecundating influence of the "calculating engine," an instrument which, from all we can learn, is not unlikely to produce more bastards than one. But whatever its secret history may be, and whatever fortuitous concourse of circumstances may have contributed to give it being, as it happens to be *de facto* below the standard of works entitled to commendation,—as it exhibits a melancholy specimen of what a person clothed in the garb of pure science and adorned with academical honours is pleased to consider a suitable offering to his countrymen,—we, thinking of it as we do, consider ourselves imperiously called upon to place our opinion of it upon record; and if we do so with some sharpness, we beg to say that we do it on public grounds, and on public grounds alone. We have no interest*

* Certainly not; but as Babbage has accused all booksellers, and those in any way connected with them, of corrupt designs against him, it may be as well to explain here that the whole charge is perfectly false. Babbage's account of the bookselling trade in his work was not only inaccurate, but designedly inaccurate; and in his second edition he was pleased to say, that the booksellers had combined against him. Whereupon the bibliopoles joined issue, and the following statement (drawn up, we opine, by the bookseller Duncan, of the corner of Paternoster Row) was circulated in contradiction:—

—we can have none—in depreciating Mr. Babbage's book; but we have some interest in upholding the literature of our country, and much every way in endeavouring to render it worthy the extended reputation of British genius. As an example of how little we feel inclined to quarrel with Mr. Babbage on debateable points, we have carefully abstained from making any reference to his politics, which, in our estimation, are latitudinarian; but in this we do not follow the example of the professor, who has stepped out of his way to give a sly kick to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* (p. 327). The truth seems to be, that this thin-skinned gentleman has something to complain of with all the world, and that nothing will satisfy him except a form of social and literary society constituted after a fashion of his own. We see no reason why we should take up the quarrel of either Review, nor do we mean to do so; but we cannot pass unnoticed the designation which is applied to the *Quarterly*, because it indirectly involves ourselves. In what way can that Review be said to be the "advocate of despotic principles?" or

"REPLY TO MR. BABBAGE.

"Mr. Babbage having, in the preface to the second edition of his work on the *Economy of Manufactures*, stated that the booksellers, 'instead of aiding, had impeded the sale,' it is considered a refutation is demanded; and the following list of the number of copies of the first edition, purchased by a few of the trade on speculation, will prove that the assertion is entirely void of truth.

Messrs. Simpkin and Co.	460
Messrs. Longman and Co.	4[illegible]0
Messrs. Sherwood and Co.	350
Messrs. Hamilton and Co.	50
Mr. James Duncan	125
Messrs. Whittaker and Co.	300
Messrs. Baldwin and Co.	75
Mr. Effingham Wilson	6
Mr. J. M. Richardson	25
Messrs. J. and A. Arch	12
Messrs. Parbury and Co.	12
Mr. Groombridge	25
Messrs. Rivingtons	42
Mr. W. Mason	50
Mr. B. Fellowes	25
Total	1977

"The number of copies of the *second* edition of Mr. Babbage's work, purchased on the day of publication by the same booksellers, will further prove that they are not actuated by the unworthy motives he imputes to them, and forms their justification against a charge equally unjust and unmerited.

Messrs. Simpkin and Co.	500
Messrs. Longman and Co.	250
Messrs. Sherwood and Co.	100
Messrs. Hamilton and Co.	50
Mr. James Duncan	100
Messrs. Whittaker and Co.	200
Messrs. Baldwin and Co.	25
Mr. Effingham Wilson	25
Messrs. J. and A. Arch	25
Mr. Groombridge	25
Messrs. Rivingtons	25
Mr. W. Mason	50
Total	1375."

Babbage never dared answer this. For our parts, it seems to us excessively disgraceful that 3,352 copies of such rubbish should have been sold. It proves that there is a decline of science in England, but it exculpates the booksellers. As for us, we do not care three farthings about the affairs of "the trade," except for the sake of justice; but we care not half a farthing about the rejected of Finsbury—the be-cabbaged Babbage.—O. Y.

why should it be alleged by Mr. Babbage, or any one else, of any journal which upholds the existing order of things, that it advocates "despotic principles," and is "fast receding from the advancing intelligence of the age?" Let us address ourselves to this point for one moment. In the first place, no journal in this country advocates despotic principles, or dare advocate them; and this our author must have wit enough to know, as well as his neighbours. Despotic principles form no part of the political creed of any distinct class of the community in the united empire; and they are not only unknown as the elements of political schism, but, if openly proclaimed, would instantly meet with decided and distinct reprobation. It would serve no end, therefore, to advocate any form of pure despotism, unless, indeed, it were the object of the proprietors to alienate their friends, which Mr. Babbage, who obviously knows as well as most men how many pence go to the constitution of a shilling, must be aware would not at all answer; but it seems somewhat hard that, because a rash passion for change and a reckless love of innovation are met by arguments shewing their danger, the parties so conducting themselves should be accused of encouraging the adoption of despotic principles. Liberty, however, is a word of extensive signification, and one which admits of much latitude of interpretation; and since it is the Lucasian professor's pleasure to consider all who disagree with him on this head as the abettors of tyranny and oppression, we are contented that it should be so; though we would, at the same time, remind him, that those who differ from him in political faith may be as competent as himself to form a judgment thereon, and may, withal, be equally honest. In the second place, we deny the fact, that the increased intelligence of the age demands a recession from old and established opinions. An opinion is not like a cast-off coat, the worse for being old, but the very reverse, provided it be a right one. To prove that it must be abandoned, it should first be shewn that it is wrong; for there is strong presumption, that an established maxim which can plead antiquity in its favour has something substantially good to recommend it. The mere fact of age does not necessarily, or *à priori*, condemn an opinion. The body of a man is old, and generally useless after the wear and tear of an hundred years; and the trunk of a tree, when it has stood in the earth for three centuries, becomes essentially a cumberer of the ground, and is interesting simply as a poetical element in the landscape; but an opinion may be as true, and as much entitled to reverence, to-day as it was three thousand years ago, when it first became a portion of the common wisdom of the land in which it had its origin. To depart from it, therefore, merely because it is old, would be folly; and to allege that the increased intelligence of any particular age requires its suppression, is pure impertinence. Besides, what are the proofs of the great augmentation of intelligence in this our day? We can see none of them, though they may be very obvious to our friend the philosopher, who has a visual faculty which is most enviable. The professor should leave the Reviews alone till he gets his own set on its legs, when he will probably discover that it is no easy matter to please every body; and as to politics, we would recommend to him, while he holds his own opinions, honestly we will not doubt, not to cast dirt in the faces of those whose only crime is, that they differ from *him*,—no inexpiable sin, one would think.

The last chapter of the book, entitled "on the future prospects of manufactures, as connected with science," contains nothing particularly novel; still it affords Mr. Babbage an excuse for indulging in his favourite amusement —complaint. As we are so unfortunate as never to have had an opportunity of consulting his work on the "*Decline of Science in England*," we are, of course, only partially in possession of his sentiments; and are, consequently, not prepared to enter into an elaborate examination of that great question on the present occasion; yet we may not conclude without adverting to it, however cursorily.

We fear it cannot be denied, that the taste for science in this country has long been upon the decline; and we should have been happy had the limited space which Mr. Babbage has dedicated to the consideration of this very important matter, allowed him to suggest any mode by which the progress of this downward national career could have been arrested. This,

however, could scarcely have been expected, considering how narrow the circle is within which he has chosen to circumscribe himself. We may remark, at the same time, that we by no means participate in the intense feeling which he manifests at the appointment of the Duke of Sussex to the chair of the Royal Society. It is no doubt true, that that august individual would probably have been better qualified, by natural and acquired habits, to have done the honours of an agricultural, than of a purely scientific, association; but we rather wonder that Mr. Babbage should have exhibited any testiness on the occasion, seeing that it now is, and long has been, matter of supreme indifference to the country at large, and to men of science of every degree, how the council of the Royal Society comport themselves. The legitimate influence of that body has been on the wane for many years; and it would certainly require that its affairs should be managed after a very different fashion from what they have been for the last quarter of a century, before it could be a subject of the slightest concern to any man of proper feeling who was, or who was not, the president. But since the chair must be filled by somebody, why not by the Duke of Sussex, as well as by any one else? It is a common complaint, even among men of science themselves, that in this country every thing which belongs to the higher departments of knowledge, and which has immediate reference to the condition of those who devote themselves to the severer kinds of literature, is separated by an impassable gulf from that order in the state from whose countenance and protection an extension of sympathy in the pursuits of scientific men might be looked for, as a reasonable consequence; and that nothing save politics and the lighter literature of the day, find favour in the eyes of the more important classes of society. This complaint, we happen to think, is an absurd one; and, even if true, it would appear to us, so far as the retardation of a scientific spirit is concerned, not to be of the slightest consequence; but considering, for the present, how the Royal Society is constituted, and considering, farther, how lamentably the love of pure science does lag in Great Britain, we confess that we look for good rather than evil from the late nomination. The Duke of Sussex cannot be affected by any of the thousand and one little jealousies which do, in despite of philosophy, find their way into the bosoms of the men who are esteemed philosophers by profession; and we cannot help thinking, that the influence of the present chairman must be beneficial, inasmuch as that it should insure impartiality, and a regard for public decorum. Besides, it can do no great harm, we should imagine, to identify the Royal House with the cause of science. It is at least a dignified position for a Royal Duke to be placed in; and Mr. Babbage might derive some consolation from the reflection, that, if any honour has been conferred, it has not been *by the Duke*, but *upon the Duke*. We should even have expected that it would have been a latent source of gratification to Mr. Babbage to know that he had the power, in however small a degree, to add one line to the dimensions of a King's brother—a description of person who does not find much favour with the professor, or we hugely mistake. The Duke can do nothing of himself for science; but, in assuming the office of president of the Royal Society, he has, in the plainest manner, recognised the honourable claims of its cultivators, and has signified to the world at large, that even a prince of the blood may have his conventional importance augmented by an intimate connexion with the learned and gifted portion of his countrymen. It is certain, that on the continent of Europe a very lively interest has been at all times exhibited by the reigning families in the fate of science in their respective dominions. Royal patronage has done no harm, but much substantial good, in France, Germany, Sweden, and Russia; and, though we do not anticipate that the same consequences are to follow in this country, where society is so very differently constituted, yet we are wholly unable to see why it should be injurious. We wish the Duke of Sussex had always been as harmlessly employed as in sipping tea and eating toast with the brotherhood of the Royal Society!

As to any of the plans which have been occasionally suggested for arresting the progress of national scientific decay, as, for instance, the meeting at York, of which Mr. Babbage speaks in such commendatory language, we confess that we do not expect much from them.

Promiscuous assemblages of talking and conceited philosophers are not likely to accomplish any thing very remarkable. Small bodies of working and enthusiastic men, collected under one leader of authority, after the fashion of the celebrated society at *Arcueil*,* might do something for the redemption of the national honour; but there are difficulties in the way of the completion of ever so simple an arrangement in this country, which make us far from sanguine as to the result, even should the attempt be made.

Mr. Babbage suggests it as a fit subject for consideration, "whether it would not be politic in the state to compensate for some of the privations to which the cultivators of the higher departments of science are exposed?" (p. 375), and in this suggestion we cordially concur; but we can by no means grant to him that men of science in this country are "shut out from almost every object of honourable ambition to which their fellow-countrymen may aspire" (*idem ut supra*). We know of no situation to which a man who has devoted a large portion of his time to scientific pursuits may not aspire; and this statement only constitutes another of those random and unreasonable allegations in which Mr. Babbage is so prone to indulge. He obviously confounds two things which are very different,—namely, the privilege of aspiring to an office, and the power of being able to execute the duties of that office when it has been obtained. The two things are not necessarily correlative; and if he will only give himself the trouble of looking around him with a little attention, he will find that this is the case. Every department of human life has its own field of honourable ambition, on which the genius of able men may be usefully exerted; but we believe it has not occurred to any one but our author to suppose that the duties of all kinds of men can be practically known to any one man. Nothing but confusion and presumption could result from so extravagant a conceit; but as parliamentary honours are most probably understood, we may state, for Mr. Babbage's particular benefit, that the people of this country have an odd notion, that no one person is fit for every thing, and that in the selection of legislators they *used* to give a decided preference to what they called practical men—that is, men whose habitual avocations were supposed to have led to the acquisition of a certain quantity of useful knowledge on the details of ordinary existence—and in so doing, we humbly apprehend that they were correct. But in former times, Mr. Babbage may remember, that it was quite possible for a man of science to get into parliament;—how such a person will fare with the new constituency, we have no means of knowing, and, to say the truth, we feel very little interest in the question; for we happen to think that neither the Home Secretary's office, nor the Common's House of Parliament, is the proper place for a pure mathematician. The differential and integral calculus are wonderful instruments, unquestionably, but they can be of no avail in the discussion of such vulgar subjects as the growth of potatoes, or the price of corn; and we very much fear that the ablest member of the tribe of modern necromancers has no formula at his command by the use of which he could solve any given question in national distress with more address than a plain country gentleman, or a well informed banker or merchant. As to the remuneration of men of science, it is a subject that we dare not enter on, for it is full of difficulty and embarrassment. National rewards, to be valuable, must not be too numerous; and, as a general rule, they ought rather to be given in any other

* This society was formed by Berthollet early in the present century. In the selection of a place of meeting he was influenced simply by his respect for La Place, who lived at the time at the small village of Arcueil, about three miles from Paris. Berthollet bought a house in the village, and fitted up a laboratory containing every convenience necessary for the prosecution of physical research; and, having collected around him the most rising young men of the capital, he formed them into an association, to which he gave the name of the Society of Arcueil. It consisted of La Place, Berthollet sen., Biot, Gay Lussac, Humboldt, Thénard, Decandolle, Collet Descotils, Berthollet jun. They published three volumes of most interesting memoirs,—the first in 1807, the second in 1809, and the third in 1817. The second volume contains Gay Lussac's celebrated essay on "the Combination of Gaseous Bodies," and the third the no less celebrated essay of Humboldt on "Isothermal Lines."

form than that of money—not that we would by any means insinuate that a fund, such as existed a few years ago, when under right management, is an improper thing. All we mean to say is, that, as a general principle, a national reward should consist of something less fugitive in its nature than a pecuniary donation ever can be, and that the primary object in presenting it should be to address, not the gross interests of the man, but the dignified feelings of the philosopher. Men of letters and of science live on reputation. To them character may not be estimated against gold, for fame has the talismanic property of being able to transmute the baser into the nobler metals, while it carries along with it other powers of the nature and efficiency of which it would be scarcely possible to form any separate and well-defined conception. At the same time, it is much to be regretted, that in a country like this there should exist the slightest risk of devotion to the noblest pursuits issuing in distress and neglect. It is of the nature of these intensely gratifying avocations to engender a contempt for most of the common objects of human ambition; but without saying that this spirit is commendable, and contenting ourselves with merely adverting to the well-known fact, we do not deem it too much to add, that it should be an object of national solicitude to see that those who have contributed to enlarge the empire of reason, and to extend the means of human enjoyment to nearly an unlimited degree, should not be allowed to sink into the grave surrounded with the cares, and harassed by the anxieties, which straitened pecuniary resources unavoidably occasion. In this respect no country, we fear, is so unfriendly to the exertions of scientific genius as Great Britain. The common, and of course the omnipotent, philosophy of these islands, is essentially utilitarian. The mercantile spirit, so useful in itself, and tending to so many admirable ends, pervades the whole body of society, and reduces to one common standard the claims of all men whatever. Nothing can be more chilling than the conviction that a life dedicated to the highest objects may, unless some fortuitous circumstance occur to prevent it, be spent in utter unacquaintance with the commonest luxuries, and may terminate in sorrow and want. Is it to be wondered at, that men of sensible hearts and right moral convictions should take the wings of the morning, and " flee away" from so mournful a fate, or that they should seek in the church, and the active professions of life, for a protection against the possible occurrence of so melancholy a consummation? Surely no; but while this is admitted, it becomes painfully obvious that science is a great sufferer from this hard necessity; for it takes from her ranks the very men who, under proper national nurture, would have rendered her boundaries nearly illimitable.

PARAPHRASES OF THE TWENTY-THIRD AND FORTY-SIXTH PSALMS,

BY THE LATE REV. THOMAS SAINT LAWRANCE, RECTOR OF MOVIDDY, IN THE DIOCESS OF ROSS, IRELAND.

The Rev. Thomas St. Lawrance was eldest son of the Hon. Dr. St. Lawrance, for twenty-five years bishop of Cork and Ross, and brother to the last Earl of Howth. This family is one of the oldest in the United Kingdom. The Barony of St. Lawrance was created by Henry II. in 1181. Of the same date are the Irish titles of Lixna (now merged in Lansdowne), Delvin (in Westmeath), Killeen (in Fingal), and Kingsale.

Thomas St. Lawrance (commonly known by the name of Tom) was a singularly pleasant fellow. He had in a remarkable degree three great requisites for convivial eminence,—a sweet voice, a tenacious memory, and abounding wit; and he possessed in the highest perfection that talent so rare in this country, though almost universal in France, the *manière de raconter*.

Those who have heard him in the pulpit will allow that he was most eloquent. His fame as a preacher was not confined to his native diocess. He lived for some years at Marseilles and Geneva, and occasionally preached with wonderful effect in the English chapel there. He married Miss Gray, the daughter of Lady Coulthurst by her second husband. For the last few unhappy years of his life he lived at Moviddy. His health was bad, and his spirits utterly broken

by various annoyances. Those who remember him in the buoyancy of his early and happy days will learn with sorrow that the close of his life was darkened by grief of the deepest kind.

We have received from a friend the following paraphrases, which shew, as we think, in addition to his other accomplishments, that he possessed a distinguished talent for sacred poetry.

PSALM TWENTY-THREE.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," &c.

The Lord is my shepherd—his hand gently leads me
To fountains of freshness and streams ever pure:
The Lord is my shepherd—his love kindly feeds me
In pastures of verdure, from danger secure.

From the snares of the tempter his grace shall defend me,
And guide my faint steps to his own blessed fold:
When I tread "the dark valley," my God shall befriend me—
His presence shall cheer me, his staff shall uphold.

The path of my sorrow when foes are surrounding,
Unforsaken, by Thee shall my table be spread;
My cup with the gifts of thy mercy abounding—
With wine for my weakness, and oil for my head.

Assuaging each grief, every comfort bestowing,
Thy goodness my praise every hour shall employ.
Accept, Lord, a heart, with thy mercies o'erflowing—
Its home be thy temple—thy service its joy.

PSALM FORTY-SIX.

"God is our hope and strength," &c.

God is our strength—the hope that ne'er shall fail.
Droop not, my heart—nor thou, my courage, quail.
Though the firm earth to her foundations shake—
Though crash the forests, and the mountains quake—
Though uptorn ocean in wild surges roll—
Though the world tremble,—be thou firm, my soul;
Rest on thy God, and upward turn thy eye,
From earthly jars to that calm world on high—
To the pure stream, on whose eternal brink
Draughts of unfading joy the faithful drink.
Full as that stream that glads the bless'd abode
Flow the unbounded mercies of our God.
In heaven He reigns—in Sion, too, He dwells:
When foes assail her, He their power repels.
Fierce raged the band—God spake—the dread array
Melts as the mist before the beam of day.
God is our strength: beneath his saving arm,
We smile at danger and defy alarm.
Behold the wonders of his mighty hand!
Mark how destruction sweeps the ravaged land!
He breaks the battle—knaps the spear, the bow;
Burns the proud car, and lays the victor low.
Bow, then, ye nations, to the Chastener's rod—
Bow your proud hearts, and trembling own your God.
God is our strength: beneath his saving arm,
We smile at danger and defy alarm.

NOTES ON ITALIAN SCENERY AND MANNERS.

No. II.

"It is time to start, Signor," said our vetturino, rudely breaking in on our reverie, as we lazily and luxuriously lounged under the trellis-work, loaded with tempting grapes, in the beautiful garden of the Villa Caposele, better known, doubtless, by the name of the Cicerone at Mola da Gaeta. But, Love, thou wicked urchin, what mischief and trouble dost thou not cost! that even the traveller is led astray, and when he seeks the Cicerone, he is either tormented with being asked if Eccellenza means the Novella Cicerone, or the Villa Caposele? or, giving up the thing in despair, abandons himself to the choice of his conductor. The reason of this new christening was, that the son of the host of the old Cicerone made strong love to the daughter of the landlord of the Novella Cicerone, where, half buried under the waves of the blue Mediterranean, you are shewn the remains of the Villa of Cicero, or rather of a Villa of Cicero's, for if all that go by that name were his, he had enough to satisfy a moderate man. These young people, little heeding the voice of experience and prudence, thinking, doubtless, they could live on love and the air of their own sunny clime, resolved upon marrying. The elders interfered, and a most deadly feud ensued. The *locandas* or inns underwent the ceremony [illegible] new-naming, and the well-known Novella Cicerone became the Villa Caposele. Whilst I was wandering by the shore, gazing with reverential awe upon the fragments of stone which once supported the villa of the great Cicero, and in imagination wandering back whole ages, to the days of Rome and Roman greatness, I was awakened from my reverie by hearing a guitar touched lightly and sweetly, and accompanied by a manly voice. I could make out but little, as he sang low, and in pure Neapolitan.

> "Venga Lisetta, ah! venga *Mo**
> Parla deh! Parla chio non Mojo.
> Venga Carina
> In sei bellina
> Deh! venga mo."

Presently a voice from the other side of the fence answered —

> "Vada Gioacchino
> Non posso, no,
> Partir, deh partir!
> Non vengo mo."

The girl that approached was a complete specimen of Neapolitan beauty. Her face was a perfect oval, with the Grecian line of feature; her luxuriant black hair was braided across her forehead, plaited and twisted up behind, and fastened with two of those stiletto-looking silver hair-pins so usual in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. She wore on her head a piece of linen folded several times, and which, tastily arranged, forms the head-dress that we are accustomed to see as the Neapolitan costume, though it appears to me that it is seldom used as a costume, or even generally; but any cloth, handkerchief, apron, or piece of linen they may happen to have, they fold and put on, that the hot rays of a vertical sun may not strike their heads. Some of the richer certainly have it fringed and carefully arranged, when it forms a very picturesque head-dress, highly becoming to a young and pretty girl like Lisetta. Her complexion was that clear bright brown through which you see every emotion. Her eyes were dark, and told of the impetuous impulse and passion of an eastern clime. Altogether she was a creature that might well plead an excuse for an older lover than the enthusiastic Giacchino's disregard of parental prudence.

"Nay, Giacchino! You still here? I had not thought to find that," said the girl in a reproachful tone, turning her full eyes on her young lover.

"Lisetta, I could not leave you, perhaps for ever, without saying a last farewell. This night I part, and the Madonna only knows if we meet again."

"Do not fear, I have vowed our lady three candles of wax if you return, Giacchino; besides, Ricciardi is as wary as he is brave; and now, away! remember all that depends upon your success!"

The lovers embraced and parted. Scarcely were they out of sight when I remembered our voiturier had seemed anxious to depart, and that I had

* Directly. This is genuine Neapolitan.

caused the delay by my anxiety to take a last look at the ruined foundations of the great orator's villa; and a more lovely scene could scarcely have been imagined. The bright blue sky reflected in the deep blue waves of the Mediterranean; the pretty town and fortress of Gaeta seemed basking in the sun; while numbers of small vessels, with the truly picturesque Latine sails, gave interest to the picture. Then, again, the garden in which I stood might have formed the *beau ideal* of paradise. The deep red pomegranate, the bursting fig, the yellow orange, pale citron, green limes, and profusion of trellissed grapes, spoke proudly, though silently, of the favoured soil; whilst over the whole reigned that still, luxurious, indolent, enrapturing atmosphere so peculiar to the lovely land of Italy after the extreme heat of the day is past. All this, and the short interview I had witnessed, between the lovers — the girl's beauty, heightened by her costume, and the man's, though not, strictly speaking, handsome, yet youthful and interesting countenance, set off by the Phrygian cap,* so universal although peculiar to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, gave a novelty and an unreal feeling to the whole; and as I gazed around, I fancied it a wandering movement of the brain, till roused by voices calling me by name. It was no easy task to calm the anger of our hot-headed though good-humoured voiturier. He was terribly sulky, and on my attempting to pacify him by saying, "Ma Vesprino, non è tardo," he, with a knowing shake of the head, interrupted me — "No, Signor, ma tardo assai bisogna esser alla locanda primo del 'Ave Maria' sera nella marcha è altra cosa; oh! che bella cosa che la marcha!" However, notwithstanding his superior idea of the peaceable virtues of the inhabitants of the March of Ancona, I was glad even to be late, and to have incurred the indignation of poor Vesprino, rather than have missed the scene I had gazed upon; and continued in silence, my thoughts full of the young lovers, and determined to find out who and what Ricciardi was.

When we got to the frontier, the voiturier was evidently much annoyed at the delay they might make about the passport; and when that was arranged, they made him get off his horse and go to the office of the Carbonari to have his horses and himself registered. He came back in very good humour. We asked what they wanted? "To take an oath, Signor, that I brought all my horses from Napoli." "Well, but Vesprino, you bought one at Mola?" "Non fa niente, Eccellenza." "But how could you tell such a lie?" "E la disgrazia del nostro paese, Signor," he added, with the characteristic shrug of the shoulders; and certainly this seems the opinion and excuse of all Italians; for I believe it would be the most difficult thing on earth for them to speak the truth. It was getting dusk; the road was excellent, and lay close to the sea, through luxuriant dwarf bushes of myrtle; the dark, apparently inaccessible, mountains, descending perpendicularly to the very edge of the myrtle bushes;—the road twisted and wound round and round point after point. The horses were put to their best pace, and poor Vesprino seemed afraid to answer our questions. "Ah, Signor, the Ave Maria has not yet rung, and we are not far from Terracina. This is a bad road, and the banditti are about the mountains, and they say Ricciardi is with them." "Who is Ricciardi?" "Ah, silenzio! Eh via piccolo. Ah, hi Ascione!" and he whipped and spurred the poor horses as though Ricciardi were the Diavolo himself.

There certainly is nothing half so annoying in travelling in Italy as the passport and custom-house detentions. The dreariness and uncomfortableness of this is peculiarly felt, when, after a tedious day's journey, you are driven, in the dark, under the porch where the custom-house is. However, being armed with a *lacciar passare*, which, by the way, is a most useful thing between the Papal and Neapolitan states, we felt pretty sure, when the man-in-office, looking at it, said, "I do not know what the chief of the custom-house will say—it is dated for last year." We began to bluster and talk grand about telling his eminence the cardinal minister for foreign affairs, if they gave us

* The Phrygian cap is worn universally by all the fishermen and lazaroni of Naples. It resembles in form a man's cotton nightcap. It is of worsted, and always either dark brown or scarlet. It falls low on the shoulder, and gives a wild and graceful look to the weather-beaten and bronzed countenances of the wearers.

any unnecessary trouble or detention. This seemed to cause a great revolution on the bragadocio Roman, and in a few minutes we were told that it was all right. During this time, by the dim light of a single miserable lamp that was suspended from the porch, we had observed a young man leaning carelessly against the wall, apparently quite unconcerned in the business that was going forward. There was nothing very peculiar in the air of the stranger; his face told of his Grecian origin, yet though, strictly speaking, you would not at first sight term him handsome, when you looked again there was so sweet, so prepossessing, and open a look, that you must instantly yield him confidence and call him beautiful. His dress was fitted tightly to his person, and his waist girt in with one of the long red shawls with embroidered ends, known by the name of the Lazzaroni scarfs. Formerly every one throughout the kingdom of the Two Sicilies wore them; now, like many other handsome and peculiar customs, they are falling into disuse. When the *cameriere* (for in Italy a waiter serves as chambermaid also) was serving the supper, we made some inquiries about the young man with the sash, who had some how or other awakened a degree of interest in us we could not account for. "Eccellenza, he is called Don Carmaniello; he is a stranger in these parts, but has been here two days, for the purpose, I believe, of seeing Don Antonio, son of the Principe di Cassaro, who is at school in the neighbourhood, and is his cousin." Upon inquiry, I found that the school in the immediate vicinity of Terracina was much celebrated, and that most of the Neapolitan noblemen sent their sons there. I could not help asking why they should choose such a situation; for even Terracina itself, though beyond the Pontine Marshes, felt the effects of the wide-spreading malaria; and marks of its ravages were visible in the pale, emaciated looks of the poor inhabitants. The cameriere said, that the school was close to the sea, and that he supposed the fresh sea-breeze prevented the noxious atmosphere from approaching; at any rate, the young Dons never had the *fever*. It is singular that the Neapolitans should so completely retain the Spanish title of Don. It is in constant use; and even their princes are designated as Don Carlos, Don Antonio, &c., instead of prince. I was awakened from a confused dream of Cicero, the little Dons, Ricciardi, and a host of wild ideas, by a good deal of bustle under the windows. So, seeing a bright moon, I went to the casement, and gazed on a scene that will dwell on the memory as long as memory hold its course. So calm—so still—so beautiful; the bright blue sky was without even the faintest fleecy cloud, and the moon shone so magnificently over the dark, tranquil, waveless Mediterranean, that you might fancy it a dream, or a scene in a fairy land. The noise that had attracted me proceeded from a number of fishermen, who were busy pushing off their boats from the strand that was immediately under our window. I continued looking till every white Latine sail seemed glowing in the bright moonlight. Once I thought I saw Don Carmaniello in one of the boats, but then I concluded it could be nothing but fancy; and after feasting my eyes some time longer on the lovely view, I wished the poor "marinari" success; and finding it scarcely two o'clock, returned to my bed. The face of the cameriere, as he brought the *caffe negro* to the door of the bedrooms, was full of fear, and yet of importance, to tell a tale he seemed bursting to reveal, and thus unburden his mind of a weight that seemed to oppress it. "Ah, signor, what an event has happened! Ah, Santa Maddelena! why did you permit it? The banditti, with Ricciardi at their head, at two o'clock last night forcibly entered the school, and have carried off all the children." "But how did they enter the house without alarming any one?" "They went out in the fishing boats, and entered by the garden." "Have any lives been lost?" "Eccellenza, no; but all the young nobles are carried to the mountains, that their parents may send ransom. Santissimo Diavolo! that Ricciardi is a bold fellow. They think that Don Carmaniello was Ricciardi himself, and that he pretended to be a relation of little Don Antonio's, only to reconnoitre the house for the purpose of carrying them off.—birbone!"

The news of this bold exploit soon reached Naples, Rome, and all the towns in the vicinity; indeed, placards appeared on every post, placed by the daring bandits, proclaiming that if the

nobles whose children were in custody would send the ransom, they should be returned unhurt; but that if one of the gendarmeria came to the neighbourhood, they should be massacred. The king, enraged at this insolence, would willingly have answered their arrogant demand with a war of extermination; but there was scarcely a noble that did not tremble for the life of his child. The ransom was sent, the children returned, and the same day a royal proclamation appeared, putting a price upon the head of Ricciardi and his followers, and pardon to any who would turn traitor. To this proclamation the bandits' reply was posted in face of the royal palace—"Tell the king to come and fetch us in the Abruzzi—we are stronger than he."

After this bold adventure of the outlaws, (which seemed to have completely panic-stricken all the inhabitants), we did not look forward with much pleasure to a journey over the Pontine Marshes. In good truth, at any time it might give a shudder to pass mile after mile over that noxious and dreary tract of country—an interminable avenue, with a deep pestilential ditch on each side, reeds, and ill weeds growing in frightful luxuriancy, waving their tall heads like evil demons rejoicing in the surrounding desolation. Herds of wild horses frisk and frolic about, and droves of the sulky ferocious-looking buffaloes give a greater gloom to the scene. It would seem that all sort of reptiles have a fondness for these baleful marshes, for, whilst we were resting at that frightful abode of desolation, *miscalled* an inn—the Torre de tre Ponti—we saw all the inhabitants busy over an immense vat, and found it contained millions of immense horse-leeches. You might fancy they were round the witches' cauldron, so haggard and livid were the looks of the half-naked beings who plunged in their bare arms with delight to portion out these vermin. Though the malaria seemed to do its deadly work upon their tormentors, the leeches were vigorous enough, and they had good need of it. I found they were destined to travel in bladders to Rome, Lyons, Paris, and, they said, they believed to England, for these marshes supplied almost all Europe with leeches. I was glad to turn from this sickening sight at the sound of horsemen. They were peasants, mounted on the fleet little mountain horses, balancing in their hands remarkably long poles. They were herdsmen, come to collect their cows, that had been feeding; though, with their great saddle-bags and red handkerchiefs, they looked very much like banditti. When they ride full gallop, balancing their poles with great grace and dexterity, they look like the prints of the Arabs throwing the djereed. They touched their caps with civility as they passed; but there is a ferocity in the Roman countenance that is remarkably unpleasant; and I know not why I shrink involuntarily from their "Serva Eccellenza," which they generally accompany with an odious grin. Indeed, I think the Romans are the most disagreeable of all nations; they are revengeful to a degree, and their pride is boundless.

I remember seeing a travelling carriage unpacked at Rome, and, as usual, an immense crowd of Facchini came round, each seizing something to entitle him to some "*Pauls*," (for they are not satisfied with moderate payment, even though they are volunteers). The English gentleman, little used to such importunate assistants, begged them to retire in vain. At last, to enforce the order, he put the foremost aside with his hand, when the great ferocious-looking fellow, reddened with rage, and his whole person swelling with the supposed insult offered to his Roman pride, he retorted, "Non tocca colla mano in Roma."

After leaving the marshes, the road is rough and stony, as in many parts of the patrimony of St. Peter, but the country begins to look a little more humanised. However, the whole appeared wild and solitary enough to have been the scene of the many deeds of violence attributed to it. The voiturier, as he got farther from the spot, seemed to lose his dread of the banditti, and with that buoyancy of spirit so characteristic of the Italian, forgot that he was still in what he termed a "Cattivo Paese," and began to be amazingly communicative: "See, signor, on that spot last year a carriage was 'strascinata,' (robbed); there were four gentlemen in it, and they had six thousand scudi with them." The place was a wild heath, yet almost within sight of the town of Velletri, that stands proudly and beautifully upon a hill commanding the surrounding country. Vesprino

seemed so perfectly well acquainted with the whole circumstance, that I could hardly help fancying he must have had some connexion with the actors. I inquired what could have induced them to take so much money with them.—"Who knows, signor; but every one was aware they had it in Rome. I was to have taken them, but they found another who would do it cheaper,—so they took him. Ah! had they gone with me," continued Vesprino, with an approving smile at himself, "they would have been safe; but that *birbone* only brought them out here to plunder them. Well, the signori should not grudge a few more pezzi to the 'Bravi gente' who would take them safe, instead of saving a little by going with any *birbone* that calls himself '*Padrone di vetture.*' Santissima Maddelena! but there is the Ave Maria—eh! via!"

I could not help feeling this eloquence was meant to give us a moral lesson, and induce us to take "*Georgio Vesprino, padrone di vetture,*" (as he wrote himself,) on after Rome, for we had only a conditional engagement, ending at Rome, if we pleased; and though he boasted but three horses, and, I really believe, no carriage, notwithstanding he continually descanted on the size of his, yet he was still "*Padrone di vetture,*" a title of great dignity amongst that race.

About Velletri the country improves, and as you descend the steep hill and leave the marshes becomes very romantic. Around Avicia, particularly, it is very beautiful; the high road passes through well wooded lanes. In one of the most retired of these, close to a well, a crowd was collected. So unusual an occurrence in that lonely spot raised our curiosity. Within the circle of spectators was stretched out the corpse of a fisherman; close to him stood a policeman writing the details; the head was almost crushed by the wheel of the cart, which stood near. The poor horse seemed to know he had lost his master, and was standing quietly by when the body was first seen by a passenger. The countenance, though past middle age, was weather-beaten by constant exposure, and disfigured by the blue stain of the fractured head, yet there was a mildness and resignation about it, that, on looking on the dead, one felt *that* was a good man. He was not an inhabitant of the neighbourhood, but a fisherman of a distant village. He had been most probably to Albano, and disposed of his hard-earned merchandise; for he was on his return, and four or five Napoleons were found in his pocket. He had evidently fallen out of the cart asleep, and the wheel had gone over his head. On remarking the danger of it, some of the crowd replied, "Si, signor; but it is the best time for sleep,—one loses no time then, and all the peasants in these parts sleep on their return, and let the horse find his way home. He is gone to his long home! May the sacred mother help him, and St. Francesco take care of his children!" Upon asking why St. Francis was selected for that task, I found his name was Francesco, consequently St. Francesco was his patron saint, and bound to befriend him, if he had paid him due reverence during his life, and celebrated his festas. The patron saint is the most influential person of the peasant's religion; even the Santissima Maddelana herself has not the power of protection in so great a degree. Some relic of the saint is generally bound upon infants by their parents, and continued to be worn in after life, from a feeling of implicit confidence. In this instance a small particle of the bone of St. Francesco, enclosed in a small embroidered bag, was piously suspended round the neck of the deceased. The birth day is not celebrated, but the saint's day is kept with every rejoicing that they can possibly make, and the bowls of maccaroni that are devoured in the celebration of the festas would be sufficient to feast all the saints in the calendar, even supposing that few practised such miracles of self-denial and superhuman abstinence as his followers are so proud of attributing to St. Francesco.

It was a scene to make one pause—the quietness of those who surrounded the dead—the extreme beauty and tranquillity of the wooded path, with occasional glimpses of a real ultramarine sky, the sweet intoxicating air that is felt in no other clime—causing a sort of delirium that makes you forget you are a denizen of this earth. This reverie was broken in upon by our voiturier pointing out a deserted-looking house on the skirts of heath or common of dwarf myrtles. Some stone piles stood near; magpies and bats seemed the sole tenants of the place. "Ah, signor! some few years back and that casicco was the abode of mirth

and happiness; now it is deserted as you see. The good old Duca d'Albani is dead, and his daughter has left it for Rome, I believe; the Signora Angelina was the fairest maid in Italy, and one of the richest, having no brothers. Every one thought that as the Duca had no son, that he would give her to her cousin, the Marchese Tornielli, who had been brought up with her, and was but a year the younger; a handsomer and more engaging youth there never was than Don Luigi, and he seemed to think of nothing but the beautiful Angelina, but, one day, the duca announced to his daughter, that on the morrow the Marchese Cassaro was to arrive, and that in a fortnight she was to become his bride. No one could observe a change in the countenance of the cousins at this unexpected disclosure. Yet, as they wished each other good night, a tear was visible on the eyelashes of the beautiful girl. Poor Luigi, he felt he had a hard task to perform to give his usual embrace to his uncle; and, as that venerable old noble placed his hand on the head of the nephew, to whom he had ever acted the part of a fond father, he little suspected how bitterly he had wrung his young heart. 'Bless thee, my boy!' added he with his accustomed warmth. The words grated harshly on the ear of the youth. Luigi felt it mockery—for *him* there was no blessing. Long he leant from his window and watched the light fleecy clouds obscure, or rather veil for an instant, the bright full moon. Alas! he thought, would that the clouds could as quickly pass over my head. Angelina, to-morrow another will claim thee, and the playfellow of thy youth will be forgotten. 'Padron!' whispered a voice beside him — it was his foster-brother, whom he had retained as his servant since their boyish days, and who was devotedly attached to him — 'Padron, who knows—the Marchese Cassaro may not arrive.' 'What folly, Domenico! he comes to-morrow.' 'There are other means, signor;' and he pointed to his stiletto. Tornielli was well aware that custom sanctioned the blow of the dagger, and that it was regarded as a very venial, if as any crime, yet his noble soul revolted from the deed. 'Heed me, Domenico!' he added, in a sterner voice than he had ever addressed to his faithful follower, 'as you love me, dare not such a deed: and now to rest. See, the thick vapour which rises before the dawn of day already hangs over the campagna, like a cloud of evil destiny.' Every one assembled in their gayest attire, and the casino was prepared as for a festival. 'Where loiters your cousin, Angelina? he is not wont to be thus late — he cannot mean it for disrespect towards the Marchese Cassaro, or to you, child?' 'Luigi has ever been a kind and attentive kinsman, my father,' firmly replied Angelina.' 'Well, we will not wait — Marchese, your hand — Angelina, yours — and may you both be blessed!' 'Pardon me, my father, I can never be the bride of the Marchese Cassaro — spare me further—in all else I shall ever be your dutiful child.' Cassaro waited to hear nothing more than her rejection, and, casting a reproachful look on the duca, rushed precipitately down the marble steps, and, as he reached the last terrace, came violently in contact with some one, and was thrown down. Recovering himself, he began upbraiding Luigi (for it was he) in no measured terms, desiring him to accompany him a few paces further, and, with his life, atone for the insult. Tornielli, who was ignorant of what had passed, only saw in him the destined husband of his adored cousin; and thinking that she was contented with her fate, though he regretted he was so uncontrollably violent, determined not to be the person by whom he should fall. 'Marchese Cassaro,' he added, drawing up his fine person to its utmost height, 'I have not intentionally injured you, therefore I will not fight.' 'Cassaro, still more enraged, showered on him the names of coward, poltroon, and other opprobrious epithets, then rushed past him, and quitted the cassino. Luigi looked after him in the utmost amazement, then slowly entered: the first person he encountered was his cousin. 'Angelina, what has happened to the Marchese? I thought,—' his tongue refused to say, this is your wedding-day. 'You thought, Luigi, this was my wedding-day; I do not love Cassaro — therefore my hand is not for him.' 'Who do you then love — who is to be so blessed?' 'Not a coward; I heard you called coward! Luigi, prove yourself a man, or Angelina looks on you for the last time!'

Tornielli, in a state of distraction, was following her, when the venerable duca approached. 'Tell me, my son, for you have ever been a son in affection to me, who does Angelina love—is

it yourself?' 'Alas! my uncle, she has but just left me, upbraiding me with the bitterest scorn as a coward, because I refused to draw on the Marchese Cassaro, who, in his blind rage, wished to fight. Give me your blessing, uncle, and this day I leave the casino.' 'Whither, my son?' 'I know not.' 'Adieu! may Heaven watch over you both!' Since that day, signor, no one has seen Don Luigi. The duca died shortly after."

"But have you no clue to what became of the Marchese Tornielli." "Oh, yes, signor; it is said that he fell in with the banditti (Ave, Maria!), and that he is no other than Ricciardi himself: but see, there is Albano — and there, far off in the campagna, the basilica." I looked, and could just discern St. Peter's through the haze that in autumn and spring generally covers the flat country round Rome. It was a Wednesday, and the road was crowded with vehicles of every description. Many of the peasants wore the costume of their country. At every locanda, or what we should term ale-house, they were assembled, drinking, singing, and dancing the saltanella. The instrument is generally, as in the Neapolitan States, a tambourine, which every child plays with considerable skill. October was the month in which the ancient Romans used to celebrate the feast of the Saturnalia, and the moderns continue to make it a season of recreation. I am told they would sell every thing they possessed, rather than not go in a carriage on Wednesdays and Sundays, during October, to dance at the Monte Sestato, Villa Borghese, or some other place of entertainment. Eight women generally go in one open carriage, gaily dressed, with flowers, and carrying tambourines — as many men following in another. It is calculated that there are more deaths during the Saturnalia than the whole of the rest of the year, and most of them by the stiletto, or rather a horrible large knife that they wear. Nor is it in the heat of the moment alone, and when the men are senseless with wine, that these dreadful scenes occur; the Romans are unlike their Neapolitan neighbours, who will strike in anger, but the former are revengeful; and many a quarrel of months' standing is finished by the dagger during the Saturnalia.

In the Neapolitan States they have a festa, very nearly approaching to the Saturnalia, called the Festa of the Madonna del Arco: all the inhabitants of the town go in carriages of some description, for the lazzaroni would think it very derogatory to the dignity of the Santissima Maddelena del Arco to go on foot; indeed, nothing at first strikes a stranger as so unlike what they are accustomed to, as the extraordinarily poor, and even ragged, creatures, that you constantly see in carriages. It is supposed, that there are more equipages kept in Naples than in any town in the world; indeed, the proverb is— "Prima la carozza, poi pane." The festival of the Madonna del Arco lasts three days. The return is highly amusing. There are several good prints of different parties amongst the Italian costumes, though the costume does not vary from their every-day dress, save in a few instances, where you still see a woman in the pretty Neapolitan dress, ornamented with gold and silver tinsel, &c. Some of the vehicles, resembling Irish jaunting-cars, with an awning at the top, return filled with the pilgrims, whose hats, as well as the car itself, are adorned with bunches of grapes, wreaths of vine-leaves, hops, ears of wheat, or any other rural decoration. Sometimes you see a guitar, but oftener a sort of flute, which occasionally they play for some of the others to sing to, whilst their carriage goes as fast as the gaily decorated fleet little horses can drag it along. On the evening of the "Ritorno," the Riviera di Chiaga at Naples presents the most animated and amusing scene possible, and brings to mind the fabled bacchanalian festivals.

Though not so revengeful as the Romans, the Neapolitans are fully as passionate, especially from what I have seen—with reverence be it spoken— amongst the women, though, of a truth, to see the ragged, untidy, sun-burnt viragos, who meet your eye in every direction, you would have some difficulty in thinking they could belong to the softer sex; and, notwithstanding there is often the remains of great beauty of feature, you could still less pronounce them of the "fairer part of the creation." It is a very usual sight, especially on the lower part of the riviera of the Chiaga, near where the fishermen land their cargoes, to witness what is so admirably portrayed amongst the costumes, a rissa da donna. The disputes originate about

the meerest trifle, and in the midst of cooking the sepia, or scuttle-fish,* unmindful of the savoury steam arising from their stew-pans, they, like furies, rush at each other with their hands dyed in the black fluid; and one generally succeeding in throwing the other down, seizes her by her long hair, and, standing on her, beats her unmercifully with a broom. This is a true "rissa da donna," though I have seen a matrimonial rissa little short of it, and in which the lady remained conqueror.

We had for some months observed a pretty little girl come on the evening of every festa, with her mother, to visit a young market-gardener, whose garden being opposite our windows, was sure to attract us, as they played "Moro," and all the Neapolitan games. At the festival of St. Pasquale, the little arbour was ready at an earlier hour, the guests were more numerous, the games more animated, and the whole wore an aspect of greater gaiety than on ordinary festas. We settled it very satisfactorily that our friend the gardener was called Pasquale, and that consequently it was his fête; but, on the morrow, we saw that his pretty little visitor had remained. The bride seemed to get on charmingly, helping her husband to cut the vegetables, and, at the same time, getting as slovenly as her neighbours, though she had before been remarkable for her neatness — till, in about six weeks, the whole neighbourhood were alarmed by most violent quarrelling and abuse. The husband was taking it very quietly, whilst both mother and daughter were railing at him to the full extent of their power. The police came, and, as only words passed, had no right of interference; but there stood two of them in case of extremities. It would seem quite impossible that any one could continue such vehemence so long, but the whole day did these two women continue their torrent of abuse, the poor man answering by expressive gestures only; till, at length, they forcibly took possession of the house, and, fastening the door, excluded him, and secured the victory to themselves.

When one looks at the frightful impetuosity of the people, and contrasts it with the calm beauty of their sky, the surpassing loveliness and repose of nature in their favourite land, one cannot help painfully feeling that they are not worthy of the country they possess; and the expression I once heard used by a young Neapolitan noble, when lamenting the low place they held in the scale of nations, conveys much of truth: it was, "Il nostro paese è un paradiso, abitato da diavoli." Yet he certainly over-did it, for though cowardly and rogues as they are, when you understand them, and are good-humoured with them, there is much to like in them; and a more obliging set than the Neapolitans it is impossible to find; they bear a great resemblance to the Irish, and are as happy and careless of the future.

Perhaps it was not only the lower orders the young marchese meant or alluded to, but that he felt the Neapolitans were not regarded in a very exalted light by part of the world; however, there are many amongst them that have as high a sense of honour as their northern neighbours; and I never more sincerely pitied any one than I did that poor youth, when we were both witness to the scene that so painfully elicited this severe remark on his countrymen. It was at a very splendid ball, given by one of the first noblemen to the king, and where it was supposed that none but the most select, both of natives and visitors, were present. Nothing could be more magnificent; the whole was a blaze of light. The suite of apartments was all thrown open. We happened to be in one of the numerous anti-rooms, looking on the gardens which were brilliantly illuminated. The young marchese was also silently gazing, when an Italian, and one of the noblest of the land, entered the room, and, fancying himself alone, blew out two wax candles, and, quietly depositing them in his pocket, left the room. The blush of shame mantled on the cheek of the poor youth, and the bitterness of his tone well bespoke how much he felt that foreigners should have witnessed such an act. Perhaps

* Sepia; this fish, though it would be despised by even the beggars in England, is a favourite dish amongst all the Neapolitans. The black liquid with which it is surrounded gives it a most unprepossessing appearance; but, when well fried, the fish is by no means bad.

the purloiner had vowed some wax tapers to the Madonna, and thought, that by executing his vow as speedily as possible, it would extenuate the theft. However, I do not believe that the Romans, notwithstanding they pretend to despise the Neapolitans, would have hesitated to do the same; nor do I think, with all their Roman pride, that they are, in thought or deed, more honourable.

The Sienna road from Rome is proverbially dreary and unpleasant. The malaria ravages a great part of it, and vegetation seems to shrink from the soil. The whole face of the country seems so desolate that you may well fancy it the haunt of banditti, and a fitting scene for acts of violence and spoil. The voituriers, too, seem well stored with tales of this sort, half of which, I dare say, are the imaginations of their brain; and there are many spots that will bear them out in their tales. No thought of horror or violence, however, can find place on the sunny lake of Maggiore. This lake is the most lovely amidst the lovely spots of Italy; and there can be no sensations more enviable than that *dolce far niente* which is felt in full force while lazily sailing over the tranquil waters to visit the Borromean isles.

At first sight there is something extremely bewitching in these islands of terraces; though, upon after-thoughts, they appear unnaturally stiff and unpicturesque. What I admired more than any thing in the Isola Bella, was a small carved picture in the gallery of the chapel, representing St. Peter walking on the waves. It is more beautifully carved than any thing I ever saw, and deserves a place as a gem amongst the treasures of the palace.

Prince Borromeo, the lineal descendant of Saint Carlo Borromeo, so venerated throughout the Milanese, lives in princely style; and when he visits his island territories, keeps up a constant round of balls, dinners, and theatricals. We fell in with a train of twenty carriages, and an immense suite of servants, coming with him from Milan, for a six weeks' retirement in l' Isola Bella. The beautiful scenery round Domo d' Ossola continues the pleasing reverie that one insensibly indulges whilst on the lake; and the roads are so excellent, that no rough, jolting stones or ruts occur, to bring you painfully back to more terrestrial objects; though the inns at Domo d' Ossola are so cold, large, and uncomfortable, that they seem intended for a sort of preparation for the cold one expects to encounter in crossing the Alps. This connecting link of discomfort, however, might well be dispensed with.

A heavy rain for crossing the Simplon, was a wretched sight in the morning; and though it certainly contributed greatly to heighten the effect of the mountain cataracts, that fell with frightful violence upon the poor horses, it gave a feeling of desolation impossible to describe; and whilst admiring the stupendous work effected by perseverance over every difficulty, the scene was well calculated to awaken all the host of melancholy thoughts that could beset even a hypochondriac. All the wild legends of demon dances, wild huntsmen, midnight assassins, &c. crowded on the mind, and made one feel a thrill of horror in passing some of the fearful glacier galleries. At any time, ascendin the Alps is most tedious work, even with the relay horses, and the invariable gossip of the conductor, who does his best to wile away the ascent. Johann, for I soon found from himself that that was the name of ours, was a man of great importance, especially in his own estimation. He was ostler of the inn at Berisal; and when postilions were short, acted as such. "Look there, mein-herr," for he was a German Swiss; "on that spot a scene took place that you would scarcely credit; and yet I can vouch for the truth, and not long since, either. It was a dull evening, much like this, on which I first saw the actors in it: it grieves my heart whenever I think of it. But we are close to Berisal; and if the herr pleases, I will tell it him at supper." We agreed to this, readily; and after we had disembarked our goods, and seated ourselves by a rousing wood fire, we remembered our friend Johann, and sending for him, he repeated the story of the encounter in the Alps, to the following [illegible]ct:

"'Wh[illegible] a [illegible] dark evening,' observed the host of the little mountain inn of Berisal; 'I fear we shall have no visitors to night'—'Except the diligence,' added Johann. 'Ay, I forgot that.' 'You would not, if you had to

wait in the cold to see the horses put to, mein wirth (host); but here it comes.' The huge machine came rumbling along over the Italian side of the Simplon. There were but few passengers, and only two alighted; the others continued their route to Brigg. 'Bring supper, quickly,' said the younger traveller. 'For you, alone, sir?' 'Nay, I know not; ask the gentleman himself; or, what say you, sir, shall we sup together?' 'Most willingly,' rejoined Stockhorn; 'accident brought us together, and I care not if we continue so.' Raphael Cinti bowed his thanks for the compliment. His was a countenance that demanded, and instantly obtained confidence, so singularly open was it. There was a gentleness and gaiety in his manner that fascinated at first, and absolutely bewitched on further acquaintance. He was crossing the Simplon, when Stockhorn joined the diligence at Domo d' Ossola. The night was so dark, comfortless, and cold, that they agreed to stop at Berisal, instead of continuing their route. 'Johann,—is not that your name?—does another diligence pass to-morrow, that we can go on?' 'No, sir; but one passes from the Italian side. As there has been so much snow this evening, I dare say it will be late in — not before eleven, or mid-day.' 'That will not suit me, then,' said Cinti, 'for I am bound for Switzerland.' After sitting over the fire some time, Raphael rose, and taking up his light knapsack, wished his companion good-night. 'I, too, will retire, for we shall be early astir,' said Stockhorn; 'and we have some good leagues to Brigg. I shall return a little the way we came, in search of a wild plant that I am told grows on these bleak Alps, and in the sheltered clefts shews itself at this inclement season.' Stockhorn proposed accompanying; and asked his companion to hand him his portmanteau. 'What a weight! why, what can you carry? I suppose it is full of fossils,' said Cinti, laughing. 'There is more in it than I like, or than is wise to carry. I will shew you;'—and Stockhorn opened his valise. There was a quantity of gold in it, and some precious jewels. 'In the name of all that is strange, what can induce you to carry all this about with you?' 'I am not going to carry it far; I received it in Italy, the other day, and will convey it to Berne only.' 'But are not you afraid of being robbed? Surely, you had better have gone on with the diligence.' 'Perhaps,' said Stockhorn, 'I should have been wiser; but that has passed, and no one knows of it.' It is not every one I would shew it to, Cinti,—good night.'

The storm raged violently and loud, and fearful sounded the wintry alpine blast through the slight fabric. Stockhorn slept profoundly—not so Cinti: the wind roused him, he opened his casement and looked on the fearful night. 'O, would that I could recall years! Would that I were free to choose! the wealth of the world should not induce me to have any connexion with those with whom fate has linked me. Angelina, why did you treat me with scorn—taunt me, and tell me to prove my manhood ere I presumed to talk of love? To those bitter words am I indebted for all that must poison every moment, even if I live to return to thee. Yet I am bound—I am sworn —and much as I abhor the thought, cannot, dare not flinch.'

The morning rose calm and beautiful; the sun glistened brightly on the snow, and Johann appeared with the travellers' coffee. 'Adieu, gracious sir; God be with you! 'Thanks, Johann; we have a cheery morning, and the snow is so white, it seems almost a pity to sully it with our feet,' said Raphael; and they buckled on their knapsacks and departed.

'Why, what ails the horse, he will not stir? On, Brilliante, on! It is of no use,' said the conductor of the Italian diligence, 'the animal seems rooted to the spot.' After various useless efforts to overcome its obstinacy, he descended to see what could be the cause. At a few steps to the right he saw drops of blood: following the track, he found a pool of blood, and the snow trampled, as though there had been a deadly struggle. He returned to the vehicle, and, with coaxing, led the terrified animal past the spot, and continued his way to Berisal. The tale was immediately told to all in the inn, and inquiry made of who had been seen to pass. 'No one since the early morning,' said Johann; 'Heaven preserve Herr Cinti! I trust our last night travellers have not fallen out, and the stout Stockhorn been too powerful for the merry-hearted Italian.' Search was made, day after day, in

all the passes and glens, but no trace was found. At length a peasant, passing by the torrent that foams along the bottom of the wild valley, found the body of a man, swoln and disfigured. He gave the alarm, and the body was conveyed to the first refuge. Every one on the mountain flocked to see the corpse. The head was much swollen, from a blow that appeared to have been given with the butt-end of a pistol; the teeth were clenched, and the whole face bore marks of a hard struggle. The corpse was stretched on the floor, the head supported by a light knapsack. Johann approached the object of curiosity, and exclaimed, 'Mein Gott! it is the Herr Stockhorn, and his head lies on Cinti's knapsack: surely he never could have done this fearful deed!'

The commissary opened the knapsack, and found nothing but a change of linen, and a letter, almost in fragments, signed Angelina. An active search was set on foot for Cinti; and, by the unremitting diligence of the police, he was taken at Donaeshingen, in the Baden territory. The prisoner was conveyed to Brigg to be examined. This quiet and picturesque little town was a scene of no slight excitement and ferment.

At the particular desire of Cinti, Johann, who had been summoned as a witness from Berisal, was admitted to his prison. 'Ah, Herr Cinti,' said the honest Swiss, 'my heart grieves to see you thus; but tell me it is false. How came Stockhorn by his death?' 'By my hand, good Johann; but it was in self-defence.' 'Oh, do not say you are guilty.' 'Yes, Johann, I am guilty; the blow was premeditated; and when I left you, I knew, ere long, one of us would be no more.' 'Gracious Heaven! What could have been your object?' 'To take the gold and jewels he carried with him.' 'Nay, Herr Cinti, I cannot believe 'twas for theft that you did this horrid deed.' 'Thanks, kind Johann; would that others had judged as thou, I had not then to answer for a long and daring career of guilt; but fate will on, and Raphael will not shun it. My hour is not yet come; and though the world brand me murderer and robber, it is not for shedding the poltroon blood of Stockhorn that Cinti will suffer. Mark me, Johann, the treasure is safe—no friend or kin of the victim's will ever know where; more lives than mine are interested in keeping that secret, and five days after I am gone, open this—nay, scruple not, tis but a name—and remember me.' 'But, Herr Cinti, you talk of parting. Do you forget your trial? and though there is no witness to the deed, I much fear you have cause of dread.' 'Fear not; I do not mean to leave a doubt of my guilt. I shall plead guilty—I shall tell my judges what I now tell you.

'The sun shone brightly, and all nature seemed too pure—too bright—to countenance the thoughts that filled my breast. We had scarcely travelled half an hour, when I told Stockhorn to yield me his knapsack, or force should make him. He refused; I attempted to wrest it from him: at length he threw it on the ground, and we grappled manfully with each other. The death struggle was fearful, as the trampled snow could well attest. It is no child's play when the contest is for life—mine was for more; and Stockhorn, powerful as he was, and urged by the wish to save his life and treasure, found he could not stand against the supernatural force that spurred me on. He was almost spent, when I hurled a blow at the back of his head with this small pistol that has been my trusty friend for years. It was true I looked one instant on him who was so late my companion, then, lifting the corpse in my arms, flung it down the wild and deep glen.

'The stillness of nature, undisturbed but by the sullen sound of the lifeless victim's fall, as it rebounded from crag to crag, might thrill to the stoutest heart; yet I felt it not,—it seemed to me that it was no crime; and tossing my own light knapsack after him, I took my spoil and pursued my path. And now, good Johann, to-morrow is my trial; in three days I shall be condemned to die,—such is the law; we shall not meet in this land, but again, I doubt not, we shall meet. Remember, Cinti does not deny his crime—he does not seek an acquittal, but the landammann, though he have power to condemn, will not see his orders executed.'

The crowd was intense at the trial; the prisoner remained perfectly unmoved, and observed, with a smile of triumph, the interest so many evinced in his fate. A murmur of despair was heard when the venerable landammann,

after lamenting the occurrence of such a crime in their canton, condemned Cinti to death. The day of execution came, the soldiers were on duty, and every one for miles round assembled. A cry of 'The prisoner' roused the attention to the utmost, when a murmur was heard that he had escaped. Astonishment seized every one; question after question was asked, when Johann, who was in the throng, thought of his paper. He opened it, and read one word,—'Ricciardi'—the brave, the beautiful, the daring, the gallant, the proscribed robber, outlaw, bandit! Wonder was at an end; to him every thing was possible; that single word acted as a spell—Ricciardi!

"But has nothing since then been heard of him, Johann?"

"The landammann issued proclamations, but in vain; there could not be found one man in Switzerland or Italy that would betray him. And some thought that the prisoner merely wrote the name of Ricciardi to mislead and to avoid pursuit; for he well knew that if it once gained belief, the landammann and authorities would spare the idle endeavour of seizing him, for all the soldiers in the cantons could avail nothing if this redoubted outlaw had reached his fastnesses in the Abruzzi.

"The Herr Cinti was not a sort of person you could suspect of murder; and though he confessed it himself, I cannot believe it. I think that it was to be speedily condemned, well knowing that he had formed his plan of escape, though how he effected it none can tell. And yet Stockhorn was murdered, and his treasure, if he had any, was gone, and none saw him after he left this house. It is a fearful tale, and none who had seen the two sitting on this very spot could have believed that Cinti was coolly looking on his victim. No, gracious sir, it never could be; God has formed none so wicked, that he could smile as that youth smiled, and yet in his heart mean to murder him."

Thus reasoned the simple, kind-hearted Swiss; and so earnestly did he plead the cause of Cinti, and profess his total distrust of all that could criminate him, though he had condemned himself, that he almost persuaded one to look upon Cinti, or Ricciardi (whichever he was), as a hero, rather than an outlaw and murderer.

The alpine inn of Berisal is built like most of the larger Swiss cottages; and the sleeping apartments were, in this instance, more completely separated from the house in which the family lived, which contained the kitchen, and off which, again, were the stables and the quarters of our friend Johann. We had taken a great fancy to him, especially as his good honest countenance formed a remarkable contrast to the physiognomy of the master, who acted in the double capacity of host and postmaster, and was as imposing and dark-countenanced as any crafty Italian could possibly be. The bleak wind whistled, or rather howled, dismally, and every blast threatened to shake the frail wooden fabric to the ground. The flickering of the lights, and creaking of the shoes along the crazy wooden passage which connected the two cottages, made one actually shudder; and had it not been for the pretty, pleasing face of the hostess, I really think we should have fancied they were decoying us into a trap to murder us. The whole of the night the storm raged violently, and occasionally voices were heard, which would have absolutely driven us to despair, had we not called to mind the custom so prevalent in all Catholic countries, of praying to the Virgin during a storm. It is impossible to describe the fear that the lower orders have of a storm, if it is any thing more than usual. I have seen them, when the hail has been pelting into every window of the house, instead of answering the bells and putting them to, all huddled together in some closet, half dead with terror, crossing themselves with the greatest devotion, and vowing candles, if the Virgin would but save them from destruction; indeed, if you wish to see them aroused to the most vehement demonstration of supplication and confidence in Divine protection, you should see them during a thunder and hail-storm,—it is far more efficacious than the thunders of the church. However, the mountain-storms are fearful enough to quail a stouter heart than that of an ignorant peasant—the sudden splashing of water down a thousand crags, a few minutes before quite dry; the numberless cascades that rush, as if by magic, from the summits and sides of the mountains, foaming and tearing up all before them, form a spectacle both grand and awful. The storm, though sudden and not of long

continuance, does inconceivable mischief in a short time. One had just passed when we were within a short distance of Evian; in half an hour all the countrymen were on the road, breaking it up to make water-courses for the torrents that were rushing down the heights. To pass in a heavy English carriage seemed impossible; and yet there was no inn nearer than Evian. The peasants were loud in their exclamations of grief and commiseration, when the sight of some planks made us hit on a remedy. They willingly followed our orders, laid two planks across the chasm, took out the horses, and rolled the wheels thus easily over the temporary bridge. We had to repeat this operation five times in about two miles; and, to the credit of the poor fellows be it said, when we gave them something for their exertions, they said they had not expected it, though they most readily lent themselves to the work, and waded knee-deep through the torrent. Thus we reached Evian, a miserable-looking little town, but, to our great delight, we found a comfortable inn, with good rooms, a salon well furnished, and a bright wood fire blazing, though early in the year. The house was full of company, assembled to take the mineral waters for which Evian has become famous. Though the wet summer had driven away many, there was st[illegible] capital *table-d'hôte* a[illegible] ag[illegible].

There were several Swiss and four or five Italians among the company. One young Roman particularly attracted my attention. He had been travelling a great deal, was formerly an officer in the papal troops, but was so annoyed by the disagreeable service they were constantly sent on, and the want of discipline, and discontent of the troops, that he had retired from the service, and had entered the carbineers in the pay of the King of Sardinia. He said they were in search of Ricciardi, the bandit, who, it was supposed, was in Corsica. "He is a brave fellow, though, and I should greatly regret that he should be taken. Besides, they say he is the Marchese Tornielli—poor Luigi! I knew him in other days. After quitting the casino of his uncle, he wandered on with his foster-brother, who would not leave him, and was surprised by banditti. His utter carelessness of life, and assurance that none would ransom him, led the outlaws to propose that he should join them. Luigi agreed, and by his courage, disdain of booty, and superior address, was soon made their captain; yet the portion he extorted from the rich was never appropriated to himself; it was given to those that needed it; and if they succeed in seizing him, the noblest, kindest heart in Italy will cease to beat."

Our young soldier soon left to join his regiment. The banditti had been hunted from the fastnesses of the Abruzzi, and had taken refuge in Corsica. The troops were every way in search of them; great rewards were offered to stimulate the men not to suffer them to escape. The band of the outlaws was small, some having remained in their old haunts. For a long time they eluded the pursuit. At length their place of concealment was discovered, and they were obliged to leave their fastness and fairly fight for life or death with the soldiers. The troops were treble in number, yet the brave though misguided outlaws determined to sell their lives dearly, for, if captured, they well knew an ignominious death awaited them. Five had already fallen, when Ricciardi looking to the six that still remained unhurt, told them to revenge their comrades and die. At that instant three carbineers took sure and deadly aim; the balls told true; Ricciardi fell, and supporting himself on his knee, beckoned the officer in command. He approached—"Lorenzo!" he exclaimed, as the youth advanced, "we have met in earlier and happier days; through the deadly strife, I saw your unwillingness to fire; perhaps even then you knew it was Luigi Tornielli that you pursued as the bandit. Return this fragment of the last letter I ever received from her to Angelina. Tell her it was her scorn and cruelty that drove me to commit deeds my soul abhors; yet, may Heaven forgive her! See, all my brave followers have fallen by the hands of the soldiery. My friend, rescue the name of Luigi Tornielli from disgrace; let the robber and outlaw be named with abhorrence, but let none besides Angelina know the real fate of her cousin and companion. Tornielli is lost to the world; let conjecture wander as it will; let blame be attached to his name; but, Lorenzo, by our early friendship, when I am no more, conceal from every ear that you knew his real fate; never whisper that the high-born Luigi was the branded bandit, Ricciardi!"

No. XXXIX.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, ESQ.

Here we have the sketcher sketched; and, as is fit, he is sketched sketching. Here is George Cruikshank—the George Cruikshank—seated upon the head of a barrel, catching inspiration from the scenes presented to him in a pot-house, and consigning the ideas of the moment to immortality on the crown of his hat. We wish that he would send us the results of his easy labours.

Of George Cruikshank the history is short. He stands too often and too well before the eyes of the public to render it necessary that we should say much about him; and we confess, that of his earlier annals we know little or nothing. This, it must be allowed, is but small reason for a "regular magazine hand" to decline writing a long article about them, according to the usual and much-honoured practice of the well-trained contributors of our worshipful contemporaries. But as we profess to have a conscience, we must not comply with the usage; honestly stating, on the contrary, that the first of Cruikshank's works known to us are his caricatures of George IV. and his friends. Tories as we were and are, and as we trust we still shall be, these comic picturings haunt our imagination. The poor old king in every attitude of ludicrous distress (the "Fat in the Fire" was perfection); Copley (sketched, as we have been assured, merely from description, and yet a great likeness); Castlereagh (but even the professed caricaturist could not destroy the gentlemanly grace of that noble face and figure); the "Waterloo man," with his sword dropping into the scale against the pen; the various parsons, jailors, jockeys, lawyers, and the rest, were first-rate. As Cruikshank himself says of Gilray, "He that did these things was a great man, sir—a very great man, sir!" To Cruikshank, however, they were productive of nothing but the fame of their cleverness and the odium of their politics; as Hone, for whom and his blockhead authors George's talents floated the dire rubbish of the *House that Jack built*, and other witless productions, never paid him for what he had done. In all these stupid productions there were loud puffs of the power of the *press*—George never knew any thing of it when in their hands but as a *screw*.

However, what he did gave him fame and name. We Tory folk were horribly angry at the time, but we soon confessed that the caricaturist was a clever fellow. The trade came to the same conclusion, and work flowed in apace. We rather think he quitted ere long the shabby crew who wished to make him their property, and has settled down, if not into the genuine faith of a Tory, at least into that approach to orthodoxy which consists in the detestation of a Whig. At all events, he does not appear any longer as a political caricaturist; and yet, was there ever a time when there was such an opportunity? Just think of a speech from the woolsack by Lord Brougham, at eleven o'clock at night, or an opening of a budget, or other financial matter, by Lord Althorp, at any hour of the twenty-four. We wish that Cruikshank would wake a little, and shew H. B. that, clever as he is, he is not to be allowed a monopoly of depicting the humours or stupidities of Whiggism.

Of course George is, like all other men of undoubted genius, a most ill-used gentleman. As Mathews laments that the general obtuseness of the public will not recognise his talents for tragedy—as Liston mourns over the delusion which applauds him in *Sam Swipes* and *Paul Pry*, and does not permit him to appear as the Damon or Strephon of a sighing opera—so Cruikshank is shocked at the evil fate which consigns him to drawing sketches and caricatures, instead of letting him loose in his natural domain of epic or historical picture. Let him content himself; he can draw what will be held in honoured remembrance when ninety-nine out of every hundred of the great "masters" of our "schools," and a still larger proportion of all the R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s that ever existed, or ever are doomed to exist, will be forgotten. The historical which *he* should cultivate is such as that which appears in his recently published *Sketch-Book*, where, for example, the life of Buonaparte, whether as eagle soaring over the Alps, or eagle chained to a perch, is depicted in all its stages, from artillery lad on watch, through triumph, splendour, and flight, to the little cocked-hatted and round-paunched exile of St. Helena. And so we conclude our thirty-ninth article of this series; and he who refuses to subscribe to its truth is a dissenter worse than a pagan.

HELLS IN LONDON.

Mr. Editor,

The prominent evil of gaming, and the alarming increase of public establishments for the encouragement of this pernicious and debasing vice, is of such a frightful magnitude, that it cannot but excite a wonder that the virtuous portion of the public press should have been so apathetic in exposing, not only the practice of gaming-house keepers, but the locality of their establishments, and the identity of their persons. Should the thoughts herewith sent you tend to direct the public mind to the growing mischief of gaming, I shall probably be enabled to furnish you with some further information on the subject.

Gaming is a sign of the depravity of a country, and the laxity of its government. Among ourselves, if commissioners of morality, invested with powers exceeding that of the police magistrates, were appointed to sit daily, before whom any person might appear and report the occurrence of any circumstance, or the practice of any man or set of men, which had a tendency to the violation of the law, and to vitiate the minds of the people, can it be supposed that gaming-houses could have run so riotous a course as they have done these last thirty or forty years? Such a power, however, (if it be ever instituted), to act effectively in the suppression of gambling-houses, must take cognisance of even a suspicion of their being kept, and be at all times ready to receive information of the sums of money lost in them; and then take on themselves, through their officers, the onus of watching the suspected parties, and of obtaining evidence for a conviction.

But I hear some one say, What have any magistrates to do with any thing but facts? that the authorities already appointed are open to hear these, and that if any man has aught to say against his neighbour, let him come forward and state his complaint, and there is the law for him. I am aware, that any other course than this will be considered an un-English mode of proceeding; but I ask, is not this feeling a mistaken one? Is it not the result of prejudice, arising out of the peculiarity of education, which forms the eccentric character of John Bull? and are we not losers in liberty and morality by this prejudice? For in what can the spirit of liberty be better displayed than in protecting the property of the subject, and in preserving the morals of the people? Experience has shewn us long since, that what is every man's business is never performed by any one; and that the major part of our statute law lies dead, or is asleep, for want of a proper system of enforcing it. When our legislators frame a law, they insert the words, "*it may and shall be lawful for any magistrate*," &c. &c. When a draught-carriage is built, will an act of parliament, with the words *it may and shall be lawful for horses to draw it*, impart motion to it! No; the horses must be provided, they must be attached to the carriage, and a coachman appointed to direct them. The most important feature in all law is the certainty of its reaching those who violate it; but this, with us, is left to chance. Few men like trouble, still fewer like to make themselves obnoxious to others, and none will incur voluntarily expenses for such a purpose. It is therefore no answer, when the public complain that the vice of gambling flourishes, to say that there are laws for its suppression, which laws are rendered nugatory by the difficulty thrown in the way of giving them effect. To put down the practice of gambling at open tables, as well as many other evils pernicious to society, going on in this metropolis, a power must be constituted which will take upon itself to discover the offenders, and also the responsibility of prosecuting them to judgment. The moral preservation of the subject will never be effected until an active power of this nature be in full operation in London. How few who are born in this town, and reside in it all their days, acquire any knowledge of the doings in it! Cases daily occur in the immediate vicinity of a man's own house, of such depravity and horror, which when he reads spun into a tale, with fictitious names and foreign *locale*, he blesses God that he lives in a Christian and moral country, where such deeds are unknown; little dreaming that similar, or the same deeds, are perpetrated whilst he is asleep, on a

spot perhaps only separated from him-self by a brick wall.

There is much diversity of opinion as to the policy of the French government in licensing gaming-houses; this difference is occasioned by some supposing that gaming can never be effectually and wholly suppressed, and that therefore it is wise to tolerate the practice openly, under the sanction and surveillance of government-officers, saying, "*alitur vitium vivitque tegendo.*" Gambling, or pecuniary speculation, I do imagine (to a certain extent) will ever be practised in all countries; trade itself being but a species of pecuniary adventure. But to suppose in this country that gambling, as carried on in the literal sense of the word at public tables, could not be put down, is to suppose our government imbecile to the last degree. To make any law effective, the nature and extent of the evil to which it is intended to be applied, must be ascertained, and duly appreciated. Probably all men latently are thorough gamblers, and that the passion is inherent in every human being, circumstances either putting it into action or occasioning it to lie dormant; the larger portion of mankind take off its edge by embarking in pursuits partaking of adventure and pecuniary risk, while others, rife with desperation, rush at once to ruin, or snatch the fortunes of others by wholesale risk and chicanery. It is worthy of remark, that it matters not however late in life a man is initiated into this vice, let him once taste of the cup of success at a gambling-table, there is no cure for the disease but poverty: so long as money can be obtained, and tables are allowed to be open, play he will. And but too frequently when his funds are exhausted, crime is called in to aid the wretched enthusiast in raising means to associate with the outcasts of even those who have robbed him of his all; or he changes sides, and commences himself to be sharp and black-leg, which comprises every epithet that is disgraceful to the character of a gentleman and an honest man. "*On commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon, dans le grand jeu de la vie humaine.*"

> "Such is the equal progress of deceit,
> The early dupe oft closes in the cheat."

It may with truth be affirmed, that gaming is the source whence spring all the race of cheats, swindlers, and sharpers, with which this metropolis is annoyed, and that the whole body of them is but an exudation of gambling-houses; a fact which is of itself sufficiently striking to stimulate the legislature to adopt some more efficient measures for their annihilation. As early as in the time of Queen Anne, this mischievous race of abandoned men was denounced. By an act passed in the ninth year of that reign, chap. xiv, § 6, 7, after reciting "that divers lewd and dissolute persons live at great expenses, having no visible estate, profession, or calling to maintain themselves, but support these expenses by gaming only," it is enacted, "that any two justices of the peace may cause to be brought before them all persons within their limits whom they shall have just cause to suspect to have no visible estate, profession, or calling to maintain themselves by, but do for the most part support themselves by gaming; and if such persons shall not make it appear to such justices that the principal part of their expenses is not maintained by gaming, they are to be bound to their good behaviour for twelve months; and in default of sufficient security, to be committed to prison until they can find the same; and if security shall be given, it shall be forfeited on their playing or betting, at any one time, for more than the value of twenty shillings." The spirit of this law is good, under which it was intended that sharpers of all denominations should find security for discontinuing their dishonest practices. Again, by the 12th George II., chap. xxviii. § 2, 3, the games of faro, hazard, &c. are declared to be lotteries, subjecting the persons who keep them to a penalty of 200*l.*, and those who play to 50*l.* One witness only is necessary to prove the offence before any justice of the peace, and the justice forfeits 10*l.* if he neglect to do his duty under the act; and under this act, which is connected with the statute of 8th George I., chap. ii. it seems that "the keeper of a faro-table may be prosecuted even for a penalty of 500*l.*" These salutary laws have, however, been evaded, for want of a practical power to enforce them; justices of the peace having, within my own experience, themselves violated them, and even become partners, embarking pecuniary capitals to partici-

pate in the profits arising from games so unlawfully carried on :

"Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown."

Besides which, the officers of justice are regularly kept in the pay of the proprietors of gaming-houses, or hells, through whom timely notice is always given of any information laid against the establishment, and the intended attack guarded against. If this be doubted, the same can be attested on oath, and otherwise proved beyond disputation. The expenses of some of the gaming-houses in London during the season (seven months) exceed 10,000*l*.; what, then, must be the gains to support this advance and profusion of property? Elegant houses are superbly fitted up; the most delicate viands and the choicest wines, with every other luxury, are provided to lure and detain those for whom the proprietors' nets are spread. It is almost an impossibility to convict these wicked men under the present law; their enormous wealth is applied to the corruption of evidence, always unwilling, because the witnesses expose their own habits and culpability in attending these nefarious dens of infamy. The sleeping partners are ever ready to advance money to oppose prosecutions, and often come forward to give evidence in opposition to the witnesses, and to blacken the character of those who offer their testimony: then there is always money to support those who may chance once in ten years to be convicted. Many practising attorneys, too, are connected with these establishments, who threaten prosecutions for conspiracies; and not unfrequently fictitious debts are sworn to, and arrests for large amounts made, to keep witnesses from appearing at court on the day of trial. One professional man in the parish of St. Anne has, to my knowledge, supported himself for thirty-five years by lending himself in this way to the middling-rate gambling-houses at the west end of the town: his method is, either to suborn or intimidate the parties, by threatening to indict them for perjury, or otherwise persecute them to utter destruction.

When it is considered, that those who are competent to give evidence calculated to produce convictions, well know the characters with whom they have to contend, and the phalanx of scoundrels there is always arrayed against them, it is not to be wondered at that they should be deterred from coming forward at the last moment, when even their persons are not free from danger, particularly as all minacious tricks are backed with a bribe; thus bringing fear and interest to bear against their antagonists. As every one who comes forward to give evidence against a gambling-house must himself have been a participator in the offence of play, no man who has been the cause of a conviction ever yet escaped ruin; no matter the motive which influenced him, whether it be remorse, disgust, pique, or public good, the conspiracy against him will be so powerful and ramified, through the leading men's numerous emissaries and dependents, that his future course in life will be sure to be tracked, and his character blasted in every neighbourhood where he may take up his abode. In one instance, a young man who had laid an information against a house, although no conviction followed, was hunted out of no fewer than eight situations; the clique of gamblers he had made his enemies contrived to find out in whose employ he was engaged, and then daily assailed his master with anonymous letters, defaming the young man's character to such a degree that few could well retain him in their service; especially as the fact of having himself gambled at a public table could never be got rid of.

When all other means of deterring a witness are exhausted, personal threats are used by ruffians, who are employed to cross him in whatever public company he may join, seeking every occasion to insult and quarrel with him, until he is intimidated; and all other would-be witnesses, through fear of a similar persecution, are prevented from offering any obstruction to their establishments.

By these confederacies, backed as they are with enormous capitals, notwithstanding the existing laws, houses have been kept open for the indiscriminate mixture of all grades, from the well-bred gentleman, the finished sharper, the raw and inexperienced *flat*, to the lowest description of

pickpockets and other wretches of public nuisance; and where all the evils the acts of parliament were intended to annihilate, have for years past been in full activity. But at no period of our history have misery, distress, and crime, been so conspicuous, and the cause so manifestly and decidedly traced to the gambling habits of the community, as in the present day.

As before observed, the incompetency of the magistracy, as now armed by the law, to oppose the growing evil, is mainly attributable to the methodised system of confederacy and partnership concerns, wherein capitals are embarked by a large number of individuals, who have (with very few exceptions) sprung originally from the very scum of society. Now, suppose one or more magistrates, employed especially as guardians of the public morality, whose peculiar duty it should be, acting on *private* information, to direct their officers to adopt any lawful mode of obtaining evidence to convict offenders against the law; could any thing be more easy than to send two well-dressed men, under the authority of the magistrate, into the town, with money in their pockets, who might in a short time, with very little tact, mix with gambling characters, and in a few weeks have free ingress and egress to all the hells in London, as amateur players? Nor can the keepers of these places ever by possibility guard themselves against this mode of attack, as the persons so employed might always be kept behind the curtain, introducing others as their friends, who should again (as many as were needed) continue to introduce others, until every player and keeper of a gambling-house was identified, and ample testimony for their conviction prepared; when the blow might be struck against all in one day, and the fullest penalty of the law enforced on each offender. Not following the example of the bench of magistrates at Clerkenwell Sessions House, who, when they convicted three men, sentenced them to three months' imprisonment—a punishment so mild, that it holds out an inducement to all others to go on with impunity.

On an average during the last twenty years, about thirty hells have been regularly open in London for the accommodation of the lowest and most vile set of hazard players. The game of hazard is the principal one played at the low houses, and is, like the characters who play it, the most desperate and ruinous of all games. The wretched men who follow this play are partial to it, because it gives a chance, from a run of good luck, to become possessed speedily of all the money on the table: no man who plays hazard ever despairs of making his fortune at some time. Such is the nature of this destructive game, that I can now point out several men, whom you see daily, who were in rags and wretchedness on Monday, and, before the termination of the week, they ride in a newly-purchased Stanhope of their own, having several thousands of pounds in their possession. The few instances of such successes which unfortunately occur are generally well known, and consequently encourage the hopes of others who nightly attend these places, sacrificing all considerations of life to the carrying (if it be only a few shillings) their all every twenty-four hours to stake in this great lottery, under the delusive hope of catching Dame Fortune at some time in a merry mood. Thousands annually fall, in health, fame, and fortune, by this maddening infatuation, whilst not one in a thousand finds an oasis in the desert. The inferior houses of play are always situated in obscure courts, or other places of retirement, and most frequently are kept shut up during the day, as well as at night, as if unoccupied, or some appearance of trade is carried on as a blind: a back room is selected for all operations, if one can be procured sufficiently capacious for the accommodation of forty or fifty persons at one time. In the centre of the room is fixed a substantial circular table, immovable to any power of pressure against it by the company who go to play; a circle of inlaid white holly-wood is formed in the middle of the table, of about four feet diameter, and a lamp is suspended immediately over this ring. A man, designated the groom-porter, is mounted on a stool, with a stick in his hand, having a transverse piece of wood affixed at its end, which is used by him to rake in the dice, after having been thrown out of the box by the caster (the person who throws the dice). The avowed profits of keeping a table of this kind is the receipt of a piece for each *box-hand*,—that is, when a player wins

three times successively, he pays a certain sum to the table; and there is an aperture in the table made to receive these contributions. At the minor establishments, the price of a *box-hand* varies from one shilling to half-a-crown, according to the terms on which the house is known to have been originally opened. If there is much play, these payments produce ample profits to the keeper of the house; but their remuneration for running the risk of keeping an unlawful table of play is plunder. At all these houses, as at the higher ones, there is always a set of men who are dependents on the keepers of the house, who hang about the table like sharks for prey, waiting for those who stay late, or are inebriated, and come in towards morning to play, when there are but few lookers on; unfair means are then resorted to with impunity, and all share the plunder. About eleven o'clock, when all honest and regular persons are preparing for rest, the play commences, the adventurers being seated around the table: one takes the box and dice, putting what he is disposed to play for into the ring marked on the table; as soon as it is covered with a like sum, or set, as it is termed, by another person, the player calls a main, and at the same moment throws the dice; if the number called comes up, the caster wins, but if any other main comes uppermost on the dice, the thrower takes that chance for his own, and his adversary has the one he called: the throwing then continues, during which bets are made by others on the event until it is decided. If the caster throws deuce ace, or aces, when he first calls a main, it is said to be crabbed, and he loses; but if he throws the number named he is said to have nicked it, and thereby wins. Also, if he should call six or eight, and throws the double sixes, he wins; or if seven be the number called, and eleven is thrown, it is a nick, because those chances are nicks to these mains; which regulation is necessary to the equalisation of all the chances at this game when calling a main. The odds against any number being thrown against another varies from two to one to six to five, and consequently keeps all the table engaged in betting. All bets are staked, and the noise occasioned by proposing and accepting wagers is most uproarious and deafening among the low players, each having one eye on the black spots marked on the dice, as they land from the box, and the other on the stakes, ready to snatch it if successful. To prevent the noise being heard in the streets, shutters closely fitted to the window-frames are affixed, which are padded, and covered with green baize; there is also invariably an inner door placed in the passage, having an aperture in it, through which all who enter the door from the street may be viewed: this precaution answers two purposes, it deadens the sound of the noisy voices at the table, and prevents surprise by the officers of justice. The generality of the minor gambling-houses are kept by prize-fighters, and other desperate characters, who bully and hector the more timid out of their money, by deciding that bets have been lost when in fact they have been won. Bread, cheese, and beer, is supplied to the players, and a glass of gin is handed, when called for, gratis. To these places thieves resort, and such other loose characters as are lost to every feeling of honesty and shame: a table of this nature in full operation is a terrific sight: all the bad passions appertaining to the vicious propensities of mankind are portrayed on the countenances of the players. An assembly of the most horrible demons could not exhibit a more appalling effect; recklessness and desperation overshadow every noble trait which should enlighten the countenance of a human being. Many, in their desperation, strip themselves on the spot of their clothes, either to stake against money, or to pledge to the table-keeper for a trifle to renew their play; and many instances occur of men going home half naked, after having lost their all. They assemble in parties of from forty to fifty persons, who probably bring on an average each night from one to twenty shillings to play with. As the money is lost the players depart, if they cannot borrow or beg more; and this goes on sometimes in the winter season for fourteen or sixteen hours in succession, so that from 100 to 140 persons may be calculated to visit one gambling-table in the course of a night; and it not unfrequently happens that, ultimately, all the money brought to the table gets into the hands of one or two of the most fortunate adventurers, save that which is paid to the table for box-hands; whilst the losers separate only

to devise plans by which a few more shillings may be procured for the next night's play. Every man so engaged is destined either to become by success a more finished and mischievous gambler, or to appear at the bar of the Old Bailey, where, indeed, most of them may be said to have figured already. The successful players by degrees improve their external appearance, and obtain admittance into houses of higher play, where 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* 4*d.* is demanded for the box-hands: at these places silver counters are used, representing the aliquot parts of a pound; these are called pieces, one of which is a box-hand. If success attends them in the first step of advancement, they next become initiated into crown houses, and associate with gamblers of respectable exterior; where, if they shew talents, they either become confederates in forming schemes of plunder, and in aiding establishments to carry on their concerns in defiance of the law, or fall back to their old station of playing *chicken-hazard*, as the small play is designated.

Capital offences result from this horrible system. The brother of a celebrated gambler now on the town (F. O.) was some years since executed at the Old Bailey, for the violation of the person of a young girl, in the neighbourhood of Brompton, at six o'clock in the morning, after having been at play the whole night. Previous to his execution, he declared that the act was involuntary and irresistible; arising, without doubt, from the spasmodic condition of the nervous system, brought on by the superexcitement of many hours' anxiety of the mind over the gambling-table. But this is not a solitary case; they are of frequent occurrence: I have cited it because the severest penalty of the law followed the offence, and the culprit, from education, was capable of clearly defining the causes which led to the commission of the crime. Moreover, many who have suffered for midnight robbery and violence have been known to have left a gambling-table a short time previously to the perpetration of the offence. In most cases of desperate and unpremeditated murder, I should strongly suspect that the parties who committed the deed were labouring under a nervous paroxysm, brought on by gaming, amidst noise and riot.

The half-crown, or third-rate houses, are not less mischievous than the lowest ones. These houses are chiefly opened at the west end of the town, but there are some few at the east. In the parish of St. James's, I have counted seven, eight, and nine in one street, which were open both day and night. One house in Oxendon Street, Coventry Street, had an uninterrupted run of sixteen or seventeen years; thousands have been ruined there; while every proprietor amassed a large fortune. The man who first opened the house (G. S.) has resided at Kentish Town for years past, in ease and affluence, keeping his servants and horses, although he rose from the lowest of the low. Several others who followed him have had equal success. The watchmen and Bow Street officers were kept in regular pay, and the law openly and expressly set at defiance; cards being handed about, on which were written these words, "Note, the house is insured against all legal interruptions, and the players are *guaranteed* to be as free from officious interruption as they are at their own homes." (A literal copy.) At another of these middle houses, known by the numerals 77, the proprietor (a broken-down Irish publican, formerly residing in the parish of St. Anne's) accumulated in two years so much money, that he became a large builder of houses and assembly-rooms at Cheltenham, where he was at one time considered the most important man of the place, although he continued his calling to the day of his death. Alas! J. D. K., hadst thou remained on earth thou wouldst ere this have been honoured with the title of grand-master of all the blarney clubs throughout the united kingdom. Many a coroner hast thou found employ, and many a guinea hast thou brought into their purses, and many a family hast thou cast into the depth of sorrow! "So runs the world, Bates. Fools are the natural prey of knaves; nature designed them so, when she made lambs for wolves. The laws that fear and policy have framed, nature disclaims: she knows but two, and those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force; but then there's danger in't: while cunning, like a skilful miner, works safely and unseen." The subject of these remarks was not only subtle, wily, and in some measure fascinating, but most athletic and active in person. He was part proprietor of

No. —, Pall Mall, for many years, where he would himself play for heavy stakes. And it was a favourite feat of his to go into St. James's Square, after having been up all the night, to jump over the iron railings, and back again from the inclosure to the paved way.

The average number of these third-rate houses in London open for play, may be calculated at about twenty-five. If there were not a constant influx of tyro gamblers, this number would not be supported. Their agents stroll about the town, visiting public-house parlours, and houses where cribbage-players resort, whist clubs, also billiard and bagatelle tables; experience having taught them, that the man who plays at one game, if the opportunity be afforded him, is every ready to plunge deeply into the vice of gambling on a large scale. Junior clerks, and the upper class of gentlemen's servants, are the men whom they chiefly attack. It is an extraordinary and incontrovertible fact, that no set of men are more open to seduction than the servants of the nobility and the menials of club-houses; an instance of which occurred a few months since, in the case of a servant of the Athenæum Club, who was inveigled into a house in the Quadrant, where he lost, in two or three days, a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. Colquhoun, writing on this subject, said, thirty-three years ago, that "a spirit of gambling was rendered more ardent than prevails in vulgar life, from the example of their superiors, and from their idle and dissipated habits. These servants enter keenly into the lottery business; and when ill luck attends them, it is but too well known that many are led, step by step, to that point where they lose sight of all moral principle. Impelled by a desire to recover what they have lost, they are induced to raise money for that purpose, by selling or pawning the property of their masters, wherever it can be pilfered in a little way without detection; till at length this species of peculation, by being rendered familiar to their minds, generally terminates in more atrocious crimes. Under a supposition that one hundred thousand families in the metropolis keep two servants on an average, and that one servant with another insures only to the extent of twenty-five shillings each in the English, and the same in the Irish lottery, the aggregate of the whole will amount to *half a million sterling*. Astonishing as this may appear at first view, it is believed that those who will minutely examine into the lottery transactions of servants will find the calculation by no means exaggerated." Page 154.

The abolition of the lotteries, however, has not lessened the evil: they resort now to gambling-houses, where the sum annually played for by the servants of the present day may reasonably be laid at *one million and a half sterling*. At most of the middle class of gambling-houses, play is going on from three o'clock P. M., to five or six o'clock A. M. In the afternoon, from three to seven, it is called morning play, being generally *rouge et noir* or *roulet*. The latter is a kind of E O and *rouge et noir* blended, there being both numbers and colours on which money may be staked. The board is whirled round on a pivot, and an ivory ball set in motion the reverse way on it. During its revolution, the bets or stakes are placed on numbers and colours, on a circular but fixed exterior frame corresponding in marks to the one in motion. After it subsides, and the ball has fallen into one of the compartments of the table, the bets which are lost are drawn into the bank, and the winners paid. If the ball falls into zero (0), then all the money on the table is forfeited, excepting that which was laid on colours only, when but half is exacted, the same as at the game of *rouge et noir*, explained beneath. In the evening, play commences again at ten or eleven o'clock, either with *French hazard* or *rouge et noir*. The former is the same as English hazard, only that the proprietors, or the bank, as it is called, take all the bets offered on themselves, paying and receiving as the caster throws in and out, and so with all the bets at the table on every event; the odds being established, and understood by all the players, viz. two to one against the four and ten being thrown before the seven; three to two against the five and nine being thrown before the seven; six to five against the six or eight being thrown before the seven; four to three against the four and ten being thrown before the five and nine; and, lastly, five to three against the ten and four being thrown before the eight and six. These are the regular odds as regards the mains, and the

chances as opposed to each other; and the four and ten: but there are various other ways of making bets, and diversifying the pleasures of the game.

Rouge et noir is a game played with cards. Several packs are shuffled together by the players, who are sitting around a capacious oblong table; these are placed slopingly against a marble support, before the dealer; the croupé then hands some one a coloured card, with which the whole are divided into two portions: this is called a cut. The cards are then shifted agreeably to the cut, and the game commences, the dealer taking up a number of cards in his hand, looking at the bottom one and declaring its colour, at the same time calling out, "Make your game, gentlemen!" The table around which the players are arranged is covered with a woollen cloth, divided into four compartments, two of which are red and two black, at opposite angles, so contrived for the convenience of the players, who have each colour within their reach on which their money is to be staked. The extent of the amount each individual may venture on every event is declared by the bank, above which they will not be answerable to pay, unless special permission be obtained before the money is put down. The dealer now lays out the cards, counting their numbers as he places them in a row before him, reckoning the pips of all, and the court cards as tens, until they amount to the precise number of thirty-one, or some number above it. This number he declares aloud, which is for the black; another row is then dealt out in the same manner for the red; and the nearest to thirty-one wins. The money on the losing colour is forthwith raked into the bank by the croupé and dealer, after which the winners are paid. If both colours amount to the exact number of thirty-one, the dealer calls out *trente-et-un après*, one half of the money on the table being forfeited to the bank. This advantage is the avowed compensation for the expenses and risk of keeping the house. At this game, as at all others publicly played, unfairness, and the opportunity afforded of cheating those who go to venture their money, is the main inducement with the parties for opening the house. When novices, drunkards, or silly young men having money, play in careless confidence, there are always swindling confederates at hand to assist in an unfair game, and to lull suspicion by playing themselves, and apparently losing their own money, and affecting to curse the fickle jade Fortune, at the same time they are making a purse for themselves. Supper, with wines and spirits, are supplied at these houses, without, however, much regard to any style; but many have regular set days on which dinners are given, where the viands, &c. are served up in a comfortable and respectable style.

In gaming, as in other pursuits, there are enthusiasts, who have projected schemes by which every man may make sure of winning. Many of these ingenious and superenlightened men have sacrificed their fortune, fame, health, and, worse than all, their peace of mind, to their favourite theory, and yet maintain that their system is founded on infallible principles of certain gain. One man, nicknamed "calculating King," who spent his whole life at play, in his latter days went about the town, visiting what are termed the sporting taverns and public-houses, teaching the art of bank-breaking, although he himself was so poor as to be unable to cover his own nakedness. The infatuation of his pupils can only be explained, by supposing dame Fortune to possess the knack, herself being blind, of rendering all her votaries so. At the game of *rouge et noir*, cards and prickers are provided, for each player to prick down the result of every deal, and, under his own system, shape his play accordingly; some follow runs, others oppose them, and many are advocates for alternate play—that is, risking their money first on the red and next on the black colour; or they suppose the oscillations of fortune to go in pairs, or leashes, and back a colour twice or three times successively; others, again, are for equal stakes being played on each event; whilst many put down a sum on a colour, and let it remain, if it should win for so many events, to double itself each time; while more desperate players are for doubling their stakes, on a peculiar system of their own, and occasionally come off considerable gainers. Calculations at games of chance appear to have been invented for the sole purpose of flattering the hopes, and deluding those who play at them; for the most improbable chances will sometimes have a run for

the whole night, and irretrievably ruin, in a few hours, those who oppose them. The frequent recurrence of the odds of two to one being beaten for hours together, ought to convince all men capable of reflection of the futility of the regular calculated odds at any game protecting players from ruin. If, however, the chances did come in the long run as calculated, will not those *vortices*, *après*, *box-hands*, and *zeros*, in time swallow up all the money which can be brought to the tables? For example, suppose at *rouge et noir* that there are only two *après* in one deal, and that each deal occupies, on an average, a space of time equal to thirty minutes, (perhaps only twenty minutes,) now, if we take a moderate house of play, ten pounds is the least sum which can be supposed to be on the table on the coming off on each event through the deal. This calculation is much beneath the truth, but brings twenty pounds per hour during play to the house, which is generally about fifteen hours, making in every twenty-four a gain of three hundred pounds. Let it be remembered, that this is but a chandler's shop mode of calculation, as compared to the great world of play. If we go a step higher, we shall find one hundred on an average the sum down on each event, and consequently double that amount per hour gained, if my premises be correct of two *après* occurring in the space of time named. But it must be considered, that at the great houses the hours of play and the seasons are much more circumscribed than at the minor ones, where play is going on throughout the year during the greater part of the day and night.

Let us suppose, however, that at a great house there is only play for five months in the year, or one hundred and fifty days, and that for only six hours out of the twenty-four, here is a gain of 1200*l.* *per diem*, or 180,000*l* per annum. Now let the *amateur sporting quid-nuncs* reflect on this, and cease to wonder how it is, that, within the last two years and a half, B**d at the A******m in St. James's Street, and his partners, have realised immense fortunes, raising themselves from poverty to aristocratical affluence, through aristocratical weaknesses. Some without doubt will be sceptical, and question the truth of this statement. To such I say, that it possesses only one property of error, viz. that being aware the novices in gambling will be incredulous, and have not stomachs for the digestion of these astounding facts, I have only given them one moiety of the integer. Bear in mind, that men who were a few little months since patrolling the streets to seek a friend of whom they might beg a dinner, are open this day to have your thousands staked, every five minutes successively, against their bank. How, it may be asked, could this be done, and the vicissitudes of the game triumphantly combated night after night, (not to mention the trifling sum of 15,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* per annum, expended in sustaining the establishment,) unless advantages greater than this paper states were secured to them? Besides, many of the swell houses have six or seven partners to share the profits, the individuals of which keep their own private domestic establishments, in a style equal to any man of fortune, and make considerable *bonâ fide* bets on horse-racing, by which they sustain oftentimes very heavy annual losses. Moreover, the turn of luck will frequently set in against the bank, when they are liable to run out to 80,000*l.* or 100,000*l.* loss, but the *après* is calculated to bear them through all these enormous outgoings. The keepers of all gambling-tables, aware that young men having money, and with it a propensity for gaming, are fond of adopting some peculiar mode of play, or theoretical calculation of their own, engage and set on their creatures, who are ever kept in pay for the purpose, to pander to and cultivate the delusive doctrine of sure gain under their system, if well followed up. The men generally selected for this purpose are persons of a high-bred appearance, half gentleman and half bully, possessing withal some properties of racy humour, to engage attention, and please for a time in companionship—only add the qualities of swindling, and pick-pocketing, restrained not by principle but by prudence, and here we have a perfect black-leg. I avail myself of this opportunity to propose that a public gallery should be opened, in which the likenesses of these honest and honourable men and their masters shall be accommodated with a space, for the public amusement. I wish Mr. G. Cruikshank, or Mr. Seymour, would join me in a speculation of this nature: thus might the fine arts repay all the money to the public which has been so grudg-

ingly bestowed on their cultivation, and become, as genius ought, independent of patronage.

But to return to my calculations of gaming profits. Hazard, every third main thrown in succession, pays a piece to the table of the value equal to those used at the table as counters, which of course varies according to the rate of the house, and the sums of money played for. Suppose there be play only for eight hours out of the twenty-four, at the lowest calculation, a box-hand will be thrown every five minutes, producing, at a crown-house, 3*l.* per hour, or 24*l.* every night, and 8760*l.* per annum, without incurring the slightest risk, as the players do not attack a bank, but play against each other's money; except it be at French hazard, where profits of another kind are brought in, to aid in the support of the house. The higher classes of hazard-tables pay a sovereign each box-hand, which amounts to 12*l.* per hour, 96*l.* per diem, and to 25,920*l.* per annum, supposing play for nine months only. At roulet, zero comes off about every six or seven minutes, when all the money on the table is forfeited, excepting that which is solely ventured on a chance of colour, when one moiety only is taken, as at *rouge et noir*. The game of roulet is so diversified, and the events so much mystified, that not one in ten who venture their money know precisely the odds for or against them, relying generally on the regular payment of the table when they win, checked by the eye of all the other players, many of whom, not in the interest of the house, are ready enough to correct any error, or attempt to pay contrary to the established rules of the game. Even those who have a feeling in the gains and losses of the house, will do this, to preserve the general appearance of fairness. Those who gamble regularly have a prejudice against this game, as being more calculated for a mixed and large body of adventurers: if all the advantages be considered, it will be found that the odds are transcendantly in favour of the bank at this game, above all others, or, in the language of playmen, *the pull against the player* is greater. Of this fact, most men are aware, as the game only appears at intervals of time as a novelty, whilst *rouge et noir* and hazard are standing dishes in the play world. It would occupy too much space here to enumerate all the schemes and tricks of gamblers; it will suffice at present to say, that whenever unfair play is going on, no man has the smallest chance of redress, should he discover it. At every table, when a dispute arises there can be no other mode of adjusting it than by appealing to the body of players, taking their opinion, and allowing the majority to decide it. Now, whenever one or more pigeons are to be plucked, and the plan of unfair play determined on, a sufficient number of confederates and dependents is always placed around the table as players to out-vote and out-face all who should presume to question the fairness of any one's play belonging to their party. It is only when a good sum is expected that these set men are called in to accomplish the work of robbery; on ordinary occasions there are always enough broken-down gamblers hanging about the table, to serve the proprietor's purpose, who for a crown, and the prospect of having better employment in the concern, are ever ready to vote in favour of the ministry.

Other games, and nefarious gambling schemes, remain to be developed and exposed; the object of this paper is to give the world a succinct, yet general notion of the metropolitan houses of play, open for the purpose of plundering youthful inexperience, aged infatuation, imbecility of understanding, and all those who will not "reflect with horror on that monster gaming, that with the smiles of a syren to allure has the talons of a harpy to destroy."

Reverting again to the gaming-house-keeper of a crown-house, and tracing his progress upwards. As soon as a proprietor of an establishment of this nature amasses money enough to appear on the turf, and become known at Tattersall's as a speculator on horse-racing, he is dubbed a gentleman. Associating now with another class of men, his ambitious spirit prompts him to open a superior house of play, where the upper class of gamblers and young nobility may not be ashamed of meeting together. All petty players are excluded. When he has accomplished this object, he deems himself in the high road for the acquirement of a splendid fortune; being now master of a concern where money and estates are as regularly bought and sold as any commodity in a public market;

one man of fashion betraying another, —the most intimate and bosom friends colleaguing with these monsters for the purpose of sacrificing each other to the god *Plutus;* instances of which recur in this vitiated town as often as the sun rises and sets. It might be thought invidious to mention names, even by inuendo; but every man of the world, or rather of the London world (which comprehends some thousand swindlers, intermingled with the same number of nobility and gentry), must have a knowledge of those characters who have elevated themselves from the lowest state in society by gambling, to associate on terms of equality with nobles. One married his daughters to peers [illegible] realm, and was himself, with others of his own genus, received courteously, and treated with respect daily at the table of those who enact laws for the punishment of swindlers, and also of bishops, who hebdomadally expatiate publicly against all kinds of vice, including that of gambling, and the sin of countenancing those who promote it. Another, whose confederate was executed for poisoning horses, to secure for himself and his honourable employers a large sum of money, now stalks through the halls of our proud Norman, but *too susceptible aristocracy,* with as much freedom and nonchalance as one who could trace his ancestry back to William the Conqueror, and was possessed of a pure and unblemished reputation. When the history of this individual, and that of six others, who, to use their own phraseology, have rowed through life together in the same boat, are before the world, scenes will be developed which will stand as beacons to warn future generations against coming in contact with such characters. In the interim, I give the following anecdote in illustration of my meaning. In a certain year, a gentleman named L******e possessed a horse, which was entered to run for the St. Leger stakes at Doncaster; the horse became the favourite, notwithstanding which G. and C. took unlimited bets against him. On the day of the race, when preparations for mounting were being made, to the dismay of certain individuals Mr. L. appeared on the course, accompanied by a lad accoutred as a jockey, whom he announced to be the rider of his horse on that day's race: as it had been previously generally understood that Mr. L.'s regular jockey should have the command of the horse on the occasion, the betters naturally expressed surprise at this sudden resolution of his. Mr. L. then stepped forward, and said aloud, before all the spectators on the ground,—"Gentlemen, you see that L. J. is but competent to carry one in this race; he cannot carry three of you, namely, my jockey, G. and C.; and as I cannot disunite them, I am afraid, if they all mount, that my horse will break down; you understand me, gentlemen. Boy, mount!" The horse went in, and won the race easily. This apparent enigma scarcely needs solution, at least to sporting men. It appeared to Mr. L. that the parties herein alluded to had bought over his jockey to lose the race, the knowledge of which he suppressed till the moment of mounting, when he out-jockied the clique by putting another rider, whom he had previously provided, on the horse, by which he saved his property, and for once outwitted the knowing ones.

Although these occurrences are repeatedly laid before the public, and made as clear as the sun at noon-day, as was said of some other practices, yet the parties continue their career of swindling: and, in accordance with the reigning spirit of the day, having acquired money (no matter how), rank as gentlemen, and are qualified to sit at the tables of the nobility. The company of fashionable, or club-society, is that of black-legs; and it would not be difficult for me to name from twenty to thirty individuals at this moment who associate with and move among persons of high life, who were, but a few years back, in low vice and penury, and who have possessed themselves of a sum of money certainly not less than from eight to nine millions sterling. Again, there are some hundreds of others who have amassed severally from ten to twenty thousand pounds each; add to these the two or three thousand who annually make smaller sums of money, or manage to keep themselves and families in comfortable style, by *hookey-crookey* gambling ways, as brother Jonathan would say, some estimate may be made of the evil occasioned to society by the movements of these men in it. Consider not merely the money, but the effects of their example and influence on the moral conduct of the people, especially those whom they

employ and come immediately in contact with. The mass of property which exchanges owners in the course of one year by dishonest and surreptitious means, not only exceeds all calculation, but is incredible to those who have but a circumscribed knowledge of society as a whole. No calculations can be made with accuracy, or in any way approximate to the truth; all that can be done is to state that which is known; and I have felt a strong impulse to reduce the calculations made under my own experience, but the oftener I revise them the more I am convinced that they are infinitely beneath the sums amassed by the men who form the subject of this paper.

When we contemplate the enlarged state of society, the vast extent of floating property, and the extraordinary wealth of the metropolis, it must be self-evident to every wise legislator that no question can be of more vital importance, as regards the morals of the people, than the prevention of property changing hands by unlawful and dishonest means. The fortunes made in trade elicit a laudable ambition in the rising generation. In such a competition many must fail, and fall back into humble life, or again work their way up by skill and labour; but in either case, there is the consolation of having deserved success, if it be not attained, and the conscience is preserved whole; consequently, the vicissitudes in commercial life are not of that demoralising nature which characterise all illicit and vicious pursuits. It is said that the gilding on the lord mayor's coach is the spur to city industry, and the beacon on which the apprentice fixes his eye, cheering himself with hope through his long servitude; and without doubt, prominent offices and the display of wealth will catch the eye, and awaken ambition, exciting a desire in the mind to know how they were acquired. The number of men who have risen to wealth through the gaming-houses also attracts attention, and annually tempts thousands, whose cupidity and fatuity impel them to embark on a dangerous voyage, through a tempestuous sea, in search of an El Dorado,—a voyage in which thousands are wrecked for one who reaches the land. In trade, the losers fall into the rear ranks, and occupy subordinate situations, still being useful members of the community; but what becomes of all the losers of the gambling class? Do they ever return to habits of industry? Alas, there is no return for them; their condition is like that of our courtesans,—repentance may procure forgiveness, but cannot recover their lost virtue. As regards the corrupt state of society and the progress of crime, there is more in this than is dreamt of in the philosophy of those who rule. All gamblers are heartless, and when reverses come on them are unrestrained by any sentiment of feeling either of humanity or honesty; how then can it be a matter of surprise that this town should have a regular annual supply of public swindlers and other criminals? Through the public gaming-tables, every year vast numbers are hurled from respectable life to associate with wretchedness and criminals, or become exiles; and many commit suicide, and leave families in want, after having been robbed of their substance by those harpies, whom our government permit to reside even within the precincts of the court. One scoundrel, who is admitted into genteel society, and resides in a magnificent house in great style, on a fortune made by the most unlawful means, in a gaming-house, was, it is said, the cause, on an average of ten years, of fifteen suicides annually, besides bringing ruin and misery on ten times that number of families in the same period. Capt. S***s, who destroyed himself at the Old Hummums, and who had an enlarged experience of gaming transactions, declared, previously to his own fall, through the arts of the same man, that the average of fifteen per annum fell far short of the real number, besides those who were hurried out of life through morbid action of the system, brought on by distress of mind and excessive irritation under their losses. One case presents itself which can be attested by hundreds of the sufferer's neighbours, being so well known. A respectable tradesman, possessing some property, who resided in Oxford Street, was, in the winter season, accustomed to attend a whist-club, held at a public-house in the vicinity of his own residence. He was remarkably characterised for steadiness of conduct and regular habits, and was never known at one time to venture more than half-a-crown at any game of chance, previous to the period of which I am about to speak, at which time he was fifty years

of age. By some means, a fellow named H******k, an emissary of a *rouge et noir* house in Bury Street, obtained an introduction to the whist-club; and one evening, as he and his dupe were leaving the house, he said, "I am going out of curiosity to witness the game of *rouge et noir*, never having seen it. Will you go with me? We need not play.* In an ill-fated hour the tradesman assented, as he subsequently stated, prompted only by the same curiosity which his companion affected to be influenced by. When at the table, seeing others win, and perhaps impelled by his cupidity (for he was fond of money), he was induced to venture a few stakes, which came off in his favour; following up his success, he left the house that night a winner of 80*l*., and probably went home to sleep in peace, but it was the last he ever enjoyed! Without doubt, he had the bump of adventure, and its situation would have been pointed out and fully explained, had his pericranium been submitted to the inspection of Dr. Gall; for no man ever followed gaming with such avidity as he afterwards did: he attended morning and evening play, till poverty only stopped his going. At one period, it is said that he was a winner of 2000*l*.: he repeatedly knocked up his intimate friends in the middle of the night to borrow money, after having lost that which he took to the table. In a few short months his funds began to wane, and his health to decline. He lingered not long, but departed from this world, a sad example of the danger of once crossing the river Styx, and entering into the infernal regions.

"You hold the word, from Jove to
Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest
of heaven;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in
play,
For some to heap, and some to th[illegible]
away."

The relation of this [illegible] me to treat of another class of gambling swindlers, who work in society enormous mischiefs, and call for exposition, as they are but little known, although their wicked practices are daily and acutely felt. As soon as it was known that the hero of the above tale had a mania for play, it surprised him much to receive invitations to dinner from many persons respectably stationed in life, among whom were two attorneys; one of whom, by dint of importunity and repeated calls at his shop, succeeded in drawing him to an entertainment given at his chambers in Lyons' Inn. The result of this visit was, in ten days subsequently, the presentation of an accepted bill of exchange for 200*l*., on which payment was demanded; threats were used, and ultimately a writ issued to enforce its liquidation, but it was never paid. The dinner-party, it appeared, consisted of four persons, and the acceptor of the bill, who, after taking copious libations of wine, sat down to play at whist, and subsequently at loo. How long they played the loser of the money could not recollect, but he remembered being engaged at cards, and borrowing money of one of the party, to whom he thought he gave an acknowledgment for the same, but was not aware that he had given an acceptance on a stamp, until it was presented for payment.

In this anecdote is developed the whole system of these characters. I shall, therefore, have only to speak of the extent of the practice, that young men in particular may become cautious, and avoid joining parties in play on slight acquaintanceship, and even suspect their own intimate friends of callidity, if they are importunate in matters of play, as all barriers of principle are prostrated before the passion of gaming. In whatever quarter of the town a party is formed to amuse themselves in an evening at cards, depend on it there is amongst them a coterie of sharps, who confer together, and concert plans for the purpose of cheating their companions. After having practised this sufficiently long to become adepts, and to dispose of all qualms of conscience (which will for a time intrude, and become troublesome to all tyros in dishonesty, until habit, like the drug nepenthe, removes all pain), they launch on the great stage of the world, visiting the gambling-houses and all minor places of play,

* This miscreant is now in the House of Correction, under a sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment, for having acted as waiter at a gambling-house in the Quadrant. Let the public reflect on the injury this man inflicts on society, and the nature of his sentence: there must be something more in this than meets the eye.

for the purpose of becoming acquainted with those who have a taste for it, and, having money, are worth attacking. When they see a respectable initiate losing his money, they commiserate him, and offer advice, sometimes lending a little money to oblige him, and gain his confidence; and the first time he walks out of a house of play, arm in arm with one of these characters, the work is all but performed. They dine together the next day at a hotel, where they *accidentally* meet a friend who is a pleasant fellow, and in a short time they become old friends, full confidence being established between them. A little band, or knot of these schemers, is significantly entitled a *paternoster*, if they are clever in their calling; which means, they are so destructive, that it is time for those who fall into their hands to say their prayers. These characters are very obnoxious to gaming-house keepers, as the money they obtain in private and set play would, it is thought, be brought to their tables.

The fact that there are such swindlers on the town, however, is no new information to the public. My object in alluding to the practice is chiefly to state, that confederacy in small parties, among certain tradesmen and idlers, is carried on to a great extent, and in a way calculated to lull all suspicion of unfair play; many individuals being brought to the verge of ruin by their own most intimate friends: which shews the increased and constantly increasing effects of the vice of gambling in this metropolis. The laxity of principle so conspicuous in the present day is not to be found either in poverty or sabbath-breaking, abstractedly, but in the all-prevailing vice of gaming, particularly at houses opened for the purpose, whence it spreads like a pestilence through all the ramifications of society, rendering the people impatient of toil and steady pursuits for the attainment of a competency, whereby their old age may be rescued from poverty. In proportion as the numbers increase of those who suddenly rise from penury to affluence (let the means by which it is accomplished be ever so vile), so will the numbers be augmented who will strive to follow their example, and in doing so, again corrupt others. It is therefore our first duty to destroy this many-headed monster at one blow, by annihilating all these receptacles of vice and generating causes of crime and demoralisation. Let the heaviest sentence of our penal law fall upon those who keep these houses, if no other measure can effect their overthrow.

The murderer and the housebreaker are executed, it may be, for the first offence; yet the crimes of which they were guilty are perpetrated by the proprietor of a gaming-house every day, and that continuously for years, viz. robbery, and the occasioning loss of life. It is true that the mode of committing the offence differs, but the effect is the same, and all are denounced by the statute law, and also that of reason. I have heard some say, "If men are fools enough to go to such places, let them lose their money." Are fools, then, out of the pale of the law? It is both cruel and unjust to deprive those of its protection who most stand in need of it. But the evil extends itself, as I have already shewn, far beyond those who lose their money, and may be felt for ages to come in the altered character of the people, who are every day becoming more vicious, not to name the concern we should have for the salvation of souls. It is a stigma on the self-lauded Vice Society which never can be wiped away, that they have at no period shewn any disposition to remonstrate with the government or the magistracy, or in any way to grapple with this cause of every vice. They grope about in holes and corners, harassing those already harassed by poverty, instead of going into the monster's den, and taking him by the beard at once. Out upon't! it must be all cant.

There is another kind of character that is found at gaming-houses, which effects mischief in its way; it is a kind of half gambler and half money-lender. Such are to be found at all grades of houses, from the Jew who attends at the lowest to buy, or lend money on trifling personal articles of wear, &c. to the man who, through his connexions, can procure thousands on reversionary or real property. These men conduct themselves very warily, playing generally for the lowest sum allowed at the table (and that only at intervals); from which they are called *nibblers*, because if they see any advantage to be taken, and a player having a run of extraordinary good or ill luck, they intrude themselves, and force a

few pieces to share with the winning party in the play, which they know will not be refused them, through fear of their dissatisfaction, and interruption at a moment when success attends the player; in fact, they are ready to perform any mean and dirty work for gain. Their object, however, at the higher rate tables is to obtain the earliest knowledge of those persons who have property, but through losses want to borrow money on it; great allowance being made to bringers by the lender, and something is also expected for carrying, thus getting a premium on both sides; consequently they are indefatigable in their exertions to help all unfortunate gentlemen to money, *on the most liberal terms*. It is at the middle-rate houses of play that this animal does the most business and is the cause of most mischief, and where he shines as a complete swindler. These people make it their care to ferret out the character, connexions, and situation in life, of all who visit the tables for purposes of play. They know well enough that it would be next to ruin to any respectable young man who is addicted to play, were his propensity made known to his connexions. They therefore watch such with a lynx's eye, lending occasionally two or three pounds over the table, when they are run out; soon after which they communicate that they can discount bills. Those whose infatuation has led them on to play till all their available cash is gone, but yet cherish the fatal hope it may be recovered on another adventure, are induced, in an extreme moment of necessity, to apply to these men. It is not possible, in the space devoted to this paper, to describe all the tortuous ways they have of treating their victims when once they have them in their toils, ever using that weapon, exposure, most dexterously. The end, however, of such imprudent connexion generally is, that the kind-hearted money-lender retains in his hands bills, or other documents, amounting from one to two hundred pounds, making out a fictitious lien on them, or stating that the person who was to advance the money has been suddenly called to the continent, and has inadvertently taken them with him, &c. &c. Ultimately payment is demanded by a third person, in whose hands they are, and who states that he has given full value for them. In one instance (this tale is well known by those who visited the old 55, kept by O. and B.), a young man, J——e, on the demise of his father, whose business and property were sold for twelve hundred pounds, six hundred of which was paid in money, and the remainder in bills, at six months after date, lost his all. A few days subsequent to his receiving his money, he was picked up by a gambler, or an agent at a billiard-table, and introduced to 55, where in a few days he lost his cash; and a well-known character, a Jew, who was always at hand for the purpose, got possession of bills to discount. Payment, under endless pretences, being delayed from day to day, the young man was glad to take one pound or ten shillings at a time to subsist on; until at length, irritated by vexation, and goaded by remorse at having so misused his father's hard-earned property, he threw himself into the Serpentine river and was drowned; the Jew, M******e, received the money on the bills, and the young man J——e ceased to be spoken of, or even thought of, in twenty-four hours afterwards. It is astonishing that there should be so much inertness, and that all men should not more readily see through the wily arts of these detestable characters. The press has not performed its duty, or it would have more exposed the Stukeleys of society, and thereby have lessened the Beverleys in it. "The passion of gaming casts such a mist before the eyes, that the nobleman shall be surrounded with sharpers, and imagine himself in the best of company." The truth of this passage I saw verified on Epsom race-course. When the late Duke of Y— won the Derby stakes, he was so elated that he entirely forgot himself. There happened to be on the ground a low vulgar gambling fellow, who was also the keeper of a house of ill fame, commonly known by the name of Charley L. This man, with the greatest assurance, rode up to the Duke and said, "Give us your hand! By G—d, I give you joy!" He was familiarly shaken by the hand, which encouraged others, *et hoc genus omne*. For some minutes the Duke, seated on his horse, remained shaking hands (without doubt, unconsciously) with characters whose very names are pollution. Most probably this great person was taken off his guard by the abominable and consummate as-

surance of the said Charley. It is however a well-known fact, and the fellow boasts of it to this day.

A mistaken sense of that which constitutes the true happiness of human life, aided by pride, is among young men constantly at work in the mind, impelling them to break out of the walk of life to which birth and connexions have assigned them. It is an idle vanity to desire an introduction into what is erroneously termed genteel society and fashionable life; this vanity, however, is the chief cause of many thousands resorting to a gambling-table. Young cits, attorneys' clerks, and others, encouraging themselves in the foolish notion, that they were born with a spirit above plodding through life, and are possessed of a person formed to figure among the higher classes of the town, find in gaming-houses a society formed of factitious gentility, which is mistaken for that which is genuine. "Dressed like a nobleman, with money in his pocket, and a set of dice that shall deceive the devil." At any rate, they see (should they be fortunate) that it is a road through which they may dine at great men's tables: no other argument than this need be adduced to shew how extended and potential are the effects of gambling-houses. All the causes which tend to divert the public or individual mind from the natural channels into which by birth the parties were destined to flow, it should be the first object of all governments to remove; for the evil is not only observable in those who do actually run out of the course (to use a sporting phrase), but in the diversion and moral shake it gives to every rising and new generation; the aggregated effect of which at some future day it is terrible to conceive, and awful in contemplation. It cannot, neither must it be, disguised, that these accumulated evils are only tolerated by the government from a prevailing idea, that the aristocracy of the country are so mixed up in most great questions of gambling affairs, that any attempts to legislate more coercively for its repression would be opposed by rank and power, calling down animadversion and calumny on the heads of those who should strenuously support any proposed measures for its entire suppression. The rich have a right to gamble—it is a privilege the law may give them; but let there be a barrier fixed, let them keep the vice to themselves, and let the cordon be effective, that it may not through them, as it has done, again inundate the country, vitiating and producing consequences of an alarming nature to the general interests of the community. The great people have a right to their amusements; but the contagion of ill example, which their wealth enables them to support, they have no right to bring down into the body of the people, through those inlets of vice, the gaming-houses, many of which are established by waiters and servants, who have previously been engaged, and have acquired money, in club-houses. Many instances may be adduced of the lowest menials in these establishments having aggrandised considerable sums in a short time, which it is said is done by lending money to the members who at play lose their money, and stand in need of a temporary supply, for which a bonus of from five to twenty pounds is expected, if it be only for a day. This is an unnatural state of things, and is calculated to injure the steady and healthful condition of society. One man, Mr. F——, a waiter at the B—— club, in a very few years amassed money enough in his situation to purchase some very valuable freehold ground, abutting on the road-side, a few miles from town, on the road to Brighton. Here he has subsequently built a house, with sundry detached offices, and planted shrubberies, the whole of which it is estimated cannot have cost less than 20,000*l*. "Can he be innocent who stains his hands with ore drenched in the gamester's blood, dug from the widow's and the orphan's heart with tears, and cries, and agonies unutterable? 'Tis property accursed; were it a mine as deep as the centre, I would not touch an atom to preserve myself from starving."

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHOOLMASTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEWGATE."

CELEBRATED TRIALS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. II.

MINGRAT, EX-CURE DE SAINT-QUENTIN—FRANCIS SALIS BLIMBAUER—LELIEVRE, (OTHERWISE CHEVALLIER)—ANNA SCHONLEBEN.

In the month of May 1822, a crime was perpetrated on the banks of the Isère, of unexampled atrocity. It is very difficult to give the horrible details to the English reader; nevertheless we will do our best. To those who are curious of information regarding the movements of the human heart, cases of this description afford scope for the deepest consideration. The crimes of Schinderhannes and of Pierre Coignard are easily accounted for: they are the results of simple movements of the mind. Indolence brings on want, and want will compel a man to the commission of theft. An originally perverse disposition, rendered more wayward by early indulgences, and sunk irredeemably in depravity, will have recourse to desperate expedients, (from the hope of impunity from detection by inborn cunning,) and thus run a long career of villany. In this way we can explain the conduct of Schinderhannes the robber, and of Coignard, the ingenious and impudent felon. Murder may be committed by a thief, who will destroy the living evidence of his guilt in the hope of cutting off all chance of the discovery of himself by the slow hounds of the law. This has often occurred; and young men of hot temperament, and enthusiastic and romantic notions, have before now taken to the high road and the dark forest, or the high seas and daring adventure, during which blood has been shed by them in the moments of a desperate crisis. All this is easily understood. But when such a man as Fauntleroy, from the motive of a stern, silent, and ineradicable hatred, commits a series of forgeries on the Bank of England, while detection hovers around him in every wind that blows, we are at a loss to bring home such conduct to reasonable apprehension. Thurtell's crime is easily accounted for—Fauntleroy's is inexplicable. The latter was proved to be any thing but the result of madness; there was a defined object, towards which he every day made a gradual and steady approach. The human mind can be worked up to the commission of any enormity, and that too with an appalling coolness and collectedness. Of this, Mingrat and Lelièvre are woful instances.

Antoine Mingrat was born at Grand-Lemps, a small village of Dauphiny, some leagues from Saint Quentin. His father was a wheelwright, of notoriously bad character. He was a confirmed drunkard; his affairs fell into the greatest disorder; and his family, consisting of three children, were reduced to abject want. One of these died very young; but the other two, of whom Antoine was the elder, notwithstanding the bad habits acquired under the bad example of their father, were, by their mother, who was actuated by ambitious views and intemperate religious zeal, destined for the ecclesiastical profession. Of the younger brother suffice it to say, that on the discovery of Antoine's crime he was expelled from the seminary in which he was pursuing his initiatory exercises.

Antoine was the mother's favourite. Ignorant and foolishly fond, she indulged his wayward humours and caprices, concealed his faults, and was blind to those vices which at a very early period began to manifest their influence over his actions. He was from infancy addicted to habits of cruelty, and became an object of detestation to his youthful playmates. He treated his mother's authority with contempt; notwithstanding which, on being compelled by want to leave her husband's roof, she took him with her to Grenoble. Her purpose there was to endeavour to procure a midwife's diploma. Her anxiety to effect this object, and the necessity she was under of placing her elf with some experienced practitioner, took her much from home, and left her son to the uncontrolled indulgence of all his propensities. He became aware of the importance of the clerical character amid rural communities; and pride confirmed in him his mother's desire for the adoption on his part of the priestly office. He began to affect an air of abstracted devotion,

he had his head shaved—was constantly declaiming sermons and religious exhortations—and told his mother and his friends that he was only fulfilling the will of Heaven. His mother was disappointed in her views at Grenoble, and returned to Lemps, where his father apprenticed him to a flax-dresser; but his incorrigible habits of idleness and bad conduct occasioned his discharge. One of his aunts then took him under her care; and the patronage of a rich and religious lady, on whom Mingrat's sanctimonious air and canting manners successfully imposed, introduced him to the seminary at Grenoble. He went there with twelve other individuals, who were the children of indigent persons. This custom of selecting from the lowest classes of the community instruments for the propagation of the Gospel was, and continues in the Roman Catholic church, a crying evil; since to it (we use the words of the French editors) "on a dû, plus d'une fois sans doute, de voir des prêtres, oubliant la sainteté de leur mission, tarifier les sacremens et les indulgences." Mingrat, from a very early period, found out that the character of a Catholic priest could cover a multitude of sins. "Oserait-on attaquer la réputation d'un prêtre?" was the motto of his adoption. The austerities enjoined by the rules of the seminary did not hold out, strange to say, any thing repugnant to his determination. He had a native suppleness of character which enabled him to bend to all the circumstances of necessity; and although he was not remarkable for application or great exemplary conduct, it was observed that he possessed to perfection the art of insinuating himself, by the grossest adulation, into the confidence of his superiors. He became in their hands the secret spy into the conduct and actions of his associates. The masters at the place of instruction could not have been of the highest character, for they favoured this clandestine system of denouncement, and even condescended to reward him for his baseness by allowing him frequent permission of absence, of which Mingrat readily availed himself. He spent this time in debauchery. It was also observed that he invariably informed against those of his fellow-students whose manners were ill consorted with his own, or who had offended him by their conduct. At length the period arrived when he was installed a member of the holy priesthood. He performed his first mass at the cathedral of Grenoble, and his patroness and mother were the joyous witnesses of his spiritual exaltation.

Mingrat was speedily named to the cure of the parish of Saint Aupe. There his vicious nature soon evinced itself: he abused the authority with which his sacred mission had invested him, and became notorious for many intrigues with women. His residence was converted into a place of shameful and crying scandal. "Des époux désunis," says his historian, "des filles déshonorées, voilà ce qui est resté de son séjour dans ce pays." "Plus d'une fois," asserts the commentator of his crime, "usant de la force extraordinaire dont la nature l'avoit doué, il s'en fit un moyen de séduction auprès de celles qu'il ne pouvait vaincre par ses discours; plus d'une fois aussi il dut à sa brutalité ce qui n'était réservé qu'à l'amour. En vain les habitans, indignés contre lui, le menacèrent souvent d'avoir recours aux autorités pour l'éloigner d'un pays où, au lieu de vertus, il n'avoit apporté que de coupables exemples; Mingrat riait de leurs menaces, et ne changeait rien à sa conduite. La terre est muette, dit l'historien de sa vie, les fosses du cimetière de Saint Aupe ne se rouvriront jamais pour dénoncer ses délits. Dormez en paix, fruits infortunés des coupables amours de Mingrat! je ne veux point troubler le silence des tombeaux."

Notwithstanding his audacity, the curé of Saint Aupe learnt that his excesses had reached the ears of his superiors. He was evidently troubled; but a fresh intrigue with the daughter of one of his parishioners excited their indignation, and they again carried their complaints to the authorities, who deprived him of his cure, and sent him in banishment to the parish of Saint Quentin. There, in apparent expiation of his grievous crimes, he assumed an austerity of manners, in order to silence the voice of evil report. A haughty bearing, even at the very altar, characterised his movements. The following anecdote will afford an instance of his overbearing demeanour. An inhabitant of Grenoble attended service with a friend while Mingrat was officiating. The first-named individual knelt down when the ceremony

required it; but his friend, not being able through illness to do so, respectfully bent before the altar. Mingrat, perceiving him, cried out, "Down on your knees!" The sick man with difficulty bent lower; but Mingrat, still in wrath, called on him to kneel, or the service should be stayed. The sick man's companion answered that all were prostrated, and the priest proceeded. Immediately on his arrival in the parish, he interdicted all the innocent pleasures of the peasantry. On the saint's day of the district, all the inhabitants attended the usual fête; Mingrat went to the top of the church steeple, and became the envious witness of their innocent enjoyments. On the following Sunday, to vent his spite, he mustered his eloquence to make a stirring discourse, but had the bad feeling to commence his brilliant peroration with these words, "Vous avez foulé aux pieds les cendres de vos ancêtres, qui sont là bas au diable." At this period he had scarcely attained his 28th year. His hair was black, and fell in flat masses on his temples and low forehead; his eyebrows were thick and heavy, and threw their ominous shadows over a brown eye, the rays of which were deadened by habitual licentiousness; his brows were knitted, and his look was of savage pride; his lips were thick, and his stature massive and colossal. He was acquainted with iniquity in every shape; and it only required a virtuous resistance in some of his victims to fix him within the meshes of justice.

At about a quarter of a league from Saint Quentin is the hamlet of Gêt, which formed a portion of the cure of Mingrat. This spot was the happy abode of Etienne Charnalet and Marie Gérin his wife. The husband had served in the army with distinction, whence he had retired on a competence. Marie, his wife, was twenty-six years of age, and conspicuous for her beauty and her gentle and engaging manners. She was of a serious turn of mind, regular in her devotions, scrupulous in rectitude of conduct, innocent of the ways of the world, unacquainted with its wickedness. The priest frequently observed her in the church absorbed in fervent adoration, which served to enhance her simple and unaffected charms. He soon discovered her abode, and frequently visited her, under the plea of affording her spiritual guidance, but, in truth, to avow his infamous passion. For three months did this course of conduct go on; but all the priest's inuendos were unintelligible to the innocent and unconscious Marie. At length he was informed by her, two days previously to the event, that, on the 9th May, 1822, a communion would be, for the first time, held at Veury, a village about two leagues from Saint Quentin. Instantly his imagination was inflamed with the devilish thought that his dream of crime could be accomplished. On the day following, Mingrat, late in the afternoon, went towards Gêt, and, to hush all suspicion, he entered the dwelling of the Sieur Bourdis, not far from that of Marie, when he took the opportunity of observing, that as he understood that Madame Charnalet would on the morrow proceed to Veury, he was going to intrust her with a letter to the curé of the parish. The younger Bourdis offered to accompany him to Marie's house, and the two went there, and partook of some refreshment. His companion soon left him with the object of his passion; and after a slight interruption from another visitor, he was observed by a witness named Vial, (who, wondering why the priest should be paying so long a visit, looked through a window,) making signs to the unconscious woman. "Il," (the witness) says the narrative, "s'amusa quelque temps de la déclamation passionée, et des œillades voluptueuses du jeune cafard." To finish all, the brutal priest added blasphemy to the crime he meditated. He knew not how to give his intended victim a knowledge of his burning desire, so he took up a book, and read aloud, "l'ouvrage dont il lui fait la lecture traitait de l'amour du Créateur; l'infame n'y voit que celui de la créature." All his efforts were fruitless. At length he told her that he had not the letter about him which he wished to intrust to her care, but that if she would go and confess in the evening at Saint Quentin, he would then have it ready. She readily consented, and he took his departure.

Marie reached the door of the church at six o'clock. She passed the curé's servant; and, on entering, perceived an old religieuse, Madame de St. Michel, who had just concluded her prayers. The latter was about leaving the church, when she perceived, in the extreme distance, near the belfry-door, and

close to the altar, a black phantom, that seemed without arms or legs, with a triangular hat on, "which seemed its head." It was approaching Marie; but perceiving a stranger, it stopped suddenly and retreated through the belfry-door. Mad. de St. Michel, scared by the figure, hastily left her place, and making a sign to Marie to follow, quitted the church. Marie, however, was absorbed in devotion, and did not perceive the signal. The phantom was Mingrat, who, enveloped in a mantle, was hovering round his prey. He now approached, and after observing that she was not suitably dressed for confession (a fact denied by the witnesses on the trial), he invited her into his presbytery. He could then, he added, hear her confession without interruption, and give her the letter of which he wished her to be the bearer. The original goes on thus: "Arrivée avec lui dans un arrière-cabinet, dont il ferma sur lui la porte, la malheureuse connut enfin l'homme qu'elle considérait comme devant être un respectable protecteur. Mingrat ne s'amuse point à des sollicitations, auxquelles il était convaincu de voir Marie résister; il recourt à des moyens plus violens, plus énergiques: il saisit d'un bras vigoureux la tremblante Marie; un baillon, dont sans doute il s'était déjà plus d'une fois servi, l'assure de son silence," &c.

While with his hand grasping the throat, and his knee on the breast of the unfortunate woman, he endeavoured to choke her cries, the servant knocked at the door, which the priest answered, while his haggard eyes and confused apparel excited the girl's suspicions. She inquired if he were ill, and appeared to be much frightened; but her master called her a fool, and rudely desiring her to be quiet, he returned to the room and shut the door. "Puis il retourne vers le lit où Marie expire, mêler les frissons de son atroce passion au râle effrayant de sa mort." At half-past seven that evening poor Madame Charnalet was a corpse.

Then came the moment for securing his own person from any shade of guilt; and he sent his servant on a message to an acquaintance, who resided about a quarter of an hour's walk from his own presbytery. The servant, instead of proceeding at once, loitered about the dwelling to watch her master, who discovered her, and peremptorily, and in a menacing tone, ordered despatch. The priest then stripped the body of the clothes, and with a cord tied the legs together, and also the arms across the breast. He was interrupted by the girl, who had returned, and coming forth, he asked her what she had observed; she declared her complete ignorance of every thing, and he cautioned her not to say any thing, even should she have heard any cries. Again he went into the room of slaughter, and again he came forth, on hearing a voice at the door of the presbytery. The poor girl had been stupified through fright, and sat immovably in a chair with a prayer-book in her hand; the priest was compelled to answer the call; it was the husband, who, accompanied by some relations, was inquiring after his wife. Mingrat replied that he had not seen her, when some affirmed that she was seen entering the church at six o'clock. The curé was for a moment confounded. He then said, that he had seen her at her devotions—that she had wished to confess, but not being suitably dressed, he had refused her request, and since that he knew not what had become of her. He broke off on this, and re-entered the presbytery, and the husband departed on a vain search for his wife. Mingrat then sent his servant away for the night, as she did not sleep in the house, and immediately after secreting the clothes, (with the exception of the handkerchief around her neck), he lowered the body from a window by a cord, and then dragged it a considerable distance, to the banks of the Isère; in its passage, the body was horribly torn by brambles and stones. The night was dark, and Mingrat could with difficulty clear some steps cut in a rock, which obstructed his passage to the river. He did so, however, forcing the body after him, which left behind a portion of flesh, and some hair, adhering to the sharp angle of the stony steps. Here we must again have recourse to the original, for we cannot be induced to describe the ferocious and disgusting process that followed.

"Cependant de cet endroit aux bords de l'Isère, il y avoit encore un assez longue espace à traverser. Mingrat, épuisé par les efforts qu'il avoit déjà été obligé de faire, cherche un moyen de rendre plus léger son pénible fardeau; alors, tirant un couteau de sa poche, il porte son premier coup obliquement depuis l'épaule droite

jusqu'au dessous des côtés gauches, et partage tout le sein droit; mais les membres du cadavre ne cédant point à ses barbares efforts, il change d'avis, attache le corps sanglant par un jambe au plus proche noyer, s'empare de l'autre jambe, et, par de nombreuses secousses, il tente vainement de séparer les jambes du tronc. Trahi par les efforts de sa rage, il a recours à un autre moyen; il retourne au presbytère, s'empare d'un couteau à hacher, à l'usage de la cuisine, qui, d'après la déposition de la servante, était entièrement rouillé, et revient à La Roche terminer son affreux ouvrage. Cette fois il réussit au gré de ses désirs; la partie frappée cède, les jambes sont séparés du tronc; il les saisit et les lance dans un ruisseau voisin qui se jetait dans l'Isère. Il revient de nouveau sur le théâtre de son affreux charnier, se charge du tronc, et le précipite bientôt dans le fleuve, en laissant, par un calcul horrible, sur les rives de l'Isère, le mouchoir de cou de Marie, afin de faire soupçonner que la malheureuse se serait noyée."

Shortly before day-break, Joseph Michon, a labourer of St. Quentin, passing by the place where the steps afforded a passage to the river, and which were called La Roche, perceived the ground covered with fresh blood, and just by a bloody cord. On approaching, he perceived a similar spot under a walnut-tree; presently, he found a knife, with a black handle, which was also covered with blood. Other inhabitants of the place also saw the fatal marks on the ground. The priest, however, returned home, and meeting his servant again, asked her what she had noticed the previous evening? The girl assured him of her total ignorance of every thing. She added, that she heard some groans, and she thought that he had been seized with sudden illness, and was dying. On proceeding about her work, however, all her suspicions were excited by traces of blood on the ground, and on some straw, half-burnt linen, and other evidences of guilt too imposing to be misinterpreted. The large knife especially attracted her attention—it had been covered with rust, it was then clean. She was seized with alarm, and went in search of her master, to request her dismissal from service. He, meanwhile, had been compelled to have an interview with the murdered woman's cousin and of her neighbours; and after giving her an answer similar to that which the husband had received, he accompanied them to the spot called La Roche, which he inspected with apparent indifference. On his return home he was accosted by his servant, whose purpose of leaving him was unaltered. "Montez!" he cried, "votre ouvrage n'est point ici." "Oh, Monsieur!" said the girl, "je n'y saurais tenir; laissez-moi m'en aller." A conviction flashed across the curé's mind that he was discovered; he seized her with the grasp of a fiend, dragged her to the foot of the altar, and made her swear before the Sacred Image that she would preserve, in inviolable secrecy, all that she had seen or heard. The alternative in case of refusal was instant death; the trembling creature took the prescribed oath, and preserved her life.

The magistrates, especially one named Bossau, now took the matter in hand. After he had obtained the knowledge of every particular circumstance he proceeded to the presbytery, and had an interview with the curé, who was evidently alarmed; for, says the functionary, in his *Mémoire* to the court, "sa figure était tellement changée en couleur, qu'elle était noire à force d'être rouge, ce qui rendoit sa physionomie hideuse." He waited for some time, to give the curé an opportunity of commencing on the subject of the murder; but in vain. At length Bossau began by asking Mingrat's opinion of the mental condition of Madame Charnalet, as he had opportunity to observe it when he took some refreshment at her house on the day of her disappearance. Mingrat recounted all that took place on that occasion. On this M. Bossau observed, that no doubt the woman had lost her reason, and had destroyed herself; but yet it was strange that she should have used a knife of the description of that found at the foot of the tree: and he proceeded to describe it. Still the curé had self-possession enough to conceal his emotions. Meanwhile his aunt, who had arrived at St. Quentin, paid Madame Bossau a visit, and requested, in the course of conversation, to see the knife. The magistrate's wife consented, and the other immediately recognised it as the property of her nephew; but quitted the house in deep emotion, yet without revealing her conviction. Immediately

on her departure arrived the husband, who, on being informed of the aunt's request, had his suspicions yet further excited; and when upon this he saw Mingrat enter, his suspicions subsided into certainty. The pretext of the curé for his visit was to ask for the loan of a book, but, without doubt, to endeavour to see the knife. His *sang froid*, however, was imperturbable. About seven days after this, while some young lads were fishing in the stream which falls into the Isère, they hooked up a portion of a human leg. In sudden fright they threw it back into the stream, and ran into the *bourg* to give information of the fact. Bossau, the deputy-mayor, and the juge de paix immediately repaired to the spot; they recovered the horrid token of crime, which, upon examination by two medical men, was declared to have appertained to a woman. As no other murder had been committed in the district, all exclaimed that it was a portion of the body of Madame Charnalet. Mingrat's name began now to be pronounced as that of the murderer, and he went to the magistrates, and offered to undergo any examination. This step still more formally pointed him out as the guilty individual. His offer was accepted. He then thought that he could, by an appearance of an austere sanctity, avert all eyes from his person; and had, accordingly, the audacity to deny burial in holy ground to the mangled limb of his murdered victim. His reason was, that as she had drowned herself, she had lost the privilege of sanctification. "Je l'ai vue," he exclaimed, "possédée par la diable—oui, par Satan!—qui la tenait dans ses bras pour l'entrainer dans l'abîme." Just after this brutality, he received a letter from the curé of a neighbouring parish: "Les bruits," said his correspondent, "qui circulent sur vous, à l'occasion de la disparition et de l'assassinat de la femme Charnalet, vous font un tort infini; partez, si vous êtes coupable." He could not withstand this fresh blow: all eyes were now bent upon him—all the neighbourhood were denouncing him—he should become stigmatised among his brethren. He determined upon flight; loaded his person with as many clothes as he could carry, and, with his breviary in hand, set out for Voreppe, where, in crossing the river, he met the mayor of St. Quentin. The curé said he was on his way to visit some friends at St. Aupe—the mayor, that he was going to Voirons; while, in truth, he was proceeding to St. Aupe, to make inquiries after Mingrat's previous mode of life. They separated in a short time, and while the magistrate was hearing the true character of the parish-priest, he crossed the frontiers into Piedmont. The mayor hurried back to St. Quentin, and sent some gens-d'arme in pursuit, being now fully convinced of his criminality; but Mingrat had some hours start of them, and was already in another territory. The gens-d'arme pursued to the confines of France, and those of Piedmont continuing to follow, found him reading his breviary at the bottom of a cavern called the Echelles, and delivered him over to the Sardinian authorities.

Three days after the murderer's flight, the mutilated body of the unfortunate woman was found near Fory: it was soon recognised; and the traces left by the knife of Mingrat gave further evidence of the curé's guilt. Meanwhile, Mingrat was cast into prison at Chambery, where the demon by which he was possessed still continued in active operation. "Il dut à son habit de jouir d'une liberté peu commune, et en profita pour commettre à demi un nouveau crime. * * * La nièce du concierge du prison, qu'il avoit remarquée, se trouvait un soir dans un passage obscur, où le scélérat était en sentinelle; il tenta de lui faire violence. Cette jeune fille jeta des cris affreux. Mingrat, craignant d'être découvert, l'avait déjà saisée à la gorge pour l'étrangler, quand plusieurs personnes, attirées par ses cris, l'arrachèrent à ses mains forcenées. On le renferma plus étroitment, et sur les plaintes des parens de la jeune fille, on obtient la translation de Mingrat à Fenestrelle, forteresse de la Savoie, à dix lieues de Besançon."

His person was demanded of the Sardinian government, but in vain; a mysterious protection rendered nugatory the claims of justice. The members of the church which, by his foul life and bloody act, he had disgraced, used every influence, and with success, to screen the assassin from the hands of the executioner. Madame Charnalet's brother, M. Gérin, reduced himself to poverty in his efforts to reclaim the body of Mingrat, that the law might take its course. The king, the chamber of deputies, the peers, were successively

addressed; the mayor of St. Quentin, with a laudable zeal, afforded Gérin every assistance: they were frequently assured that the affair should be investigated, but time rolled on, and the murderer still enjoyed impunity in the prison of Fenestrelle. Gérin had gained an independence in Paris by his trade of jeweller, and having, in his zeal to avenge his sister, reduced himself (as already stated) to poverty, he determined to recommence business; which he did, and attended the various fairs in the provinces. At the same time, he published a short account of his sister's murder; and this he sold in the various towns he visited. The civil authorities, however, and the priesthood, were so exasperated at his attempts to cast obloquy on a member of the church, that Gérin and his wife had to undergo repeated prosecutions for selling books without license. Their story was denied—an attempt was made to stigmatise them as liars; but they persevered, and Mingrat, spite of the denials of the Catholic priesthood, is now universally spoken of as one of the greatest monsters that have disgraced the nature and form of man.

FRANCIS SALIS REIMBAUER.

In the "Remarkable Criminal Trials" (*Actenmässige Darstellung merkwurdiger Verbrechen*), by the Ritter von Feuerbach, is a case something like that of Mingrat's. Francis Salis Reimbauer was, in 1805, appointed assistant-minister of the parish of Upper Lauterbach. He was esteemed for his intellectual capacity and his polemical ability. Unlike the curé of St. Quentin, his appearance was prepossessing, his manners gentle, his conversation full of information. His doctrines were of the strictest kind; he always appeared in abstracted devotion; and in his discourses he preached the necessity of exclusion from the wickedness of the world. By his flock he was supposed to have communication with the world of spirits. This was the general consideration; although some were sceptical enough to doubt the reality of his holiness, and to consider him a person who acted a sanctified part for the more easy gratification of his desires. Under this conviction, they regarded with suspicion his frequent visits to the female portion of the community, under the plea of confession and penance.

Near Upper Lauterbach, at a place called Thomashof, resided some people of the name of Frauenknecht. The family consisted of a farmer, his wife, and two daughters; one (Magdalena) eighteen, and the younger (Catherine) twelve years of age. With this family he soon became most intimate; so much so that he was seen, to the scandal of the parishioners, to assist the father in his daily field-labours. He, however, defended his conduct on the authority of Epiphanius and church councils, which proved the junction in former times of the employments of priest and husbandman. About the end of 1806, he purchased Thomashof of the Frauenknechts, still retaining the services of the family as domestics. He then went to reside at the farm, although scrupulously fulfilling his pastoral duties. Magdalena, who was his cook, was sent to Munich to learn her business more thoroughly, and live in the house of the Registrator Y——. In June 1807, Reimbauer proceeded there likewise, to pass an examination; and a few months after this he was appointed minister at Priel. He sold off Thomashof, and removed to his new abode with the Frauenknechts.

Just before this event, the sudden disappearance of Anna Eichstädter, the daughter of a carpenter of Furth, excited a general sensation. About October 1807, being in the employ of a clergyman in the vicinity, she had obtained permission to visit her relatives and friends, and among others she mentioned Reimbauer. She borrowed an umbrella of her master, on the handle of which were marked the initials J. D. As she had not returned after the lapse of some days, her master wrote to Reimbauer to know if he had seen her, and that if she felt reluctant to return to service, he would send him his umbrella. To this Reimbauer returned for answer an utter disavowal of the movements of Anna Eichstädter. Months passed on, and the neighbourhood was lost in conjectures about her disappearance.

In June, 1809, the widow Frauenknecht followed her husband to the grave, after a short illness; and, five days after, she was followed by her daughter Magdalena. Previously to this, Catherine, who had never been on good terms with her sister or Reim-

bauer, had left the family. She had resided as servant in various families, and had become remarkable for her melancholy demeanour and restlessness; she could not sleep alone, and imagined herself constantly haunted by a female figure. She frequently, and in terms of horror, mentioned the name of Reimbauer, giving dark hints about his being a murderer. At length, in 1813, she denounced him as such to the landgericht of Landschüt. Her statement was, that while Reimbauer and Magdalena were at Munich, a female, calling herself niece to the former, had come to Thomashof, and demanded the key of the clergyman's chamber. This was reluctantly given her. The stranger searched the room narrowly, and, after remaining there the night, she stated that she had not found a sum of money as she expected, but that she had left a sealed packet for her uncle. After Reimbauer's return in November of the same year, as Catherine and her mother returned from the field, Magdalena met them, and stated that a stranger, calling herself the priest's niece, had arrived shortly before; that he had taken her up to his chamber, and coming down on pretence of procuring refreshment, had seized his razor. She followed him to the door, and peeping through the key-hole, had seen him approach the stranger with a show of endearment, and suddenly plunge the razor into her throat. While the elder sister was relating this horrid story, the groans of the victim and the threatening voice of Reimbauer were distinctly heard. Catherine on this ran up stairs, and looking also through the key-hole, she saw the priest kneeling over the body of the woman, [illegible] whose throat the blood was gus[illegible] a rapid stream, while her body [illegible]d with a convulsive motion. She ran back to her mother and sister; and shortly after, the priest came down stairs, with the instrument of death still in his hands, and his sleeves dripping with blood. He proceeded to the room where were her sister and mother, and stated that the woman, by whom he had had a child, was constantly persecuting him for money; that she had on that occasion demanded from him one hundred or two hundred florins, vowing exposure in case of refusal; and that, not having the money, he had been forced to silence her for ever. The mother threatened to inform against him; but on Reimbauer, with an air of desperation, declaring that he would commit suicide, the family promised secrecy, and to assist to conceal the body. This was done at midnight, on the 3d November, in a hole dug in a small room adjoining the stable. On the following morning some of the neighbours, who had been alarmed by the unusual noise, inquired into the cause, and were answered by the Frauenknechts, that an altercation had arisen between them and Reimbauer about the price of Thomashof.

Immediately after this, disagreements and quarrels commenced, and were of daily recurrence between the family and the priest, and caused Catherine to leave his service. Then took place the sudden demise of the mother and daughter. No medical attendant was called in; the medicine was administered by Reimbauer himself. Her sister's body was swollen and spotted over, and blood gushed from the mouth and nose. From these facts Catherine supposed that she had been poisoned. She described the peasant girl as about twenty-two years of age, tall and well-favoured, and as having with her a green umbrella marked with the initials J. D. This umbrella was still in Reimbauer's possession. Search was accordingly made in the room adjoining the stable, and a skeleton was found. The chamber of Reimbauer was also examined, and some stains on the floor, on the application of warm water, were found to be marks of blood. Several boards of the flooring were rough with hollows, as if a plane had been used; and one of the neighbours proved that, six years before, he had lent such a tool to the Frauenknechts.

Reimbauer was collected under the investigation, and answered that he had certainly been acquainted with Anna Eichstädter, but that no criminality was attached to their intercourse; that she had placed fifty florins in his custody, and had requested to be taken into his service, which he had promised to do. While he was at Munich, she had by her appearance annoyed the Frauenknechts, whom she had taunted with his promise to her. This no doubt exasperated the family. When he returned from Lauterbach late one evening, he proceeded to his chamber, and was surprised at seeing a body extended on the floor, and approaching it, he found to his horror that it was the

dead body of a woman. He ran into another room, and found Magdalena and her mother clasping each other in their arms, and trembling with excessive fear. They cried—entreated his forgiveness—stated that they had quarrelled with the woman—that their altercation proceeded to blows—and that Magdalena, seizing his razor, had inflicted the mortal blow. He recognised in the dead person the features of Anna Eichstädter; and had been won over to secrecy by the agonised entreaties of the Frauenknechts. The poisoning of Magdalena and her mother he denied. Notwithstanding these disavowals, he was confined in prison, and every inquiry was instituted into his previous conduct; and the result bore out the substance of Catherine's statement. It was also discovered that he was endeavouring to suborn witnesses to swear to having heard Magdalena in her lifetime avow herself Eichstädter's murderess. It was also known that he had written to his housekeeper to destroy the umbrella. The authorities further found out that a criminal intercourse had existed between the priest and the murdered woman, which continued to 1807—that a child had been born at Ratisbon—that Reimbauer had visited her some months before her death at Ratisbon—that she, with the child, had accompanied him on his road home—that they had had a quarrel on the road—and that he had parted from her in a violent passion, and with menacing gestures. Notwithstanding all these manifold proofs, the priest was kept on his trial for two years. On the day of All Souls, on which eight years previously the murder had been committed, a new examination was ordered. The judge made an impassioned appeal to the prisoner to induce him to confess. Suddenly he raised a cloth from a table, and shewed a skull on a black cushion, which he pronounced as that of Anna Eichstädter. For an instant the prisoner appeared thunderstruck; but recovering himself, he declared that his conscience was calm, and that if the skull could speak it would declare his innocence. For two years after this he contrived to baffle the dexterity of his judges. In November 1816, a Jew was executed at Landschüt for murder. Reimbauer saw him led past his window, and remarked his composure. He expressed his wonder at this; and was informed that, after the Jew had confessed his crime, he acquired that serenity of demeanour and cheerfulness which the priest had observed. On this he became for some days restless; and at length falling on his knees, he avowed himself the murderer of Anna Eichstädter, and confirmed the facts set forth by Catherine Frauenknecht. He said that he had acted on the doctrine laid down by Father Benedict Stättler, in his *Ethica Christiana*, which announces the lawfulness of taking another's life when there exists no other way of preserving our own reputation. After he had given the fatal blow, he added that he knelt by her, exhorted her to repentance, afforded her absolution as in cases of urgent necessity, and administered spiritual consolation till her feet began to quiver and her breath departed; and that he had since applied masses for her soul. Strange to say, that the only punishment awarded to such atrocity was imprisonment for life!

LELIEVRE, OTHERWISE CHEVALLIER.

Lelièvre had for nine years been employed in the bureau of the prefecture of the Rhone; he had considerable talents, excellent manners, and an amiable disposition, which had gained for him the good will of the inhabitants of Lyons. By degrees, in consequence of his assiduity, he had become assistant in the office of the finances of the prefecture. In his domestic relations he had been most unfortunate: all who had heard of his hard lot pitied him fo his grievous suffering. Thrice had he been married, and seemed in the enjoyment of every comfort and happiness, when death bereaved him suddenly of his partner. He married his fourth wife, and again every happiness seemed to await his lucky union; when suddenly the hand of justice seized him for its prey.

Towards five o'clock of an evening in June, in the year 1820, a batter of the name of Berthier, living at Saint-Rembert on the Saone, not far from Lyons, was informed that a man, well dressed, having the appearance of a gentleman, had carried off his child, and that his wife had pursued him. Berthier, without coat or shoes, followed the robber, who was, after much difficulty, seized. He was brought to

bay in the streets of Lyons, and taken before the commissary of police. He said that somebody had stolen his child, and he had determined to steal another's. When the child was taken from his arms, it was observed to have on blue stockings; and on searching the prisoner, several articles of attire were found about his person, of which, no doubt, he had intended to make use for disguising the infant, had he had an opportunity for so doing. Upon inquiry at Saint-Rembert, it appeared that, for some hours previously to his decoying the child, Lelièvre had been seen walking up and down the principal street, where he had been endeavouring to entice all the little children to him by presents of *bons-bons.* The child Berthier took hold of his hands repeatedly — allowed himself to be raised on the shoulders of the robber, and instead of resisting or crying, he almost immediately fell asleep — nor did he awake during the whole period of the pursuit and capture. The inference drawn from this fact was, that some soporific dose had been administered in the *bons-bons.* On his examination before the commissary, he gave his name as Pierre-Claude Chevallier.

The circumstances attending this extraordinary act drew all eyes upon him. People began to inquire what could possibly be the motive of the accused; his conduct, both public and private, was canvassed; and vague rumours began to be circulated about poisoning and infanticide. To be more plain, his course, since his residence at Lyons, had been one of murder. His mistress had been poisoned, his first, second, and third wives, had shared the like miserabl[illegible]nd his own child had also perish[illegible] his hands.

Chevallier became so alarmed under the numerous examinations he underwent, and the inquiries made respecting him, that he determined to attempt a vindication of his character; and after laying stress on his previous good name, he drew up a memorial, in which he wished to explain away the fact of the strange disappearance of his own child. According to his account, this child by Marguerite Pizard, his second wife, was two years old when he placed it out to nurse at Villeurbanne. Having heard that it was not well taken care of, he proceeded to bring it away; and at seven o'clock in the evening of the 2d August, 1819, crossed the *Pont de la Guillotière*, on his return from Villeurbanne, with the intention of placing it with another nurse, whose name he could not recollect. Instead of sleeping at Lyons, he preferred doing so at the *Demi Lune*, on the road to Tassin. From there he started for Pollionnay, which is distant about two leagues. The heat and fatigue of the journey took away all his strength, and the fumes of the wine which he had taken had in a great measure deprived him of his senses. He was in this condition when he lost his way, and got entangled among some bramble-bushes. The branch of a tree which he could not escape struck his child, and, while he endeavoured to recover him, he could not avoid a cavity hidden by weeds, and fell upon him. He did not hear any cry; for, according to all appearance, he had struck his head against a rock: stunned by his fall, and seized with despair, he lost his senses. The darkness surprised him; he called for assistance—in vain,—and tried to find his child, but the search was fruitless. He was dumb from grief; and, on his return to Lyons, he "*dissimula son chagrin, et fit la faute de ne pas faire la déclaration de son malheur.*" He concluded his representation by stating, that he had doubtless been guilty of a "*faute répréhensible;*" but he was instigated by the desire to repair the melancholy loss he had just sustained.

The contradictions and absurdities in his statement did not escape the agents of justice. He was answered, that it was reasonable to suppose that he would have slept at Lyons, as there was his domicile, especially as night was setting in. Pollionnay was only three leagues from Lyons, and the following day was more than sufficient for going thither and returning. No one had seen him or given him shelter at the *Demi Lune*, on the road to Tassin; and that for a man of thirty-five years of age, and in perfect health, to complain of fatigue, especially on an even road, was not worthy of credit. Not more worthy of credit was his assertion, that he had been overcome with wine, since the repast of himself and his child had only amounted to twelve sous. It was impossible for him to have lost his way, for the road lies in a straight direction, lined with hedges and farm-houses, and is well frequented with travellers; and as for bramble-

bushes, ravines, hill, or precipice, there was none such in that neighbourhood. It was, moreover, contrary to nature, that a parent, circumstanced as was the prisoner, should have lost his reason; the excess of his calamity would have awakened every dormant faculty: added to this, it was strange, that, although the country was unknown to him, and he had lost his way, he should so easily have been able to return to Lyons.

Circumstances now occurred which induced the magistrates to conclude that he had no right to the name of Chevallier. He was examined on this point. He said that he was of Lyons, and born in the parish of St. Pierre; that both his parents were dead. He had no relations remaining in the city. When eight years of age, he left Lyons with an uncle, for St. Domingo, during which his brothers and sisters died successively. In 1801, he embarked for his native country; and, being captured by the English, was carried into Portsmouth. After some time, he got his liberty, by exchange. On his arrival in France, he served as *tambour* in the 85th demi-brigade, and visited Holland, Spain, and St. Domingo. In 1811 he obtained his discharge.

Chevallier, on his arrival at Lyons, was joined by a young Dutch woman, whom he had known at Antwerp. She was young, beautiful, twenty-two years of age, and the widow of an officer named Debira. She was called the *belle Hollandaise*, and became the mistress of Chevallier. While they were living in apparent tranquillity and happiness, she was seized with sudden and acute pains, which were followed by inflammation. A physician was called in, who ordered some remedies, which should have immediately alleviated her suffering, but after some visits, observing that the remedy was inefficacious, he expressed his astonishment to the accused, and observed, that she must have drank or eaten something which had irritated her pains. Chevallier, without being disconcerted, replied, that she drank brandy. "And why did you not prevent her?" demanded the physician. "She sends for it," said Chevallier, "when I am from the house." "If she continues," answered the other, "she must of necessity die." In a few days she was in truth a corpse.

After her death, Chevallier contracted four marriages. His first wife was Étiennette-Marie Desgranges, the daughter of a small proprietor of St. Didier-sous-Rivière; the second, Marguerite Pizard; the third, Marie Riquet; and the fourth, Benoîte Besson. His contracts of marriage were to the effect that the survivor should have all the property left by the deceased. It was from this fact supposed that he had poisoned his wives, in the hope of gaining the property. But this was not the case. From his wives he did not get sufficient to excite the cupidity of a man in his station in life, and his mistress had not any thing of her own. The most charitable construction to place upon his motive to crime is madness.

His first wife, at the period of marriage, was of a strong constitution, and of uniformly good health. A few months after an union spent in domestic happiness, she was troubled with violent pains, and fell into a general debility. A daughter, who was the issue of her marriage with Chevallier, also became subject to an excessive debility. The latter soon fell a victim to her malady, and the mother quickly followed the example. Chevallier, even in this early stage of his villany, was nearly discovered. His wife's cousins, having heard, from the porter of the house where she resided, that, late at night, she had had a dangerous crisis in her illness, went to see her, when they found her much relieved, and sitting up. During this visit, and while the husband was still absent, she took some food, and wished her relations to give her some drink out of a bottle, to which she pointed: "Donnez-moi de ce vin," said she; "l'autre est celui de mon mari." It was administered, she drank, and in five minutes she underwent sudden pains—her limbs contracted, and she was nearly expiring. Chevallier then came in; his wife's torture seemed to have little effect upon him—he sat down and became a calm spectator of his own diabolical stratagem. Étiennette fell on the boards from excess of suffering, and expired in extreme agony. The miscreant immediately began to despoil the body of its ornaments; and when the relatives chided him for his brutal behaviour, he retired and feigned sorrow for his privation by conning over the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*.

Marguerite Pizard was his second wife. He often demanded her hand;

but the poor woman as often refused, owing to a rumour that he had killed his mistress and his first wife. At length, being persuaded that the report was whispered by malicious tongues, she was married, and received the tenderest attentions from her husband. She became *enceinte*, and in this situation Chevallier redoubled his affectionate consideration. While thus dealing forth his hypocritical endearments, "C'est ici le cas de remarquer la marche constante suivie par ce scélérat dans le cours de ses crimes. Il résulte, d'une manière presque certaine, de l'instruction du procès, que c'était précisément à l'époque où l'espoir d'être père dévait ouvrir son cœur aux plus douces sensations, où la nature, lui imposant ses droits les plus aimables, dévait le rappeler au sentiment de sa dignité d'homme, que Chevallier, étouffant les murmures de sa conscience, apprêtait la coupe empoisonnée. Un funeste calcul lui avait appris que le moment où la fragile existence d'une femme est le plus exposée aux influences morbides, est celui où elle souffre les douleurs, et éprouve les joies de la maternité ; il faut peu de choses alors pour porter le trouble et la désorganisation dans les sources de la vie. Chevallier le sait. Ce n'est point une morte prompte qu'il veut donner à deux êtres à la fois ; par une raffinement de cruauté, c'est goutte à goutte qu'il verse le poison ; il se complait à se repaître des souffrances graduelles qu'il fait éprouver ; ce n'est que lorsque le dégoût succède à la délectation qu'il a trouvé à observer les paroxismes de la douleur, qu'il tranche, enfin, des jours marqués par d'affreux tourmens."

The pregnancy of Marguerite Pizard had been painful in the extreme: she had laboured under violent sicknesses and excruciating pains. At length she brought forth a son, who was named Eugène, and placed out to nurse: it was the same child which, twenty-seven months afterwards, perished by the father's hands. Marguerite's recovery from her accouchement was slow; her constitution overcame at length the poison administered by her husband, and the monster had recourse to fresh doses, which occasioned a violent relapse, accompanied by horrible convulsions. Her family became alarmed, and offered to sit up and attend her; but to this the husband would not consent, assuring them that he preferred doing so himself. The illness increased, the convulsions became terrific, amidst which she expired.

Some months after, Chevallier married Marie Riquet. As usual, he lived on the best possible terms with her. She became *enciente*, and then her health began to give way: convulsions followed, and continued till the birth of the child. His wife had known an old midwife, named Pontannier, who had requested to attend her; but the husband refused permission. After the accouchement he met her, and told her of the circumstance. La femme Pontannier was surprised, and said that the birth was premature; on which Chevallier answered that his wife had been seized with violent convulsions, and that she had been delivered with the *forceps*. The woman immediately suspected that all was not right with Madame Chevallier, and gave her opinion in round terms to the husband; who, taken by surprise, manifested great confusion. Marie Riquet, however, notwithstanding the poison, had partially recovered. La femme Fontaine, who actually attended her, was dismissed; and the moment of dismissal was the signal to the husband for fresh attempts against his wife's life. She relapsed, and her family insisted on sending in their own physician, Levrat, to see her. Chevallier called in Cadit, who had delivered her, and the two had a consultation. Levrat blamed Cadit for having used the *forceps*, without doing so in the presence of witnesses; they, however, pronounced her better, and parted in the hope of her gradual recovery. Two days subsequently, after Marie's symptoms had baffled Levrat's experience, she expired. It came out in the evidence of Fontaine (the nurse who had, on the occasion of the relapse, been recalled), that Chevallier had secretly copied something out of a large book on a piece of paper, and after being absent about a quarter of an hour, had returned, and forced his wife to drink something out of a coffee-cup. Fontaine wished to prevent this, when the husband swore at her, and forced the remainder of the drink down his wife's throat, using these words:—"Soyez tranquille; ce que je lui donne est pour lui débarrasser l'estomac; cela lui donnera une crise qui la sauvera—ou, l'emmenera." Presently, frightful con-

vulsions came on, the limbs contracted in an awful manner, and Madame Chevallier fell from the bed on the floor. The husband for some moments gazed coolly on the poor woman; then stooping, and replacing her on the bed, he saw her expire without evincing the slightest emotion.

No doubt remained in the minds of Pontannier, Fontaine, and Levrat, of the true cause of Madame Chevallier's death: her family, too, had strong suspicions on the matter, almost amounting to certainty. They were, however, restrained from taking measures against the husband, from a feeling of culpable timidity. The two women Chevallier did not care for—they were poor and unknown; but Levrat, the physician, was too formidable to withstand, should he breathe a syllable against him. A few days after the event we have mentioned, as the physician was about to enter his own house, at ten o'clock at night, a man stepped up to him, and with a menacing air said: "Ne parlez plus de l'affaire Chevallier, autrement vous aurez affaire à moi." M. Levrat asked by what right he spoke to him in that audacious manner; but the assailant ran away, and the physician immediately thought it was one of Chevallier's emissaries. Two months after this rencontre, and near midnight, there was a loud knocking at the physician's door. He arose, and saw a young man about twenty-five years of age, whose clothes were in rags, who besought him to go immediately to a M. Desorme's, who lived at some distance. Levrat, however, was too cautious to venture out on such a verbal message; for he remembered, that by a late regulation between him and Desorme, either he or his wife, in any exigency at night, was to write a note to the doctor. This he mentioned to the messenger, who replied, that the family was in such distress that no member of it had had time to write. The physician desired him to go back and bring a note; and the other departed, but never returned. On the following day Levrat saw Desorme and his family, who were perfectly well. From this it was concluded that Chevallier, or those in his pay, intended to assassinate the physician.

The police had been very assiduous in gaining information respecting Chevallier. It was discovered that such was not his name, and that the true Chevallier was still living. He was an officer in the army, and some years since had lost his portfolio and all his papers. He was in garrison two hundred leagues from Lyons, but immediately proceeded thither on receiving intimation from the police. For a long time the prisoner persisted in his story of being Pierre-Claude Chevallier; but, after several examinations, he requested to see his wife, and told her that such was not his name—that he had just seen the true Chevallier—that their marriage was consequently null, and she must take measures to have it dissolved. He further said that his family was respectable, and moved in a good sphere in society—and that they had forced him, on account of an *erreur de jeunesse*, to take to service. He proceeded then to declare, in a memoir, that his name was Pierre-Etienne Gabriel Lelièvre, born at Madrid, but of French origin. His father possessed considerable means, and lived at Paris; where he, while yet very young, accompanied him. He obtained a situation in a government office. His extravagance, however, had become so great, that, to satisfy his wants, he had committed forgery on the Bank of France for 60,000 francs. He was discovered, arrested, and was about to be branded with lasting infamy, when his father succeeded in staying the arm of justice, by payment of the sum, and intercession with the minister. The young man was enrolled in a colonial regiment. Thence he deserted; and arriving at Flushing, got possession of the papers of Chevallier, who it seems had belonged to the same battalion with himself. He resolved on taking that name; and, forging some papers to keep up his character, he took the route to Lyons.

On his examination, he denied all the crimes with which he was charged. He was however found guilty, on the fullest testimony, of stealing the infant and murdering his own child, of forgery, and of having poisoned Marie Riquet. He was not convicted of having poisoned his two other wives, from want of evidence. He heard his sentence with a resolute air, and was guillotined in the public place of Lyons. He was a hypocrite to the last. "Tout mon espoir," said he, just before his execution, "est dans l'Etre Suprême, dont les volontés sont invisibles sur la terre; s'il éclaire mes juges, et que mon arrêt soit cassé, mon innocence triomphera

devant d'autres juges. J'ai la ferme croyance que mon arrêt sera cassé; cette confiance est fondée sur mon innocence. Mais d'ailleurs je suis resigné à mon sort. L'échafaud n'a jamais fait palir un innocent." Then, pointing to a Bible which he carried, he would add, "Voila pour moi un source de consolation. J'en ai fait toute ma vie la règle de ma conduite."

While he was holding this blasphemous language, and protesting his innocence, a woman of Thernay, a small *commune* on the Rhone, and three leagues from Lyons, hearing in a shop of the process against Lelièvre, and the details relative to the disappearance of his child, exclaimed, that she had no doubt of that child being the same found drowned near Thernay. Inquiries were made, and it was stated to the police, that, in August 1819, the woman Thize had found a young child, with blue eyes, and beautiful features, about two years and a half or three years old, on the bank of the river. It had a small frock, a shirt marked with a C, a black hat, blue stockings, and black shoes. The limbs of the child were yet supple; so that it could not have been dead very long; so recently, indeed, that she for a long time endeavoured to reanimate it, but in vain. The child was buried, and the sexton had fortunately preserved the clothes, which were transmitted to the authorities at Lyons, who further found a person of most respectable character who deposed to having, as he passed the *Pont de la Guillotière*, in August 1819, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, seen a person throw into the river something like a large parcel, which made a great noise in its fall: it immediately disappeared. The witness took him for a smuggler, who, fancying pursuit, had thrown his goods into the river; and he was confirmed in his conjecture, on seeing the man join some persons before him, with whom he conversed freely as he entered the city.

Other charges were made by general report against Lelièvre: that he had poisoned two Spaniards, his young brother, and attempted the life of his own father. Happy was it for society when it rid itself of such a monster.

ANNA SCHONLEBEN.

In the collection of German trials already referred to, is a trial for poisoning, which will form an appendage to that of Lelièvre.

In the house of the Justiz-Amptmann Glaser, at Peignitz, lived the widow Anna Schonleben: she was about fifty years of age. Glaser had separated from his wife; but, shortly after Schonleben's arrival in the Amptmann's family, and through her instrumentality, the differences between man and wife were made up, and the latter returned to her husband's residence. About four weeks after the reconciliation, she was seized with sudden illness, and in a few hours she expired. Schonleben then left Glaser's house, and took up her abode with the Justiz-Amptmann Grohmann: he was thirty-eight years of age, and of a delicate state of body. The widow paid him every possible attention, and shewed herself eminently qualified for the office of nurse. Notwithstanding all her care, however, her master fell ill: his decease was accompanied with violent pains of the stomach and vomiting, and in a few days he expired. Her character stood so high for diligence and attention in the service of the sick bed, that she immediately procured a situation in the house of Kammer-Amptmann Gebhard, whose wife was approaching her period of confinement. The event took place; the mother and child were proceeding uncommonly well; the housekeeper was indefatigable in her duties; when, on the third day, the former was seized with spasms, and in seven days she expired. Schonleben remained in Gebhard's house, and had unlimited power in the management of his domestic arrangements. His friends remonstrated with him on keeping as a servant a woman whose presence had been so fatal wherever she had lived. Gebhard at first laughed at the superstitious fears of his friends; but, being at length persuaded, he imparted to Schonleben in delicate terms the necessity for her quitting his service. She gave way to momentary surprise; but, recovering herself, bustled about as usual. On the morning of her departure, she filled the salt-box, on the plea that it was customary for those quitting service to do so for their successors; after which she made coffee for the maids, giving them sugar from a paper of her own. She then took the young child in her arms, and gave

it a biscuit soaked in milk. She took her leave, and departed; and half an hour after, the maids were seized with violent retching. Gebhard examined the salt-box, the contents of which were in a great measure arsenic.

Every one now attributed the sudden deaths already related to poison. It was recollected that two of Gebhard's visitors had been seized with vomiting and convulsions—that a servant calling with a message had drank some wine she gave him, and had suffered in the same manner—that a lad of nineteen had refused a similar gift at her hands, having perceived a white sediment in the glass—that a woman, with whom she had had quarrels, had, after drinking some coffee, evinced the same symptoms as the maids—and that her master and a number of guests, having taken some beer which she had drawn, had suffered in the same dreadful manner.

While on the road to Bayreuth, Schonleben wrote a letter to Gebhard, in which she reproached him for his conduct towards herself, who had been a protecting angel to his child; and while she resided in that place, she wrote several times to him to induce him to take her again into his service. While thus employed she was apprehended; and on searching her person, three packets were found: two contained fly-powder, and one arsenic. For many months she baffled all the inquiries of justice with wonderful cunning and unbending obstinacy. At length, on learning the result of the examination of Glaser's body, she confessed her guilt and fell into strong convulsions. The information obtained from herself, and from collateral sources, amounted to this: That she was born at Nürnberg, in 1760, of parents possessed of a small competence, whom she lost at five years of age. She remained with her guardian till nineteen, and was then married, against her inclination, to a notary named Zwanziger. Her married life was lonely: her husband at first attended closely to business; and she employed her hours in weeping over the sentimental vagaries of Werther, and the sufferings of Pamela and Emilia Galotti. But her patrimony was soon expended by her husband and herself in riotous living, and being reduced to destitution, she supported her family and the notary by the sale of her personal favours. Her husband died; and she continued her abandoned career, until, for fancied wrongs (the want of independent fortune among others), she vowed eternal enmity against the world. She commenced to poison, and the practice grew into an ineradicable habit and a passion, the control of which was impossible. When the arsenic taken from her person on her arrest was, some months after, exhibited to her, a delirium of delight seized her as her distended eyes gazed with an impassioned look on her old friend. She always spoke of her crimes as of venial offences.

When she entered Glaser's family, she determined to kill the wife, that she might induce him to marry herself. "While she mixed the potion," such was her avowal, "she comforted herself with the reflection, that she was preparing for herself a comfortable establishment for her old age." Grohmann's wife she poisoned, because she had chided her for her mode of managing the house. She confessed a multitude of crimes; and underwent the final sentence of the law (beheading) without the slightest emotion.

ON NATIONAL ECONOMY.

No. VIII.

ON THE CORN-LAWS—COLONEL THOMPSON'S AND MR. BOOTH'S PAMPHLETS.

We were only able, in our last essay, to go into a single division of the great question of Free Trade. We examined the actual working of the system, in its application to the manufacture of silk, and we found its result to be, ruin to the manufacturer, and starvation to the workmen. We saw a population of more than half a million of people reduced from comfort to misery; and no equivalent appeared on any side, as a counterpoise to all this absolute loss.

We examined, also, the plea set up by the economists, that a full and sufficient balance of gain must exist somewhere, in an increase of our exports in the gross; and we found this, as might be expected, a mere fiction. The same statements, and the same arguments, which were applicable to the silk trade, might be recapitulated, were it necessary, with respect to the glove manufacture, the shipping interest, and every other branch which has been subjected to the withering influence of this destructive theory.

The main question, however, which presses itself on our attention, is that of the one great staple of life, into the trade of which the economists are now most anxious to introduce their system. "Free trade in corn" is the crowning prize of their imagination, without which all their former baleful triumphs are viewed with careless discontent and dissatisfaction. Half a million of people tossed into the jaws of the "free-trade" monster, far from glutting, or even staying his appetite, seem rather to have whetted it, and he looks with wistful eyes to the millions who subsist by the cultivation of the soil, and ever and anon cries out, "More, more!"

Both of the authors to whose pamphlets we referred in our last paper, are full, clear, and decided, on this subject. They frequently advert to this part of the question, as the main object in their view; and Mr. Booth devotes a large part of his argument wholly to this point. We have also consulted the late pamphlet of Lord Fitzwilliam, (*An Address to the Landowners of England &c.*) the intent and object of which is the same, although his manner of conducting the argument is very different. His lordship's tract, however, has been of comparatively little use to us: his view of the question is deficient, both in breadth and in depth; and it would be comparatively a waste of time to contend much upon points which lie altogether on the surface of the controversy.

His lordship treats the question as though it was wholly confined to the point of the import or exclusion of foreign *corn*. "Land," he says, in the present discussion, "means that land only which is employed in producing *corn*;" and he adds, that "it by no means follows that corn-growing land is entitled to any special favour." Now his lordship here has manifestly omitted to inform himself as to the real objects of the "free traders." He has looked only to the motions and discussions in parliament, which turn mainly upon the "corn-laws," and upon the import of "wheat, barley, oats," &c. simply because specific laws exist on those specific articles, and because the efforts of the economists are thus naturally and necessarily directed into this particular channel; knowing, however, as they all do, that their doctrines cannot be successfully adopted on these points without inevitably leading to a similar change in the laws regulating the import of all descriptions of food. The object of the economists, as clearly stated in their writings, is nothing less than a free trade in all sorts of food; although they too often adopt the common phrases, and talk of corn-laws as though wheat and barley were the only matters of which they were writing. Mr. Booth's fourth axiom claims liberty for the merchant "to make his purchases wherever he can procure *farm produce and commodities*, of the best quality, at the cheapest rate." To narrow the subject, therefore, as if relating only to "corn-growing land," and to the population dependent thereupon, is to present an imperfect, and by consequence a *false* view of the question.

His lordship also ventures upon the following argument—(we believe him to be a man of perfect sincerity, and

must therefore suppose that the passage was written at a moment when his lordship, under the influence of the dulness of the subject, was waxing drowsy):

> "What I am particularly anxious to direct your attention to, is the utter inefficiency of the law to accomplish either of its two purposes—of protecting the farmer from too low, and the consumer from too high a price. In the spring of 1817, wheat sold at 120*s*. a-quarter; in the winter of 1821–2, it sold at less than 40*s*."

His lordship here plainly asserts that "the law," the present law, does not protect the consumer from too high a price, and he quotes 1817, when wheat was 120*s*. But his lordship well knows, that "the law" of 1817 is not "the law" now. By the present law, as amended in 1828, wheat long before it arrives at the famine-price of 120*s*., or even 100*s*., can be imported at the merely nominal duty of twelve pence per quarter. What further protection the consumer can want against a famine-price than the liberty to import, almost duty free, long before the price has risen to the scarcity level, it is difficult to say. What does his lordship mean, then, when he talks of "the inefficiency of the law to protect the consumer?" and what does he mean by quoting 1817, when "the law" has been totally changed in this very respect since that time?

And as to the inefficiency of the law to protect the farmer from too low a price, as proved by the average of 1822, here, again, his lordship shoots quite beside the mark. The law is intended to protect the farmer, not from "low prices" in the abstract, from whatever source they may arise, but from "low prices arising from *foreign competition*." The low prices of 1822 were not caused by imports of foreign corn; they originated in a totally different cause, and one which no corn-law can touch, —namely, a sudden contraction of the currency.

Suppose for a moment that the legislature, in one of its freaks, should choose to abolish and exterminate altogether every sort and description of paper-money; at once, then, we are reduced to a circulating medium of twenty-five or thirty millions, in place of one of fifty or sixty. Of course, every marketable commodity falls to one half its former price; and wheat, if it be now at 70*s*., will, in three months, be at 35*s*., except the ruin of the farmers should cause a scarcity: and thus, by a counteracting operation, raise wheat to a price beyond its natural level.

Something approaching to this state of things occurred in 1822; a sudden contraction of the currency reduced all prices, and the price of corn with the rest. And *therefore*, most logically argues the noble lord, the corn-law is inefficient! Inefficient indeed, as we have before said, it must be admitted to be, if it is expected to maintain for the farmer high prices under *all* circumstances. But if its aim and end be merely the avoidance of one cause of low prices — the influx of foreign corn,—then an instance of low prices, arising from a totally different source, is plainly nothing whatever to the purpose.

With argumentation of this class, then, we shall not occupy our readers. Mr. Booth and Col. Thompson are of another class of reasoners. Lord Fitzwilliam is one of those amiable persons who, from the Roman Catholic Bill downwards, are always for letting the lion in at the door in the first instance, confident in their abilities to tame and render him a very useful domestic animal afterwards. But the Thompsons and Booths, like the O'Connells and Lawlesses, are ready enough to shew his teeth and claws beforehand; and to let us fully understand the real nature of the creature whom some of our simple ones are so anxious to bring within our domestic circle.

One thing, however, and that no light matter, the noble lord and Mr. Booth have in common, and it is a point on which we totally disagree with both. We allude to their arguments being founded upon, and addressed to, the interests and the prejudices of the select *few*. Lord Milton addresses himself to "the *Land-owners* of England;" Mr. Booth argues almost exclusively on the side of the *merchants*. The viscount wishes to shew the landlords that they would not *lose*,—Mr. Booth urges upon the merchants that they would greatly *gain*,—by the proposed abrogation of the corn-laws. Now, without professing to disregard the interests of either the landlords or the merchants, we must beg to observe that there is another party to the ques-

tion, whose welfare, in our view, is of considerably more importance than that of either of these favoured classes.

The only really safe and judicious point of view in which any of these great questions can be contemplated, is that which looks at their bearing upon the great body of the people. A safe and permanent prosperity cannot be obtained for any of the higher orders of the state, but in so far as we begin with the foundation of all. "Keep the feet warm," say the doctors, and all the other parts of the body will be found in proper order.

Mr. Booth *professes* largely on this score. His very title-page talks of "Free Trade *as it affects the People;*" and he commences his discourse in the same strain. But in a few minutes his tone alters, and we soon find that by "the people" he means "the merchants." Every argument bends this way. Against protective duties he urges, that "a business or manufacture protected by high duties on importation, will not, on that account, yield more than the *ordinary rate of profit,*" &c. And again: "While you force the production or manufacture of any particular commodity, instead of allowing its importation from abroad, you cannot secure to those engaged in it a higher than the *ordinary rate of profit,*" &c.

Thus, again and again, he argues against protective duties; because, while they raise prices to the consumer, "they do not *secure a higher rate of profit* than the ordinary one to the merchant or manufacturer." Who ever heard of protective duties imposed or advocated on any such ground? The legislature that should dream of imposing duties merely to secure "a higher rate of profit" to the merchant or manufacturer, would deserve to be immediately cashiered. The use and object of protective duties, as Mr. Booth ought to know, is to secure, not high profits to the manufacturer, but employment and bread to large masses of the people. But this is a consideration which Mr. Booth, apparently, does not think worthy of his attention, for he scarcely ever alludes to it.

It is, however, the only ground on which we shall argue the question. We are not careless about the merchants, but we know very well, that, if driven out of one class of exports or imports, they can with ease employ their capital in another; and even Lord Milton's "land-owners," though we would not undervalue them, do not seem to us so all-important that we should advocate protective duties merely to secure to them their present rents. If a system of protective duties be not good for the millions, we shall never advocate it for the advantage of the thousands.

Let us, then, devote a few moments to Mr. Booth's statements as to this great question. We shall find, if we mistake not, that they involve a series of practical absurdities, the enunciation of which, by one who wishes to become a teacher of "sound principles," is perfectly astounding.

The following are the principal data set forth by Mr. Booth:

"Sir Henry Parnell, in his work on taxation, estimates the consumption of corn in this country at 50,000,000 of quarters, and he calculates the loss to the nation, attributable to the restrictions on the corn-trade, at an average rate of five shillings per quarter, or a gross sum of 12,500,000*l.*

"Let the tax thus imposed on the nation be taken at ten millions sterling. But this is only half the evil. The price of butcher's meat, bacon, and potatoes, bears a proportionate ratio to that of corn, and, regulated by the average value of those staple commodities, the cost of houses, furniture &c., is proportionably high. Taking all contingencies into account, we consider the pecuniary charge to the nation, arising out of the artificial restrictions on the importation of *food*, as amounting, at the least, to *twenty millions* per annum.

"For whose benefit is this appalling tax imposed on the people of England? Undeniably for the benefit of the *land-owners*; not for the actual cultivators of the soil, the farmers, the husbandmen, the labourers, the artisans, and mechanics employed in the business of agriculture." "It is the land-owner, and more especially the tithe-owner, for whose peculiar, individual, and exclusive benefit, the importation of food has been prohibited, and taxes to the amount of twenty millions are levied."

"Do the land-owners gain in proportion as the country loses? By no means; for every million which they gain the country loses *four* millions."

"Strange and unaccountable fatuity, which induces the people of England patiently to submit to a taxation of *twenty* millions, that a particular class of the community may benefit to the extent of *five* millions!"

Fortunately, this statement bears its fallacy on its very front. It can deceive no one capable of the least reflection.

The existing restrictions have been imposed, says Mr. Booth, solely and *exclusively* for the benefit of the land-owners. Where does he learn this? True, the houses of lords and commons consist, for the most part, of land-owners, and by them the corn-laws have been passed. But the object always put forward in these assemblies, as being that aimed at in the restrictions in question, has always been the protection of *agriculture;* not of the land-owners merely, but of the cultivators of the soil, in at least an equal degree. Why, then, does Mr. Booth so misstate the fact, as to describe the one sole operating motive to have been the advancement of the interests of the land-owners?

Has the result shewn, by the actual operation of these restrictions, that the interests of the landlords, and of them alone, was the one object in view? By no means! We cannot quote a better witness on this point than Mr. Booth himself. He tells us, again and again, that the country pays a tax of twenty millions, but that the land-owners do not receive out of all that amount more than five millions. *What, then, becomes of the remaining fifteen?*

On this point there can be no doubt. This balance of fifteen millions is not remitted to other countries; for the very ground of Mr. Booth's discontent is this, that we refuse so to remit it—that we persist in cultivating our own lands and paying our own husbandmen, in place of buying our corn of the Polish lords. Neither is this fifteen millions, which Mr. Booth calls a tax, paid to the government, or to any other tax-gatherer, for the purpose of any useless or needless expenditure.

The real fact can hardly escape the detection of even the most credulous and obtuse of Mr. Booth's readers. Twenty millions, he tells us, are paid in the augmented prices of food; and of this sum only five millions is received by the land-owners. The fate of the remaining fifteen millions, which in Mr. Booth's pages appear as if sunk in the depths of the sea, cannot be for a moment doubtful. If those who till the soil, and who bring to market its fruits, receive twenty millions more than Mr. Booth would have them receive, and if their landlords obtain only one-fourth of this amount in the shape of rents, what can be plainer than that the farmers and the farmers' labourers are the persons in whose hands the remaining fifteen millions must ultimately remain. And yet, with all this before his eyes, Mr. Booth, tells us, with great decision of language, that "this appalling tax is not imposed for the benefit of the *actual cultivators of the soil,*" but "for the *peculiar*, individual, and *exclusive* benefit of the *land-owners!*" Bungling hands, certainly, these land-owners must be, to impose a tax for their own *exclusive* benefit, and then to allow other persons to reap three-fourths of the advantage resulting from it!

No! the facts of the case are altogether at variance with the statements of Mr. Booth. Doubtless, when the land-owners of the two houses passed the various corn-bills of the last twenty years, they were not indifferent or forgetful of their own interests. No one would ask or expect that their own concern in the question should be left out of view. Least of all could the economists demand such an exalted degree of patriotism,—they who, in the *Westminster Review* and the *Morning Chronicle*, have just been exhorting the mill-owner legislators of the House of Commons to "*rouse themselves,*" and fight to the last against a proposal that their rapid accumulation of wealth shall be impeded by so absurd a restriction as that which would deny them the right of working the infant and the orphan to decrepitude and death!

The land-owners doubtless remembered their own concern in the question. But when, where, or how, has it been shewn that this consideration was the one only object in their view? Is it rational to characterise a whole class of English gentlemen as possessing no motive for action above that of the swine? Why are we absurdly to suppose that, living among the working agriculturists, the actual tillers of the soil, they yet thought of nothing but their own rents and the means of increasing them?

If we would look at this matter in the light of common sense, we shall see in a moment that it was practically impossible for the land-owners to separate the interests of the cultivators of the soil from their own. They could not think of the desirableness of well-

paid and ample rentals, without thinking also of the desirableness of their tenants' comfort and prosperity. They could not legislate for the protection and advantage of the farmer, without a consciousness that, while they were thus doing what was *right*, they were at the same time doing what was *advantageous*. The natural progress of the argument through the mind will always thus mingle up the two interests; but, at the same time, it will put that of the tenant in the foremost place. "If wheat cannot be sustained at 60*s*. and upwards, the farmer cannot live: If the farmer cannot live, how am I to get my rents?" Such is the obvious working of the question in every land-owner's mind. And the result of the whole is seen in the enactment of such a protection as puts into the pockets of the cultivators of the soil an annual twenty millions (according to Sir Henry Parnell) above the continental price; of which twenty millions, *five* only, by Mr. Booth's confession, go to the owners of the land.

But, having thus shewn the absurdity of Mr. Booth's notion of *twenty* millions being *paid* by the people, and only *five* millions being *gained* by any one; and having seen that the remaining three-fourths must inevitably be left in the pockets of the agriculturists, we come to the main question, Whether it be expedient that any such twenty millions should be added to the price of food, for the joint benefit of the owners and the cultivators of the soil?

Mr. Booth, Colonel Thompson—all, in short, of the economists, small and great—exclaim with one voice, *No!* They vote the idea an abomination, and the law horrible tyranny. They demand "open ports" and "free trade in corn"—with a small fixed duty, if you will, but the smaller the better.

The language in which they enforce their projects, and expatiate on the evils which their own fancies have conjured up, is equally absurd and atrocious. Colonel Thompson tells us that "the people of England are prohibited from selling the produce of their labour, and are confined by act of parliament to a given quantity of food." And, in a page or two farther, after he had described our condition as that of people who had not bread enough to eat, and who were debarred by law from importing more, he turns round and abuses our own farmers for growing too much corn! "They are distressed," he says, "because they choose to grow what nobody wants from them, and demand to be paid for it." So that, according to this sensible and consistent gentleman, we have more corn than we want, and are yet starving for lack of bread; and for both evils we are to thank the corn-laws!

It is always, with these gentlemen, "the people," that are the sufferers by the corn-laws. As to those whom they call "the monopolists"—those who benefit by the protective system—they are constantly spoken of as if they were a few hundreds or thousands merely, who are, for their own interest, robbing and starving the great mass of our population. Now, if the fact be so, we have not a word more to say. If the protective system be not for the good of the millions, away with it. If the repeal of the corn-laws would really benefit "the people," by all means repeal them to-morrow.

But a word or two on this point. These gentlemen themselves calculate the whole gains of the land-owners at five millions a-year. This is their own statement, and it is not likely to be underrated. As to the other fifteen millions, which they say are levied by the "taxes on food," it must be obvious to any one that this amount is not lost to the people as a whole. It returns amongst the millions of working agriculturists. Five millions is the utmost amount, and a most exaggerated amount it is, of the actual loss to the people, and gain to the land-owners, or "monopolists."

Now the population of these islands is 24,000,000. How much, then, is the actual infliction of the "bread-tax" per head? It is a fraction above *four shillings* per annum, or a fraction less than *one penny* per week, for each individual.

Supposing, then, each family to consist of five individuals on an average, it is obvious that a rise of one penny per day, or sixpence per week, on the wages of the working man—the smallest rise possible—would be a greater benefit to him than the total repeal of the corn-laws.

Or, to take it the other way, if, by an alteration of these laws, you diminish the labouring man's wages only *one penny per day*, you place him in a worse situation than he is at present, crushed as he is, according to your

account, under the intolerable "bread-tax."

Now, that wages would be lowered, is denied by no one. Mr. Booth himself says, "It must not be disguised, that as commodities become cheaper wages will become lower." That this *lowering* would be to a less extent than *a penny per day*, is inconceivable. By such a change the labourer would find his condition made worse. But what if the fall amounted to twopence per day? Why then the labourers of the country, who had been deluded by the notion that free trade in corn had been advocated solely for their good, would find that they had been relieved of *five* millions in the price of corn, and at the same time deprived of *ten* millions in the amount of their wages!

This view, however, may fairly be said to be too general. Assuming, as we do, the proposition which no one can deny, that the fifteen millions—three-fourths of the twenty said to be raised by the "bread-tax"—do return into the pockets of the agriculturists, we are obviously open to the remark, that the *whole* weight of the five millions, said to be gained by the landowners, must fall upon the non-agricultural classes. As these do not constitute more than one-fourth of the population, it is clear that the burden now borne by them, and the weight of which they would be relieved, by the proposed repeal, would be four times that which we have supposed in the above calculation. These five millions being raised upon a fourth part of the people, and not upon the whole, might amount, to each head of a family, to a tax of fourpence per day, or two shillings per week. We say, *might* amount, for we take the whole calculation to be exaggerated; but it is always best to reason upon your adversary's data, whenever he can be shewn to be wrong even upon his own grounds. We will therefore take for granted, if Mr. Booth wishes it, that the restrictions on the import of food do operate to raise the weekly expenses of a mechanic, with a wife and three children, as much as from 20*d.* to 2*s.* per week.

When, however, Mr. Booth confesses his expectation that, if his plans were adopted, "wages would become lower," does he estimate their probable fall at any thing *less* than this poor 20*d.* or 2*s.* a-week to a working mechanic or manufacturer. He cannot. But if a man's wages and his expenses fall simultaneously, where is the gain derived on the whole account? Whence are we to realise the vast advantages flowing from this proposed change? In what mode, *advantageously*, would this "free trade *affect the people?*" In short, what is the motive for such a mighty change?

But this is only half the truth. It is not only most certain that all the immense gain promised to the people, would, in the end, elude their grasp; but it may be made equally clear, that positive loss, great misery, and extensive suffering, would be the real result of the proposed change. Granting, for argument's sake, that reduced prices of food might save the mechanic as much as 20*d.* or 2*s.* per week, it is equally, nay far more probable, that his wages would fall in a far greater proportion. And we suppose that there is not a mechanic in the kingdom so dull as not to be able to perceive, that a gain of 2*s.* in the price of food, and a loss of 3*s.* or 4*s.* in his weekly wages, would leave him at the year's end in a much worse predicament than that to which he has been accustomed.

Our main reason for forming this expectation is founded on a view of the relative proportions of the great divisions in our population. The language used by the economists, constantly describes the mechanics, or manufacturing classes, as "the *people*," and the agriculturists as a comparatively small body of monopolists. But all this is mere fiction. Amidst the long catalogue of their exaggerations and distortions, there is not a more monstrous or mischievous one than this. Let us look for a moment at the facts of the case. Mr. Marshall, one of their own oracles,—for whose tables Mr. Hume lately persuaded the House of Commons to vote a large amount of the public money,—has supplied us with a classification of our population, to the use of which we apprehend they can offer no objection. His several subdivisions may be classed as follows:—

I.	Agricultural occupiers and labourers		6,300,000
II.	Manufacturers	2,400,000	
	Artificers	650,000	
	Mining labourers	600,000	
			3,650,000

III. Shopkeepers	2,100,000	
Millers, butchers, &c..........................	900,000	
Tailors, &c.	1,080,000	
Professions, annuitants, land-owners, &c....	2,507,000	
	————	6,587,000

Now, it is obvious that the latter class, as dependent upon the two former, must be proportionably divided between them. The shopkeepers, butchers, tailors, and professional men, in such a town as Newark, or Devizes, clearly depend upon the agriculturists; while the same classes in Manchester rely upon the manufacturers. We must divide them, therefore, between the first and second classes, in proportion to the strength of those classes. This will give to the agricultural class 4,187,000, and to the manufacturing 2,400,000,—leaving the totals thus:—

Agriculturists and their secondaries....	10,487,000
Manufacturers and their secondaries..................	6,050,000

But this calculation omits Ireland. The population of that country is 7,800,0C0, and it is entirely agricultural. So completely have the few manufactures of the country been exterminated of late, that it can scarcely be calculated that they employ even 2 or 300,000 of the people. The result of the whole view, therefore, gives at least 18,000,000 to the agriculturists, and little more than 6,000,000 to the manufacturers.

These facts are clearly all-important, and ought never to be lost sight of, when we are contending with men who are for ever assuming, falsely and fraudulently, that "the people," that is, the great bulk of the people, are the parties to be benefited by the proposed repeal, and that the protection which now exists is beneficial to none but a few land-owners.

But the true state of the case is also most important, as illustrating the probable evil results of an abandonment of the present system, even to that portion of the population for whose benefit the change is proposed. The one simple fact, that the population supported by agriculture is to the population supported by manufactures as three to one, should not only make us pause before we prefer the interests of the few to the interests of the many; but it should also suggest a doubt, whether any scheme tending to depress and injure the *eighteen* millions, can possibly be beneficial in the end to the remaining *six* millions.

On this point we must quote a few sentences from Mr. Booth's pamphlet; which sentences appear to us to be grossly misapplied. He thinks that they describe the existing state of things;—we, on the other hand, believe that they most truly portray that state of things which would be produced by Mr. Booth's favourite "free trade in food." His words are these:

"We have stated that twenty millions sterling per annum may be taken as the pecuniary sacrifice of the present restrictive system; but the pecuniary loss is only a portion of the evil. It is the absolute privation, the stern negation of life and enjoyment to millions of human beings; it is the denial of comfort and happiness to thousands and tens of thousands; it is that leaden barrier against all improvement, physical, moral, and intellectual — hopeless, endless, irremediable poverty, which the curse of an unemployed population throws before its victims." p. 11.

We perfectly and entirely agree with Mr. Booth, in deprecating the evil which he here so strongly describes. "An unemployed population" is, indeed, one of the worst evils which can befall any country. The only question between us is, whether a continuance in our present course, or a departure from it, is most likely to produce want of employment among our people. Mr. Booth would tell us, that the corn-laws produce want of employment; we believe, on the other hand, that the repeal of the corn-laws would produce want of employment in a far greater degree. In behalf of his own theory, Mr. Booth reasons thus:

"But, retorts the monopolist, of what avail is cheap bread, if there is no employment for the labourer? Granted; but why should there be no employment? It is abundantly clear, that with free trade, instead of being no employment, there will be much more employment than at present; not a bushel of corn will enter our harbours that will not be paid for by some commodity, the produce of the industry of the people." p. 8.

Here, again, Mr. Booth insists upon our receiving his theory, in preference to known facts. He tells us, that not a bushel of corn can enter our ports without being paid for by some commodity, the production of which causes

and increases employment. But he ought to know—nay, he can hardly be ignorant of the fact—that more than once within the last seven years, as much as a million of bullion has been abstracted from our circulation, and sent to the continent to pay for corn, in the course of a single season. And what security will he give us, that, if his favourite scheme could be carried into effect, half our circulating medium might not be taken from us in the course of the very next autumn? He may say, if he pleases, that we *cannot* get a bushel of corn without giving manufactured goods for it, but the corn-dealer of Mark Lane will tell him a very different story. *He* will say, Only let me have a cargo of wheat from Dantzic, with liberty to sell it on the Corn Exchange, duty free, at 40*s*. per quarter, and see if I do not get you bank-notes for it in less than an hour, and change those notes for gold in Threadneedle Street in twenty minutes after: I then hand that gold to the captain, and he sets sail for Dantzic without one bale of manufactured goods.

Supposing, however, we took Mr. Booth's own statement for fact, and admitted to him that, for the wheat and barley we imported, we should export an equal amount of manufactured goods. True, in admitting this, we go far beyond the facts, and obviously give Mr. B. a great advantage. Still, however, we do not see that even this concession will establish his point: for even on his own data his position is untenable, as we shall next proceed to shew.

The ground he takes is this. Here is a vast population on the continent of Europe, and in America, who are ready and willing to take your manufactures; but the only thing they have to give you in exchange is corn, or other farm produce. These commodities you will not take, and thus you wilfully deprive yourselves of a good customer, and at the same time tax yourselves largely to pay your monopolist land-owner at home. Only open your ports to foreign corn, and you will get food much cheaper on the one hand, while you obtain a large accession of customers for your factories on the other.

How is it that men pretending to common sense can seriously and deliberately write and print and publish such propositions as these,—propositions so obviously overlooking half the facts of the case!

Mr. Booth, like all the other arguers on the same side, is constantly lamenting over our supposed refusal to cultivate this fancied new trade; but the important point quite lost sight of, is this, that in running after this new trade, we should be tolerably certain of losing the old one. We are, in fact, exactly in the position of the dog in the fable, who, not satisfied with the piece of meat in his mouth, must needs snap at its reflection in the water. Grant that our continental neighbours have, in many instances, nothing to send us but corn—grant, that if we would take that corn they would, probably, to some extent, take our manufactures—still, is not the same thing equally true of our own agriculturists? They, too, have nothing but farm-produce to give; they too, while they supply your towns with food, take back in exchange the produce of your looms. The question is, Can you retain both these customers? If you resolve in future to buy your wheat abroad, instead of at home, and thus gain an extension of trade with the continent, can you at the same time continue to buy it at home, and thus preserve your home-customer?

Then, as to the question of cheapness. This point, if calmly considered, ought to shew the folly of the whole plan. Say that you will import, next year, corn to the amount of 8,000,000*l*., and that this corn, if bought of English farmers, would have cost 10,000,000*l*. You fancy that you thus effect a saving of 2,000,000*l*. But look for an instant at the actual working of the scheme. You cease, in the first place, to pay to your own farmers 10,000,000*l*. which you have heretofore paid them; clearly, then, they will have these ten millions less to spend on your manufactured goods. Bread they must still have, but they must contrive to patch up their old clothes. Your manufacturers have therefore to calculate upon a diminished demand for their goods to the extent of 10,000,000*l*. And what is to compensate them for this, but that which they were taught to look upon as an entirely new and additional trade, namely, the 8,000,000*l*. demanded from abroad, in exchange for the foreign corn imported. This, then, is the nature of the whole transaction: they were promised a new trade of 8,000,000*l*.,

instead of which they find, that all that has been done, has been, to gain a trade of *eight* millions by sacrificing one of *ten!*

So much for this part of the question. One would think that it hardly required both a man's eyes to see that a rich customer was better than a poor one, and that to ruin the heretofore well-clothed agriculturists of England, in order to cultivate a trade with the half-naked serfs of Poland, was a sort of conduct scarcely reconcilable with the possession of reasoning faculties.

But let us, in conclusion, come still closer to the question. None of these partial views can describe the momentous interests connected with this question. It is not a few shillings, more or less, in the price of wheat; it is not a few millions, more or less, in the aggregate of trade; it is nothing less than destruction and starvation to three-fourths of the people of these islands.

Too contracted a view is often taken. It is said that the ability of the continent to supply us with corn is very limited. This is doubtless true; but open your ports, and how long will it continue so? It is said that prices would immediately rise, throughout the world, to nearly the present average of Mark Lane. This also is doubtless true; but open your ports, and how long would it continue so?

The fact is, that when you declare the trade in corn to be free, and the competition in corn-growing to be open, you do at once sentence your own agriculturists to be degraded to the lowest level of the continental serf. If in Poland the lands are tilled by the slaves of the lord, sustained at a cost of 12*d*. per week per head, then let the competition be free, and to the same level must things descend in England. In the silk-trade this has already been exemplified. Protected, the English workman earned from 18*s*. to 36*s*. per week — exposed to an open competition, he now earns scarcely a shilling a-day. Why is this? Simply because the Lyons workman toils for *tenpence!* Just so, in an open market, must all things find their level.

But there is yet to be added, that even when wages and profits are cut down to a starvation level, there will still remain the difference between the rich soils of the Ukraine and of America, and the comparatively poor ones of many parts of England. Vast tracts of land, now covered with the fruits of the earth, would fall back into their original barrenness. This is contemplated and intended by Mr. Booth; he expressly adverts to it in the following passage:

"In many agricultural counties, large tracts of inferior land, it is urged, would be thrown out of tillage, and the farm-labourers, already in miserable circumstances, would be reduced to absolute and irremediable pauperism. It must unreservedly be admitted, that an extensive change, even from a bad system to a good one, though effected with caution, must occasion temporary distress. But must we, therefore, uphold a bad system for ever?" "If three-fourths of the population are to be benefited by the adoption of a new line of policy, it will be fitting, that out of that benefit they should contribute to avert, or greatly to mitigate, the hardship which must befall the remaining fourth of the community."

Very considerate, doubtless, all this; and yet it seems a pity that Mr. Booth did not make himself better acquainted with the proportions of the two classes. Mr. Hume's friend, Mr. Marshall, would have inverted his whole statement, as we have already seen. The sentence would then have run thus: "If *one-fourth* of the population are to be benefited, it will be fitting that they should contribute, out of that advantage, to mitigate the hardship which must befall the other *three-fourths*." In this view, however, the doubt would certainly have occurred, why it should be thought prudent to bring hardship upon *three*-fourths, for the advantage of *one*-fourth; and it might also have been asked, whether their contribution in relief of the three-fourths might not be of necessity more than would counterbalance the utmost supposed advantage they might gain.

In fact, such would be the inevitable result. We should see, in less than three years, a vast extent of land suffered to fall out of cultivation — we should see the portions still retained in tillage scarcely yielding the scantiest subsistence to the wretches who continued to cultivate it — we should see the pauperism of the agriculturists advancing with mighty strides, and perplexing the manufacturing districts with its overflow — we should see, with the destruction of the agriculturists, the destruction of the home

market—we should see our circulating medium daily contracting, from the constant drafts upon it, for coin transmitted to the continent in payment for grain. And, in the only hope held out to us on the other side, namely, an increase in the foreign demand for goods, we should find an altogether insufficient and disproportionate recompense for all these mighty losses.

In fine, we should have growing upon us, in a vastly accelerated degree, all those evils which Mr. Booth in his dreams ascribes to the present system,—namely, "the absolute privation, the stern negation of life and enjoyment to millions; the denial of comfort and happiness to tens of thousands; and that leaden barrier against all improvement,—that hopeless, endless, irremediable poverty, which the curse of an unemployed population throws before its victims." What an absurd, what a mischievous scheme, then, is this favourite fancy of the economists—a free-trade in corn! Founded in ignorance of the real facts, it is carried on in recklessness of the inevitable consequences. A certain degree of suffering they contemplate and calculate upon, as recessarily following upon the adoption of their plans. But they altogether forget to ascertain the extent of the suffering, or the means of mitigation which will remain.* They would injure *eighteen* millions in order to benefit *six*. The six millions thus benefited are then to assist to mitigate the sufferings of the eighteen. Will not the burden be too great for them? It is admitted that a certain proportion of the agriculturists will be thrown out of employment and out of bread. What proportion? A rational estimate would not be less than a third part. But say only a ninth: will the six millions of manufacturers take upon themselves the support of these two millions of unemployed agricultural labourers? Would not the burden sink them to the earth?

The whole theory is filled with the wildest and the most reckless of all possible propositions. Once reduced to practice, it would certainly lead us, by the shortest possible road, to a bloody revolution, or we might rather say, to a servile war. But it will hardly be attempted to be reduced to practice, even by the Poulett Thomsons of the present day. Our legislators, Whigs or Tories, have, in a great preponderance of cases, a considerable interest in the question. Their fortunes are bound up with the fate of the agriculturists. We have, therefore, some security against *this* species of madness, at least; and we apprehend little danger of any extensive change in our present protective system.

HODGES' NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION TO PORTUGAL.*

SHADES of the immortal heroes of our exploits on Gallic, Spanish, and Belgic ground, was there ever such an expedition as this of the Brazilian Don to the banks of the Douro? Oh for a sufficient vent for our lungs, that we may not die of laughter! Here are ample exploits, the heroes of which are a braggadocio emperor—low, lickspittling, cowardly, and brutally ignorant courtiers—a wise general without power—a wise minister discarded, because he is wiser than his fellows—leaders without an army—a treasury without money—a fleet without ships—soldiers in the shining buff of breechless nudity—the refuse of a common jail delivery in England—rascals, rapscallions, runaways, rogues, ruffians innumerable. The gallant Colonel who has written the pleasant volumes before us, calls Don Miguel "the modern Nero." What, in the name of supreme goodness, is Pedro? Why the Colonel himself describes him as an idiot, who is surrounded by fawning flatterers, and who believes that in his single puny person he combines whatever is loftiest and most heroical, whatever is most shrewd and astute and profound in the human composition; and yet what a poor portraiture of human frailty and folly do the pages of the gallant Colonel exhibit! We do

* Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal in 1832, under the Orders of His Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro, Duke of Braganza. By G. Lloyd Hodges, Esq., late Colonel in the Service of Her Most Faithful Majesty the Queen of Portugal. 2 vols. London: Fraser.

not wish to enter into any minute questions as to the character of the rival brothers. It has been said by the Constitutionalists that Miguel is perjured—though that fact is to be proved; but it may with truth be urged by the Absolutists that Pedro is perjured, inasmuch as in October 1821 he voluntarily pledged himself on oath to the King of Portugal, his father, written too in his own blood, that rather than allow himself to be proclaimed emperor by the rebellious republicans of Brazil, he would be hacked to pieces with his faithful Portuguese, and that he would be true to the king, to his native country, and to the constitution. Within seven small months after this wilful act on his part, he unblushingly assumed the dignity and title of *constitutional* Emperor of Brazil. Now with regard to Miguel, be it observed, that when he engaged on oath at Vienna to act as regent for his niece, he expressly and explicitly reserved all and every his personal rights, whatsoever they might be. This has never been denied by the friends of the Pedroite charter. Next, Miguel became both *de jure* and *de facto* king. John, the father, died in March 1826, while his second son was kept under watch and ward by the wily Metternich at the Austrian capital, where he had been snugly caged for nearly two years. When he went to Vienna, he was young, ignorant, and inexperienced; but still he had sense enough, on swearing to govern with fidelity as regent, to reserve intact every right appertaining to his own person. John, on returning from Brazil, after the general peace, to Portugal, had left there his eldest son as regent. Brazil rebelled, and wanted a mushroom emperor for itself. Pedro, after having sworn to be true to his father and his native country, not only acceded to the wishes of the riotous Brazilians, but donned the pomp of the imperial mantle. By this act he cut himself off from his succession in the mother-country. His daughter Maria was then his heir—for no son had been yet born. According to the spirit of the enactment of Lamego, he had ceased to be a Portuguese. By his own act, moreover, he had more thoroughly dissevered himself from Portugal, for he had placed himself at the head of the Brazilians, who were in avowed rebellion against the king his father. It has been said, that although Pedro could do away with his own right of inheritance, he was incompetent to do so as regards his daughter. But the laws of a country are more potent than the will of an individual, and claim observance from prince as well as peasant. By the constitutional compact of 1640, at the period of the re-establishment of the power of the Braganzas under Joam IV., the king, in general assembly with the three estates, made a solemn declaration as to the settlement, to the effect that no foreign prince, or the children of any foreign prince, should succeed to the kingdom, however close their affinity to the king last in possession; and that if any King of Portugal succeeded to a larger kingdom, he should nevertheless reside in the mother-country; and if he had two male children, the eldest should succeed to the foreign dominions, and the younger to the native country; and that if there should be only one son, Portugal should go to that son's children in the order abovementioned; and if there be but daughters, then the eldest daughter should succeed to Portugal, on condition of her marrying a native Portuguese, to be chosen by an assemblage of the estates; and that if such daughter should marry other than one so selected, she should forfeit all claim and title to the crown; and that the people should elect a native born Portuguese for their king.

No law can be more clearly laid down, and no provisions of a law could have been more easily followed. The Brazils separated themselves from Portugal during the old king's lifetime, and Pedro became *de facto* emperor. The charter of 1640, however severe were its ordinances on Maria, nevertheless ceased, in consequence of the father's act, to recognise any claim on her part on the mother-country. John had actually borne the title of emperor, which was subsequently assumed by his eldest son; and thus Miguel, according to the limitations of the charter of 1640, became, on the king's decease, *de jure* sovereign of Portugal. That he is *de facto* king, is notorious; the whole population hailed him enthusiastically as monarch. That he is weak in intellect, and subject to caprice of temper, is yet to be proved, except on common report; besides, that is the business of his subjects; and were he the greatest natural-born idiot that ever lived, we

have yet to learn that the people deserve a better sovereign than the one they have got. That he is "a modern Nero," and an incarnate monster, is answered by the plain and simple fact, that, notwithstanding all his brutality and Neroism, Pedro is waging war upon him because he could not force him to become the husband of his daughter.

But what all this while is Pedro? He certainly is perjured; acts of extreme cruelty have been brought pretty closely home to him; he wants brains in a very pre-eminent degree; and if he thinks his brother a monster, what a nice person he is to wish to marry his child to such a wretch! An old French proverb says,—

> "Un noble prince, un gentil roy,
> N'a jamais ne pile ne croix."

Which, being interpreted into the vernacular, signifies,—

> A gallant monarch never rich is,
> Nor cross nor pile has in his breeches.

This small accident may happen among the best-regulated monarchs; it did so among the six strangers with whom Candide and Martin supped at the inn in Venice, as the fact is very pleasantly described by Voltaire. The illustrious Pedro, according to the testimony of Colonel Hodges, *passim*, was in no better plight than Achmet III. and the rest of the convivial party; or, to speak more correctly, he was not in half so good a plight; for the six royal beggars in *Candide* enjoy themselves at the carnival, whereas the Don of Brazil is pleased to exhibit his weaknesses, foibles, bad temper, outrageous pride, and broken pledges, in the face of all the monarchs of Europe; and his condition in Oporto has been any thing but a carnival to him or his followers. We wonder how in the world the gallant Colonel could have stomached all the contumelious behaviour heaped by the Don on the British auxiliaries; or how Admiral Sartorius brooked the manifold indignities he met with from the same quarter. To his foreign auxiliaries Pedro owes every thing; they have been conspicuous in every engagement, from the superior drilling of the officers; and Napier has done more for the Duke than all his worthless troop of ministers and flatterers. That the government of our own country should have allowed the open levies of men and the shipment of stores, is astonishing, and redounds to their disgrace. The conservators of the law allowed that law to be hourly and manifestly infringed. The movements of the numerous agents and Pedroite crimps were mentioned in the daily papers; steam-boats and vessels were publicly bought, in contravention of our pretended neutrality, and in violation of the Foreign Enlistment Bill. The journals told us of the assemblage of troops at Falmouth, at Gravesend, at Portsmouth, and elsewhere; and yet his majesty's precious ministers, who have proudly avowed that they obtain all their intelligence from that very source, were pleased to shut their eyes to the glaring circumstance, as if to add another proof to the truth of the old adage, that "there are none so blind as those that will not see."

But, gracious stars! what a set of ragamuffins were these same fresh-enlisted soldiers, whom the Pedroite crimps got on ship-board by dint of false promises! Their condition and conduct are well set forth by the gallant Colonel.

"The Miguelite agents had been for some days and nights previously on the look-out, with constables and warrants to arrest the officers, at Wapping, Deptford, and other places near the river. Driven to stratagem myself by the machinations of the other side, as well as by the peculiarity of the case, I had ascertained these movements from a certain spy of twofold activity, whose honesty had accommodated itself to the predicament of being retained by *both* parties, and who proved himself towards ours a faithful informer to the very last. Through him I was enabled to direct the attention of our opponents away from our movements; and thus was the embarkation effected on board the lighters with facility, and comparatively little observation: although, whilst on their way thither, the number of women and boys who accompanied the several parties through the streets, had so increased their ranks, and caused so much noise, that it was apprehended the police would have interfered. Fortunately, some of the old soldiers, who were not ignorant of the purpose of the Expedition, were successful in maintaining order, and even tolerable silence, save when some quaint or evasive answer was given to inquiries of 'Where are you all going?' as, for instance, 'Hopping to Kent!' or else, in a tone of indifference, 'We don't know nor care.' Some of these 'brevities and

levities' of question and answer would raise a laugh among the poor fellows themselves, sufficient to attract the observation, in a few instances, of the casual passers-by. Little did the former think, in those careless moments, of what they would have subsequently to contend with! Nay, it is very certain, many persons connected with the naval and military part of the Expedition, who possessed superior means of intelligence to those enjoyed by these humble individuals, were themselves materially led astray, and never anticipated any thing like the degree of opposition which was afterwards experienced.

"There was no small difficulty incurred in inducing the female portion of the *cortège* to *detach themselves* from their main body, the men, and to desist from their attempts at coembarkation on board the lighters. As the conduct of these ladies was excessively violent, I must do them the justice to say, in excuse for it, that they were the irregular mates of the least regular amongst our most miscellaneous men. They had no pretensions to the real matronly character: indeed, to be plain, they belonged to the very lowest order of female excellence, and were derived from the most obscure purlieus of the city. As to those of the men who were in *their* particular interest, it was wished that every one of the barges should be *the lighter* for them; but unluckily there was no excluding them from embarkation at that moment. They had, no doubt, their good reasons (not at all connected with fears of incarceration) for wishing to add themselves to our list!"

Bold-hearted Allen, of Rye, as expert a hand as ever crossed channel for moonshine, and as resolute an electioneerer as ever shook his fist at the head of a hostile returning-officer, assisted the adventurers down the river, and safely lodged them on board the transports; but when there, a pretty scene took place.

"Shortly after the appearance of the officers, discontent began to manifest itself among some of the men, when ordered upon deck for the purpose of separating those who had not been engaged, and who had on the previous evening forced themselves on board. These were persons whose very appearance condemned them in the most unqualified manner, with the exception of a few who claimed *some* indulgence on the score of being *lame and blind!* A scene of outrage and confusion now took place, such as is hardly to be described: the authority of the officers was disavowed in the most unceremonious terms, and they were even, in some instances, struck and knocked down by these daring ruffians. In the midst of this trying affair, the zeal and decision of all the officers, and particularly of Captains Shaw and Staunton, were conspicuous; but with all that, had it not been for the steadiness and determined conduct of some of the men themselves, fatal consequences might have arisen. After much contention, forty-three of the most troublesome fellows were got rid of; whereupon the master of the vessel received his orders from me, through his owner, to proceed direct to Belle Isle, if the wind should permit, or otherwise to Flushing, in order at once to get out of all English waters."

At Flushing, the above scene was re-enacted.

"Here discontent again showed itself, and a few of the most disorderly amongst the men addressed a petition to the Dutch admiral, claiming his protection, that they might be allowed to return to England. For this step there was no occasion, since Major Williams, in accordance with his instructions, was willing to afford to such as were dissatisfied every facility for landing at Flushing."

On his arrival in Terceira, and having had an interview with Villa Flor, the governor, the Colonel inquires after the British battalion.

"From the few remarks, guarded and temperate as they were, which dropped from the count on that subject, I could infer but too distinctly that all was not right. I therefore lost no time in proceeding, accompanied by an aide-de-camp of the count's, to the convent where they were quartered. On the way I met with one of my own officers, who prepared me in some degree for the scene of disorder and mutiny which I was to witness.

"At the place itself I found no fewer than ten of the refractory men bound, hands and feet, with cords. Others were in that state of drunkenness that had led them to strike and knock down their officers but a few moments before. Nor was this the worst of the spectacle that met my view, for, in a detached cell close by the guard-room, lay the corpse of a poor fellow named William Davis, who had been assassinated early that morning, and was found in a passage near the convent-garden wall. The body of this wretched man presented one of the most shocking sights I ever witnessed. He was cut and mangled in almost all parts of his person. The wounds were from a knife, and their number marked the desperate struggles

he must have made. Besides this, his skull was beaten in by bludgeons, one of which, covered with blood, had been found close by him.

"Seeing in what extremity matters stood, I ordered a court-martial to assemble, and eight of the most prominent offenders (some of them old soldiers) to be tried. They were individually sentenced to receive 300 lashes. It was the general opinion that I should not be able to carry this sentence into effect, and the more so, as fifty stand of arms had been somewhat imprudently issued to these men on their landing; but the urgency of the case determined me to try at least whether penal discipline could not be enforced.

"I ordered the whole 400 to fall in, and was obeyed. I then marched them past the body of their murdered comrade, remarking that his unhappy fate was brought on by that degrading practice of intoxication, which, I was sorry to say, was more common among British subjects than among those of any other nation. The frightful spectacle seemed to work some effect, more particularly on the younger men.

"When all due preparations had been made for punishment, and the irregular body of men who were to witness it had been formed into something like military array within the garden of the convent where we were quartered, I read the mutiny act, and, after also reading the proceedings of the court-martial, ordered the oldest of the prisoners to be tied up and punished, which was done accordingly. The man I had selected for this example was not only, as I had learned, one of the prime movers in the recent disturbances, but had been always foremost on ship-board in the excitement of discontent among the men."

The candour of the Colonel, which we cannot help asserting is conspicuous throughout his volumes, leads him to the following confession: "Our battalion was made up, in a certain degree, of the most motley and heterogeneous elements. Strolling players, ballad-singers, chimney-sweepers, prize-fighters, the wig-dresser of his late majesty, attorneys' clerks, medical students, painters, engravers, printers, poets, — all variously animated with a love of fame and liberty, or the fear of want,— were to be found amongst our ranks." Of the officers he says, "It would be difficult to conceive the obstacles I had to contend with in the formation of the corps, of which I have above given an imperfect idea as to its elements; and not only with regard to the men, but the officers also. In many of the latter a petty spirit of jealousy, intrigue, and ambition, early manifested itself."

We wonder how the officers of the English battalion, who had actually received a military education, and must have possessed the generous spirit common among soldiers, put up with the studied neglect manifested towards themselves and the corps to which they were attached. Bad and depraved by original habits as were the principal part of the soldiers, it nevertheless became Pedro, since he had accepted their services, to feed and clothe them. How stands the fact?

"On the 9th March a schooner arrived from England laden with the long-expected clothing, arms, and appointments for the British battalion. I instantly despatched an intelligent officer, Captain Hill, with the quarter-master, to Angra to receive them, and arrange for their immediate transfer to Villa de Praya. But what was my astonishment to receive from him a letter a few days after, stating that the Government refused to deliver them up, except on payment of a duty of 15 per cent! I imagined that some strange misconception existed on the subject in Capt. Hill's mind, and accordingly sent a Portuguese officer attached to my corps to act as his interpreter, and to aid him in his negotiations with the government, as my own presence with the regiment was indispensable. But in the mean time, having received another letter from the captain, confirming his first statement, I addressed letters both to the minister at war and the Marquis of Palmella on the subject, in which I represented to their Excellencies, that as I considered this demand of duty to be only a matter of form, I had requested a British merchant of Angra to become security, who had obligingly assented, and I strongly impressed upon them the importance of having the stores immediately liberated for the use of the men.

"I must here remark, that the Government were perfectly well aware of the miserable condition of the battalion, and of the discontent that was beginning to affect the minds of the men in consequence; and indeed not without strong reasons. There were many bare-backed, most bare-headed, and nearly all bare-footed. It is, however, no less true, that their provisions were good and abundant, and that their arrears of pay had been settled up to the time of the departure of the Vice-Admiral for Madeira. But the lamentable aspect they presented, as far as regarded the outward man, strongly

excited the indignation of the officers and the sympathy of the marines, of whom the greater part were landed from the ships, and who, by the by, being mostly old soldiers, and well clothed, armed, and equipped, enabled me to proceed more rapidly and successfully in the training and discipline.

"The General commanding-in-chief united his efforts to mine, to procure the release of the stores; but all was resisted, on the absurd pretext, that as the British was an auxiliary force, paid by the Commission in London, all articles on their account were liable to the duty, which would be enforced accordingly. Such was the substance of the replies made verbally to Captain Hill's demand. They were too palpably vexatious to have been committed to writing. The Marquis of Palmella used his best endeavours, as I have just grounds to believe, to overcome official obstinacy and prejudice, but without effect: and the statement of his Excellency, together with that of the Minister of War and Marine, will leave the conduct of M. Freire difficult to be accounted for upon any principle of reason or patriotism. I was at last obliged to go in person to Angra, and there respectfully to impress upon the mind of the emperor, as well as that of M. Freire, that the British battalion, while in his majesty's service, had every title to be considered in the same light as native troops, and to have their wants equally attended to. At length, after a painful correspondence of four weeks on my part, with only one letter received in return, the stores were released.

"This was the first act of opposition, of a greatly injurious nature, I had experienced; and yet it evinced so mean a spirit of annoyance, that it was hardly possible to feel more than a thorough contempt for those with whom it originated. An endeavour was made to throw the odium of the transaction on Senhor Mouzinho de Silveira, minister of finance; but I fearlessly assert, the charge does not apply to him. I am aware that some clerks in his office aided the scheme; but there does not exist a doubt in my mind that it had its source in the office of the minister of war and marine. This was but a prelude to what the auxiliary force, both naval and military, had to expect at the hands of M. Freire; and I shall hereafter have occasion to prove, that the administration of this most inefficient minister was directly calculated to prevent the success of that cause, in the direction of which he was most inauspiciously called to take a prominent part. His hatred and jealousy of us was increased by his suspicion that the Marquis of Palmella was favourably disposed towards us. These feelings surmounted his regard to the public good, and led him to oppose and thwart us, and myself personally, upon every occasion, till the last hour I remained in the service; although I can truly aver, that I left untried no reasonable means to conciliate not only the minister himself, but also his counsellor and adviser, Candido Xavier.

"With regard to his imperial majesty, I was ever scrupulously anxious to testify my respect to his person, and ever ready to sacrifice self in order to devote all my energies however humble, for the benefit of the service, so as to feel myself entitled to the expression of his good-will and approbation. But I regret to say, that on no occasion has his majesty condescended to manifest towards me any of those ordinary attentions of which he has at times been even lavish to men of inferior rank; and yet I feel a confidence, from the soundness of his heart, [bah!] that he will acknowledge the zeal with which I was animated, while he admits the success that attended some of the efforts I made in support of the cause in which he himself is so deeply interested. But those who are ignorant of the Portuguese character can form but little idea of the trials, difficulties, and dangers, that foreign officers subject themselves to who enter their service. I was not altogether a stranger to the people; but I had flattered myself, that from the peculiar objects the Constitutionalists had in view, and the powerful obstacles existing in the way of their attainment, they would have been induced to suppress the exercise of their jealous and hostile feelings, at least till the establishment of Donna Maria on the throne of her ancestors. That once accomplished, I know it to have been the intention of the admiral, as it was my own, to return to our country, if not with the persuasion that we should leave behind us some grateful recollections entertained for our devotion to their cause, at least with the proud consciousness that that cause, to which we had dedicated ourselves, was the subversion of a grinding tyranny, and the establishment of freedom upon a rational and secure basis; and that, while engaged in the prosecution of that object, we had done our best to uphold the honour and best interests of the British character. And while I feel confident that the same spirit animated the hearts of the whole band of foreign auxiliaries, both French and English, engaged in the cause, I fearlessly anticipate that ample justice will be rendered to our efforts by whatever abler writer may eventually undertake to trace, at some future time, the progress of these events, and the consequences that will infallibly result from them."

The officers, to say nothing of the men, were kept on such short commons, that they were obliged to do the best they could as sportsmen; and as the island abounded in quails, rabbits, and wild rock-pigeons, they managed occasionally, by dint of expending much gunpowder, to bless their stomachs with a dinner. But while the officers were keeping an unwilling lent, the soldiers were busy in doing their best to be always beastly drunk.

"It is painful to recur to the mischiefs produced amongst our men by the pernicious habit of drinking. Its influence on the health of some of them was now strongly manifested; but, through the efforts and skill of Surgeon Souper, the effects were palliated, so that our actual loss by deaths, during our stay at Terceira, was limited to the number of six. A variety of means were ineffectually tried to put a stop to the gross scenes of drunkenness exhibited among the corps. The infatuation of the soldiers on this score was almost incredible; they got into a habit of selling their shirts and boots, when money failed, for a few *vintus*, with which to procure liquor. Proceeding in this course, after making away with their own necessaries, some of them would go so far as to steal those of their comrades.

"Finding that these unauthorised sales and transfers of property were too general to be stopped by any punishment used towards the soldiers, I was compelled to resort to a change of remedy. Accordingly, they were permitted for a time to go on without further let or hinderance, until a large proportion of the male inhabitants of the town of Praya were to be seen undisguisedly and most contentedly wearing the soldiers' shirts. On a day fixed upon, at the time of afternoon parade (about four o'clock), when the fishermen had returned from their labours, and most of the inhabitants were collected within the town, I sent for the *juiz de fora*, or mayor, and acquainted him with my intention, occasioned by the extremity of the grievance so long subsisting. It was to have the town surrounded by chains of sentinels, and to make a caption of every living soul on whom one of the shirts should be found, and to strip him.

"Arrangements were speedily made for this *coup d'état*; and officers were detached, with steady non-commissioned officers and men, upon the business of apprehending the delinquents. In a short time the convent-yard presented one of the most singular and ludicrous scenes imaginable. Some thirty of the unfairly shirted were brought in, and fairly stripped: their impatience of gesture and contortions of visage, while being thus in some sort transformed into a *company of the Buffs*, were almost too much for the gravity of presiding authority itself. A search made likewise through the several suspected houses in the town was marvellously productive; it brought to light a very considerable number of shirts, trousers, and pairs of boots, unto the military appertaining.

"The parties on whom these discoveries were made were sent to prison *in terrorem*—as many of them, that is to say, as the limits of the town-gaol could reasonably accommodate; and as for the rest, they were safely lodged in the guard-room. An altered scene now presented itself—the pathetic succeeding to the comic. The weeping and wailing of female intercessors were very difficult to be resisted. Wives, mothers, and children, in one tragic chorus, formed a band of all but *invincibles*; but, by straining my stoicism to the utmost, I was enabled to hold out against them, and to act upon my conviction of the necessity of making such an example. After three days' durance, I had the misdoers liberated, with a sharp admonition from the *juiz de fora*. This severity had for a time considerable effect."

A little further on the Colonel says, *en passant*, of the French, who had arrived off Angra: "They sung in chorus the *Marseilloise* and the *Parisienne*. But all this good humour suddenly changed, when they were informed they were not to disembark. They grew outrageous and mutinous: and the emperor was glad to get on shore as quickly as possible. He declared that, bad as were the English, he preferred them to those unruly Frenchmen; and that he much feared they would be of little use as soldiers. It must be admitted that the conduct of the French (like that of their British brethren in arms) was riotous and disorderly, and [that] they were equally addicted to wine and strong liquors."

And now we come to the subject of the convents; but we have looked in vain for some of those liquorish and pleasant stories which we understand the gallant Colonel recounts to his very intimate friends. Why has he not given the adventure of the *Juiz da Fora* with the old nun at the *Grille?* where is the description of the encounter between the long-bearded major and the nun in the garden? We search in vain for these amusing achievements. What he has given, however, we will-

ingly extract for the gratification of our readers.

"It may seem paradoxical to state, that since the abolition of one of the convents, and of the single monastery that existed at Praya, the town has lost much of its gaiety. Such is, however, the fact. The resources of the inhabitants have likewise, as may naturally be imagined, suffered for a while from the change; while the poorer classes have been greatly inconvenienced; for it must be admitted that these, under the system prevailing, derived their chief means of support from the secluded inmates of the nunneries and monasteries.

"The convent at Praya, called that of *Nossa Senhora de Luz*, was a source of no small amusement to the officers, from the highly accommodating spirit of its inmates. Invitations from the latter were frequent; and I am almost ashamed to acknowledge, little backwardness was shewn to accept them. Whatever were the regulations of the interior, certainly no severities of restraint were imposed. The pious nuns, provided with keys, opened doors and removed bars without interruption or notice from superior authority, and admitted their lovers according to their appointments. Nay, they would even leave the convent walls, from which they would absent themselves the greater part of the night, taking care, however, to return before daylight the following morning, to avoid all unnecessary scandal. The kindly dispositions of these ladies towards our officers rendered altogether unnecessary, on their part, an act which was said to have been achieved, just before our arrival, by a party of the Volunteers of Donna Maria II. These gentlemen, to the amount of forty, scaled the walls of the convent, and having secured a lodgment in the *penetralia* of the place, retained possession the whole of the night. Politics, however, produced strange dissensions amongst the fair devotees, and, by consequence, no small inconvenience to the more amorous of our party; for whenever the *Carcundo* party had the charge of the gates, the *Malhados*, or Constitutionalists, were never able to get either in or out. The immoral habits of these women was a matter of general notoriety; and an Irish physician, who had for some time been medical attendant at the convent, informed me that it was no unusual part of his duty to officiate as accoucheur; and that at that very time several illegitimate children of the nuns were within the walls of the convent. It is a curious fact, that one of these children is quite black, although its reputed mother is altogether fair, and one of the prettiest nuns of the party. There is said to be no difficulty in procuring keys for any of the nunneries of Terceira (or, indeed, of any of these islands). It is necessary only to obtain an order from one of the frail sisterhood to a certain locksmith at Angra, who, for the sum of twelve milreas—about 3*l.* sterling—furnishes the keys. This man, I have been told, has never been known to break faith with the nuns, by giving keys without the requisite orders.

"It is hardly necessary to say that education, whether intellectual or moral, has been scantily, or almost not at all, introduced within these abodes of vice and infamy. The manufacture of artificial flowers, made with feathers, and of great beauty, far surpassing those of France or England, is amongst their modes of occupation, as is likewise embroidery on muslin, fine linen, and silk. Nor must their sweetmeats and preserves be forgotten, which are much esteemed in England. Music is sometimes cultivated amongst them; and a few of the nuns at the other convent, at Angra, possess splendid voices, and evince taste and science in their singing. I have also heard overtures of Rossini and other composers admirably executed by them on the organ.

"The lady-abbess one day made a request to me to allow the band to play in the parlour of the convent, to which I readily acceded. Many of the officers attended; and the nuns, ranged within the grating, exhibited all the external marks of sanctity imaginable. After a short time they prevailed upon some of the officers to sing, and were highly amused with the performance. They next evinced a strong inclination to witness a specimen of their skill in dancing, when a Scotch reel called forth from the whole party almost inextinguishable roars of laughter. Sweetmeats, wine, and liqueurs, were then handed round for our refreshment; and the day's diversion concluded by all parties joining in the Constitutional hymn. I did, however, remark, that some of the nuns were silent; and I afterwards learnt that this meeting had roused the political animosities of the ladies, which led to a scene of boisterous quarrel.

"The costume of the nuns of Terceira is exceedingly attractive and becoming. It partakes of none of that severity of aspect so remarkable in the nuns of Portugal. The head-dress consists of a high cap, made of a species of netting, which is affixed over the brow, and attached to a kind of close skull-cap of black silk. The dress is black, with a white handkerchief. The appearance of the feet, which are usually small and pretty, is

carefully set off by the most elegantly shaped shoes, and by open worked cotton stockings of the finest texture."

Before we proceed further, we must take leave of Terceira, by saying something of Almeida. The Colonel's description of this young man's personal character is no doubt overcharged; but he was as good as most on Pedro's side. Miguel's partisans were numerous, active, and daring, in all the islands, and especially in Terceira. The party of the king was there headed by an enterprising young man, by name Almeida, the younger son of a wealthy house. His own means of support were narrow, and he was often reduced to the utmost privation. He gained his livelihood for the most part by supplying the markets of Angra with game. He was on bad terms with his elder and only brother, who was found desperately wounded by a gunshot on the eve of marriage; and the latter lived long enough, "it is said," says the Colonel, to intimate that his brother was the murderer. Almeida, however, got possession of the fortune, and became most popular among the priesthood and peasantry. His accuracy of knowledge of the fastnesses in the mountains, and of the caverns with which they abound, particularly along the sea-coast, his cunning, and his unshrinking and ever-ready courage, mainly assisted in upholding the Miguelists: he often appeared under slight disguises in the public market of Angra, although large rewards were offered for his capture: he was a most expert horseman, and used to ride a small black mare remarkable for its agility. Being closely pursued by the Pedroites, he was compelled to abandon this favourite animal, which fell into the possession of Villa Flor, and became his principal charger. Once, while troops were hunting him throughout his mountain retreats, and he was supposed to be brought to bay, he walked into the English vice-consul's house about eleven at night, armed at all points, with pistols, blunderbuss, sabre, and stiletto, and demanded protection, and means of escape. The vice-consul assured him of his inability to serve him, and besought him to leave his house. "This civility," says the Colonel, "he declined performing, until he had partaken heartily of supper, with a generous allowance of wine." The adventurous Almeida at last escaped to the island of St. George, and thence to Lisbon, to join Miguel.

Somewhat further on in his work, the Colonel is forced to acknowledge that—

"The foreign force, therefore, would have been sufficiently respectable, but that they were most of them nearly as ragged and destitute as half savages. With regard to the English, I must acknowledge that many of them were reduced to this condition through their own folly and strong addiction to drinking. Without money, and resolved to gratify their miserable propensity, they would divest themselves of part of their clothing, particularly their great coats, and often their boots. Neither was it possible, in so large a city as Oporto, often to detect the fact. Besides, that constant superintendence over the conduct of the men, which is so essential to good discipline, was in a great degree wanting."

Don Pedro held three councils in Paris, graced by the presence of the empress and queen, to consider what names should be given to the Congress and Asia; and, after mature deliberation, he gave the ships two Portuguese names. On such trifles did he spend his time, when pressing exigencies demanded on his part the utmost activity. We have already, in one of our extracts, given a specimen of the emperor's conduct to the British officers, particularly Colonel Hodges, who has confessed that his coldness to him was so apparent on the first interview, as almost to dispirit him. After Don Pedro's arrival at Belleisle, the British officers were presented.

"On the 4th February, his desire was expressed to receive myself and the officers of the British battalion. I was not without experiencing feelings of what I may safely term honest pride, called forth by the opportunity of presenting to him a corps of officers, whose gentlemanly demeanour, general good conduct, and (in some instances) professional experience, promised credit to my selection, honour to themselves, and essential service to the cause. I presented each officer individually; at the termination of which ceremony, it grieves me to relate, not one word of natural inquiry escaped the imperial lips, nor a compliment beyond that of a cold bow and a *je vous remercie*, on retiring to his cabin. A visible disappointment was on the countenance of the officers; and it became *audible*, too, when we dined toge-

ther on that day ashore. They were not over-measured in the expression of their just feelings, which, for my own part, I laboured to soothe, by dwelling on the emperor's temporary indisposition, and by hinting at his defect in the accomplishment of manners, (arising probably from his absence from Europe since his childhood,) as the causes of the deportment of which they complained."

A favourite amusement on the Don's part was going to take his officers by surprise in bed; and on examining the ships of his squadron, he did not refrain from talking insultingly to the officers about the wretched appearance of the men. On visitations of this description, the Colonel is driven to unpalatable confessions. Unfortunately, Don Pedro, if he knew but imperfectly his Portuguese subjects, understood nothing of the British character. He inquired the trade or calling of some of the men then before him, and on being informed by one that he was a gardener, and by another that he was a labourer, he turned sharply round to the admiral, and said,—"What! do you suppose that these men can be made soldiers of, or that such *cochons* can be useful to us in a military way?" He behaved with great ingratitude towards many of the noble-hearted native partisans who had joined him, and whose services he rejected with a coldness which drove them to desperation. Among others was Villa Real. At the same time, his conduct towards the devoted Palmella shewed that his vindictive spirit had never forgotten the difference which that conscientious nobleman had had with him during the life of Don John.

"At this time the Marquis of Palmella was confined with a severe fit of the gout, and unable to quit the Superb steamer, in which he had sailed with the emperor from Nantz. The opportunity was not lost upon M. Candido Xavier and his party. It became easy to work upon the too credulous mind of the emperor, and to increase those feelings of prejudice against Palmella which were said to exist already in his mind.

"The chief co-operator in Xavier's designs was a person I have before noticed, under the name of Agostinho José Freire. He held the rank of major in the Portuguese army, and had served in the quarter-master-general's department with that accomplished and enterprising officer Major General Sir B. d'Urban, under Marshal Beresford. As to his capabilities as a soldier, I have never heard any attributed to him, whether moral or physical. Some accomplishments he possesses, and a more than usual fluency of speech, which gained him the credit of eloquence in the Cortes at Lisbon, of which he was president. In that assembly he supported the principal popular measures, far more, as it is insinuated, from a thirst for personal distinction, than from a just regard for the popular interests. His antipathy to every thing British, on what ground it would be difficult to say, has been strongly marked. He has proved himself, in the sequel, one of the most insidious counteractors of our English efforts in behalf of the very cause he himself affects to support. An explanation of this inconsistent behaviour may possibly be found in his aversion to the Marquis of Palmella, whose confidence in the aid of the British auxiliaries may be conceived an adequate motive for the dislike *he* entertains towards them. I cannot help in this place remarking, that this confidence of Palmella in us was amply reciprocated on our parts, from our persuasion of his great political knowledge, his correct judgment, and his various other merits."

The pride of the Don was offended by the presence of any person at the admiral's table, without his own special permission. The admiral followed the established usage of inviting an officer from the gun-room, and a midshipman, to dine with him. The emperor manifested his ill-humour not only by insolent looks, but language, which Sartorius should not have put up with quietly. "No persons," he said, "but the admiral and the captain of the ship should be considered as regular guests at *his* table," as he impudently called the table of Sartorius. This was not all; his idiotic mind is impressed with the magnanimous conviction, that he is not only the greatest general, but the most experienced seaman, that ever Portugal or any other country produced; and this conviction induces him to interfere, after the most indecent manner, in trifling matters.

"On the third evening after our departure, certain *reporters* about the person of his majesty, eager to gain credit for an anxious watchfulness over his safety, came to tell him that the lights were not put out, at that hour of nine o'clock, in the gun-room. His majesty, instead of sending for the admiral, proceeded with his officious informant, to go 'the rounds.' himself, and found the fact as related. Sending immediately for the master-at-

arms, and still without reference to the admiral, captain, or officer of the watch, he desired that all lights should be put out, and that none should be allowed for the future after eight o'clock, except in his own cabin. Next morning, on the quarter-deck, where he generally appeared at eight o'clock, he gave many symptoms of irritation, and, lest he should not be understood in Portuguese, he expressed himself in French. He compared the frigate to nothing better than a merchantman, declaring that he had seen many of these in the Brazils under a better system of discipline. I need scarcely allude to the want of consideration displayed in these remarks, in which no allowance was made for the difficulties we had struggled with, both in England and France, unaided as we had been by the convenience of an arsenal, unsupplied with adequate pecuniary means, and hampered by imperative restrictions. * * *

"It would be, however, neither generous nor fair were I to ascribe to the emperor's unbiassed impulse this and similar ungracious and impolitic demonstrations. In addition to the four or five prime movers of intrigue already noticed, a host of persons of minor importance surrounded him, whose facility of access was most unhappily employed to pour into his ear the most malicious suggestions, in order to indispose him towards his British allies, while they covered their real intentions under the semblance of solicitude for his personal welfare. These men were doubtless partially actuated by the meanest motives of self-interest. They apprehended that an influence established over the mind of the emperor by any of the British would throw *them* to a greater distance from his person, and lessen their chances of a profitable ascendency for the future. Accordingly, they lost no opportunity of reporting, with industrious comments, the most trifling appearances of neglect or disorder which their malicious activity could detect; and the unhappy result was, that the emperor's confidence in the admiral and all the officers suffered a further decline. Captain Bertram formed the single exception, being at that time looked upon by his imperial majesty as the most accomplished of naval commanders. That officer has, however, ere this verified the justice of the old precept, not to put our trust in princes. It is to be wished, both for himself and others, that he had profited by the caution which I at the time gave him to that effect.

"The continued interference of the emperor in matters relating to the ship's discipline forced the admiral at length to speak out. An explanation took place, in which he pointed out to the emperor the utter impolicy of his majesty's personal interference in the discipline and arrangements of the ship, and the danger likely to result to his majesty's interests by a departure from this principle. He also ventured to allude in strong terms to his cold and discouraging behaviour towards the British officers, and to the dangerous tendency of such conduct."

The next little extract will shew, that if the Don had taken lessons from Grimaldi, he could not have made of himself a more efficient buffoon. Col. Hodges is on board the royal frigate:

"Here, again, I regret to say, that the emperor allowed himself to intefere in a manner both needless and vexatious, and to make disparaging remarks on the appearance and movements of the untrained soldiers, to such a degree as obliged me to remonstrate with him respectfully on the pernicious tendency such manifestations might have on the minds and conduct of the men. He did not reject these representations; but his reception of them, I am compelled to say, was sullen and dissatisfied. After one of these instances, I was amused by a circumstance which illustrated the versatile disposition of his mind. On the marines being dismissed from drill, he formed a *squad* out of his own suite, placing on the right of them his holy adviser, Padre Marcos, and on the left Doctor Tavares, the poet laureate, with Senhor Freire, &c. To this band of neophytes—for I suppose I must call them by a finer name than 'awkward squad'—he distributed muskets, (to *each* one, and to *all* fifteen), and, proceeding himself to act as fugleman, put them through the manual and platoon exercise. At the termination of this display, he appealed to me for my approval. I could not but perceive the intended derision of the parallel thus implied—the practical satire on the discipline of the men I had brought out to make soldiers of; but I suffered the ludicrous part of the impression to efface the serious. *Au reste, I had got the best recruits for the service that circumstances had allowed, and that they were not a highly conditioned corps was no fault of mine;* neither could I be charged with any want of anxiety for their future improvement in discipline."

When the army were landing in Portugal at Villa Conde, Col. Hodges hastened with his battalion to disembark and occupy an important post, which he accomplished before the native troops were in readiness; but the emperor expressed much displeasure at this shew of zeal, because he had de-

termined that the Portuguese should take the preference. When they landed they fancied that the whole country would be open to them—that the people were ready to hail Pedro with enthusiastic acclamations—and that he had only to appear to gain possession of the kingdom. What does the Colonel give us to understand? that they were deafened with "Viva Dom Miguel I.," "Viva el Re Absoluto." Again, on Pedro's entry into Oporto, "the tone of feeling evinced was any thing but enthusiastic on the part of the inhabitants generally." In the latter instance was the time for action for every *polisson* in the place; for the jail which contained the prisoners for political offences was burst open, and the inmates liberated, while others fell upon the common hangman, who resided in the jail, and assassinated him, leaving his body exposed on the spot.

Shortly after their entry into Oporto, councils, cabals, and intrigues, succeeded each other with baneful frequency. Pedro was reluctant, from deep-rooted prejudice, to listen to the advice of those most capable of giving it, and followed the suggestions of his minions and sycophants. The imbecile Freire was crying out for delay: "Surely," said this person, "you will stay to organise your commissariat—to revolutionise the provinces of Tras os Montes and Entre Douro e Minho—to appoint commandants to those provinces—to increase your ranks from thence; and, above all, to raise a numerous *garde nationale* in Oporto. You must give the country time to declare itself, and throw off the yoke of the usurper. Within one week the army will avow itself in behalf of the queen's cause,—a revolution will take place at Lisbon, and your advance to the capital will be a triumphal march." Thus was the only chance of success (from a rapid movement towards the capital) paralysed.

On speaking of the causes which induced the state of anti-Pedroite feelings in Portugal, the Colonel says:

"Much might have been done by Palmella, Villa Real, and a few others of sound and enlightened minds, in counteracting this pernicious influence; but, alas! all their efforts have been rendered nugatory, owing to the suspicions thrown over them by the very men who were seated in the same council with themselves. These selfish and unpatriotic individuals basely insinuated, through their emissaries, that Palmella had sold his country for English gold; and that, on the establishment of Donna Maria on her throne at Lisbon, such treason would meet with the retribution it merited. These cabals in the councils of the emperor were well known to the Constitutionalists in Portugal, even before the army left the Azores. Little confidence then could they inspire as to the success of the Expedition; and little encouragement could they hold out to thinking men to stake their lives and fortunes on its issue. Hence, too, the difficulty of finding men who might be relied on to assume the municipal offices at Oporto.

"To these cabals may probably be ascribed the weak and vacillating measures of council. Had the army, immediately after entering Oporto, marched forward on Coimbra, the probability is, as I have already hinted, that the fate of Dom Miguel would have been sealed. The sudden panic, the mutual distrust amongst the usurper's followers, and their general uncertainty, resulting from so bold a measure, would have placed the chances of success wholly on our side. But these were speculations that extended not into the minds, I fear, of the emperor's Brazilian advisers. They felt not that enterprises of high risk and danger must inevitably fail, unless carried on with vigour and decision. And yet, after all, our advance would have been attended with positively no risk. Cavalry was in reality of but little importance to us for such a purpose. Santa Martha had at the time, as I have been informed, but two hundred and fifty horse; and besides, the ground all the way presented but little opportunity for cavalry to act. There was not the least reason for apprehending any want of provisions: and the artillery was provided at Oporto with the requisite number of mules. With every favouring circumstance, therefore, was lost by vacillation or by cowardice, or by some inconceivable fatality, the opportunity of crowning the Expedition with the most glorious and complete success."

A parcel of raw schoolboys would have managed better than the imperial Don and his Dogberry ministers. There are but too many specimens of their rawness in council, which was sufficient to damp the ardour of the most high-souled Constitutionalist in this country in favour of such narrow-minded and blundering boobies. After the short, yet gallant action, off Penafiel, under the command of Colonel Hodges, he is driven to most galling

reflections on this subject. And again, after the Pedroites had been for some time in possession of Oporto:

"The emperor, at length, became convinced that he had nothing to expect but from force of arms; and it was the general opinion in the council, that without some decisive action in our favour we might remain interminably blocked up in Oporto. But here again the same timidity, delay, and indecision, continued apparent, so that no reflecting man could augur any favourable result from the measures to be adopted. Indeed, all our finest chances were lost from these same causes."

And again—when, like donkeys of the first water, they employed their empty heads about the distribution of bits of ribands and empty honours, instead of winning the cause in which they had embarked their bankrupt persons:

"But though the council thus forgot the real interests of their party, let it not be supposed they were altogether idle. Far from it; they were *wisely* employed in conferring honorary distinctions, orders of knighthood (that of the Tower and Sword), general promotion, and, in short, all those acts which confer dignity on individuals when bestowed by a Government in the exercise of acknowledged authority, but which are attended with simple ridicule, when emanating from a power like this, confined to a single spot, apparently incapable of progressive advance, and acknowledged, unhappily, only by a small fraction of the nation. And yet, will it be believed, this trifling gave rise to the most serious caballing? Such is the magic influence of name amongst mankind, and, perhaps I should add, more especially among the Portuguese!"

One would suppose that these men, who were anxious to promote worth and reward courage, were themselves men of worth and courage sufficient to undergo as much difficulty as Hercules encountered, not only in his twelve grand, but all his minor and insignificant labours to boot. They exemplified, however, the fable of the ass in the lion's skin. The slightest difficulty made them throw off their valorous guise with a vengeance. Under such pusillanimous chiefs, what but treason and cowardice was to be expected from the men and officers? During the affair of Santa Redondo:

"Villa Flor, elated with this success, ordered up his small reserve of artillery, and directed the fifth Caçadores to attack the enemy a third time, and dislodge them from their fresh ground, which was by no means as favourable for them as their two preceding stations. The field of victory was now before the Pedroites, and they had only to reap its fruits, when the auspicious moment was blighted by a sudden panic which seized the fifth Caçadores, who were leading the troops of attack. A Captain Rebosa, who was in advance, had ordered the bugle to sound a retreat, he himself exclaiming, in a loud voice, that the cavalry were coming upon them. The scene of confusion produced by this vain alarm is hardly to be described. That regiment, before so justly noticed for its bravery, was instantaneously converted into the veriest rabble. The troops in the rear caught the contagion, and a disgraceful flight towards Oporto ensued. * * * *

"It is scarcely possible to describe the sensation which this disastrous affair created, not only amongst the inhabitants of the town, but throughout the army. Such was the disorganising effect of the alarm it produced, more especially in the councils of the emperor, that there is great probability, had the enemy attacked us on the following day, that he would have been successful, and gained possession of the town. Even without any such movement on the part of our opponents, the further progress of the Expedition was within a small chance of being stopped. The terrors of those very parties who had affected to despise foreign aid, and who had declared that no opposition would be met with on landing, were now strongly in the ascendant, and enabled them actually to prevail on Dom Pedro to re-engage the transports, (the greater part of which had been discharged immediately after our arrival at Oporto), in order to re-embark himself and the army! In the midst of their fears, they did not decide to what quarter they should return. The Azores would doubtless have furnished a last resource; but it is more than questionable whether Dom Pedro would have been persuaded to accompany them thither."

All this, and more, was to be expected from the circumstance of the Expedition having been undertaken for such a consummate coxcomb as Pedro. How men of courage and intellect came to embark on a wild-goose scheme for a charlatan and adventurer, is our surprise. At one time this sagacious person turns admiral of the fleet; at another, general-in-chief of the army; but he never can divest himself of his true character, which is a combination of fool and braggadocio.

"In descending the heights from Valongo at the head of our column, I met the Count de Villa Flor. His countenance indicated disappointment and chagrin. He inquired of me the precise result of the action, of which I could give him but slender information, owing to the remote position it had been my chance to occupy. At that moment, Senhor Pimentel came up, on foot, his horse having been shot under him. Villa Flor then ordered the column to halt, with the remark, that the affair could not be suffered to stop at that point.

"In about a quarter of an hour afterwards, an order arrived from the emperor, stating that he himself, with another division of the army, was at Rio Tinto, midway between Valongo and Oporto, and that our column was to fall back and join him.

"On reference to the official despatch, signed 'Candido Xavier,' it will appear that the emperor had now taken upon himself, in effect, the command of the army. Yet Villa Flor continuing the nominal commander, there was still the opportunity reserved *of throwing upon* him *the too frequent burdens of error and disappointment.*"

After the sharp action of the 23d July, in which the English battalion under Colonel Hodges shewed so gallant an example, he is forced to this admission:

"The delusive expectation of having no opposition to contend with was now at an end. When we had re-entered Oporto, the emperor's Brazilian advisers were loud in their expressions of disappointment. They proclaimed that their imperial master had been deceived; and so indeed he had been, grossly deceived. No friendly greeting saluted their ears; opposition met them at almost every step; and the painful consciousness of the position in which they stood, so far from rousing them to resolution, and a prompt application of the best means for upholding an apparently falling cause, produced that invariable effect of such events upon weak minds, mutual recrimination, and inactive regrets."

About this time a project was on foot for obtaining the assistance of Col. De Lacy Evans, M.P. for Westminster, and at the period in question for Rye. We differ *in toto* with this gentleman in political feelings and opinions; but yet, with all our peculiar views, we must admit that there is not a more gallant or more skilful soldier in our army, and that if he had undertaken the duties of commander-in-chief, the Pedroite army would have made itself as conspicuous for hardy courage and brave exploit, as has the navy under the *neck-or-nothing* Admiral Napier. Colonel Evans, however, had the sagacity of a man of sound sense, and he would not venture in such an undertaking without certain distinct stipulations. These were, that a loan from the house of Baring and Co. should be completed —that a reinforcement of two strong battalions of French and English should be obtained—and that the officious Pedro should pledge himself in the strictest manner that the virtual command and direction of the army should not be interfered with. But the Barings refused the loan (we wonder how they ever came to contemplate it), and the negotiation with Colonel Evans was at an end. Some weeks after, however, it was renewed. Certain parties in the city entered into a contract for providing 3500 men, British, French, and Poles, including a proportion of artillery, with 600 horses, arms, equipments, &c. complete. The Colonel agreed to proceed with the vessels carrying the first division of the reinforcement; but the contractors turned out to be—men of straw, and the whole scheme was a bottle of smoke! Messrs. Goldsmid and Ricardo were now appealed to, but in vain. So the effort proved abortive; and Colonel Evans, like a wise man, would have nothing to do with Pedro or his cause.

The straightforward and manly conduct of Villa Flor was exceedingly displeasing to Pedro and his crew of favourites. The commander-in-chief tendered his resignation, which was received with any thing but grace and gratitude.

If Pedro could treat his long-tried friend with coldness, it is not to be wondered at that he could act with the utmost indifference towards his foreign auxiliaries. Just after the affair of Santa Redondo, the Colonel writes,

"It becomes here necessary to touch upon a subject which I shall have marked occasion to allude to again more than once in the progress of my narrative. I allude to the privations and discomforts to which the men under my command had been exposed for some time, and which I could not witness without feeling impelled, both by duty and inclination, to exert myself for their removal. With this view I addressed the Count

de Villa Flor, and the quarter-master-general. From the former I received assurances of support in regard to my representations—assurances of the sincerity of which I was fully persuaded, although their inefficacy unfortunately fell far short of their good intention. Of such applications on my part generally, I must however observe, that they were rarely replied to in writing, being almost always met with verbal and evasive professions."

And to the indifference above alluded to, Pedro sometimes added insult, for various instances of which we must refer our readers to the volumes.

The condition of the foreigners seems to have been pitiable in the extreme. They were without clothing, without shoes, without a single necessary appointment, or a sufficient supply of arms; and this while they were daily expecting an attack from the army. The men had never had beds to lie on since they had left the Azores, and had been worked almost to death in the trenches under every kind of weather. The stores contained whatever the men stood in need of,—especially several packages which had been sent out expressly for the British brigade. The quartermaster-general, on Col. Hodges' representations, referred him to the minister-at-war—to no avail. All his statements as to the destitution of his brigade were met with "the same cold, unfeeling, evasive answers." "Treachery," adds the author, "seems the most obvious reason to which a dispassionate man would refer such behaviour. But for my own part, I feel rather disposed, from long observation on [of] the character of the men I had to deal with, to attribute it simply to a blind, besotted, and contemptible jealousy of others."

An attack being apprehended in consequence of the arrival of Don Miguel before Oporto, the Colonel again urged the necessity of proper supplies being dealt out to his men, without the desired effect. Pedro shewed every disfavour to the English. The poor soldiers were actually rotting from disease; and not only the Colonel, but surgeons, officers, and all, made manifold appeals to the emperor's compassion, but in vain. The Colonel therefore resigned his rank and his order of the Tower and Sword. We can only say he was well quit of the service. After he had resigned, a scene of riot and confusion took place.

"As my time of departure drew near, a report reached me that there were some symptoms of discontent manifesting themselves among the British troops; and, as I was naturally anxious to avoid connecting myself in the slightest degree with any proceedings subsequent to my own resignation, I determined to keep myself entirely aloof, and therefore embarked at once on the evening of the 15th. On the following morning I learned the disagreeable intelligence that four hundred men of the British regiment had marched under arms to the emperor's palace, where they had complained of the nonfulfilment of the promises made to them through Sir John Milley Doyle, and demanded in a menacing tone their arrears of pay. Fortunately they had been prevailed on to return to their quarters, after receiving a renewed assurance, by his majesty's orders, that every effort should be made to supply their wants, and to issue to them their pay."

As if there were not enough of beggars, and something worse in the expedition, we have Bacon and Cochrane. The major is a handsome-looking fellow, and a clever cavalry officer; but being terribly out at the elbows, all services in foreign parts were the same to him, whether in Belgium, Australia, or Portugal (for he had thoughts of each and all of these countries), so he could rid himself of his not-over-comfortable quarters in the *Isle of Wight*. In money matters he had not the most discriminating eye, for he sometimes bungled in sad confusion the nouns of possession. We have heard that in order to raise the wind for his Lusitanian campaign, he, through the agency of a self-styled captain, who is at the head of a gang of kite manufacturers in the city, contrived, by depositing a large and mysterious-looking box, heavy with costly contents (which were said to be jewels of the value of 3000*l.* and upwards), and strongly corded, in the hands of a not over-cautious gentleman, to borrow a large sum of money. A stipulation was made, that the box was not to be opened for a fixed time. The day came for the ceremony—the box was found heavy with rubbish—the jewels of "old family descent" turning out valueless; and, on looking for Bacon, he had absconded on the preceding day. This is a specimen of the accomplishments of the gallant

commander of the light horse of her most faithful majesty.

Next comes a dark-visaged and mustachioed youth, of the name of Cochrane—a natural son, we believe, of Cochrane Johnstone. This is the fellow who enacted "the Wandering Spanish Minstrel," and who published his impudent and filthy adventures in two octavo volumes, with his portrait as an accompaniment. He figured for some time in South America as a self-styled agent of Lord Dundonald, and afterwards brought an action against him for the recovery of an alleged debt for services which were denied by his lordship. The minstrel got nothing by this move but his own costs to pay: how he managed to do this it is not our business to inquire. He next figured away in Paris, attending hops and evening parties of a somewhat equivocal character; and making himself conspicuous not only at Frescati's, but at the various houses in the *Palais Royal*, where he used to *make his game* at the bidding of the groom of the tables till his numerous games unmade him; and then decamping from the French capital, he came to shine as a luminary at that of England, as he would have us to believe, very much to the delectation of the *soubrettes* and nursery-maids, whom he captivated by his Spanish minstrel's attire. His guitar, however, failed to get him a dinner; and so he fell upon the expedient of raising a battalion for the service of Don Pedro, which was composed of the veriest outcasts of society; and at the head of which, with the utmost assurance, he appeared before the astonished eyes of the emperor. Much as he wanted troops, his stomach revolted against receiving such a person into his train; and he sent the mustachioed minstrel word to take himself off, which the polite Colonel Hodges has described in very sparing terms. (See vol. ii. pp. 193, 4.)

Another illustrious chief (already named), who graced with his august presence the imperial *cortège*, was the redoubted Sir John Milley Doyle, late M.P. for the county of Carlow. Milley is a good-natured fellow, and likely to do a confoundedly silly thing—*e.g.* his late imaginary horse-whipping of Sartorius. But we regret that he should have been ungrateful to the admiral, who certainly preserved his precious neck from the tender embraces of a Miguelite halter. If Bourmont has by this time taken Oporto, and Milley has fallen into the hands of the Algerine, we pity the gallant knight, and are of opinion that he would have done better to stick to his legislatorial duties, considering the personal privileges of an M.P., than running the risk of having peremptory and martial law dealt out to him by the soft-hearted Miguel. Col. Hodges makes very short mention of the knight: referring to which (vol. ii. p. 185), we shall take our leave of him, wishing that he would be a better friend to himself, and attend with a keener eye to his own interest. He has occasioned much grief to all the respectable members of his family, especially to the gallant and good general his uncle.

There is one main feature in Colonel Hodges' book, which we cannot sufficiently admire,—its exceeding fairness and impartial tone. We are enemies to his political opinions, and we consider Pedro an addle-headed fool, and his followers a ragged rout; therefore we disagree *in toto* with the Colonel's political views. Still, on the score of impartiality, the book is conspicuous. Every action and every character is treated and handled with even-handed justice; and the feelings of the author never blind his judgment. Reader, did you ever see Col. Hodges? If not, and you have a wish to become acquainted with his person, stick by our publisher's door somewhere about twelve o'clock in the day time, and you will see the worthy hero of Ponte Fereira entering the door to make inquiries after the sale of his book, and to complete arrangements for the publication of his third volume, which is to have some descriptions of character and anecdotes, which are what Bentley of Burlington Street (and Colburn before him) would call *piquant*. If you see the Colonel, you cannot but admire his breadth of Telemonian shoulders, his grenadier gait, his soldierlike aspect; and if you should chance to sit opposite to him over a dinner-table, especially with Churchill and Peter Robertson for his boon companions, you would be in an ecstasy at beholding the philosophic air with which the soldier swallows huge tumblers of claret, preaches forth to the poet, listens with reverence to the facetious Peter, (who are each, meanwhile, swallowing magnum glasses of stout whisky and water, *ad libitum*,) and begs at the hands of each, as an

especial favour, to have an introduction to the inexorable OLIVER. Or if you go to the Opera, you cannot help remarking that the Colonel is the most eminent man for his inches in the pit, with one of Waller's bran new Indian rubber spring-wigs* knowingly cocked upon his head, cane in hand, and a smile on his countenance, wherein all the blandishments of good nature are portrayed for the gratification of every pretty woman in the house.

"*Nunc paulò majora canamus,*"—let us go from the Colonel to his book. He has drawn characters of some of the principal persons in the retinue of the Brazilian Don in a graphic manner, as Mister Alaric Attila Watts would say of his "Annual" illustrations. As instances, we will mention Palmella and Saldanha, Candido Xavier, Pedro himself, Padre Marcos, and Agostinho José Freire.

The more we consider the expedition of Pedro, the more we are astonished at the stupidity which has been conspicuous throughout the whole adventure. O for the hand of Rabelais, that we might treat it in such a strain of ridicule as it deserves! There is a capital chapter in the book of the great Doctor of Chinon which is very applicable to the expedition of the emperor. It is that wherein the Duke of Smalltrash, the Earl of Swash-buckler, and Captain Durtaille, dubbed Picrochole as the most warlike and chivalrous conqueror since the death of Alexander of Macedonia, and counselled him to make the conquest of the world. After various exploits, he was to draw towards "Onys, Xaintonge, Angoumois, and Gascony, then march to Perigord, Medos, and Elanes," taking wherever he came towns, cities, and castles. Afterwards he was to proceed to Bayonne, St. John de Luz, and Fontarabia, where he was to seize upon all the ships; and, coasting along Gallicia and Portugal, he was to pillage all the maritime places, even unto Lisbon. But the counsel was hair-brained, and the consequences disastrous: and we trust that Pedro will be as little successful in the conflict with Miguel, as was Picrochole when chased by Gargantua from Clermond to Vaugaudry.

THE ENCOUNTER OF A SQUIRE OF THE LORD-PRIMATE WITH HARRY THE CHANCELLOR,

WHEREIN THE LATTER IS SIGNALLY DEFEATED.

In the *Times* of the 12th day of June, 1833, are the following words:—"*The Bishops not one of the estates.*—Lord Clarendon, who, though Lord Chancellor, had no more pretension to the character of a lawyer than he had to that of a man of honesty and veracity, is very fond of insisting that the bishops are '*one of the estates of parliament;*' and yet, in one part of his history, he admits that the presence of the bishops in the House of Lords was not so *essential* that no act could pass without them. Upon this passage Bishop Warburton makes the following just remark: 'But their presence is thus essential, on the historian's principle, that the bishops constitute a distinct estate in parliament. *But the principle is false.* If they did constitute a distinct estate, they must have a *negative voice,* as every other of the distinct estates have. Their having it not, shews that they are no such distinct estate.'"

WHEN the keeper of the King's conscience delivered to the hon. member for Berkshire, or to his vicegerent, this the result of his explorations into the obscurities of law and history, no doubt painfully brought forth, for the purpose of insinuating into the minds of the herd the idea that the bishops had really no legal title to be present in parliament, it might have been as favourable to the illustriousness of his own personal judicial preeminence had he abstained from *that* branch of his able and ingenious argument, necessarily inducing comparison, which represents Lord Clarendon, though Lord Chancellor, as having no pretension to the character of a lawyer.

* After a minute inquiry on this important fact, we can assure our dear friend the author of the notice, and the world at large, that, so far from wearing a wig, the Colonel has a—thick bushy head of his own.

Whatever may be the differences among "the lawyers" regarding the "liberal and comprehensive principles" of *Wig* policy, they agree *nem. con.* in this, that it were "*potentia remotissima*", to imagine that there could at any time, under any combination of circumstances or concatenation of events, have sat on the bench of a court of justice so BAD *a lawyer as Lord Chancellor Brougham.*

"Hail! great magician of the law,
Whom all men look upon with awe,
And wonderful misgiving."

Leaving, then, this part of Lord Clarendon's character, with the consoling assurance that he is not the *worst* lawyer who has figured upon the woolsack, let us pursue our discourse, in the order of the text, to the next, and far more important head, touching his alleged defect in honesty and veracity. Let us respectfully inquire, whether in his public or private capacity, or in both, it was, that he so unfortunately exhibited the absence of these properties. Is the proof direct, or is it merely inferred? Did he owe his elevation to the post of keeper of his majesty's conscience, not to the affection of his party, not to their belief in his competency, not even to their faith in his political honour, but to their *fear** of his executing his threat to upset "*his friends*," after they had proffered him the distinguished post of attorney-general, if they did not bestow upon him, a mere addresser of juries, an office implying in its possessor the most profound and extensive legal knowledge? Was his first act of political power the throwing up a bridge, by which he might, on the happening of any untoward event, effect a *golden* retreat—*vulgariter*, was his very first operation the augmentation of the retired allowance annexed to his own office? Did all his boasted Chancery *reforms*—for *he* was a Chancery reformer†—centre and terminate in the creation of more individual patronage, in a few months, than would have fallen to the ordinary lot of a chancellor in twenty years? *He* sat not, "like a *Minotaur*, in the labyrinth of that court, gormandising and devouring all that came before him."

"Palmam qui meruit ferat."

The Earl of Clarendon was a man of austere virtue and distinguished piety—one of the most determined enemies popery and republicanism ever knew; he was hated and persecuted by the atheists, papists, and republicans (both in church and state) of his own day, and his memory has been, and will probably continue to be, slandered and reviled by such succeeding ages. He was a subject whose loyalty led him into voluntary exile and sufferings with his monarch—he was a patriot who dared openly to oppose and frustrate the inclinations of his king, when adverse to the undoubted rights of the people—he was a moralist who rebuked his sovereign to his face for his debauchery and libertinism—he was a philosopher who could bear with composure the taunts and jeers of the most depraved and licentious of courts, and still pursue that high course of severe virtue and unpolluted honour which at length brought about his downfall in the state. Not one of the many charges brought against him was attempted to be *proved*. Gray in the service of his king and country, he was hunted out of the realm, and finally banished by act of parliament—unsupported by a particle of evidence to mark his crime. In vain did "one of his sons, then of the House of Commons, offer in that house, that if they who accused him would but take the pains to prove to the house any *one* of the articles, and *take which they would*, if they made out but any one of them all, himself and all his friends would acknowledge him guilty of *all*."‡ This enactment, concluding the eventful political existence of that great man, was thus stamped with the grossest tyranny; and the concurrence of *one* in that transaction denoted the blackest ingratitude. In fine, it is not the page of impartial history which can enable his greatest enemy to assert with truth, that honesty and veracity were no attributes of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon.§ Would to God we could in

* From *fear* certain Indians worship the *Devil*, it is said.

† See his orders for reforming the practice of the Court of Chancery, in Mr. Beames' collection of "*General Orders*," pp. 165 to 218; all of which are Lord Clarendon's, and excellent they are.

‡ Preface to first edition of Clarendon's Hist.

§ See Rapin's Hist. of England, and the Journals of Parliament of the period in question.

verity predicate in like manner of *all* his successors!

The true spirit of our text leads us in the next place to inquire, whether the lords spiritual have really any legal right to sit in parliament.

The right of the lords spiritual to sit in parliament is as clear as that they do sit there, and the propriety of their so sitting shall be made as evident as the fact of their so sitting; whether to be discovered in their baronial possessions, according to Lord Coke, or in usage and custom, as alleged by Sir Matthew Hale: which two apparently opposed opinions we shall in the sequel completely reconcile.

"Bishops were in the parliament ever since there was any mention or sign of parliament in England."*

"In the Anglo-Saxon times the bishops certainly were admitted to sit in parliament; and as this was prior to their holding their estates by a baronial tenure, it could not then be on account of their baronies: nor will it be easy to suggest any other probable reason for their presence during that period, than an usage founded on the propriety of having the heads of the church to guard it from injury, and to assist the other members of the legislature in their deliberations on religion, and other ecclesiastical concerns. At the Conquest, as all agree, the possessions of the bishops were converted into baronies; and for a long time after, they were summoned to parliament as barons by tenure."†

This attendance at the "*curia regis*," and other councils of the state, was not and is not a mere matter of right, of which they might or might not at pleasure avail themselves; it was and is a public duty, and sometimes a very burdensome service. In order to insure the due performance of one branch of the public duty attached to the nobles of the land, it was declared in a great council of the realm, being the parliament held at Clarendon in the reign of Henry II. (John of Oxford being president by the king's own mandate, there being also present the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, earls, barons, and peers of the realm), that "archbishops, bishops, and all persons whatsoever of the kingdom, who hold of the king *in capite*, AND *have their possessions from our lord the king in nature of a barony*, and thereupon make answer to the king's justices and officers, *and perform all rights and customs due to the king as other barons do*; they ought to be present at the trials of the court of our lord the king with his barons, until the losing of limbs or death be adjudged to the party tried."‡ This passage shews that the bishops held their possessions by barony, or in the nature of a barony, and that on that ground their attendance was due; if it does not shew that, it proves on behalf of the archbishops and bishops, what no other subject of the realm then had or pretended to have, a paramount personal right to attend, among others, that council now denominated the parliament. In later times, it has been over and over again laid down by Lord Coke—by far the most profound lawyer this country has produced—that every archbishop and bishop in England hath a barony, in respect whereof *secundum legem et consuetudinem parliamenti*, he hath a right to be summoned to the parliament, as well as any nobles of the realm.§ This position of Lord Coke we now proceed to explain and establish, founded as it is in legal considerations at this day very little understood.

The divisions and subdivisions of baronies, through descent to coheirs, which prevailed to so great an extent even in the reign of Henry III., or soon after, as to reduce one possession to a holding by the *two hundredth part* of a barony;‖ the very frequent forfeitures and escheats then prevailing, coupled with the fact of many of the lands having been regranted with a disseverance of the services from the demesnes, so that probably before the accession of Edward I., not many baronies in lay hands remained entire, with all their original demesnes, and all the services due to the lords from the tenants;¶ partial regrants; the reservations of new services; the greater part of those baronies which remained entire being probably in the hands of

* Selden's Table Talk, third edition, p. 10.
† Hargrave and Butler's note 1, 1 Inst. 134. b.
‡ Selden's Janus, l. ii. c. 10, 11.
§ 1 Inst. 70. b, 94. a, 134. b; 2 Inst. 3, 585; 4 Inst. 1.
‖ Third Report of Lords' Committee on the Dignity of the Peerage, p. 100.
¶ Ib. 117.

those who had the dignity of earl, and the general absence of many of the most important documents relating to the earlier part of our history, necessarily render the subject of baronial tenure generally an investigation of no ordinary difficulty. Fortunately, however, for our present purpose, those difficulties stand much less opposed to an inquiry limited to the baronial tenure of *ecclesiastics;* though we shall be under the necessity of entering into the subject of tenure by barony generally, somewhat at large.

They only who held immediately of the king, *as of his crown,* which, in correct legal phrase, is emphatically termed a tenure "*in capite,*" both in name and consequences directly opposed to the holding immediately of the king "*ut de honore*" (as of an honour, manor, or escheat), were termed tenants *per baroniam.* Every tenure *per baroniam* thus being a tenure *in capite,* it by no means thence followed that a tenure *in capite* was necessarily a tenure *per baroniam.* Certain abbots and priors, though holding *in capite,* were not bound to attend the parliament, *because* they held not their possessions *per baroniam;* and Lord Coke expressly declares, that if the king did summon an ecclesiastic *regular,* if he held not of the king *per baroniam,* he might refuse to attend the parliament, because, *quoad secularia,* he was *mortuus in lege,* and therefore not capable to have place and voice in parliament unless he did hold *per baroniam;* and although such a prelate *regular* had been often called by writ, and *de facto* had place and voice in parliament, yet if *in rei veritate* he held not *per baroniam,* he ought to be discharged of that service.* And there are several precedents of such persons, not holding *per baroniam,* claiming to be discharged, and being discharged on that ground. This may remove a difficulty thrown out by the Lords' Committee in their third report on the dignity of the peerage. They observe, that "to the parliament summoned in the 49th Henry III., several ecclesiastical dignitaries [observe, they are *not* speaking of *bishops*] were summoned, whose successors were not afterwards summoned to parliament; and in subsequent times there appears much irregularity, with respect to those ecclesiastical dignitaries who were *below the rank of bishop.* Selden has noticed this irregularity, but seems to suppose, that all who were at any time summoned, were summoned in respect of their tenures by barony."† And they proceed to observe, that in that case it is difficult to account for the omission of any who, or whose predecessors, had been previously summoned. But this difficulty vanishes if we look to Lord Coke's declaration, and to the fact that, although some had been often summoned, and *de facto* had place and voice in parliament, who had no baronies, and therefore *ought not* to have been called at all, when they or their successors disclaimed the obligation of attendance, they were, of course, no longer called; whilst, on the other hand, if without any disclaimer on their parts, the king omitted to summon them, he merely neglected to do what he had at no time any right to do; "ecclesiastics *professed,*" such as abbots, priors, and all other "men of religion," as they are legally termed, having been from the first, down to the last period of the existence of their order in this country, exempt from all secular duties and services whatever, unless by reason of tenure.

The Bishop of Sodor and Man had no seat in parliament, because he held the possession of his bishoprick, not immediately of the king, but of the Lord of Man;‡ by reason of which he was no tenant *per baroniam,* no tenant *in capite,* no tenant of the king.

To the holders of baronies, and to the tenants *per baroniam* seem exclusively to have appertained, for some period after the Norman conquest, the right and duty of attendance in parliament. *They* seem to have been the "*majores barones,*" the king's barons, as of his kingdom. Those who held immediately of the king *ut de honore,* were no doubt deemed the king's barons of the given manor, lordship, or honor, as they would have been of any other lord; but they were not the king's barons as of his kingdom—not barons of the realm. Where there was a "*barony,*" there appear to have existed "Jura Regalia"—sovereign rights; the term "barony" being defined, "a certain royal lordship, where the king's

* 4 Inst. 44. † P. 114, 115. ‡ Spelm. Gloss. *voce* "Baro."

writ runneth not"*—a great and distinguished immunity and emblem of regal power.

This tenure, *per baroniam*, was one species, and that the highest of grand-serjeanty.† And grand-serjeanty "is called, *magna serjeantia*, or *serjanteria*, or *magnum servitium*, as well in respect of the excellency and greatness of the person to whom it is to be done (for it is to be done to the king only), as of the honour of the service itself; and so Littleton himself in this section saith, that it is called *magna serjeantia*, or *magnum servitium*, because it is greater and more worthy than knights' service; for this is *revera servitium regale*, and not *militare* only."‡ "If we suppose," says Mr. Cruise, "that upon the creation of a barony the service of attending the king in his court, on the three great festivals, and at other times, when summoned, was specially reserved, the tenure would be grand-serjeanty; for this might be considered a species of honorary service to the king." No doubt of that. But we are surprised it did not occur to that writer, that the service in question might be implied, in the absence of any express reservation of that service. That writer knew, for he was a lawyer, that there could be no tenure without some service; and *what*, we ask, was the service implied by law—when, as sometimes happened, there was no other *express* reservation, by the phrase "*tenere per baroniam?*" He himself shews, by many of the first authorities, that it was a tenure by grand-serjeanty. Consequently it could be holden of no other than the king, and of the king *in right of his crown;* the *service* was to be performed by the tenant *in person*, and not by deputy; it was to be performed to the king himself, for it was and is "*revera servitium regale;*" and properly, it was to be performed *within*, and not out of the realm. We are well aware that Lord Coke says, the service of grand-serjeanty must be certain and particular; and certain and particular that service was, whatever it may have been, which was denoted by the words "*tenere per baroniam.*" And what other service could it have been than to give *attendance* in the councils of the king, when called upon so to do? "If the king giveth lands to a man, to hold of him to be his marshal of his host, or to be marshal of England, or to be constable of England, and the like, these are grand-serjeanties."§ But if the king giveth lands, "*tenere per baroniam,*" merely, surely the service is not to be marshal of his host, to carry his banner, or his lance, to carry his sword before him, or be his sewer at his coronation, or be one of the chamberlains of his receipts of his exchequer; such services, unless specially reserved, being any thing than *certain* and *particular*. What other service, then, than attendance at the councils of the king, when specially summoned, can possibly be predicated of such a reservation? Now it appears by the passage already quoted from the constitutions of Clarendon, that such *was* the service due by every person holding *per baroniam*, whatever *other* particular services might have been reserved. Some baronies performed the military service of fifty knights' fees and more, and others no more than that of half a knight's fee—these being the special military services reserved, without any apparent regard to the extent of the barony. That being the case, does it excite surprise that some lands were granted to be held *per baroniam*, without any express reservation of knights' service at all? though every tenure by grand-serjeanty—even to be the king's carver at his coronation—is, in legal contemplation, a *military* service, being highly honourable and superior to mere knight's service. Then, again, in the absence of an express reservation of knights' service, it is clear that it could not be due, inasmuch as it was a prominent feature of the tenure by grand-serjeanty, that no *escuage* was thence payable.|| Now escuage *uncertain* was knights' service, or a compensation for the non-performance of those services, which were of right due from every tenant by knights' service. And here is shewn a manifest difference in the legal consequences flowing from a simple grant of land by the king without any reservation, and a grant "*tenere per baroniam:*" in the former, the law created such a tenure as was most agreeable to the genuine policy or design of tenure, and thence inferring every feud, which did not *ex verbis investituræ*

† "Les termes de la Ley," *voce* "Barony."

† See several great authorities for this position quoted by Mr. Cruise in his very able work on dignities. ‡ 1. Inst. 105. b. § Inst. 106. a. || Ib. 105. b.

appear otherwise, to be a proper feud, it created a tenure by knights' service of the king "*in capite*," as coming nearest to the proper feud: in the latter case, no knight's service was implied, which proves that the words *tenere per baroniam* were of themselves a reservation; and, as we have already shewn, a higher reservation than mere knights' service.

True it is, that the Lords' Committees have not found, in any grant of land to hold in barony, or by barony, the particular reservation of attendance in the king's councils or parliament; but can that excite any surprise? Could such a reservation have been necessary, if by the words "*tenere per baronium*," or like words, that duty were really and independently reserved? True also it is that, as the very learned members of one of those committees observe, "Littleton does not mention attendance in parliament as a species of the service of grand-serjeanty;" nor, we believe, does Lord Coke, expressly: and neither Littleton nor Lord Coke, in any place, professes to enumerate *every species* of the service of grand-serjeanty. But they have both enumerated sufficiently to demonstrate, that the services due by reason of a grant *tenere per baroniam* merely, did not imply the performance of any one of the particular services of grand-serjeanty enumerated by them; whilst, at the same time, their description of the tenure by grand-serjeanty proves that attendance in parliament *might* have been one species of grand-serjeanty service.

Lord Coke, however, is not altogether silent on this head. In his report of Sir Drew Drewry's case,* in the Court of Wards, 5 James I., he states that it was resolved by Popham and Coke, chief justices, and Fleming, chief baron, and the Court of Wards, "that in ancient time every baron held his barony by grand-serjeanty, as appears 18 Ass. pl. ult. in Clifford's case, and the Lord Cromwell's case, in the second part of my reports, 80 A," &c. In the case of Lord Cromwell thus referred to, it was resolved that his lordship held his barony and the sheriffwick of Westmorland of the king by grand-serjeanty.† And then Lord Coke, in many other different places, declares that the service of the bishops in parliament is due by reason of their baronies. This proves, as respects the title of the bishops at least, that attendance in parliament was the service arising from that species of the tenure by grand-serjeanty which was denominated "barony."—To conclude this point, what other, we ask, could have been the service flowing from the grant "*tenere per baroniam*," than the obligation to attend the councils of the king, there to assist in deliberation for the good of the sovereign and his realm; particularly when we know that such really was the duty of those having that tenure?

Leaving the solution of this problem to the superior sagacity of any "eminent individual standing in an eminent situation before the country," to use the words of the Lord Chancellor, when speaking of his friend "the Big Beggarman" of Ireland—the eminent situation before the country of whom has most certainly entitled him, "as a matter of right, both to himself, his *clients*, and the country at large," to an *elevation per coll.*,—we will just intimate that, although the reservation of knights' service seems clearly not to have been essential to a tenure by barony, *that* service was probably generally due in practice, by reason of special reservation, from ecclesiastical as well as lay barons; and that service, when so due, was as fully and as faithfully performed by the former, as it was by the latter class of barons—as by reference to history will fully and at large appear.

In the reign Edward I., and afterwards, many lay persons confessedly holding baronies, and by barony, were certainly not summoned to parliament; which omission Selden, in his treatise on titles of honour, has endeavoured to account for, by suggesting that some law was made in the reign of John, after the great charter had been obtained by the barons, authorising the crown to exercise a discretionary power on this subject. "But this supposition," say the Lords' Committee in their third report, "is inconsistent with the language of the first charter of Henry III., which particularly refers to the clause in the charter of his father, touching the calling of a common council of the realm, and speaks of it as a subject requiring and reserved for consideration. If any law was made, as supposed by Selden, it must have been made after the ac-

* 6 Report. 74.

† See also the other authorities on this point cited by Mr. Cruise.

cession of Henry III. Of such a law, however, there is no trace in any document which has occurred to the committee, nor have they found any passage in any historian which might lead to the conjecture that any express law for the purpose was ever made." And the committee conjectured, that towards the end of the reign of Henry III., and in the reign of his early successors, a discretionary power was assumed by the crown on this subject; when, in consequence of the appearance of representatives in parliament for the commons, there was a manifest departure from the principle acknowledged by the provision in the charter of John, not absolutely rejected, but referred to future consideration, in the first charter of Henry III. From this discretionary power, exercised by Edward I., and all his successors with respect to baronies in lay hands, it appears clear that either by express law, or by usage having the force of law, the constitution of the government, as fixed by the great charter of John, became so far changed. For a claim to be summoned to parliament by reason of the tenure of land at any time denominated a barony, does not appear, by any document discovered, to have been asserted in the reign of Edward I., or in the reign of any of his successors, till the claim made by Edward Nevill, to be summoned to parliament by writ in respect of his possession of the barony of Bergavenny, in the reign of James I.; the grounds of the decision of which claim were so contrary to every principle of consistency, as to have rendered the case itself, as well as that of Le Despencer, with which it was involved, perfect anomalies.* The claim of the dignity of the Earl of Arundel, asserted in the reign of Henry VI., was a claim of the dignity of earl by *prescription*, as immemorially annexed to the castle and honour of Arundel; not pretending that the castle and honour of Arundel were held as an earldom, or as a barony by the service of attending the king's parliament as earl, or as baron.† For it was not conceived at that time, that *mere* possession of a barony, or land held by barony, made any layman a peer of the realm, or gave him a title to demand, by a petition of right, a writ of summons to parliament.‡ "It is also clear, that the very ancient peerages of Ross, of Clifford, of Despencer, and of Fitzwalter, must now be considered as dignities merely personal, derived from writs of summons to parliament, and from such writs only, whatever may have been the origin of the titles of the persons who first sat in parliament under those writs; and all claims of those dignities in future must be founded on a prescription merely personal, derived from the first writ appearing on record to have been issued to the ancestor of the claimant, whose heir according to that record the claimant must be."§

But what say the same noble and learned persons of the title of the *Archbishops and Bishops?* At page 90, of the third report, they observe, "The House of Lords is composed of two parts, the lords spiritual and the lords temporal. *The first still partake so far of the character which they bore as members of the council required to be summoned by the Charter of John, that their rights to be members of the legislative assembly of the realm are founded on their rights to the temporal possessions of their respective benefices.*" In other words, they still, in contemplation of laws, hold their seats in parliament by barony — the most ancient, the most honourable, and the best grounded of rights — having its foundation in the purest and most genuine principles of the English constitution. The lords *temporal*, however, as the committee go on to say, have a very distinct character. "The vast majority of them, if not all, have now no claim to a seat in the legislative assembly of the realm, but in consequence of grants by the crown of personal dignities, either expressly, by letters patent, or impliedly, by writs of summons to parliament and investiture in parliament." Now that the lords spiritual have their seats in parliament really by reason of the possession of the lands annexed to their bishopricks, is proved by the following considerations: — The *dignity* of a bishop arises from his consecration; he does not become a lord of parliament until invested with the temporalities of the see to which he is promoted, — because his right to sit in parliament is a franchise annexed to the temporalities of his see, and not to his spiritual dignity of bishop. On this

* 3d Report Lords' Committee, p. 106. † Ib. p. 118.
‡ Ib. p. 118—265. § Ib. p. 91.

ground, when a bishop has been translated from one see to another, his right to sit in parliament ceases; and when invested in the temporalities of the new see, he then, and not till then, becomes entitled, as of right, to a new writ of summons, and to a seat in parliament, as a franchise annexed to the temporalities of such new see.*

When, in the reign of Charles II., military tenures were abolished, there was an express saving of the honorary services of grand-serjeanty, and also of all right and obligation (call it which you will, for it was both) of attendance in parliament by reason of the tenures then about to be abrogated. If the bishops at that time held their land by the tenure of grand-serjeanty, by the service of attending parliament, and there is every reason to suppose they did, (although, as we have already shewn by the highest authorities, no *other* person then did,) it would seem manifest that they continue to sit in parliament on that identical ground. On the same principle that the Duke of Norfolk performs the honorary service of earl marshal, and the Dymokes the duty of champion to the king—although neither have now any "barony" in the strict sense of that term—the bishops may claim their seats in the House of Lords. And what is more, the claim made by the latter to perform their service could not be dispensed with; although his majesty might, if it so pleased him, refuse the service due from the earl marshal or the king's champion, as was held by all the judges in the 6 Henry VIII. in the case of the Duke of Buckingham claiming to perform the service of constable of England, by reason of the tenure of lands.†

The king, it is true, may dispense with a service due to himself merely by reason of tenure; but he cannot dispense with a public trust, or the performance of a public duty due to the nation. It is the immemorial attendance in parliament of the predecessors of the lords spiritual in right of the temporalities annexed to their respective bishopricks, which has fixed in their successors the additional private right and public duty of attendance in the parliament.‡ Many instances there are on record of the lords having been amerced for their absence from this their public duty. And we are strongly of opinion, that even at this day, the members of either the upper or lower house absenting themselves from their parliamentary duties, without license from their respective houses, unless in case of real inability to attend by reason of sickness, are liable to be, and certainly deserve to be, severely fined.§

We may observe here, once for all, that the temporalities of an archbishoprick or bishoprick, on a province or diocess becoming vacant, accrue to the king, by reason of his prerogative in being supreme head of the church under Christ, which supposes him to have been the founder of all archbishopricks and bishopricks; and to him, therefore, on that occasion those temporalities revert. But his power over these possessions is on the event merely that of a guardian; he has the *custody* of the temporalities, until the successor is appointed, with power certainly of taking to himself the intermediate profits. But to part with them, except to the lawful successor, to use them improperly by wasting, or in any manner despoiling them, or to keep the bishoprick vacant, as some individuals might be inclined to do for the purpose of enriching themselves, would be to break the great charter of our liberties, and many other express acts of parliament, and be a direct breach of that sacred compact entered into by the king with his people through the oath taken by him at his coronation—which would at once terminate the relation between the governor and the governed.

We have thus seen how well founded was that assertion of Lord Coke, that the lords spiritual had their seats in parliament by reason of certain ancient baronies annexed to their bishopricks; true it is that they still sit in right of the temporalities of their respective sees—which right is still grounded in the same possession of the same lands which constituted those ancient baronies. We admit that the bishops have not now *very baronies*—and in this they are not singular, seeing that *none* exist—but they still sit in right of those temporalities which formerly were baronies, and, as such, conferred a right to sit in parliament. And the right of

* 2d Report of Lords' Committee, p. 393. † 3d Report of Lords' Com. p. 81.
‡ Ib. p. 115. § See 4 Inst. 43-4; Dyer. 60 a. (edit. 1794.)

the bishops at this day is *at least* equal to that claimed and allowed in the reign of Hen. VI. by reason of the possession, and the immemorial summoning to parliament of the ancestors of the possessor of the castle and honour of Arundel.* The right of the bishops, however, is manifestly stronger in this, for they, *a whole class*, have been summoned immemorially down to the present day, and that on the very same ground. And here we reconcile the opinions of those great lawyers, Lord Coke and Sir Matthew Hale. The bishops were summoned, and are summoned, in right of the temporal possessions annexed to their bishopricks—which possessions were heretofore strict baronies; the immemorial summoning of the holders of those possessions has fixed in the present occupants a prescriptive right to be so summoned—which, so far, may be called, according to Hale, a right in usage and custom; but as every prescription presupposes an ancient grant, they are still called, in contemplation of law, in right of those baronies so anciently granted; and this we have already proved. In order to exhaust this branch of the subject, it may be as well to observe, that Bishop Warburton, whose authority is quoted in the text of this discourse, is said to represent "the bishops to sit as *barons by tenure*, so far as regards the *judicial* capacity of the lords, and as *prelates* of the church, so far as the lords act in a *legislative* character."† Whereas we have already proved, that as prelates of the church, the bishops have no claim to *sit at all*:—but, when invested in their temporalities, and thereby entitled, as of right, to a writ of summons, and sitting in pursuance of such summons, that they are bound to act for the whole clergy of the realm, is quite a different proposition—the affirmative of which we shall presently endeavour to establish.

The temporalities of the bishopricks of the *new* foundation—the few created by Henry VIII.—confer upon their possessors the right to sit in the House of Lords, by force of an act of the legislature; founded as well in the propriety of having the heads of the clergy—men, as a body, in all ages justly celebrated for their talents, learning, wisdom, and piety,—to assist in that august assembly in which the commonweal must in so especial a manner require the presence of these eminent properties; as also to protect religion itself, and the property, rights, and privileges of its ministers.

The bishops are one of the estates of parliament. This assertion, attributed in our text to Lord Clarendon, is probably of no very great practical importance, seeing that "the constitution of parliament consists of three parts,—the king as the chief head; and the lords, (spiritual and temporal) the chief and principal members of the body; and the commons—knights, citizens, and burgesses, the inferior members; and then they make up the *body* of the parliament."‡ But before proceeding further, it may be as well to see what Lord Clarendon really did say. Now the only assertion of the kind attributed to him which we have been able to find throughout the whole of his history, is one made by him in recording his own argument delivered in the house of commons, when Mr. Hyde, on the occasion of the first introduction into that house of a bill for taking away the bishops' votes in parliament, in the reign of Charles I.; which measure, we may observe by the way, was defended in the House of Lords by the Earl of Essex, and all the popular lords, on the ground "*that they seldom carried any thing which directly opposed the* KING'S *interest, by reason of the number of the bishops, who, for the most part, unanimously concurred against it, and opposed many of their* OTHER DESIGNS.§ Mr. Hyde, on that occasion, said, "it was changing the whole frame and constitution of the kingdom, and of the parliament itself: that from the time parliaments began, there had never been one parliament where the bishops were not part of it. That if they were taken out of the house, there would be but two estates left; for that *they, as the clergy, were the third estate*, and being taken away, there was no body left to represent the clergy: which would introduce *another* piece of injustice, which no other part of the kingdom could complain of, who were all represented in parliament, and were *therefore* bound to submit to all that was

* See *ante*. † N. 1, 1 Inst. 134. b. ‡ Dyer, 60. a.
§ 1 Clarend. Hist. p. 234. Oxford, 1705—which, we believe, is the first edition.

enacted, because it was upon the matter with their own consent: whereas, if the bishops were taken from sitting in the house of peers, there was no body who could pretend to represent the clergy; and yet they must be bound by their determinations."* This is what Lord Clarendon really does say. What he does so say, cannot be rationally gainsayed; and every word of it we have already demonstrated, or will demonstrate, to be true to the very letter. What Bishop Warburton has really said on the subject we know not, never having even seen his "*Alliance between Church and State*," the book to which we suppose the lord chancellor alludes. But Lord Brougham *must have heard* that there was one known by the name of *Coke*, who probably had more "pretension to the character of a lawyer" than even Bishop Warburton. Now that person, in the fourth part of his Institutes, in the very first chapter, treating of the high court of parliament, and in the very first words, says, "This court consisteth of the king's majesty, sitting there as in his royal-politic capacity, *and of the* THREE ESTATES OF THE REALM: VIZ. of the *lords spirituall*, archbishops and bishops, being in number twenty-four, who sit there by succession in respect of their counties, or baronies parcell of their bishopricks, which they hold also in their politick capacity; and every one of these, when any parliament is to be holden, ought, *ex debito justitiæ*, to have a writ of summons. The *lords temporall*, dukes, marquisses, earls, viscounts, and barons, who sit there by reason of their dignities, which they hold by descent or creation, in number at this time about 106, and likewise every one of these being of full age, ought to have a writ of summons *ex debito justitiæ*. *The third estate is the commons of the realm*, whereof there be knights of shires or counties, citizens of cities, and burgesses of burghes." "Oh!" says Bishop Warburton, or the chancellor, "but they have no *negative* voice: and their having it not shews that they are no such *distinct estate*."

"Though these lords spiritual," says Blackstone, "are in the eye of the law *a distinct estate* from the lords temporal, *and are so distinguished in most of our acts of parliament*, yet in practice they are usually blended together under the name of *the lords*; they intermix in their votes; and the majority of such intermixture joins both estates. And from this want of a separate assembly and separate negative of the prelates, some writers have argued very cogently, that the lords spiritual and temporal are now in reality only one estate, which is unquestionably true in every effectual sense, though the ancient distinction between them still nominally continues."† Bishop Warburton, "by the Lord Harry!" may have argued very cogently about this business, and here is his answer. But we will not rest there. Lord Clarendon did not say what is put into his mouth; he said that, "*The bishops, as representing the clergy, were the third estate*." And so they were; and so they are. It has been commonly, but erroneously, imagined, that the rights of the clergy were represented in convocation, and thence, we suppose, it has been inferred that the convocation (which, by the way, was not one, but two separate and distinct bodies—one in each province—which distinct convocations sometimes granted *different* subsidies) constituted one of the three estates of the realm. Now the premises are wrong; and the conclusion is not only necessarily false, as a conclusion, but it is false as an independent and distinct assertion.

At the time Lord Clarendon spoke, in the reign of Charles the First, the clergy had no voice in returning members to the lower house of parliament; the house of commons did then in no way represent the clergy, although they had permanent and important stakes in the country—namely, in their landed possessions—as clearly entitling them to a voice in parliament as that any property could confer that right on any other individual proprietors, or on any other class of men in this realm. The clergy taxed themselves in their convocations:—and so they did, and that, too, in a larger ratio to their individual means than was performed by the members of the house of commons for themselves and their constituents.‡ And what more did they do in their convocations? They discussed, decided, and frequently were not, after all, able to enforce the practice of matters of ecclesiastical discipline. Did they do any thing more? No. Now,

* 1 Clarend. Hist. p. 235. † 1 Com. 156. ‡ Burnet.

though *taxation* certainly was, and is, an important branch of legislation, it does not exactly include the whole of that power, the application or non-application of which may in any and every way affect our property, our liberty, and our lives. And so our ancestors thought, when, with regard to any other subject relating to state affairs than that of taxation, they involved in the lords spiritual assembled in the upper house of parliament the voice, whether of consent or negation, of the whole body of the clergy of the realm. The bishops' writs, says Selden, run to bring all the clergy to the parliament, who accordingly assemble in the neighbourhood, in order that the bishops may on occasion consult with them, "*but the bishops themselves stand for all.*" Accordingly, we find the lords spiritual at times withdrawing themselves from the house, having previously entered their solemn protest on the parliament-roll, for themselves "*and the whole clergy,*" against measures of which they did not approve.[1] In the fourth Inst. 4, Lord Coke, speaking of the "spiritual assistants, *procuratores cleri,*" says, "in every writ of summons to the bishops, there is a clause requiring them to summon these persons to appear personally at the parliament, which is in these words," &c. And he afterwards observes, that these were *voiceless* assistants only, "*and so many learned bishops having voices*, their presence is not now holden necessary." These authorities, and these facts, may perhaps be considered as affording some little extenuation of the offence of which Lord Clarendon was guilty, in asserting that "the bishops, as representing the clergy, were one estate of the realm," when we reflect on the smallness of that person's pretensions to the character of a lawyer! How!—

"What! will the line stretch out to the
crack of doom?—
Another yet?"
"Double, double, toil and trouble"—

Have patience! we shall presently have pulled every hair out of this old broom, and your witches will then get a clean stick whereupon to ride, or wherewith to light their pipes, *absque hoc*—that is to say, without being poisoned by the effluvia from burning bristles. Besides, as Lord Grey feelingly and frequently observes, in his numerous discourses touching the inconvenience of being kilt, and also in his able illustrations of the doctrine of "the resurrection of the dead,"—"it is inconsistent with *the duty we have taken upon ourselves* TO ABANDON OUR OFFICE," *hot-pressed* though we be by his Grace of Canterbury, or Fraser of Regent Street.

These ill-timed interruptions make it necessary to commence a new paragraph.

We were saying, or about to say, in the words of Selden, "How shall the clergy be in parliament, if the bishops are taken away?" *How*, indeed! The answer, however, is recorded; and one would think that Selden, in a prophetic spirit, had actually prepared it for the mouth of the Faithful member for Brighton, the valiant member for Berkshire, or the *ne plus ultra* trap-door of my Lord Ebrington himself. "*Answer.* By the laity, *because* the bishops, in whom the rest of the clergy are included, are sent to the taking away of their own votes, by being involved in the major part of the house." Of commentary we will offer no more than his own three words: "This follows naturally."

True it is, that since the clergy voted their last subsidy in convocation, which we believe was in the year 1663, they have tacitly recorded their votes, in right of their respective glebes, at the election of knights of the shire. But are they not excluded, and the only class of commoners in this kingdom excluded, from that to which not only their possessions—which in themselves confer an abstract right—but their talents and knowledge appear so eminently to entitle them—an opportunity of being present in person in the house of commons, and by their own superior powers, whilst protecting themselves and their possessions, to advance the true interests of religion and the state. As a mere right of property they are entitled to be present in parliament. How then can the clergy be in parliament, if the bishops are taken away? Barring the answer supposed to be given by the reformed house of commons, we assert that, thus it is, even in a practical point of view, that the bishops, though sitting in their own individual rights, are at this day *bound* to *serve*, not for themselves only, but

[1] See several instances in the Parliament-rolls, and other authorities, 2 Inst. 586, 7.

for the estate they represent—the whole body of clergy of the church of England.

"Yet Lord Clarendon admits, that the presence of the bishops in the house of lords was not so essential that no act could pass without them." It is certainly clear that a bill passed through the house of lords in the voluntary absence, or in opposition to the votes, of all the bishops—being in minority to the temporal peers—is valid; as was exemplified, to the best of our recollection, in the voluntary absence of the lords spiritual in the instance of passing through the house of lords what was vulgarly called 'The Reform-bill:' and, on the other hand, it is equally clear, that a bill passed in the voluntary absence, or in opposition to the votes, of all the temporal peers—being in minority to the lords spiritual, is, as affects the voice of "the principal members of the body politic," the house of lords, conclusive.* But the *legal presence* of the bishops is so far *essential* that if they be *not summoned*, no act can be made to bind the state.† As well might you talk of holding a parliament without the *king*, or without the *lords temporal*, or without the *house of commons*, as imagine that Lord Clarendon, or any other rational being, ever supposed that the *legal presence* of the bishops was not absolutely and vitally *essential* to the very constitution of a parliament.

"But their presence is thus essential on the historian's principle, that the bishops constitute a *distinct* estate in parliament. But the principle is false. If they did constitute a *distinct* estate, they must have a negative voice, as every other of the *distinct* estates have. Their having it not, shews that they are no such *distinct* estate."

What, here you are again! Who said *distinct?* But the assertion is false. Lord Clarendon having not the word, shews that these are so many distinct lies. Their having no distinct negative voice, proves the truth of what we have hereinbefore quoted from Blackstone, "that *the lords spiritual and temporal intermix in their votes; and the majority of such intermixture joins both estates.*"

To the lords spiritual every lover of his country now looks up expecting, not occasional displays of oratory and learning merely, but firm and decided acts of *defensive patriotism*. It is not the mere possession of their sacred offices and venerable rights, not all their distinguished virtues, and all their transcendent talents, which are now sufficient to save either themselves or their country: they must *act*. They stand in the gap; from which any receding, or any yielding to the unconstitutional attacks of a miserable and rotten ministry, will be the signal to the lords and masters of that ministry for springing a mine which will level the church of England itself to the dust.

And let not the lords temporal lay the flattering unction to their souls, of the tenure of their own seats being worth a single straw, if the bishops are deprived of theirs. The right of the lords spiritual in the house of peers is, as we have already shewn, as clear as, far more ancient than, and more in accordance with, the genuine principles of the English constitution, than that of any temporal lord now sitting in parliament. The revolutionists of the present day are proceeding in precisely the same manner as their predecessors did, in the reign of Charles I.; and it would be found now, as it then was, notwithstanding the sacrifice of the bishops, that "the presence of the temporal peers in the great council of the kingdom is rendered unsafe and dishonourable to themselves," and prejudicial to the due fulfilment of regicide and general anarchy; and they would get their *mittimus* accordingly. In short, my lords—

"I see, I see," says the chancellor, with an ugly twitch of the proboscis—"I see, I see, it comes to this:"—

"The bishops being put out of the house, whom will they lay the fault upon now? When the dog is beat out of the room, *where* will they lay the stink?"‡

"Ye hypocrites! ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern *this time?*"

* Coke, Selden, Blackstone. † 2 Inst. 585; 4 Inst. 24, citing a multiplicity of Parliament-rolls, and other authorities. ‡ Selden's Table-talk.

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THE BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.*

No. II.

DR. CHALMERS AND SIR CHARLES BELL.

Pursuing, after our own fashion, the arguments contained in the *Bridgewater Treatises*, we have yet to do justice to that from the pen of Dr. Chalmers. Hitherto we have written as critics, we have now to write as admirers. We have already disputed the distinction sought by him to be established between abstract morality and the constitution of man's "moral nature." But, as we remarked in our last paper, this disputable point, though much insisted upon by the eloquent divine in words, is given up in substance, as he makes no use of it in argument; nay, throws it overboard as soon as propounded. "It is not," he reiterates, "on the system of ethical doctrine that our argument is properly founded; it is on the phenomena and laws of actual human nature, which itself one of the great facts of creation, may be regarded, like all its facts, as bearing on it the impress of that mind which gave birth to creation."

From this point then, in the main, we agree with the brilliant divinity professor, and bear testimony to the many beauties, both of thought and expression, by which his treatise is characterised. In these particulars, as also in the originality of his turn of mind and style of composition, his work stands in contrast with the two treatises also noticed at full. He has not stinted himself in space, but conscientiously proposed to give adequate quantity for value received. We understand that the whole eight thousand pounds is already divided among the eight writers announced in the prospectus, and for the specific works there advertised. Is there not something exceedingly ill-advised in this? The whole of the money is given away before all the objects of the will are provided for. The most important of the themes is omitted,—the very subject which would most have tasked the faculties of a writer, and called upon him for original thinking and research, —this is omitted; while arguments which had been over and over again repeated, and to deal with which only required, for the thousand and first time, some degree of skill in compilation, are adopted with singular fondness; all the more singular indeed, because of their declared as well as of their often-experienced deficiency. Nay, this mode of proceeding will appear still more extraordinary, if we consider, as the fact is, that this most important treatise would have precisely answered what was wanting in the others. *Discoveries ancient and modern,*

* On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man. Second Edition. By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

The Hand: its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as evincing Design. By Sir Charles Bell, K.H. F.R.S. London, William Pickering. 1833.

in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature, would, of course, include the Book of Books, with all that has been produced concerning it,—its extraordinary fortunes, and all its travels' history,—and, above all, the revelation of which it is the medium. The fact is, and we feel it to be so, a man was wanting for the work. Should not a reserve have been made out of the fund for this part of the testator's project, until the individual turned up who was able and willing to accept the Herculean labour? We confess that, of the whole trust, this portion was the most important,—nay, the very essence,—that which made the whole of value; and that without it, however, as separate tracts, these other subjects may deserve popular favour, from their popular style (which is at the same time their greatest merit and their greatest fault), to the initiate the undertaking is altogether "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

Next in difficulty to the work omitted is undoubtedly that intrusted to Dr. Chalmers, whose mode of treatment brings the subject, so far as he discusses it, home to the business and bosoms of men. The moral and intellectual constitution of man! Foremost, the moral recommends itself to attention, and foremost of the moral standeth conscience,—"not a category, but a creation," between which a special difference exists. No demonstration whatever of the Divine purposes, on a mere ethical any more than on a logical or mathematical category, could be founded. "But it is very different with an actual creation, whether in mind or in matter,—a mechanism of obvious contrivance, and whose workings and tendencies, therefore, must be referred to the design, and so to the disposition or character, of that Being whose spirit hath devised and whose fingers have framed it."

All men obey not the dictates of conscience, though all men feel that they ought to obey them. But conscience when not sovereign *de facto* is *de jure*. It is of importance to distinguish between our original and proper tendency and a subsequent aberration; as in the instance of the regulator of a watch, the office and primary design of which, and that obviously announced by the relation in which it stands to the other part of the machinery, is to control the velocity of its movements, which office and design we should still perceive to have been its destination, even though by accident and decay it had lost the power of command which at the first belonged to it.

"The authority of conscience," says Dugald Stewart, "although beautifully described by many of the ancient moralists, was not sufficiently attended to by modern writers, as a fundamental principle in the science of ethics, till the time of Dr. Butler." According to Butler, this principle, from its very nature, manifestly claims superiority over all others; insomuch that you cannot form a notion of this faculty conscience, without taking in judgment, direction, and superintendency. This is a constituent part of the idea, that is of the faculty itself; and to preside and govern, from the very economy and constitution of man, belongs to it. Had it strength, as it has right—had it power, as it has manifest authority—it would absolutely govern the world.

Upon this shewing, Dr. Chalmers proceeds to remark, that "it is in these phenomena of conscience that *Nature* offers to us far her strongest argument for the moral character of God." An instance this of the abominable use of the word "Nature," against which we have once and again borne our testimony. This argument, strong as it is, it will be at once perceived, is not all offered by nature, which term, in the very title of the book, is qualified by the epithet external, and is opposed by the antithesis of "constitution," moral and intellectual. Phrases, we know, are afloat of internal, and of a moral and intellectual, nature; but in all these cases the term is either used improperly or merely figuratively. This strong argument for the moral character of God is the voice of the Spirit in the soul of man. Not in the region of nature at all, but of that Spirit to which nature is adapted, is this argument to be sought and found. And what an argument it is when fitly sought and adequately discovered! "It is a mighty argument for the *virtue* [how fond the Doctor is of this phrase in this sense, which, in a man eschewing mysticism, is not a little amusing] of the Governor above, that all the laws and injunctions of the governor below are on the side of virtue. It seems as if He had left this representative, or remaining witness, for Himself, in a world that had cast off its allegiance; and that, from the voice of the judge within the breast, we may

learn the will and character of Him who hath invested with such authority his dictates. It is this which speaks as much more demonstratively for the presidency of a righteous God in human affairs, than for that of impure and unrighteous demons, as did the rod of Aaron when it swallowed the rod of the enchanters and magicians in Egypt. In the wildest anarchy of man's insurgent appetites and sins, there is still a reclaiming voice—a voice which, even in practice disregarded, it is impossible not to own, and to which, at the very moment that we refuse our obedience, we find that we cannot refuse the homage of what ourselves do feel and acknowledge to be the best, the highest principles of our nature."

The argument for a God founded on the supremacy of conscience, will, historically and experimentally, be found (the Doctor opines) "of more force than all other arguments put together, for originating and upholding the *natural* theism there is in the world." Natural again,—as if "in the ages of darkest and most licentious paganism" the utterances of conscience, as recognised in the doctrines of theism, were not spiritual manifestations, and nothing else. Could they be aught other? So much, in fact, in other terms the Doctor acknowledges; *e. g.* the theology of conscience is not only of wider diffusion, but of far more practical influence, than the theology of academic demonstration. Though greatly obscured, it has never, in any country, or at any period in the history of the world, been wholly obliterated. We behold the vestiges of it in the simple theology of the desert; and perhaps more distinctly there than in the complex superstitions of an artificial and civilised heathenism.

But there is a question on the uniformity of moral sentiment which the Doctor holds rightly still obtains—the apparent difference, where it occurs, resolving itself into perversity of conduct, and not into perversity of sentiment. When consciences profess to pronounce differently of the same action, it is for the most part, or, rather, it is almost always, because understandings view it differently, with unequal degrees of knowledge, or through the medium of personal partialities. "The consciences of all would come forth with the same moral decision, were all equally enlightened in the circumstances, or in the essential relations and consequences of the deed in question; and, *what is just as essential to this uniformity of judgment, were all viewing it fairly as well as fully.*" A pregnant remark this, which we, OLIVER YORKE, have distinguished with italics. It is to the moral, as above, and as the fountain of, the intellectual constitution, that the appeal is referable. And, indeed, what other can a matter of conscience be but a matter of conscience? Expedient it is that the conscience be informed; but it is absolutely necessary that it should be honest. Dr. Chalmers, however, seems to give the post of honour to the intellectual, not only in the above quotation, but in the following:—

"It is thus that a quarrel has well been termed a misunderstanding, in which each of the combatants may consider, and often honestly consider, himself to be in the right; and that, on reading the hostile memorials of two parties in a litigation, we can perceive no difference in their moral principles, but only in their historical statements; and that in the public manifestoes of nations, when entering upon war, we can discover no trace of a contrariety of conflict in their ethical systems, but only in their differently put or differently coloured representations of facts; all proving, that, with the utmost diversity of judgment among men, respecting the moral qualities of the same thing, there may be a perfect identity of structure in their moral organs notwithstanding; and that conscience, true to her office, needs but to be rightly informed, that she may speak the same language, and give forth the same lessons in all the countries of the earth."

That in all such instances the conscience is found true to her office, and manifests her uniformity by appealing to the same principles, notwithstanding the difference in the historical statements, is our firm belief; but that she needs only to be rightly informed, is not. It needs that she be honest also, and look at her information "*fairly as well as fully.*" This "*is just as essential to this uniformity of judgment;*" and the Doctor himself admits it, but gives the fact the last and lowest place in argument on its first statement, and in the summing up omits it altogether!

He then goes on to illustrate the position, that in the very worst of anomalies in the moral peculiarities of nations, some form of good may be detected which has led to their establish-

ment, and some right principle alleged in their vindication. There is a countless diversity of tastes in the world, because of the infinitely various circumstances and associations of men; yet a standard of taste exists. There is a diversity of moral judgments, but there is a fixed standard of morals. "Even now there is not a single people on the face of the earth among whom barbarity, and licentiousness, and fraud, are deified as virtues, where it does not require the utmost strength, whether of superstition or patriotism, in its most selfish and contracted form, to uphold the delusion. Apart from the local, and, we venture to hope, these temporary exceptions, the same moralities are recognised and honoured; and, however prevalent in practice, in sentiment at least, the same vices are disowned and execrated all the world over. In proportion as superstition is dissipated, and prejudice is gradually weakened by the larger intercourse of nations, these moral peculiarities do evidently wear away; till, at length, if we may judge from the obvious tendency of things, conscience will, in the full manhood of our species, assert the universality and the unchangeableness of her decisions. There is no speech nor language where her voice is not heard; her line is gone out through all the earth, and her words to the ends of the world."

This is splendid, and worthy of the large type in which we have printed it. But what meaneth our excellent Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh by "conscience, whether it be an original or derived faculty, yet, as founded on human nature, if not forming a constituent part of it ——" Founded on human nature! forming a constituent part of it! an original or derived faculty! Sheer doubt! infidelity! nonsense! The highest and the deepest faculty of the human spirit, conscience precedes, and is presupposed even by consciousness itself,—the basis on which human nature is founded —the infinite firmament by which it is circled—the eternal fountain in which it originates. We care not what Sir James Mackintosh, or any other Sir James, says about the physical origin of conscience,—we acknowledge none! Is it, or is it not, the presence of God in the soul of man? All scepticism on this matter is atheism, so rank as to smell to heaven! This comes of discarding all reference to that part of the testator's will which would have authorised an appeal to Revelation! But the defect may yet be remedied, though we doubt whether it will be, seeing the moneys are all disposed of. Why, eight thousand pounds would have purchased a man to devote his whole life to the consideration of the high arguments proposed by the testator. He might have been set apart—consecrated to the work all, or half his days. It would have purchased an annuity of 600*l.* a-year for a learned and scientific man of middle age, upon condition of devoting all his energies to the consummation of the great design. According to the present arrangement, what good will have been done? None; and the Treatises thus produced will be, can be, nothing better than ephemeral tracts,—the elements only perhaps of the well-considered and thoroughly-elaborated work of an individual, by whom no eight thousand pounds will be counted as a retaining fee for a task so honourable.

It is in the character of a law that Dr. Chalmers looks at the faculty of conscience; but every law has its correlative in being. Rightly enough, therefore, he says (though without indicating the profound truth that *we* have just uttered), that "the inference is neither a distant nor an obscure one, from the character of such a law to the character of its lawgiver." It is more distant and obscure, however, upon his shewing than upon ours; for, in respect to things immaterial, we recognise no distinction between subject and object—no chasm between law and being—between truth as an abstraction and as a person. The correlation is instant and intimate—no more to be separated than are our sensations from the phenomena of the universe: even they are subject-objects. To suppose them the latter only, were to repeat the heresy of Spinosa.

Dr. Chalmers's second chapter is only an enlargement of an argument stated in the first, that conscience even here punishes and rewards. Virtuous affections are accompanied with inherent pleasure—the vicious with inherent misery. Distinction, however, is to be made between the final object of any of our desires, and the pleasure attendant on, or rather inseparable from, its gratification—a distinction which strikes at the root of the selfish system of morals; a system which professes

that man's sole object, in the practice of all the various moralities, is his own individual advantage. So far, so good. But, in the progress of his argument, the Doctor finds it necessary to modify the principles of his chapter: the assertion, he discovers, "may be taken too generally, when it is stated, that there is no enjoyment whatever in the veriest hell of assembled outcasts; for even there there might be many separate and specific gratifications." Hence comes out the grand fact, that "by the universal law and nature of affections, there must be some sort of agreeable sensation in the act of their obtaining that which they are seeking after." Here is a glimpse gained into the arcana of our spiritual constitution: what a vista does it open, if properly pursued! Dr. Chalmers, however, shuts the door in alarm, and pursues his pleasures and his miseries in the outer court of the temple, as if for him the veil that shrouds up the revelation of a higher mystery had never been withdrawn. So ever is it with the merely formal mind, however brilliant—so hastens it away from the ideal and the spiritual into its logical forms, and dwells in the void and the darkness for ever and for ever! O wasted gleams of a higher world! O sunbeams gone astray! Chaos knows them not.

Nay, but we will diverge a little in company with Sir Charles Bell—an especial favourite of ours. He also says something of pain and pleasure, which, though in him physical, may, *pari passu*, be applied by analogy to the meta-physical. It is in the chapter (the 7th) which treats of sensibility and touch, that these illustrative facts occur of which we here make use. By the by, this same treatise of *The Hand* is the best of the series—out of sight the very best. *Si sic omnia!*

The pain which we experience in the eye, and the irritation from dust, are owing to a distinct nerve from that of vision, and are consequent on the susceptibility of the surface to a different kind of impression. In like manner, the sensibility of the skin serves not only to give the sense of touch, but acts as a guard upon the deeper parts; and as they cannot be reached except through the skin, and we must suffer pain, therefore, before they are injured, it would be superfluous to bestow sensibility upon these deeper parts. If the internal parts which act in the motions of the body had possessed a similar kind and degree of sensibility with the skin, so far from serving any useful purpose, this sensibility would have been a source of inconvenience and continual pain in the common exercise of the frame. The skin thus being made a safeguard to the delicate textures which are contained within, by forcing us to avoid injuries, does afford us a more effectual defence than if our bodies were covered with the hide of the rhinoceros. Such, no doubt, is the benevolent design of all pain, whether belonging to our corporal or moral and intellectual constitution. A warning it is for our good, if heeded and obeyed. Mark, however, a more astonishing physical fact, that when the bones, joints, and all the membranes and ligaments which cover them, are exposed, they may be cut, pricked, or even burned, without the patient or animal suffering the slightest pain. A sensibility similar to that of the skin given to these internal parts would have remained unexercised: no injuries, such as pricking and burning, can reach them; or never without warning being received through the sensibility of the skin. All pain, therefore, it may be concluded, has reference to a final cause. Other injuries, however, may reach them,—sprains, rupture, shocks, —accidents in which the skin is not at all implicated. They have, therefore, their own appropriate sensibility; and the parts that are insensible to pricking, cutting, and burning, are actually sensible to concussion, to stretching, or laceration. May it not, therefore, again be concluded, that pain has ever a reference to a final cause? Combine this with the fact, that there is "enjoyment remaining even in the veriest hell of assembled outcasts!" What then?

The sensibility of the hand to heat is a different endowment from that of touch. This sensibility to the varieties of temperature is seated in the skin, and limited to the exterior surface—the internal parts of the body being of a uniform temperature. From the want of this sensibility, the paralytic is brought to the surgeon severely bruised, or with his extremities mortified through cold. "A man having lost the sense of heat in his right hand, but retaining the muscular power, lifted the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire and deliberately replaced it, not being

conscious that it was burning hot; the effect, however, was the death and destruction of the skin of the palm and fingers. In this man there was a continual sensation of coldness in the affected arm, which actual cold applied to the extremity did not aggravate, nor heat in any degree assuage." Cold and heat are distinct sensations—contrasts without which we should not continue to enjoy the sense—variety or contrasts in the nervous system being necessary to sensation, the finest organ of sense losing its property by the continuance of the same impression. An adaptation this of the living property very different from the physical influence; heat being uniform in its effect on matter; but as given or abstracted from the living body, the sensation varies. Only by comparison of heat and cold we enjoy either condition.

Sir Charles Bell further illustrates his subject by reference to the brain, the eye, and the heart. The brain is insensible: that part of the brain which, if disturbed or diseased, takes away consciousness, is as insensible as the leather of our shoe! The brain may be touched, or a portion of it cut off, without interrupting the patient in the sentence that he is uttering!—a fact proving that sensibility is not a necessary attendant on the delicate texture of a living part, but that it must have an appropriate organ, and that it is an especial provision. The eye is protected by a nerve possessing a quality totally different from that of the optic nerve. It extends over all the exterior surfaces of the eye, and gives to those surfaces their delicate sensibility. It is sometimes injured, and its function lost. What then? Why, smoke and offensive particles, which are afloat in the atmosphere, rest upon the eye; flies and dust lodge under the eyelids, without producing sensation, and without exciting either the hydraulic or the mechanical apparatus to act for the purpose of expelling them.* No pain is experienced, but the stimulated surfaces are inflamed, and consequent opacity obtains in the fine transparent members of the eye. The organ is lost, though the proper nerve of vision remains entire. Sir Charles Bell has seen many instances of the eye being thus destroyed for want of sensibility to touch, which he has stated at length in his papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and in the appendix of his work on the nervous system. It has, he states, been curious to remark, that when the hand was waved, or a feather brought near the eye, the person winked; yet he did not shut his eye on rubbing the finger across the eyeball, or when blood was removed by the lancet from the inflamed vessels. In those cases, when vision gave notice of danger to the organ, the patient winked to avoid it; but when the point touched the eye or eyelids, the sense of touch gave no alarm, and was followed by no action for the protection of the organ.

"I shall present," continues Sir Charles Bell, "another instance of the peculiar sensibility which protects the eye. The oculist has observed that, by the touch of a thing as light as a feather, the muscles of the eye will be thrown into uncontrollable actions and spasms; but if the point of the finger be pressed somewhat rudely between the eyelids, and directly on the eye itself, he can by such means hold the eye steady for his intended operation, producing hardly any sensation—certainly no pain.

"This is one of the little secrets of the art. The oculist turns out the eyelids, and fingers the eye, in a manner which appears at once rude and masterly; and still the wonder grows, that he can do such things with so much dexterity as to inflict no pain, when by daily experience we know that even a grain of sand in the eye will torture us. The explanation is this: the eye and eyelids are possessed of a sensibility which is so adjusted as to excite the action of its protecting parts against such small particles as might lodge and inflame its fine membranes. But the apparatus is not capable of protecting the surface of the eye against the intrusion of a stick or a stone; from such injuries it could not be defended by a delicate sensibility and involuntary action, but only by the effort of the will.

"In these details we have new proofs of the minute relation which is established between the species of sensibility in an organ, and the end to be attained through it. It will not be denied,

* The mechanical and more obvious contrivance for the protection of the visual organ, is a ready motion of the eyelids, and the shedding of tears; which, coming as it were from a little fountain, play over the surface of the eye, and wash away whatever is offensive.

that but for the pain to which the eye is exposed, we should quickly lose the enjoyment of the sense of vision altogether."

So far for the brain and the eye. The facts relative to the heart are equally interesting.

"The observation of the admirable Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, is to this effect.* A noble youth of the family of Montgomery, from a fall and consequent abscess on the side of the chest, had the interior marvellously exposed, so that after his cure, on his return from his travels, the heart and lungs were still visible, and could be handled; which when it was communicated to Charles I., he expressed a desire that Harvey should be permitted to see the youth and examine his heart. 'When,' says Harvey, 'I had paid my respects to this young nobleman, and conveyed to him the king's request, he made no concealment, but exposed the left side of his breast, when I saw a cavity into which I could introduce my fingers and thumb. Astonished with the novelty, again and again I explored the wound; and first marvelling at the extraordinary nature of the cure, I set about the examination of the heart. Taking it in one hand, and placing the finger of the other on the pulse of the wrist, I satisfied myself that it was indeed the heart which I grasped. I then brought him to the king, that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless when we touched the outer skin, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we touched the heart!' Other authorities confirm this great authority, and the heart is declared insensible. And yet the opinions of mankind must not be lightly condemned. Not only does every emotion of the mind affect the heart, but every change in the condition of the body is attended with a correspondent change in the heart: motion during health—the influence of disease—every passing thought, will influence it. Here is the distinction manifested. The sensibility of the surface of the eye is for a purpose, and so is the sensibility of the heart. Whilst that of the eye guards it against injury from without, the heart, insensible to touch, is yet alive to every variation in the circulation, subject to change from every alteration of posture or of exertion, and is in sympathy of the strictest kind with the constitutional powers."

Such are the highly interesting and instructive facts, which, for want of space, we must leave our more spiritual readers to translate into their psychological equivalents, if they would apply them either by analogy, or as symbols, to the moral and intellectual constitution of the mind.

A third general argument Dr. Chalmers derives from the *power and operation of habit.* Dr. Thomas Brown resolves the whole operation of habit into the law of suggestion; but he would extend that law to states of feeling, as well as to thoughts or states of thoughts. Dr. Chalmers is rather inclined to hold that thought introduces feeling, not in consequence of the same law of suggestion whereby thought introduces thought, but in virtue of the direct power which lies in the object of the thought to excite that feeling. When a voluptuous object awakens a voluptuous feeling, this is not by suggestion, but by a direct influence of its own. When the picture of that voluptuous object awakens the same voluptuous feeling, we would not ascribe it to suggestion, but still put it down to the power of the object, whether presented or only represented, to awaken certain emotions. And as little would we ascribe the excitement of the feeling to suggestion, but still to the direct and original power of the object—though it were pictured to us only in thought, instead of being pictured to us in visible imagery.

"In like manner," the Doctor continues, "when the thought of an injury awakens in us anger, even as the injury itself did at the moment of its infliction, we should not ascribe this to that peculiar law which is termed the law of suggestion, and which undoubtedly connects thought with thought. But we should ascribe it wholly to that law which connects an object with its appropriate emotion—whether that object be present to the senses, or have been recalled by the memory and is present to the thoughts. We sustain an injury, and we feel resentment in consequence, without surely the law of suggestion having aught to do with the sequence. We see the aggressor afterwards, and our anger is revived against him; and with this particular succession the law of suggestion has certainly had to do—not, however, in the way of thought suggesting feeling, but only in the way of thought suggesting thought. In truth, it is a succession of three terms. The sight of the man awakens a recollection of the injury; and the thought of the injury awakens the emotion. The first sequence, or that which obtains between the first and second term, is a pure in-

stance of the suggestion of thought by thought—or, to speak in the old language, of the association of ideas. The second sequence, or that which obtains between the middle and last term, is still, Dr. Brown would say, an instance of suggestion, but of thought suggesting the feeling wherewith it was formerly accompanied. Whereas, in our apprehension, it is due, not to the law of suggestion, but to the law which connects an object, whether present at the time or thought upon afterwards, with its counterpart emotion. Still the result is the same, however differently accounted for," &c.

While we are upon this subject, we may mention that Sir Charles Bell has in his treatise made glorious demolition of the Hartleyan theory of association. Impressions may be traced to the extremity of the nerve, still we comprehend nothing of their nature, or of the manner in which they are transmitted to the sensorium. To the most minute examination, the nerves in all their course, and where they are expanded into the external organs of sense, seem the same in substance and in structure. The disturbance of the extremity of the nerve, the vibrations upon it, or the images painted upon its surface, cannot be transmitted to the brain according to any physical laws that we are acquainted with. "*The impression on the nerve can have no resemblance to the ideas suggested in the mind.* All that we can say is, that THE AGITATIONS OF THE NERVES OF THE OUTWARD SENSES ARE THE SIGNALS which the Author of Nature has made the MEANS OF CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE REALITIES." How the consent, which is so precise and constant, is established, can neither be explained by anatomy, nor by physiology, nor by any mode of physical inquiry whatever.

No organ of sense can become the substitute for another, so as to excite the same idea. Deprived of sight, no power of attention, or continued effort of the will, or exercise of the other senses, can make an individual enjoy the lost class of sensations. The sense of touch may be increased in an exquisite degree, but not so as to supply sight. Experiment proves, what is suggested by anatomy, that not only the organs are appropriated to particular classes of sensations, but that the nerves intermediate between the brain and the outward organs are respectively capable of receiving no other sensations but such as are adapted to their particular organs. Every impression on the nerve of the eye, or of the ear, or on the nerve of smelling, or of taste, excites only ideas of vision, of hearing, of smelling, or of tasting; not solely because the extremities of these nerves, individually, are suited to external impressions, but because the nerves are through their whole course, and wherever they are irritated, capable of exciting in the mind the idea to which they are appropriate, and no other. A blow, an impulse quite unlike that for which the organs of the senses are provided, will excite them all in their several ways; the eyes will flash fire while there is a noise in the ears. An officer received a musket-ball, which went through the bones of his face; in describing his sensations, he said that he felt as if there had been a flash of lightning, accompanied with a sound like the shutting of the door of St. Paul's. Hence, also, false sensations accompanying morbid irritation.

The doctrine of vibration is at variance with anatomy, and presupposes the existence of an imaginary ether, possessing laws unlike any thing of which we have experience—a nervous fluid, and tubes or fibres in the nerve, to receive and convey vibrations. It supposes every where *motion* as the sole means of propagating sensation. A certain kind or degree of vibration being communicated to any nerve, this particular motion, it is said, must be propagated to the sensorium, and a corresponding idea excited in the mind. For example, it is conceived that if the nerve of hearing were placed in the bottom of the eye, it would be impressed with the vibration proper to light, and that this being conveyed to the brain, the sensation of light or colours would result; all which, Sir Charles Bell pronounces to be contrary to fact. Nor can he be satisfied that light and colours shall result from vibrations which shall vary "from four hundred and fifty-eight millions of millions, to seven hundred and twenty-seven millions of millions in a second," when he finds that a fine needle pricking the retina will produce brilliant light,* and

* It is an interesting fact, that when surgeons perform the operation of couching, the point of the needle, in passing through the outer coat of the eye, gives a sensation of pricking, which is an exercise of the nerve of touch; but when the point passes

that the pressure of the finger on the ball of the eye will give rise to all the colours of the rainbow. The manner in which the object presented to the outward sense and the idea of it are connected, must ever be beyond our comprehension. An object so presented, however, is attended with the conviction of its real existence. This conviction is not, nevertheless, what Sir Charles Bell supposes, independent of our reason, but in consequence of an intuitive and immediate exercise of it, and is only on that account a first law of nature; law itself being always a product of reason, and correlative to idea.

" There is," rightly remarks Sir C. Bell, " a condition of the percipient or sentient principle of the brain and nerves, as well as of the organ of sense, conforming to the impression to be made; a condition which corresponds with the qualities of matter. The several organs of sense may be compared to so many instruments which the philosopher applies to distinguish the several qualities of the body which he investigates. The different properties of that body are not communicable through any one instrument; and so in the use of the senses, each organ is provided for receiving a particular influence, and no other.

" However mortifying it may be to acknowledge ignorance, variation of motion in a body cannot be admitted as the cause of sensation universally; nor, as I said, can we comprehend any thing of the manner in which the nerves are affected: certainly we know nothing of the manner in which sensation is propagated, or the mind ultimately influenced. But there is a very pleasing view of the subject, notwithstanding; which is to observe the correspondence of the mind (through a series of organic parts) with the external world, or with the conditions and qualities of matter; than which nothing can convey a more sublime idea of power, and of the system or unity of organic and inorganic creations."

The more frequently, saith Dr. Chalmers, any particular sequence between thought and thought may have occurred, the more readily will it recur; so that when once the first thought has entered the mind, we may all the more confidently reckon on its being followed up by the second. With the same ever-recurring force and facility feelings will in like manner arise, and be followed up by their indulgence, and that just in proportion to the frequency wherewith in given circumstances they have been already awakened and indulged. If it be the presence or perception of the wine that stands before us which stirs up the appetite, and if, instead of acting on the precept of looking not unto the wine when it is red, we continue to look till the appetite be so inflamed that the indulgence becomes inevitable—then, as we looked at it continuously when present, will we, by the law of suggestion, be apt to think of it continuously when absent. When we revisit the next social company, we shall probably resign ourselves to the very order of sensations that we did formerly; and the more surely, the oftener that order has already been described by us. Such is the process of thought and feeling by which we are led, whether through the imagination or the senses, from the first presentation of a tempting object to a guilty indulgence, till, the will itself in thraldom, the whole man submits to the tyranny of evil passions. No man is struck of a sudden with moral impotency, but every man is gradually benumbed into it. The power of temptation makes no instant seizure upon the faculties, takes them not by storm, but proceeds by an influence that is gently and insensibly progressive—just as progressive, in truth, as the association between particular ideas is strengthened by the frequency of their succession, until the association and the moral habit become alike inveterate.

Easy at first is resistance; more difficult, yet possible, afterwards, and with a facility ever augmenting, in proportion as the effectual resistance of temptation is persevered in. The same law of associations in regard to both thoughts and feelings obtains, and in the same course and order of operation; giving to resistance just the same motive for hope as indulgence had for fear. " The humbler attainments of moral worth are first mastered and secured, and the aspiring disciple may pass onward in a career that is quite

through the retina, which is the expanded nerve of vision, and forms the internal coat of the eye, the sensation that is produced is as a spark of fire. The nerve of vision is as insensible to touch as the nerve of touch is to light.

indefinite to nobler deeds and nobler sacrifices." Such is the influence of habit both for good and evil. "The oftener that Conscience makes good the supremacy which she claims, the greater would be the work of violence, and less the strength for its accomplishment, to cast her down from that station of practical guidance and command which of right belongs to her."

Had there been no death, the mystery of our present state might have been somewhat alleviated. We might then have seen, in bolder relief and indelible character, the respective consummations of vice and virtue—perhaps the world partitioned into distinct moral territories, where the habit of many centuries had given fixture and establishment, first, to a society of the upright, now in the firm possession of all goodness, as the well-earned result of that wholesome discipline through which they had passed; and, second, to a society of the reprobate, now hardened in all iniquity, and abandoned to the violence of evil passions no longer to be controlled, and never to be eradicated. From the history and state of such a world, the policy of its ruler might easily be divined. But now death intercepts the view of this result; still it remains the object of our likely anticipation, and the argument just held strongly of itself suggests the immortality of the soul. It were indeed the breach of a great and general analogy, if man were to be suddenly arrested on his way to a state of being, whether for good or evil still magnificent, for which it might well be deemed the whole of his life was a preparation — a violence on the continuity of things, of which we behold no similar example. Death transforms without destroying: the present is only an embryo or rudimental state, the final development of which is for a future. Unsettled questions between man and man are by death broken off in the middle; and there remains also an unsettled controversy between the sinner and his God. In regard to these conscience awaits a day of account; nay, has foretastes of its coming even in this life. How capable of resuscitation it is, even from the deepest abysses of hebetude, may be judged of from Dr. Abercromby's statement, in his *work on the intellectual powers*, of some remarkable cases of resuscitated and enlarged memory; and from the instance which Coleridge points out in his *Biographia*, as giving some explanation of what may be meant by the opening of the books in the day of judgment.

Dr. Chalmers perceives, even in the yet chaotic and rudimental state of the world, the powers and the likelihood of a permanent as well as universal reign of virtue in the world. Parents the most depraved welcome the proposals, and receive with gratitude, the services of Christian or moral philanthropy in behalf of their families. Education is placed by this feeling on firm vantage-ground, and will, in the Doctor's opinion, reclaim, after the lapse of a few generations, the degeneracy of the species. We doubt it; it may, however, do much, but only as a condition, not as a cause—like the air we breathe, without it moral life may not be, but it is not itself the life which it prepares the way for and supports. Fatal, accordingly, will be its neglect, in a greater proportion than its adoption will be beneficial; and we readily agree, that "in the grievous defect of our national institutions, and the wretched abandonment of a people left to themselves, and who are permitted to live recklessly and at random as they list, we see enough to account both for the profligacy of our crowded cities, and for the sad demoralisation of our neglected provinces." We, however, feel not so assured, that in any system of instruction, though wise and well-principled, there are capabilities within our reach for a great and glorious revival. Nevertheless, nothing can be done without it. Let universal education therefore obtain, but stop not there — do more.

In addition to the great and simple phenomena of our moral constitution already considered, there are certain special and subordinate adaptations of external nature thereto. A more intense evidence for design is afforded by the distinct parts, or the distinct principles of a multifarious combination. There is a mechanism in mind as well as body, with a diversity of principles, if not a diversity of parts, consisting of so many laws, though grafted on a simple and indivisible substance; — a number of special affections, each characterised by its own name, and pointing to its own separate object, yet all of them performing an important subsidiary part for the moral good both of the individual and of the

species, and presenting us, therefore, with the materials of additional evidence for a moral and beneficent design in the formation of our race. The construction of the calyx in plants, for defence of the tender blossom previous to its expansion, and the apparatus for scattering seeds, whereby the earth is more fully invested with its mantle of rich and varied garniture, testify to the taste for beauty residing in the primeval mind, and the benevolence that endowed man with a kindred taste. And notwithstanding the blight which has so obviously passed over the moral world, and defaced many of its original lineaments, while it has left the materialism of creation, the loveliness of its scenes and landscapes, in a great measure untouched; still we possess very much the same materials for a natural theology, in reasoning on the element of virtue, as in reasoning on the element of beauty.

It is indispensable to the preservation of our animal system that food should be received at certain intervals into the stomach. Yet, notwithstanding all the strength which is ascribed to the principle of self-preservation, and all the veneration which is professed by the expounders of our nature for the wisdom and foresight of man, the Author of our frame has not left this important interest merely to our care or our consideration, but has given to us the appetite of hunger. Similar provisions are made in the constitution of our minds. Supreme Wisdom, "to supplement" the defects of human wisdom and principle, has furnished us with distinct mental affections or desires, both for our own particular good and the good of society. The anger, and the shame, and the emulation, and the parental affection, and the compassion, and the love of reputation, and the sense of property, and the conscience or moral sense, are so many forces of a mechanism, which, if not thus furnished, (and that too within certain proportions,) would run into a disorder that might have proved destructive both of the individual and of the species. Anger, a passion which is shared by man in common with the inferior animals, is the primary and the natural response to a hurt or harm or annoyance of any sort inflicted on us by others; it is anterior to and apart from any consideration of justice or injustice —a feeling of which infants are fully capable, long before they have a notion of equity, or of what is rightfully their own and rightfully another's. Even man, in the full growth of his rational and moral nature, will often experience the outbreakings of an anger merely physical; as, to state one instance out of the many, may be witnessed in the anger wreaked by him on the inferior animals, when, all unconscious of injury to him, they enter upon his fields, or damage the fruit of his labours. The moral consideration, where it is found to accompany resentment, is a superadded quality which designates a species of it, not a constituent part that enters into every such act necessarily. Anger, in fact, forms a distinct and original part of our constitution, irrespective of morals; so much so, that the more unjust are, in general, the most irascible. The final cause of this emotion in the inferior animals is abundantly obvious; with man, it serves both for the purposes of prevention and of defence. In studying also that balance of powers and of preserving influences which obtains even in a commonwealth of brutes, the uses of a mental are just as palpable as those of a material collocation. The anger which prompts to the resistance of aggression, is as obviously inserted by the hand of a contriver, as are the horns or the bristles, or any other defensive weapons, wherewith the body of the animal is furnished. The fear which wings the flight of a pursued animal, is as obviously intended for its safety as its muscular conformation or capacity for speed. The affection of a mother for her young points as intelligibly to a designer's care for the preservation of the species, as does that apparatus of nourishment wherewith nature hath endowed her. The mother's fondness supplies as distinct and powerful an argument as the mother's milk; or, in other words, a mental constitution might, as well as a physical constitution, be pregnant with the indications of a God.

We are abundantly sensible of the pain which there is, not merely in the feeling of resentment when it burns and festers in our own hearts, but also in being the objects of another's resentment. We are afraid, not only of its effects, but of the anger itself—its looks and words—though secure from its deeds. The simple displeasure of another is formidable, though no chas-

tisement whatever shall follow upon it—a provision which goes far to repair the inequalities of muscular force among men, to preserve peace, and to promote courteousness. In military and fashionable, and indeed in all society, it acts as a powerful restraint on every thing that is offensive. The domineering insolence of those who, with the instrument of anger, too, would hold society in bondage, is most effectually arrested, when met by an anger which throws back the fear upon themselves, and so quiets and composes all their violence. Besides the balance thus produced, anger has a moral power, separate from the animal or the physical strength, which in operation invests with command, or at least provides with defensive armour, those who would otherwise be the most helpless of our species; so that decrepit age or feeble womanhood has, by the mere rebuke of an angry countenance, made the stoutest heart to tremble before them. These influences for the peace and protection of society and individuals, are also contrivances of Divine goodness, and not to be accredited to the wisdom of man. The operation of shame between the sexes is another, and even more striking, instance of the same truth. Thus is man the creature of a constitution which is anterior to his own wisdom and his own will, and of circumstances which are also anterior to his wisdom and his will.

Dr. Chalmers next proceeds to those special affections which conduce to the civil and political well-being of society. The first step towards the aggregation of men into a community, or the first departure from a state of perfect isolation, could that state ever have subsisted for a single day, is the patriarchal arrangement. However questionable the analysis might be which would resolve the universal fondness of mothers for their young into something anterior, Dr. Chalmers is of opinion that the paternal and brotherly and filial affections seem, on surer grounds, and which are accessible to observation, not to be original but originated feelings. He confesses, however, that when told of the mystic ties which bind together into a domestic community, as if by a sort of certain peculiar attraction, all of the same kindred and the same blood, we are reminded of those occult qualities which, in the physics both of matter and of mind, afforded so much of entertainment to the scholastics of a former age. Be this as it may, we behold the aggregate mass of the species broken asunder into distinct families, and generally living by themselves, each family under one common roof, but apart from all the rest in distinct habitations; while the members of every little commonwealth are so linked by certain affections, or by certain feelings of reciprocal obligation, that each member feels almost as intensely for the wants and sufferings of the rest as he would for his own, or labours as strenuously for the maintenance of all as he would for his own individual sustenance. The family system spreads into society at large, and with equal or rather accumulated benefit. The relative affections, however, had to be provided, as so many impellent forces, guiding men onward to an arrangement the most prolific of advantage for the whole, but which no care or consideration of the general good would have led them to form. A similar provision for the wants of the social economy obtains to what has been already pointed out for those of the animal. Such is the mechanism of human society, as it comes direct from the hand of nature, or of nature's God. But many have been the attempts of human wisdom to mend and to meddle with it. Cosmopolitism, in particular, has endeavoured to substitute a sort of universal citizenship in place of the family affections, regarding these as so many disturbing forces; because, operating only as incentives to a partial or particular benevolence, they divert the aim from that which should, it is contended, be the object of every enlightened philanthropist, the general and greatest good of the whole. Friendship and patriotism have been similarly stigmatised on similar principles. But nature is too strong for this speculation. It has never been clearly shewn how the glorious simplification of these cosmopolites admits of being practically realised—whether by a combination, of which the chance is that all men might not agree upon it; or by each issuing quixotically forth of his own habitation, and labouring the best he may to realise the splendid conception by which he is fired and actuated. Great is the difference between the strong love wherewith "nature" has endued us for a few particular men, and the general love wherewith

philosophers would inspire us for men in the abstract—the former philanthropy leading to a devoted and sustained habit of well-directed exertion, for supplying the wants and multiplying the enjoyments of every separate household; the latter philanthropy, at once indefinite in its aim and intangible in its objects, irritating every man just because charging itself with the oversight of all men. Only by a summation of particular unities may each man contribute to the general good. But the failure of every philanthropic or political experiment, which proceeds on the distrust of nature's strong and urgent and general affections, may be regarded as an impressive while experimental demonstration for the matchless wisdom of nature's God. For nothing so sets off the superior skill of one artist, as the utter failure of every other in his attempts to improve upon it.

Precisely in this condition Dr. Chalmers thinks the poor-laws of England are placed. We have elsewhere proved, and are prepared every where to prove, that Dr. Chalmers's notions on this head are erroneous. The poor-laws of England are not in such condition. They attempt not to improve upon the Divine plan, but declare by law its wisdom, and provide for its observance. We are surprised at such obliquity of vision in a mind so logical. Even as a dealing in words only, the matter is a *non sequitur*—to say nothing of things. Things! But Dr. Chalmers never has looked at these but "through the spectacles of books." Such is the precise character of his mind.

Proceed we then to the consideration which the Doctor next proposes relative to our respect for station and for office, which he calls operating principles of society. We are abundantly sensible that both mighty possessions and the honours of an industrious ancestry may be disjoined from individual talent and character, and the principle of reverence thence overborne by contempt. But this is only the example of a contest between two principles, and of a victory by the superior over the inferior one. Surely, however, we are not, because of the inferiority of a principle, to lose sight of its existence. A respect for righteousness, admitted by all, enters as one ingredient—a respect for rank has its distinct and substantive being as another ingredient. Such reverence is a lofty and chivalrous emotion, of which the most exalted spirits are the most susceptible, and which all might indulge without any forfeiture of their native or becoming dignity. It is a universal and benevolent result of the establishment of gradations in power and property—the doing of nature, and not of man. "If man, in the proud and presumptuous exercise of his own wisdom," exclaims this eloquent writer, "shall lift his rebel hand against the wisdom of nature, and try to uproot this principle from human hearts, he will find that it cannot be accomplished without tearing asunder one of the strongest of those ligaments which bind together the component parts of human society into a harmonious and well-adjusted mechanism."

Equally excellent are the Doctor's remarks upon the origin and nature of property. The sense of property is germinated in very early childhood; which our author illustrates in a very pleasing manner—illustrations we, for want of space, must omit. How it generates a moral feeling, and a principle of justice and of equity, is next shewn. Justice presides not over the first ordinations of property—did not create property—but found it already created, and decides only between the antecedent claims of one man and another. In the distribution of property by the magistrate, it appears to us that Dr. Chalmers has overlooked the patriarchal origin of government; as to which the magistrate and the parent are one and the same person, whose own the property distributed previously is—and, *à fortiori*, inherited by every magistrate, from its original possessor, for the like purpose of equitable distribution. Lower ground than this would let in Whig and Radical dogmas of all kinds—would build the house of law upon sands, which could not abide the "revolutionary storm" for a moment. But whether in Dr. Chalmers's view or our own, it is equally true that "in this matter, too, the wisdom of nature has anticipated the wisdom of man, by providing him with original principles of his own." To this argument it only remains to be added, that "however strong the special affections of our nature may be, yet, if along with them there be but a principle of equity in the mind, then these affections, so far from concentrating our

selfish regards upon their several objects, to the disregard and injury of others, will but enhance our respect and our sympathy for the like affections in other men."

We are next called to the consideration of those *special affections which conduce to the* ECONOMIC *well-being of society*. In this section, the *tithe system of England* is the subject of attack by the divinity professor in the University of Edinburgh; for no other reason that we can perceive, than that, like the poor-law system, it is not the manner of Scotland. "Even under the theocracy of the Jews, the system of tithes was with difficulty upholden; and many are the remonstrances which the gifted seers of Israel held with its people for having brought of the lame and diseased as offerings." What is the obvious inference from this? Why, that in spite of popular murmurs, tithes, where established, should be upholden; and that the gifted seers of England, whatever those of Scotland may do, should remonstrate with the people in their behalf, and for a good reason—that the cheerfulness with which the people pay tithe is the best test of their allegiance to the faith. That the maintenance for the clergy is in "a way obnoxious to nature," is one of its best recommendations; it shews whether nature or grace have the supremacy in the community at large, and is a spur in the sides of the ministers of religion to set about the conversion of the neighbourhood to the benevolence of Christianity, if they would themselves be kept by the altar at which they serve. Away with such absurd notions of polity, either in church or state. In the name of common sense, what business had they in these *Bridgewater Treatises?* This nonsense is fitly followed by another section, on the English poor-laws. *Sed verbum sat.*

We are quite sensible of the "virtuousness" of truth; but we have not yet been made sensible that we always recognise this virtuousness because of a glance we have had of the utility of truth, though only perhaps for a moment of time, too minute and microscopical for being noticed by the naked eye of consciousness. While we both feel in our bosoms, and observe in the testimony of those around us, the moral deference which is due to truth and justice, we have not yet detected this to be the same with that deference which we render to the virtue of benevolence. Or, in other words, we do venerate and regard these as virtues; while, *for aught we know*, the utility of them is not in all our thoughts. In point of fact, this debate is so much *terra incognita* to Dr. Chalmers. Further inquiry may demonstrate the facts, as a telescope of sufficient powers may yet be constructed which shall shew, in the bosom of our great planetary amplitude, whether there float or not, and in elliptic orbits round the sun, pieces of matter vastly too diminutive for our telescopes; and that thus the large intermediate spaces between the known bodies of the system, instead of so many desolate blanks, are in fact peopled with little worlds—all of them teeming, like our own, with busy and cheerful animation. Dr. Chalmers, however, is not very consistent in his line of argument. For while he contends that a mere *argumentum ab ignorantia* is no sufficient basis for philosophic theory, he lays it down, nevertheless, that all relative possibilities that may be affirmed are to "be ranked among the figments of mere imagination, and not among the findings of experience." Not among the findings of experience, clearly; but why among "figments," whether of imagination or any other faculty? Knows he not that Imagination, rightly employed, is one of the agents of Truth?

With this argument we meddle not, more particularly as it drags us again into the subject of the poor-laws; "the law of pauperism having," as the Doctor states, "assimilated beneficence to justice, by enacting the former in the very way that it does the latter." Really, we are wearied of this stale iteration and reiteration. To go into these would require a paper by itself—which, it may be, we shall give them; as some are expressly aimed at the sentiments so ably supported by a contributor to REGINA. At present we feel so indignantly the profanation of the intrusion, that we must pass over the irrelevant topic; particularly as the Doctor runs so far a muck as to dispute the axiom that "every man has a *right* to the means of subsistence." The fact is, that every thing to our divinity professor's mind is so good and perfect in the region of nature, that he cannot endure the spiritual operation of law to interfere. This comes of these adaptations—these har-

monies—all concords and no discords—though, verily, the latter form an essential element too! Consistently with these doctrines, we find Dr. Chalmers in the subsequent sections advocating free trade—this divine's liberty is *lawlessness;* but where and when has Freedom ever reigned divorced from Law? We at the same time concede to his statement, in which he shews that the apparent selfishness of individual man is working out the benevolence and comprehensive wisdom of God. So does the foolishness of man the same; yet ought Law to coerce both the folly and the selfishness, if Love have not already held it in check. In spite of the folly and the selfishness, the mechanism of society, under Providence, works admirably; but how much better would it work, if it were possible, either by law or love, to annihilate both or either! There is much, however, in this part of the book, of which we recommend studious perusal, setting forth that the wisdom of the state has been anticipated by a higher wisdom; but no argument this, that therefore the state is not to be wise. Such, however, is the Doctor's conclusion. This is chopping logic with a vengeance! but ah! the practical consequences: are we not now—even now—smarting under them? But we forget; our logician does at length see the necessity of something more than the adaptations of nature: he finds that, "with but wisdom and goodness among the common people, the whole of this economic machinery would work most beneficently for them—a moral ordination, containing in it most direct evidence for the wisdom and goodness of that Being by whose hands it is that the machinery has been framed and constituted; and who, the preserver and governor, as well as the creator of his works, sits with presiding authority over all its evolutions." Wisdom and goodness among the common people! Are they not as much wanting in their rulers? If so, then is the whole question begged; and, probably, the Doctor wrote these passages in his sleep! Being an "old gentleman," however, he must be pardoned if caught napping.

This chapter (the worst in the book) is concluded with a defence of the Malthusian system! Verily, "an able editor" should have been appointed for these *Bridgewater Treatises.* What are the best contributors without such an authoritative critic? Why, REGINA herself would feel the loss of OLIVER YORKE.

Other and better matter is to be found in the eighth chapter. The prevalence and supremacy of truth and integrity in the world are well illustrated. Many an occasional harvest is made from deceit and injustice; but, in the vast majority of cases, men would cease to thrive when they ceased to be trusted. This, as our readers will recollect, we have, upon the personal experience and testimony of no less a man than Goethe, proved to be all external appearance—hiding the evil heart, whose depths are only visible to Omniscience. Nor, in this place, is Dr. Chalmers adverse to this shewing; for the truth and justice which he notes as prevalent in the world, exist not by the operation of principle, but of policy. In so far the goodness of man has no share in it; but so beneficent a result out of such unpromising materials, speaks all the more emphatically both for the wisdom and the goodness of God. Without doubt—nevertheless such adaptation is not the best possible—surely that would be better which existed by the operation of principle, and not of policy only. The contrary assumption is the optimism of a natural theologian.

The same defects of natural theology obtain throughout the whole of this argument, and are confirmed at the end of the book in as strong terms by Dr. Chalmers as by Mr. Whewell. In the mean time, the adaptations of the external material world to the moral constitution of man, are, *as far as they go,* very admirable. In the power of speech, whether we regard the organs of utterance and hearing in man, or the aërial medium by which sounds are conveyed, there is a pure subserviency of the material to the mental system of our world. Each shade of meaning also—at least, each distinct sensibility—has its own appropriate intonation; so that, without catching one syllable of the utterance, we can, from its melody alone, often tell what are the workings of the heart, and even what are the workings of the intellect. Thus music represents and awakens the mental processes; nor should the fact be overlooked, that our best and highest music is that which is charged with loftiest principles. But the inter-

change of mind with mind is not restricted to language or sound; there is an interchange by looks also. The ever-varying hues of the mind are represented, not by the complexion of the face alone, or the composition of its features, but by the attitude and gestures of the body. Human sentiment and passion are thus expressible by the colour and form, and even the motion of visible things—by a kindred physiognomy for all the like emotions on the part of the inferior animals—nay, by a certain countenance or shape in the objects of mute and unconscious nature. We speak of the *modesty* of the violet, the *innocence* of the lily, the *commanding* mountain, the *smiling* landscape. Hence, also, the propriety of the use of natural signs in eloquence, of state ceremonial, and of professional costume.

It is no unusual phenomenon of our mysterious nature, that our emotions of taste may be vivid and powerful, while our principles of morality are so weak as to have no ascendant or forming influence over our conduct,—"a fact which shews as if a blight had come over our terrestrial creation, which hath left its materialism in a great measure untouched, while it hath inflicted on man a sore and withering leprosy." The painful suspicion is apt to intrude upon us, that virtue may not be a thing of any substance or stability at all; nevertheless, there is a pretty general agreement among moralists as to what the separate and specific virtues of human characters are. Morality is felt by the mind as a matter of supreme obligation. The very multitude of props and securities by which virtue is upholden it is, that gives rise to conflicting opinions and ethical controversy. "There has been many a combat, and many a combatant, not because of the baselessness of morality, but because it rests on a basis of so many goodly pillars, and because of such a varied convenience and beauty in the elevation of the noble fabric. The reason of so much controversy is, that each puny controversialist, wedded to his own exclusive view of an edifice too mighty and majestic for his grasp, has either selected but one of the upholding props, and affirmed it to be the only support of the architecture, or attended to but one of its grand and utilities, and affirmed it to be the alone purpose of the magnificent building." Again: "Virtue is compassed about with such a number of securities, and possesses such a superabundance of strength, as to have given room for the question that was raised about Samson of old,—What that is wherein its great strength lies."

Virtue has an inherent character of her own—apart from law, and anterior to all jurisdiction—in the being of God itself. This, however, is too abstract a question for us to follow Dr. Chalmers in. Suffice it for us to concur in the opinion of this eloquent advocate, that in the world which God hath created there are capacities for making a virtuous species happy. A virtuous species happy,—for the Deity respects not only the physical happiness of his creatures, but has respect to their virtue; this is proved by the phenomena of conscience, and also by the phenomena of human life. Benevolence is not his only attribute, but justice also is the habitation of his throne. The existence of wretchedness were fitted to cast an uncertainty, even a suspicion, on the Divine benevolence. But wretchedness, as the result of wickedness, may not indicate the negative of this one attribute; it may only indicate the reality or the presence of another. We are so constructed and so accommodated, that, in the majority of cases, we, if morally right, should be physically happy. The majority of cases! why not all? And what of the evils from the state of the elements? What virtues avail against storm, and shipwreck, and fire, and flood, and earthquake? Nay, but the existence of evil must be granted, irrespective of either attribute; or does the doctrine of the immortality of the soul come in aid, to redress the wrong which nature herself, without reference to moral occasions, inflicts on suffering humanity? The doctrine itself stands upon grounds of its own. Nature abounds not merely in present expedients for an immediate use, but in providential expedients for a future one; and, as far as we can observe, we have no reason to believe that, either in the first or second sort of expedients, there has ever aught been noticed which either bears on no object now, or "lands" in no result afterwards. Shall the faculties of the soul form the only exception to this else universal rule? Her powers are adapted to a larger and more enduring theatre. The

whole labour of this mortal life would not suffice for traversing in full extent any one of the sciences; and yet there may lie undeveloped in the bosom of a man a taste and talent for them all, none of which he can even singly undertake; for each science, though definite in its commencement, has its outgoings in the infinite and the eternal. It is not credible that man should be destined to stand forth such an anomaly in nature, with aspirations in his heart for which the universe had no antetype to offer—with capacities of understanding and thought that never were to be followed by objects of corresponding greatness through the whole history of his being.

The second part of Dr. Chalmers's book is confined to a very narrow compass, consisting of three chapters only, devoted to the adaptation of external nature to the *intellectual* constitution of man, and a winding-up chapter on the defects and uses of natural theology. When by means of one idea, anyhow awakened in the mind, the whole of some past transaction or scene is brought to recollection, it is association which recalls to our thoughts this portion of our former history. But association cannot explain our recognition of its actual and historical truth, or what it is which, beside an act of conception, makes it also an act of remembrance. The consequences wherewith we count on the same sequences in future that we have observed in the course of our past experience, has been resolved by some philosophers into the principle of association alone. But the law of association contains in it no reason why, on the actual occurrence again of the antecedent, we should believe that the consequent would occur also. But this belief, which is *à priori*, and anterior to experience, has reference to the fact, that the courses of the mind are made to quadrate and harmonise with the courses of an outer world. A belief in the certainty and uniformity of the order in which the objects and events of nature are related to each other, with the counterpart verification of this belief in the actual history of things, forms a striking and marvellous instance of the adaptation of external nature to the intellectual constitution of man.

The immutability of nature has ministered to the atheism of some spirits, as impressing on the universe a character of blind necessity, instead of that spontaneity which might mark the intervention of a willing and living God. But the correspondence between our anticipations and the constancy of nature, surely, speaks rather of a God who never recedes from his faithfulness. This close and unexpected, while at the same time contingent, harmony between the actual constancy of nature and man's faith in that constancy, is an effectual preservative against that scepticism which would represent the whole system of our thoughts and perceptions to be founded on an illusion. This faith is as an implanted instinct, and is *unerring*, proving that, even against a subjective tendency in the mind there is a great objective reality in circumambient nature, to which it corresponds.

The mind, delivered up to its own processes, first ascends analytically from observed phenomena to principles, and then descends synthetically from principles to yet unobserved phenomena. Dr. Chalmers recognises it as an exquisite adaptation between the subjective and the objective, between the mental and material systems, that the results of the abstract intellectual process and the realities of external nature should so strikingly harmonise. Sir John Herschel has pointed out an illustration of this in the circumstance, that the properties of conic sections, demonstrated by a laborious analysis, remained inapplicable till they came to be embodied in the real masses and movements of astronomy. Dr. Chalmers is sublime on this point when he says,—

"It is exemplified in all the sciences, in the economical and the mental, and the physical, and most of all in the physico-mathematical—as when Newton, on the calculations and profound musings of his solitude, predicted the oblate spheroidal figure of the earth, and the prediction was confirmed by the mensurations of the academicians, both in the polar and equatorial regions; or as, when abandoning himself to the devices and the diagrams of his own construction, he thence scanned the cycles of the firmament, and elicited from the scroll of enigmatical characters which himself had framed, the secrets of a sublime astronomy, that high field so replete with wonders, yet surpassed by this greatest wonder of all—the intellectual mastery which man has over it! That

such a feeble creature should have made this conquest,—that a light struck out in the little cell of his own cogitations should have led to a disclosure so magnificent,—that by a calculus of his own formation, as with the power of a talisman, the heavens, with their stupendous masses and untrodden distances, should have thus been opened to his gaze,—can only be explained by the intervention of a Being having supremacy over all, and who has adjusted the laws of matter and the properties of mind to each other. It is only thus we can be made to understand how man, by the mere workings of his spirit, should have penetrated so far into the workmanship of nature; or that, restricted though he be to a spot of earth, he should, nevertheless, tell of the suns and the systems that be afar, as if he had travelled with the line and plummet in his hand to the outskirts of creation, or carried the torch of discovery round the universe."

The use that has been made of the occultations and emersions of Jupiter's satellites in the computation of longitudes, and so the perfecting of navigation,—the incidental way in which the telescope was discovered, the observation of the polarity of the magnet, and other cases of an isolated phenomenon, remote, and having at first no conceivable relation to human affairs, being afterwards converted, by the plastic and productive intellect of man, into some application of mighty and important effects on the interests of the world,—more than indicate some special adjustment, that came within the purpose of Him, who, in constructing the vast mechanism of nature, overlooked not the humblest of its parts, but incorporated the good of our species with the wider generalities and laws of a universal system. "The prolongation of their eyesight to the aged by means of convex lenses, made from a substance at once transparent and colourless,—the force of steam, with the manifold and ever-growing applications which are made of it,—the discovery of platina, which, by its resistance to the fiercest heats, is so available in prosecuting the ulterior researches of chemistry,—even the very abundance and portability of those materials by which written characters can be multiplied; and, through the impulse thus given to the quick and copious circulation of human thoughts, mind acts with rapid diffusion upon mind, though at the distance of a hemisphere from each other, conceptions, and informations, and reasonings, these products of the intellect alone being made to travel over the world by the intervention of material substances,—these, while but themselves only a few taken at random from the multitude of strictly appropriate specimens which could be alleged of an adaptation between the systems of mind and matter, are sufficient to mark an obvious contrivance and forth-putting of skill in the adjustment of the systems to each other." The progress of science and invention is indefinite, and man is every year obtaining more and more mastery over the elements which surround him.

The highest efforts of intellectual power, and to which few men are competent—the most difficult intellectual processes, requiring the utmost abstraction and leisure for their development, are often indispensable to discoveries, which, when once made, are found capable of those useful applications, the value of which is felt and recognised by all men. The most arduous mathematics have been brought into requisition for the establishment of the lunar theory, without which our present lunar observations could have been of no use for the determination of the longitude. This dependence of the popular and the practical on an anterior profound science runs through much of the business of life—in the mechanics and chemistry of manufactures, as well as in navigation—and indeed throughout all the departments of industry and art. This statement is followed by a repetition of the writer's peculiar political sentiments, with which we will have nothing more to do. In the following conclusion, however, we may with safety concur: "On the same principle that, in a ship, the skilful navigation of its captain will secure for him the prompt obedience of the crew to all his directions—or that, in an army, the consummate generalship of its commander will subordinate all the movements of the immense host to the power of one controlling and actuating will—so, in general society, did wealth, by means of a thorough scholarship on the part of the higher classes, but maintain an intimate fellowship with wisdom and sound philosophy—then, with the same conservative influence as in these other examples, would the intellectual

ascendency thus acquired be found of mighty effect to consolidate and maintain all the gradations of the commonwealth." The adaptations of the diversity of science to the various tastes and talents of men, and of mind to mind, furnish the last instance which is adduced as derivable from the intellectual constitution of man.

The following chapters, on the emotions and the will, have rather to do with the moral than the intellectual part of human constitution. We are, however, desirous of reserving these topics, as well as the subject of the final chapter, for the conclusion of our labours, as we shall thus be able to bind all the portions of our argument together, and consequently supply for our readers the links of connexion, which will be found altogether wanting by those who confine their perusal to the treatises themselves.

Sir Charles Bell has, in a physical manner, solved, so far as such manner could, the transcendental difficulty started by Dr. Chalmers, and given by us in our former paper.*

"The mechanism and organisation of animals," says Sir Charles Bell, "have been brought forward for a different purpose from that for which I use them. We find it said, that it is incomprehensible that an all-powerful Being should manifest his will in this manner—that mechanical contrivance implies difficulties overcome; and how strange it is, they add, that the perceptions of the mind, which might have been produced by some direct means, or have arisen spontaneously, are received through an instrument so fine and complex as the eye, and which requires the element of light to enter the organ, and to cause vision. For my own part, I think it most natural to contemplate the subject quite differently. We perhaps presume too much, when we say, that light has been created for the purpose of vision. We are hardly entitled to pass over its properties as a chemical agent, its influence on the gases, and, in all probability, on the atmosphere, its importance to vegetation, to the formation of the aromatic and volatile principles, and to fructification, its influence on the animal surface, by invigorating the circulation and imparting health. In relation to our present subject, it seems more rational to consider light as second only to attraction, in respect to its importance in nature, and as a link connecting systems of infinite remoteness."

Sir Charles Bell carries on the subject at still greater length, and concludes that, instead of saying that light is created for the eye, and to give us the sense of vision, it would be more conformable to a just manner of considering these things, that our wonder and our admiration should fix on the fact, that this small organ, the eye, is formed with relation to a creation of such vast extent and grandeur—and more especially that the ideas, arising in the mind through the influence of that matter and this organ, are constituted a part of this vast whole. Our body is formed with a just correspondence to external influences; and the complexity of our structure belongs to external nature, and not of necessity, says Sir Charles Bell, to the mind. Whilst man is an agent in a material world, and sensible to the influence of things external, complexity of structure is a necessary part of his constitution. But our author does not perceive a relation between this complexity and the mind. "From aught that we learn by this mode of study, the mind may be as distinct from the bodily organs as are the exterior influences which give them exercise" The readers of our former paper, however, will readily apprehend, that there is a relation between the phenomena and our mental modes of perceiving them, and of judging and reasoning upon them.

In respect to all his vital operations, man is helpless: his reason avails not either to give them order or protection—they are regulated by laws happily independent of his will. What gratitude is due from him for this dispensation to the Author of his being! Had it been otherwise, a doubt, a moment's pause of irresolution, a forgetfulness of a single action at its appointed time, would have terminated his existence.

The human hand (which is peculiarly the subject of our author's book) is so beautifully formed—it has so fine a sensibility, that sensibility governs its motion so correctly, every effort of the will is answered so instantly, as if the hand itself were the seat of that will; its actions are so powerful, so free, and yet so delicate, that it seems to possess a quality instinct in itself; and there is

* Vide page 78 in this Volume.

no thought of its complexity as an instrument, or of the relations which make it subservient to the mind; we use it as we draw our breath, unconsciously, and have lost all recollection of the feeble and ill-directed efforts of its first exercise, by which it has been perfected. Is it not the very perfection of the instrument which makes us insensible to its use? Sir Charles Bell takes up the subject comparatively, and exhibits a view of the bones of the arm, descending from the human hand to the fin of the fish. He then reviews the actions of the muscles of the arm and hand; then, proceeding to the vital properties, he advances to the subject of sensibility, leading to that of touch; afterwards he shews the necessity of combining the muscular action with the exercise of the senses, and especially with that of touch, to constitute in the hand what has been called the geometrical sense. He describes the organ of touch, the cuticle and skin, and arranges the nerves of the hand according to their functions. He then inquires into the correspondence between the capacities and endowments of the mind, in comparison with the external organs, and more especially with the properties of the hand; and concludes by shewing that animals have been created with a reference to the globe they inhabit; that all their endowments and various organisation bear a relation to their state of existence, and to the elements around them; that there is a plan universal, extending through all animated nature, and which has prevailed in the earliest condition of the world; and that, finally, in the most minute or most comprehensive study of those things we every where see prospective design.

This is a magnificent argument and equally executed. Animal mechanician as he is, Sir Charles Bell, however, is careful to guard against the erroneous impression that the hand is the source of human ingenuity and contrivance, and consequently of man's superiority. In its provisions the instrument corresponds with the superior mental capacities, the hand being capable of executing whatever man's ingenuity suggests. There is wisdom in the saying of Galen, man had hands given to him because he was the wisest creature. The perfect correspondence between the propensities of animals and their forms and outward organisation, gives rise sometimes to a converse argument. When we see a heron standing by the water-side, still as a grey stone, and hardly distinguishable from it, we may ascribe this habit to the acquired use of its feet, constructed for wading, and to its long bill and flexible neck; for the neck and bill are as much suited to its wants as the lister is to the fisherman. But there is nothing in the configuration of the black bear particularly adapted to catch fish; yet he will sit on his hinder extremities by the side of a stream, in the morning or evening, like a practised fisher; there he will watch, so motionless as to deceive the eye of the Indian, who mistakes him for the burnt trunk of a tree, and with his fore paw he will seize a fish with incredible celerity. The exterior organ is not, in this instance, the cause of the habit or of the propensity; and if we see the animal in possession of the instinct without the appropriate organ, we can the more readily believe that, in other examples, the habit exists with the instrument, although not through it.

The same conclusion Sir Charles Bell has illustrated in an infinity of instances; nay, the whole subject is profuse of illustration. In this he has realised the Earl of Bridgewater's design, thus expressed: "*The construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments.*" He is the only writer who has yet done his full duty to the trust confided to him. We speak this advisedly—the only one. And whence proceeds his immeasurable superiority over his coadjutors? To this simple fact: The treatise by him has not been executed as a *job*. "The reflections contained in his pages had not been suggested by the occasion of the Bridgewater Treatises, but arose, long ago, in a course of study directed to other objects." This is the secret of his success. The book had, in fact, in regard to all its essentials, been prepared before he was called upon to lay it as a sacrifice on the altar which the Earl of Bridgewater had desired to erect to "the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the creation."

THE JOKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ANNALS OF THE PARISH," "THE MEMBER," ETC. ETC.

CHAP. I.

In a county which there is no necessity for naming lived a certain baronet, and in the county town, which we have the same reason for prudently concealing, dwelt a merchant. Both were, as a great poet says, "prosperous gentlemen;" and each of them had a son, companions in childhood, and, in riper years, as it is the subject of the subsequent pages to shew, sincerely attached friends. Of old Sir Robert Merrywell it is not necessary to speak, as will be presently seen; and it would be tedious to the courteous reader, were we more particular about Mr. Bragly the merchant. Our story chiefly relates to their sons, and their progeny.

No two individuals could be more unlike than these two young men. The merchant's son was plain in his manners, straightforward in his dispositions, very grave, and taciturn; the baronet's heir was the reverse—full of waggery, prankful to all, very talkative, and gay to a proverb. With these qualities were united great warmth of heart and kindness, and it was a saying among the neighbours about him, that although he could not be believed, he was incapable of telling an untruth. It was his delight, in fact, to mystify every one about him; and yet he was greatly popular.

Between him and young Bragly the truest friendship existed; and it may be said, that although they were so dissimilar, the contrast in their characters enhanced their regard for each other.

In due time—rather early, indeed, for their years—the young men both married. Bragly's choice was a lady in every point the reverse of himself, gay, elegant, and witty. It was not conceived possible he would have made such a choice; but before the wonder had subsided, his friend also assumed the holy restraints of wedlock, by a still more extraordinary selection. We shall not attempt to describe the qualities of his sedate bride, but she was less likely to minister to his happiness, in the opinion of all that knew them, than even the gay and sparkling beauty was to Bragly. But the world was much mistaken; few were more happy; and an epithet which he employed to designate his better half is some proof of their mutual affection. He used to call her "my dumbie," and never could do enough to promote her quiet felicity.

In process of time the fathers of the young men proved the lot of humanity. Old Sir Robert died, and left to his blithe heir a rich inheritance. About the same time, old Mr. Bragly became bankrupt; and before the twelve months expired, the ladies of the two sons departed this life, leaving behind two children. The baronet's was an infant daughter, and Bragly's an infant son.

This change in their condition would have led, no doubt, to some alteration in their way of life, had not the failure of the merchant rendered it inevitable. To make a short story in this part of our narrative, young Bragly resolved to go abroad, and pursue in other lands that fortune which had deserted him in this; and his friend the baronet insisted that he should leave his orphan son to be brought up by him, with the intention, in due time, of marrying him to his daughter.

The child being duly transferred for this purpose, the friends took leave of each other, and arranged the terms of a mutual correspondence. Thus all things went as well as could be desired; and therefore, having a great respect for the valuable time of our readers, we request them to conceive, that a period of many years passed unmarked by any extraordinary event.

During the mean time the baronet's daughter grew up to womanhood, a beautiful and accomplished maiden, not so sprightly as her father, but of a gayer temperament than her mother had been; and young Bragly, who was destined to be her spouse, was, as her early companion, an object of particular attachment. With his characteristic drollery and love of the equivocal, the baronet brought up young Bragly in the soberest manner possible; he always treated him, it is true, as the son of his dearest friend, but he never lost an opportunity of reminding him

of the blight that had fallen on his father's hopes.

Young Bragly, like the fair Elina, inherited the opposite qualities of his father and mother; but with a tincture of genius that elevated him far above others of his age. The facetious baronet saw his endowments with pride and pleasure, but affected to undervalue them, and to doubt that their great excellence was at all superior.

Among other things in which Rupert Bragly excelled was a predilection for drawing, in which, notwithstanding the gibes and jeers of the baronet, he made surprising proficiency; and being exhorted to improve his talent in the Academy of London, he persuaded his father's friend to grant him a moderate annuity to assist him in this purpose.

Sir Robert put on a very grave face in granting the request, told him that painting was but a poor profession, and that he could not reasonably expect a great income from him. However, he promised something very moderate; at the same time he wrote, unknown to the young man, to a friend in London, to supply him with a large sum, but to look sharply after him, and, above all things, to take care that his liberality was not divulged.

Young Bragly, happy in being allowed to pursue the bent of his talents, took leave of the baronet with many expressions of gratitude, even while he regretted that he had been more contracted in his ostensible allowance than he had expected. His parting with Miss Merrywell, his old playmate, was more pathetic; a gentler and a warmer feeling than the confidence of youth had begun to rise in both their bosoms, but they knew not the quality of their mutual ardour, and ascribed it to their respective situations, and to the realisations of life and fortune.

Elina saw him depart a young adventurer, full of hope, and tempted forward by those allurements which seem so beautiful in perspective, but which shed their blooms even while the hand is stretched to pluck them. She grieved that he was gone, and she knew enough of the world to fear that a young man in his circumstances would never again return.

Bragly felt as much, but it was of a different strain; he was sorrowful and agitated when he bade her farewell: the meagreness of his fortune, however, convinced him that he had no other track to pursue. But full of a brave confidence in his powers, the pageantry of much splendid fancy gleamed before him; and a fond but vague anticipation of a happy return brightened the tears of adieu.

The baronet was mightily pleased with his stratagem; he saw in the parting an assurance that no difficulty would arise in the fulfilment of his intentions, and rubbed his hands with glee and gladness as often as he spoke of Bragly sowing, as he called it, his wild oats in London. Indeed we scarcely can imagine a combination of human affairs, in which the pleasant so predominated; a little more acid was perhaps in the reflections of the young lady than in the thoughts of her father or young Bragly, but it enhanced the flavour, without being so acute as to give any pain.

Chap. II.

Rupert Bragly took up his abode in the neighbourhood of Somerset House, and was duly admitted a student of the Academy, at which he was a constant attendant, and attracted great notice by the originality of his manner, and the genius that scintillated in his sketches. But our task is not to follow his progress in the fine arts,—that we must leave to more ingenious pens; the humbler labour we have undertaken consists in describing the temperate enterprises of real life. It is sufficient for our purpose to have mentioned his endowments and predilections, the state of his fortune, and the bias of his youthful heart.

The house where he took lodgings belonged to Mrs. Kittle, a widow of a dealer in various articles, which, to save us from a more tedious description, we shall call huxteries. Her husband had left her in what for her station were good circumstances; and although she was of a certain age—namely, forty, or thereby—she was a comely woman, and of a blithe temper. Her native country was Scotland; but she had been so long in the metropolis, that she scarcely knew where it stood: and although she spoke Scotch with English words, she never could get the thistle entirely out of her mouth; for her father and mother spoke the language with classical purity, and were, to say the truth, like all their countryfolks, very worthy good sort of people. The old man had in his day

been a hard-working porter in Wapping; and her mother, a most bustling, creditable woman, kept for many years a shop of "a' things" in Ratcliffe Highway. However, we have but little to do with the pedigree of our countrywoman: it is enough to mention here, that in course of time she was married to Mr. Kittle the huxter, whose good qualities were not augmented by his years, in which he surpassed his spouse full thirty: they had of course no children.

When he quitted this earthly sphere, she was advised to take a house and let lodgings in one of the river streets which open from the Strand—that in which our hero took up his abode. Her mother was at this time an old woman, who spoke her national tongue in a style fast going out of fashion, notwithstanding all our efforts to prevent it; and her father was dead. Some time after that event, Mrs. M'Intrye, the old woman, prolonged her shopkeeping, but at last she became aged and infirm with rheumatism, which obliged her to retire from business, and to reside with her daughter; who, as the reader may have inferred for himself, was a kindly personage, and though a little thoughtless, not such as one meets with every day; only, in our opinion, she was too much addicted to large bows of pink or yellow riband on her bonnet, of which we could never approve.

When Rupert came to her door to look at the lodgings, she was much pleased with his appearance, and said inwardly to herself, that she hoped the apartments would suit, for he was a vastly genteel-looking young man, and would make a nice lodger.

Whether the gods heard her prayer, or Rupert was easily pleased with the sight of the rooms, we know not, but he domiciled himself with her at once, and in the course of the day brought his bag and baggage from the inn where the stage-coach had put him down.

As he had never been in London before, and was in all things, notwithstanding a spice of shrewdness in his character, very simple, open-hearted, and easily pleased, he neglected to order the *et ceteras* of living, which are as requisite in London lodging-houses as elsewhere. But this proved no detriment; for the evening being wet, when the negligence was discovered, Mrs. Kittle invited him to take tea with her and her mother in the little parlour on the ground floor. Had she been acquainted with the manner in which he had been brought up, and all the other appliances to boot to which he had been accustomed, she perhaps would have repressed her kindness; but, having learned from himself that he had come to attend the Academy, she judged very properly that as he was only a painter, he would feel the invitation as very civil. Nor was she wrong there; for Rupert gave her civility full credit for all she had intended, and did not think it necessary to remove any inflexion which he observed in her ideas respecting the profession of a painter, even though he was hugely tempted at one time to do so, when she inquired whether he intended to follow the line of a house or a ship painter. We have already said that, with all his *naïveté*, Rupert possessed a seasoning of shrewdness; he was also not without humour, and, as the bias of his genius was to marine scenes, he answered off hand that he had some intention of following ship painting.

This Mrs. Kittle was delighted to hear; for, as she said, it was not only a genteel topping business, in which a man might make his fortune if his wife would let him, but she had some acquaintance that might in time be useful for him to know.

Rupert gratefully acknowledged her early kindness, but said that for some time at least he would not trouble her, as he still had much to learn in the Academy.

Thus, from less to more, they grew in the first evening into an intimacy, which in time led to the results that we propose to narrate.

When he had retired for the night, Mrs. Kittle and her mother had some conversation together respecting him.

"I think," said she, "that we are very lucky in getting this young man to stay with us; for, although he is but a ship-painter, I must say that he is a good-looking lad, and might, if he thought proper, hold his head up among gentlemen."

"Jenny, Jenny!" cried the old wife, "dinna be cloching on addled eggs; what hast tou to do with a lodger?"

"My goodness, mother! don't be going your lengths; I but with a decorum invited him to take a dish of tea with us."

"That's very true, my leddy," said the old woman; "but, Jenny, the lad's oure young."

"Goodness, mother! what have I to do with his length of years? What's put that in your head?"

"I'll no say," added the quick-sighted carline, "that ye should; but I have an ee in my neck, and if I were called on so to do, I could prophesy a prophecy, though I am neither a prophet myself, nor yet a prophet's daughter. And, Jenny, though it may be true that ye had a man weel stricken in years for your first gudeman, it would not look well to see you ta'en up with a callant for your second."

"Oh, Chrystal!" cried Mrs. Kittle; and feigning to have some business in another room, she lifted one of the lights, and disappeared.

Chap. III.

About the time that Rupert came to London, Mr. Bragly informed the baronet that, by care and industry, it had pleased God to give him a competency in time to render it useful to his boy, intimating at the same time his intention of speedily returning. The gamesome baronet was delighted with this intelligence; his native character sparkled out, and he was here and there and every where, busy with preparations to celebrate the return of his beloved youthful companion. He could not purchase enough of the rarest decorations for his elegant daughter; and so pleased was he at the prospect of again seeing his friend, that he thought every thing not good enough to meet his view, and even that his daughter had become suddenly very ordinary in her bloom and beauty.

There was something amiable in this distorted feeling; and Miss Elina delighted in drily now and then persuading him that all he did in this kind spirit was exceedingly preposterous. In fact, such was the basis of good nature at the bottom of his character, that he was far better known to the young lady and the domestics than he allowed himself to believe; for, with all his eccentricities, he possessed much of an acute common sense that was not easily mastered; and there was more of indulgence than submission in the liberties which he allowed to his darling and only daughter.

Among other things, he resolved to recall Rupert from London, and to celebrate the event of his father's return, with his marriage to Elina; for he made sure that neither of the young parties had any objections to the match; but, in consistency with his natural jocularity, he determined to keep them ignorant of his intention, and to treat the father as one only whom he had known as a companion in his boyish years, and not, as he had ever been, the greatest object of his friendship.

Accordingly, when the time was at hand that Mr. Bragly was expected, he penned a wary and rather cold letter to Rupert, requesting him to come for a short time to the Hall, where his father was expected, evincing nothing of the particular pleasure he enjoyed at the prospect of meeting his old friend. There was, however, a small postscript at the bottom of the letter delightful to Rupert; it was a message from Elina, bidding him to be sure and come. Every word of this *nota bene* glowed, in his opinion, with more of heart than he had expected, especially after reading the baronet's polite, and, as it seemed, constrained invitation.

By the same post that Mr. Bragly had communicated the period of his return to the baronet, Rupert received a letter from him, which, although it excited vivid pleasure, was not calculated greatly to inflate his hopes. With his wonted plain dealing, the merchant informed his son, that, although he was returning home with a fortune that satisfied his wishes, he was still comparatively but a poor man; as to the amount, however, he was himself content with it.

It happened, when this letter was received, and the baronet's invitation, that Rupert's straightened circumstances did not enable him to prepare for the journey quite in so good a plight as he wished; for, although the baronet's correspondents occasionally took some interest in seeing him at their houses, they had never disclosed the baronet's secret instructions, nor was there about them that heartiness which emboldened Rupert to ask their assistance. Thus he had contrived to live upon his allowance, though he sometimes felt it inadequate to his expenditure. At the time he received Sir Robert's invitation he was drained dry as hay, and knew not what to do for a small sum to enable him to meet

a parent whose worth he had much heard of, but whose person he had no recollection of having ever seen.

In this dilemma, among others to whom he thought of applying for the loan of a few pounds, was his landlady, Mrs. Kittle. From the first evening, notwithstanding the occasional remonstrances of her mother, she had cultivated his acquaintance with all the blandishments and assiduity in her power to display; but she rather with him overdid the business. He did not relish her attentions; and, although she never had a nice dinner without inviting him to partake, he was, in consequence, almost always engaged. However, necessity reverences no law; his poverty, the desire to see his father, and the invitation from Elina at the bottom of the baronet's letter, left him no alternative: thus, though the request was against the grain, and with much reluctance, he mustered courage enough, as the time drew near, to ask the enamoured lady for the loan.

When he applied to her, she most readily consented to advance what he wanted; but, endeavouring to look as languishing as it was possible for a fat and fair of forty to do, she said, that not only the sum he wanted would be given to him, but that all she had was at his disposal, and gave vent to a deep sigh.

Rupert was somewhat surprised at her demeanour; but, as we have stated, he was a simple lad, and, though adroit in many things, the machinations of the widow had not particularly attracted his attention. He regarded her civilities as common to the keepers of lodging-houses in London, and, although they made him wince a little, were, on the whole, such as bespoke the kindest return. But from the hour he laid himself under a pecuniary obligation, his eyes were opened, and he saw the whole drift at once of her manifold urbanities.

He would, in consequence, have retracted his request, but it was too late; and, like the other instruments of necessity, he softened to himself the hardship of asking her for a loan. He saw, indeed, at once, when he suspected her desires, that his conduct was susceptible of a sordid interpretation; but he had no choice. It was, however, his resolution, formed immediately after, to repay the money, and to quit the lodgings of Mrs. Kittle.

The lady herself was in a sort of uneasy fluster; he had never shewn her more civility than a common lodger, and she could not disguise from herself that she had paid him on all occasions the most marked attention. But when he applied to her for the money, she imagined that all was in the right road, and ascribed his behaviour, which was dictated by discretion, to a constitutional prudence, that made him seem to her more than he had ever been before. To her his request was therefore most acceptable; and her mother's caution on the subject was derided as the scrupulosity of wary old age.

"You may say," cried the glowing widow bewitched, "what you please; but what I have is my own, and I will do with it what I like."

"Ca' canny, my leddy Jenny," replied the old woman; "but it's a puir bridegroom that the bride maun buy breeks to, as Lady Mary Livingstone said, when she was married to the heighland chieftain; I have my misdoobts if Mr. Rupert be a right sort of man for taking advantage of your silliness to borrow siller."

"I wonder, mother," cried Mrs. Kittle, reddening, "that you would in that manner let your tongue run away with your sense; is he not a well-behaved young man, and worthy of any reflecting woman's patronage?"

"Patronage here, or patronage there," Mrs. M'Intyre fervently replied; "he does na want for a stock of impudence to borrow from you. I'm very angry with you, Jenny; that man could gar you believe that spade-shafts would bear plums."

"It's well known," said Mrs. Kittle huffily, "that you have no good-will to Mr. Rupert."

"How's that known?" cried her mother, still waxing more displeased; adding, "I'll tell you, Jenny, that ye're a cutty, that's what ye are."

"Your words mother," replied Mrs. Kittle, "are no scandal."

But the old woman summoned all her decayed energies at this retort, and, beating her fists together in the face of her daughter, commanded her to hold her tongue.

Chap. IV.

Mr. Bragly, from the West Indies, arrived at Merrywell Hall on the same day that his son came from London. In all his Majesty's dominions, there

was not a happier group than assembled in the evening round the playful-humoured baronet's board; he was himself the gayest of the party; his jokes were certainly unsheathed, for they glanced and glittered in all directions; even his friend, Mr. Bragly, complimented him on the improvement which his mirthful wit had acquired by time; and observed, that if he lived to the age of Methuselah, it might provoke a laugh: at present, people laughed at his endeavours.

The baronet parried the sarcasm of his friend, by saying, that, as to make people laugh was his sole object, it was the same thing whether endeavours or brilliancy produced it.

Sir Robert was indeed in high feather; he saw matter for mirth even in sadness; and his memory, amidst the reminiscences of former days, the relics of departed pleasure, seemed only to find pranks of stratagem, and snatches of joy.

On the following day, the sports and amusements planned for the welcome of Mr. Bragly, began; and the tenantry were all as happy, in partaking, as if the feast had been at their own cost. The whole country rung with the cheerfulness of the Hall; and, as the baronet's character was well known, all who heard of the occasion participated in the enjoyment,—for sympathy is too weak a word to express the hilarity which they felt at the imagined whims and practical jokes ascribed to the diversions.

In the county town was published a weekly newspaper, which, among other important intelligence concerning chickens with two heads and apple-trees in untimely blossom, contained a column devoted to a description of the doings at Merrywell Hall. This paper Rupert had been in the practice of receiving, sent to him by the gentle hands of Miss Elina herself, sometimes with a surreptitious marginal note, containing some article of intelligence not worth the postage. Rupert did not think it necessary to countermand the paper when he left London, and it so happened that in his absence it was opened by Mrs. Kittle. There she saw all that was going on at the Hall; and among other things, a most alarming paragraph, stating that these rejoicings were preliminary to the nuptials of Mr. Rupert Bragly and Miss Elina, the only daughter and heiress of the much-esteemed baronet.

Mrs. Kittle could not believe her own eyes, which revealed this dreadful intelligence. Twice did she essay to read it; and tears, such as widows shed when they are jilted, burst forth. At last a more ardent feeling succeeded; the remembrance of all she had done to excite a respondent flame in the breast of her lodger rushed upon her. With a mind in which were mingled thoughts of the pastimes to which the baronet had invited so many, and the recollection of Rupert's (improperly called) perfidy, like the gelatinous combination of pepper and veal-head in mock-turtle soup, she cogitated over the newspaper, and acknowledged to herself that she suffered an anxiety that was greater than human nature in her could endure. At last she hit upon a splendid expedient; no less than to go herself to the scene of action, and reiterate there all the stratagems of her hopes and passion,—in some doubt, however, if the Rupert Bragly betrothed to the baronet's daughter could be the same good-looking young man who had beguiled her tender heart.

Accordingly, she resolved instanter to go by the first coach to Merrywell Hall, where, if she did not find the painter quite ripened and mellow enough for marrying, she was sure that he would assist her to the best place for seeing the games, of which the newspaper had given so enchanting an account. But as the distance was considerable, and she could not go without apprising her mother, she had some misgivings if she would consent. However, a middle course presented itself as practicable. Mrs. Kittle conceived that although, in consideration of what was due to decorum, she still allowed her aged parent to snub her, she yet was come to years of discretion enough, on an emergency like the present, in which she had a right to act for herself; and it came to pass that she did so: but, before coming to that determination, she deemed it a duty to consult her mother on the subject. The business, however, required a little address, for which Mrs. Kittle was not eminent; yet she broke the ice to her loving parent with something like the following words.

"Here is," said she, with the paper in her hand, "an account of great triumphing at that gentleman's place where our lodger said he was going.

I wonder how he did not take me with him; for all the world are there!"

"Jenny," cried the mother, "tou doesna ken whether thy head or thy feet are uppermost when tou thinks of that hobbletehoy—for he's no better. What would tou do skipping like a mawkin among a crowd of uncas?"

The widow affected to be very indignant at her mother's insinuation, and replied: "It is a strange thing that a person cannot speak of a rural felicity, without being obliged to hear an ill-natured remark on it. If it was not more for one thing than another, I would go to the ploy by the coach this very afternoon, just to punish you for thinking so lightly of my conduct."

"Punish me!" cried the old woman; "Jenny, my leddy, none of your whether or no's with me. Punish me!—no, no, that would never be a reason for going; it would be to pleasure yourself."

"You are always so cross," cried Mrs. Kittle; "putting yourself in the way of others going to happiness. I can afford to go if I please, and who will stop me?"

"They that will to Cupar, will," exclaimed the old woman; and "it's needless for me to offer my counsel to receive a rejection; for, if you be set upon going, I'm oure frail and aged to haud you."

"That, mother," said the widow, "is a very comical insinuation. Really you would provoke the elect. To save my character, you will force me to go. It's very wrong of you, mother, to use me in this way."

"Weel, weel," replied the old woman, "tak your own will; it's no me that can keep a doney dochter from her fate."

"Now," said Mrs. Kittle, "could not you have given your consent at first, when maybe such a thing as going to this ploy would never have entered my head; but your insinuations have really been too bad, and oblige me to go for the sake of my character."

"Jenny," said the old mother, pensively, "I am no now in a condition to strive, or it would not be to seek what I have to say; but it's no to big a kirk that takes you away gallanting to the back of the world, and gude kens how much further."

In this way Mrs. Kittle made it very clear to her own conscience, that, to preserve her reputation from a slanderous world, it was necessary that she should go by the coach that afternoon to the county town in the neighbourhood of which Merrywell Hall was situated. It was certainly a dreadful journey for a poor widow; and she shed many tears of reluctance on the occasion, saying that nothing but the preservation of all that was dear to her could have instigated her to undertake such a journey.

Chap. V.

Among other stimulants of bumpkin ecstasies, which the baronet had contrived for the week of welcoming which he had allotted to celebrate the return of the friend of his youth, was the elegant exercise of a pig race, that is to say, an animal of that species let loose with its tail besmeared with grease, and to be the prize of him who should first catch it. It happened that the day for the performance of this game was that on which Mrs. Kittle reached the county town, where she found all agog, and in their best, preparing to partake of the amusement.

The mayor's lady, a portly dame, headed the ladies of the other members of the corporation, and several of their daughters, with other grandees of the feminine gender belonging to the borough. She was dressed as befitted her station; and a proud woman was she, as she led her phalanx to the park. The schoolmaster had given his boys a holyday, and led them in rank and file, Lord knows how many! with clean shirts and bands, blue coats with large buttons on them, yellow leather breeches, blue worsted stockings, and shoes fastened by brazen clasps: they also went on their way rejoicing. The corporation was more desultory, but all the members were there: in fact the whole town was there, but a few old people and malcontents; so that Mrs. Kittle was informed by the landlady of the inn at which the coach stopped, that there had not been such a to-do as was then coming to pass at Merrywell Hall since Rodney's victory, which she well remembered was one of the greatest in all time in the known world.

Mrs. Kittle was a good deal tired by her journey; she had travelled all night, and inclined rather to go to bed, than to the adjacent park, where the whole country side was assembling to share the gambols; but every body knows that love is a sleepless passion, especially when such amusements are a-foot.

The widow therefore, under the influence of both, resolved to dress herself anew, rather than to court the embraces of Morpheus; accordingly, having partaken of breakfast, she hied into a bed-room, and was not long of decorating; but with all her speed, she was among the last who left the town, and conspicuous by the pink bow of her bonnet, when she approached the crowd assembled on the lawn in front of the hall.

Rupert, with the baronet's guests and a large party, were accommodated on a scaffold, erected to afford a better view of the pastimes than could be got by struggling in the multitude on the ground; and he saw from this elevated station, the approaching apparition of Mrs. Kittle. The first emotion of astonishment having subsided, he went down to her, and, after expressing his surprise at her appearance, conducted her up to a delightful situation on the platform, where the select of the company were assembled: such distinction transcended the good lady's most sanguine hopes; she had never been so far advanced among gentlefolks before, and she deemed her reputation completely vindicated.

Rupert, among several others, told who Mrs. Kittle was, and beginning to suspect her designs on himself, told the baronet of his suspicion. He could not have communicated to that gentleman a more delicious secret, for it was now the third day of the rejoicings, and, to whisper something in the reader's ear, Sir Robert was by this time beginning to think his fête and pageantry a cursed bore—and three days of it were yet to come. The appearance, however, of Mrs. Kittle was an unbespoken interlude, and the baronet's thirst for something new was highly gratified.

No sooner had Rupert told him the news, than he turned briskly round to look at the lady, who stood conspicuous at some distance, her bow like a peony, and her face, which we must acknowledge to have been comely, glowing with all the animation that fluttering emotions and blooming plumpness could express. The moment that Sir Robert saw her, after hearing Rupert's mischief-making story, he, as lord of the feast, went towards her, and, characteristic of himself, while he congratulated her on the additional pleasure which her blithe countenance diffused over the scene, without much preface, affected to fall in love with her.

This was not exactly what Rupert anticipated, for, as we have said, with all his endowments, he was a simple-minded young man.

Miss Elina, who observed her father paying more than ordinary attentions to the blooming dame, was a little surprised, as she could not imagine who the stranger was. Only Mr. Bragly, who knew his friend of old, guessed the drift of his jocularity, and was more amused at it than at the race which they had come to see; for it was evident to him, that Sir Robert was making a shew of love which was not altogether disagreeable to the enterprising widow. She had by this time learned the rank of the baronet, and was flattered beyond expression with his unexpected blandishments, insomuch that she thought less and less of Rupert, compared with the interest which he was more and more exciting in her sensitive bosom.

Rupert, observing what was passing, congratulated himself on what he had done, believing that Sir Robert would keep the widow so engaged as to allow him unmolested pleasure in attending only on Elina, to whom absence, in his opinion, had added many charms. But long before the entertainment of the day was finished, he was surprised at seeing Sir Robert still continuing, in a very ardent manner, his attentions to the London widow. He was not quite satisfied; he thought the baronet was continuing the joke too long, and saw that he himself had ceased to be an object of attraction in the lady's fond sight.

But whatever were the fears and anxieties which began to rise in his bosom, they were matured by observing Sir Robert bring the delighted dame through the crowd, and introduce her to his daughter, as an old friend, of whom they had often heard from Rupert, and who had come purposely from London to participate in their recreations.

All this was not just what our hero had expected; and he thought the baronet a little too excessive in the kindness of his manner towards Mrs. Kittle, who received it with the happiest complacency. Dread grew to terror when Sir Robert invited the lady to be of their party at the Hall, and whispered Elina to invite her to stay with them during the remainder of the games.

Miss Elina was not overly pleased to be so employed; but she partook of her

father's nature; being, however, seized with a little wonderment or jealousy at what besides the stage-coach had brought the blooming widow from London, she performed the task in such a manner that the invitation was cordially accepted.

Chap. VI.

The indoor hospitality of the baronet was analogous to his open-air entertainment. It was rough, jocund, plenteous, and not distinguished for refinement. He had a vast multitude assembled to partake of his banquets; a miscellaneous crowd, in which Mrs. Kittle was remarked as unknown: but she deservedly obtained particular attention, not only for the glowing blitheness of her looks, but for the overpowering predominance of her pink bows.

She was, besides being the particular object of Sir Robert's politeness, much esteemed by two large corpulent clergymen, who, highly pleased with her appearance, seated her between them, and talked to her, whispering nonsense and unutterable things.

Though the taste and habits of Sir Robert were deemed eccentric, he had yet from early youth nourished one commendable quality with a keener relish than usual of boisterous pleasures and practical jokes,—this was a dislike to every species of intemperance, as degrading to man; and, in consequence, with all that might have tempted to excess, his gayest and most promiscuous entertainments were always marked with the most agreeable sobriety. No one beheld at his crowded tables an instance of indecorum, incensed by wine; nor were the sessions at them prolonged beyond that happy cheerfulness which prepares the mind for a new form of social enjoyment. Accordingly, in moving from the tables to enjoy the revelries of the evening, there was at once great sprightliness and much temperate mirth.

Still, Rupert and Elina could not understand the civilities which attracted Sir Robert to the widow; but a calm observer might have detected, by careful study, a latent smile dawning at times among the sombre features of Mr. Bragly, who alone had a just conception that his friend meant nothing by his flattery to Mrs. Kittle. He was also something of a philosopher, and put upon the baronet's marked and remarked conduct a construction very different from that which it received from persons of less reflection. From the hour of his arrival, he had discerned in his old friend a buoyancy of mind and a forgetfulness of care, which reminded him of the sunny days they had passed in youth together; and to the influence of this hilarity he ascribed his demeanour to the widow. Others imagined, from the same cause, that the baronet was intoxicated with her charms.

Mrs. Kittle herself, who, as we have shewn, was not the most circumspect of her sex, was delighted with the impression which she imagined her appearance had produced on the susceptible heart of her host; and, in consequence, her passion for Rupert, if so it may be termed, underwent a change. He was still in her opinion the properest young man whom she had that day seen; but there was something in the idea of being the lady of all she beheld, which greatly soothed the anxieties of love.

Before the evening was well closed, the baronet's excessive adulation had completely won her heart; nor is this to be much regarded to her dishonour, for a ship-painter was no rival to a baronet.

It is not to be supposed that Rupert was all this time without paying her any attention. Whenever a fitting time presented itself, he shewed her all proper civility; and had the good fortune, in some accidental moment, to discover that another object had supplanted his image in her affections. The circumstance gave him great pleasure; for among other things which the baronet had prepared to afford satisfaction to his friend, was the fulfilment of his promise to give the fair Elina to Rupert, and had announced the celebration of the wedding as one of the fêtes he had prepared for the week.

It thus happened that when Mrs. Kittle, so strangely the victim of the baronet's playful humour, was conducted at night to her bed-room, she had a nice chatty and interesting conversation with the maid who lighted her to bed. From her she learned the nuptials impending, when they were to be celebrated, and every thing that was to her important. But when the Abigail retired, she had a long confabulation with herself upon the subject, and began her soliloquy by cogently

remarking, "Who would ever have imagined that I was to be the leddy of a Sir!—we know not, however, what Providence has ordained us to come to. No doubt I would have been content—such is the short-sightedness of worldly wisdom—with the painter lad; though I'll no say that there was some truth in my mother's expostulation, for certainly, as a husband to the likes of me, he was too young; but Sir Robert, he is of a right age: I'll no say that he's so perfect a man as the painter; but then he's a baronet, and very rich—that makes up for any defect of nature about him; and then he's younger than poor Mr. Kittle was when I first married him, and that's many years ago. Of the two, I think it would be most prudent for a woman like me, therefore, to turn her affections on the baronet. Besides, it appears that I have been all in the wrong box, for the young man, in a very romantical manner, has been pledged to Miss Elina as far back as to be scarcely within the memory of man; and I am but making an April fool of myself by thinking he will ever answer to the regard that has brought me from London. No, I give up the design, and will content myself as a prudent woman with accepting the baronet's hand and fortune. However, it becomes my critical situation to say nothing till the young couple's affair is well over; for, in decency, it would rather be overly soon to think that me and the baronet could come to a clear understanding in the eyes of the world. Heigho! I do think, upon reflection, that the painter has not used me well, to borrow of me for the purpose of sweethearting with Miss; but we know not what a day will bring forth. Never did I think it was in the power of nature to make me a lawful lady among the great. How my mother will stare when she hears of my good luck! sure am I it will close her mouth; she'll never venture to insinuate again. But, poor old woman, her wits are wavering by reason of old age, and I must not be too austere. Instead of gloves and ribands, I will give her a fur cloak, on account of her rheumatics; and, with the blessing of Heaven, she'll see her error, and talk in a proper manner to me. I will not be overly severe, for she's a good creature; and as she says sometimes herself, 'old folk must be endured, for they are twice bairns.' I wonder, however, what jointure Sir Robert will settle; I'll not take a farthing less than was given to his first leddy—that's a preliminary point. But it's time to go to bed, and I'll consider the affair with my soberest waking thoughts in the morning. Upon the whole, I have reason in the mean time to be very thankful."

Chap. VII.

The morning was blithe, fresh, fragrant, and breezy; the flowers smiled like maidens, and every leaf twinkled with light; when Mrs. Kittle, blooming like a dahlia, descended from her chamber to bask in the beams that sparkled from the baronet, brightening into brilliancy every visage around him. Our limits do not permit us to record the many excellent *bons mots* which he uttered on that occasion; we can only speak in general terms of his gaiety and glitter.

He had, in a great measure, forgotten his flirtation the preceding day with Mrs. Kittle; but the moment that she appeared, blushing like the sun in the horizon, his recollection of her returned, and with it the fond passion that had prompted him to utter so many fine things when he introduced himself to her.

At first, Elina and her lover were as much diverted by his conspicuous languishments as any of the party at the breakfast-table; but Sir Robert threw himself occasionally into such enamoured positions, that they began to grow grave, and Miss Elina in particular could not conceal her alarm. However, as it was her wedding-day, her fears were neither deep nor serious; for her thoughts were, from that circumstance, diverted to other considerations.

On account of the wedding, there was no forenoon diversion—all the mirth was reserved for the evening; still it was a busy time at the Hall, and although Mrs. Kittle did all in her power to attract the baronet, they were sometimes separated, which afforded Mr. Bragly opportunities of remonstrating with Sir Robert on his preposterous affectation. But on such a day—his daughter's marriage—all persuasion was but thrashing the water, and raising of bubbles. Rupert expressed also to Elina his great grief, that he should have been so ready in introducing Mrs. Kittle to the party, adding,

"Who could have thought that your father would have been guilty of such folly?"

And her reply shewed the peril into which matters were now come.

"I hope," said she, "he will not play the fool at his time of life."

Nor was the widow less convinced of his earnestness, and more than once thought of various alterations she would make in the Hall, whatever her old mother might say; heartily, however, joining in the felicitations of the baronet on the joyous events of the festival, and smiling upon him with her softest eyes.

In consequence of all these things, she rejoiced in the progress towards the completion of Rupert's happiness, although at one time she fondly deemed it would be shared with herself; and she witnessed the ceremony of the union performed with almost equal satisfaction to that enjoyed by any of the guests, for the removal of Miss Elina would undoubtedly lessen all impediments to the consummation of what she thought was evidently her own unavoidable fate. But not to spin out the story too long, Mr. Bragly considered it necessary at last to interfere; for his friend, by the effect that was visible on her, was carrying the joke too far.

Accordingly, soon after the young couple had been made one, he regarded it as a duty to set Mrs. Kittle right as to what were the real intentions of the baronet. For this purpose he took an early opportunity of speaking to her, and began by remarking how fond of practical jokes his friend had ever been.

Mrs. Kittle observed, with a simper, that he certainly was a funny man.

"Yes," said Mr. Bragly, "but he becomes sometimes so interested in his own joke, that he forgets its nature altogether."

Mrs. Kittle observed, with simplicity, that it was a great pity he did so.

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Bragly; "yet were the delusion confined to himself, it would be only what he deserved; but, unfortunately, others are often made the victims of his amusement."

The widow looked at Mr. Bragly as if she did not quite understand him, and a slight cast of alarm might be detected at the root of some of her features; but she said nothing, and the sedate merchant seriously proceeded—

"I make the remark," said he, "because I have observed that Sir Robert has appeared much fascinated with you, and I wish to put you on your guard."

Again the widow looked surprised, and said, with a pathetic accent, that she hoped Sir Robert was not such a deceiver.

"Oh," cried Mr. Bragly, "no, no! he means only a little harmless mirth; but those who don't know his way are apt to be taken in."

"Taken in!" cried Mrs. Kittle, "taken in!" And in repeating the words there was some tremor in her voice; but Mr. Bragly proceeded—

"Those who know my friend, relish his jokes; but strangers are generally of opinion that he affects too much earnestness, and as you never saw him before yesterday, perhaps you may think so too."

Mrs. Kittle looked at the grave Mr. Bragly while he was speaking, and gradually bending forward, clenching her hands, and cramping up both her arms with rage, exclaimed,

"Oh, the monster!" and turning round to make her exit, met the baronet full in the face coming towards them.

"Hey day!" said he, "what's the matter? You look flustered, my duckie!"

"Goose!" cried Mrs. Kittle; and gave him a great push.

"I have told you," exclaimed Mr. Bragly, "you were going too far; this unfortunate lady thought you sincere."

"I am not unfortunate yet," cried the widow, trembling with passion.

"You alarm me!" said the baronet; and added, seriously, "my dear Mrs. Kittle! did you really think me in earnest?"

But she was unable to articulate one word more; her face became purple; she staggered with indignation to discover that she had been so much the dupe of a mere joke or stratagem: but recovering her energy, she stamped loud and vehemently with her foot, and before the prankful baronet could say "Jack Robinson," she gave him two alternate hearty smacks on the face, and exclaiming, "You perjured wretch, you!" flounced out of the room, and was off by the coach that night to London, a woful woman.

No. XL.

DOCTOR MOIR.

We here present our readers with Dr. Moir, the far-famed Delta of the North; our itinerant artist having taken a flying sketch of him in passing through the borough [now] of Musselburgh. We forget; the town was in the "olden time" of that degree, as witnesseth that ancient rhyme, not more remarkable for its beauty than perspicuity:

> "Musselburgh it was a burgh
> When Edinburgh was nane,
> And Musselburgh will be a burgh
> When Edinburgh is gane."

To return to the portrait. Be it known to all men, that although the Doctor is celebrated far and wide for "stringing blethers upon rhyme," as naturally as Robin Burns himself, yet the world has but the moiety of a notion of a little part of his worth, when it thinks that his poetry comprehends all the merit which entitles him to the praise and good-will of our courteous readers. In fact, if there be any efficacy in local influences, he could not help being Delta — he had no choice in the matter; he was "to the manner born," and has no more reason to be proud of his gift than a beautiful young lady of her beauty.

Certainly he is somewhat indebted to Fate, but with equal innocence; for he was not consulted about the expediency of being born in the burgh aforesaid, and is guiltless of associating in the environs, so many storied and classic talismans. For example, in the walks of Pinkie House his callow muse probably first learnt to chirp — Pinkie, so renowned in minstrelsy and song, and rebuilt in its fame by the Author of *Waverley*. Then his boyish musings in Eskgrove, where the Protector Somerset pitched his tent in the invasion of Scotland, on the very spot where old Lord Eskgrove set up a leaden image of Flora, obnoxious to schoolboys, by whom she has been pitted with small shot, as naturally as if she had been ill of the small-pox before vaccination was discovered. His adolescence strayed, no doubt, as far as Carberry Hill, and there he had bright visions of the fair, ill-fated Mary. But our limits oblige us to curtail the verse-inspiring catalogue of the circumstances that probably as much contributed to make him a poet, as the Edinburgh University to dub him a doctor.

Although the Doctor is chiefly known afar by his rhymes, and esteemed at home for his household worth, he is also not unknown to many strangers for his reason. Some of his occasional papers (in Regina, as well as elsewhere) have great merit for the simple perspicuity of the style, and the sedate good sense that pervades them; indeed, we are disposed to value his possession of this quality very highly, for with the most unaffected "to the point" clearness, his dissents are ever expressed in that mild and temperate manner which bespeaks respect for his information and understanding.

His talents are neither confined to rhyme nor reason; he possesses a *naïve* vein of humour of no common kind, as witnesseth *Mansie Waugh*, which, though to the English a sealed book, is a work very admirably descriptive of a class of persons fast wearing out even in that land of originals, Scotland, as well as of manners that are no longer common.

When part of *Mansie Waugh* first appeared in *Blackwood*, it was ascribed to Galt by many of his friends; and indeed his Scottish manner was so evident throughout, that he said himself it was strange he had no recollection of writing such a book — as if he had no doubt of its being his. It is an instance of the *vraisemblable* equal to any thing in the *Rejected Addresses*. We hope that he has not worked out this vein. Mansie Waugh himself was becoming somewhat of a bore at last; but are there no other Mansies in the land?

The Doctor is great upon contagion; and not content with fighting, and in a great measure subduing, the foul fiend Cholera (he was secretary to the Edinburgh board during the prevalence of the disorder, and filled the office with high honour to himself), he wrote a book about it. Whether Cholera rejoiced that his enemy had written a book or not, we cannot say; but, at all events, we trust that it will be a long day before he or any of his rascally breed, seed, or generation, shall come to deprive our literature of the multifarious talents of

> "Delta, triangular bard,"

as somebody, we forget who, once called him.

ON INTELLECTUAL ENDOWMENTS.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

Contemporaries who now stand on the same shelf of fame, often, while they lived together, were accustomed to speak ill of each other. Thus Gray spoke of Akenside, and Warburton of Lowth. Various conflicting passions prompt to this. Milton despised Dryden,—but this was more a matter of unprejudiced taste. There was no congeniality between the genius of Milton and that of Dryden. Authors, while in the bloom of reputation, little suspect what spiteful things are travelling about regarding them from some of those who, as they flatter themselves, are among their chief admirers. But these mutual spitefulnesses do not finally injure positive merit. Nothing is more satisfactory than to be convinced, that fame falls at last where it is due; and, among others, that the tests of literary merit are in the long-run fixed, and above caprice. Popular whim and humour, and silly fashion, may prevail for a time, and very commonly do prevail. But if we look into the five hundred English authors in metre since the commencement of printing, we shall find, that they who have survived in the memory of posterity have had the most merit. Let no one, therefore, who is conscious of his own deserts despair! Let him struggle on, if he struggles with good faith, and uses no artifices! It may be asked, with some plausibility, What avail praises to the "cold insensate grave?" Almost every one who does not work for money, or worldly profit of some kind, works for fame. To do good only for the secret satisfaction of having done it, is rare indeed! Who has raised himself above this axiom of Horace:

> "At quid scire valet, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter?"

But knowledge and virtue are precious for themselves. In reading of Collins the poet, of whom Johnson has given so affecting an account (which has been latterly commented on by D'Israeli, in his *Calamities of Authors*), we always express our wonder at the relation, that that brilliant genius should suffer himself to be so overcome by neglect, as to drive him to insanity; and do not admit that this could be the true cause of that deplorable affliction. We think that a mind so creative and elastic has always resources within itself against mere worldly ingratitude or injury. Pecuniary embarrassment might do much, because it destroyed his independence; but we suspect that the grand cause must have been some bodily derangement. We do not like literary men who work at a task; we always suspect that the opinions they give are not sincere. The elements of conviction are not such that all of them can always be analysed, and embodied in language. We must depend much, therefore, on a man's character and purposes for some part of the credence we give to his dicta. He who is willing to do good "from the loop-hole of retreat," still concealing his person and name, can have no other aim than wisdom and truth. If we go into society, we require some degree of personal respect and distinction to give force to our oral communications, and command attention to them; but what is written makes its own way, if powerful and true. We may suspect all praise when it is paid to our persons; we cannot suspect it when the person from whom the thing praised comes is unknown! There are those to whose mind and temper society is necessary,—who require the stimulant of conversation and change of objects, and whose faculties become stagnant and diseased in solitude. But this is not the case with those who have a rich imagination. The more solitude, the more internal movement with them! The chief thing is to preserve self-complacence and self-dignity, —without which there can be no greatness of mind. It is fair to treat those with scorn who betray a littleness of opinion and sentiment. Every one is really great in proportion to the greatness of his intellectual powers, provided they be accompanied by virtue. Birth, rank, riches, office, are nothing compared with these endowments. But men must not mistake quickness and sharpness of apprehension for genius. Genius is an intuitive power, in which sagacity and sensibility operate on imagination; it does not deal in tricky

subtleties and plausible falsehoods, in theories built by presumptuous and narrow philosophy; but in that moral wisdom which comes from the mingled fountain of the head and heart, and which ventures nothing that has not upon it the stamp of the conscience. It must be something that approaches to the axiomatic wisdom of the moral part of the sacred writings. God has sent us into the world with spiritual powers to operate upon matter; it is the act of associating those spiritual powers with matter, and bringing them thus into view, that constitutes the great duty of genius. There ought to be a language and a sentiment annexed to every shriek of the blast. We are made to be affected, not merely in our bodily senses, but mentally, by all the scenery and sounds of nature; the winds talk to us, and the ocean, the lakes, and the mountains, awaken spiritual visions within us. He who exercises himself happily as the oracle which interprets these things, is a sort of half-inspired magician. The ideas in which he deals are shadows that elude all others in the grasp: they must never be mingled with common beings in the estimation of the world; if they are, they do not carry the proper authority and weight with them. But what genius does not shew himself different from others, even in the cradle? There is no such thing as the gradual display of native powers by the process of art and labour — a genius is always a genius, in his very boyhood !*

It may be supposed that the materials of mental production are in proportion to seeming opportunity; they are not so: the sources lie within. Imagination supplies what is wanting in experience. Among realities, the want of experience will shew itself; but not in the solitude of the closet, and the visions of the mind. If it be thought that these fruits of the workings of lonely inspiration are of little value to the community, it is an opinion of gross misconception and ignorance. They gradually operate, like a subterraneous spring which fertilises the earth; they throw up beams of light, like the rays that sparkle from sunny streams; and the public continually refer to them as illuminations to the doubtful banks on which they are treading.

How few persons calling themselves statesmen have been men of literature! Will any one pretend that Pitt was a man of literature? or Liverpool, or Perceval, or Rockingham, or Pelham, or Walpole? A man of literature may not be a statesman; but no one can be an enlightened and grand statesman without literature. Canning, on the contrary, trusted too much to literature and rhetorical flourish, and was too much puffed up by conceit of his own pre eminence in it, which was not so great as he supposed.† Thus all human affairs run in the wild course of a chance-tide! If any one be cunning enough to throw himself happily on the top of that tide, he will be carried up to fortune. But as all is vanity, it is best to indulge one's self in innocent obscurity and peace.

High thoughts and pure sentiments may lift us above the world; but petty ambitions and petty vanities keep us in a perpetual fever, and put us justly at the mercy of the base caprices of others. Among mankind it is nothing but an unprincipled struggle for selfish advantages. No one can command success; and if he obtains it, it turns out to be empty, and worth nothing. The best men—and the happiest too—are those who have spent their lives in retirement;‡ who have never sought for fame, and have depended on no one but themselves. Scarce any one is so virtuous as not to delight to mortify others. Every one will play with his power: shew any one you are anxious for his good opinion, and he will be sure to disappoint you — the very fact of the desire degrades you in his estimation.

Knowledge is pleasure in itself—the creatures of the imagination afford still greater pleasure. We gaze on

* We should very much doubt this position of our friend Sir Egerton Brydges. Of this we are quite sure, from our experience of this very *mobile* writer, that he would find no difficulty at all at all, in writing a capital essay on the subject of "The gradual display of the native powers of Genius, by the process of Art and Labour." He would have plenty of facts to support him.—O. Y.

† This is very true.—O. Y.

‡ Well would it be for these times if a practical faith could be induced in the general mind of this excellent sentiment.—O. Y.

visions that have the power of conferring intrinsic delight; is it increased by telling the delight to others? Since others would blight the enjoyment, would it not be better to keep our own secret? Envy and jealousy are the two leading passions of human nature; the principal occupation in social intercourse is to detract from others. So says Falstaff, in the famous words put into his lips by Shakespeare.

Are these prosings? What is the use of imagery, or facts, without intellectual comment? A story once told, and its *dénouement* known, who will read it a second time? The interest is then gone; there is nothing to cite or refer to; there is no general truth; nothing applicable to any other combination of circumstances. What is a riddle when it is known?—dead and evaporated! Moral and psychological knowledge is conveyed by comments, not by facts:

"The proper study of mankind is man."

He who is content to be ignorant on this subject, rises little above a brute. But to attain this knowledge, we must enter into the penetration of the mind and the heart; we must not encumber the memory with mere external facts. In society, all is disguise; and he who knows only the surface, will be in a constant state of delusion. Some men, therefore, the more they mix in society, the less they know of mankind.

The mind governs, yet not openly, but rather by imperceptible influence: riches and open force seem to a vulgar eye to govern. No one can be happy who does not think rightly, because he will be always thwarted in false expectations: a veil is over every thing, and he who cannot pierce it must be a dupe.*

In the immense suburbs of London, probably, live some of the strangest characters—men retired from business with immense riches, which they have not the heart to spend; entirely unknown in society; narrow, ignorant, prejudiced, selfish, estimating every thing by money, though they make no use of money; reserved and shy, and despising society, though angry that they have no distinction in society. The number of these characters is perhaps incalculable—men of whose names no one ever heard, except in the Bank-books—men whose principal gains have been as money-lenders, or jobbers (not as gamblers, for they run no hazards) on the Stock Exchange. These are persons fed and gorged by that greatest of all curses, the National Debt, which makes the public funds—a plague, which has gone beyond all other plagues to demoralise England, and lay a mine for its inevitable ruin—a plague, such that every statesman who has encouraged it has lost all claim to patriotism—a plague, of which it is impossible that any statesman of common sense could be blind to the evils.

It is because a man of talent has not the resolution to nurse the habits of a well-employed retirement, that he does not betake himself to this course of life. There is no doubt that the intellectual faculties can be most improved and best exerted in a proper and virtuous retirement, never falling into idleness, nor letting the mind dwell too exclusively on one subject.

Genius cannot sufficiently mould the manners and forms of the mass of trifling and stupid mankind to its own models; and therefore it is better to be secluded from them. When the ardour of genius endeavours to keep down its impetuosities, it loses its strength and its zest. The collision of society forces us to smooth down our roughnesses, and, with our roughnesses, all our characteristics. At the same time, this collision sometimes strikes out new lights, which would not otherwise have come forth. Then what precious time is lost in common company! what trains of valuable ideas are broken in upon! how the glow of the heart is clouded, and the imagination pressed down under an intolerable weight! It is like a fire extinguished by loads of wet earth.

It may be observed, that these arguments in favour of retirement apply principally to men who have made choice of a single life: they are not so suited to fathers of families, who have children to introduce into the world; though even then, in many cases, they may be supported by unanswerable reasoning.

Censurers are resolved to call courage rashness, and rational fear pusillanimity. These are the spiteful comments

* Sir Egerton here shews himself to be a literary high-priest, who has been more than once within the sanctuary, and can report strange matters.—O. Y.

of ill-disposed minds. To think and feel correctly and deeply through all the range of moral contemplation, is a mighty attainment; but we must not suppose that what is new to ourselves is therefore new to others, and requires to be taught to them. Still innumerable topics remain enveloped in clouds, and require to be brought out. Many cry, "leave them in the mist in which you find them; it is sufficient to concern yourself with your own affairs." This is not generous and high-minded; if none thought beyond themselves, how would the world go on? Popular errors of the moment, mischievous and extensive in their effects, are always in operation: truth prevails more rarely than is assumed, and false opinions, let alone, will obtain absolute dominion. The enlightened intellect which can correct them, and dissipate delusions, is a great benefactor. Men are willing to encourage the continuance of deceitful colours, when they favour their own passions and wishes; but the spear of truth dissipates them, and takes the film away from the eyes of the gazers.

The devil is always at the cauldron that brews evil, and spreads its smoke over the world. Spells are ever in demand against these poisons. At this crisis, radical falsehoods in political economy are in full operation; are they to be left to detect themselves? What is always repeated without contradiction, will be taken to be unassailable truth. The government is inexcusable which permits lies to have dominion over the public mind: will-o'-wisps, and fires which are not genuine, play upon the surface of society.

What are the faculties which it requires to draw away the veil from these deceptions? not only profound penetration and judgment, but bright imagination. Without imagination there can be no sagacity, for sagacity does not spring from mere observance. Many minds seem to be blanks; they scarcely think at all, unless mistily, on the few objects which press upon their senses; they lead a sort of animal life. Authors, moralists, and statesmen, may be useful by applying admitted principles and reasonings to temporary purposes. But the interest of such productions does not survive the occasion; and the occasion is only in the application. To survive the crisis requires originating and generalising faculties. Important truths are not brought forth without cost of intellect and toil; and though numbers have skill to apply, few have skill to produce. Why is this gift so rare? that it is so, is proved by the few who have attained to permanent eminence in literature—by the few that are pregnant with its essence, while multitudes can command its materials.

It may be urged, that we are thus endeavouring to establish a fanciful pre-eminence which does not exist in our natures: but it does exist; and whoever examines acutely, will find it so. The impressions received by a creative mind, perhaps remain treasured for years, before they are brought into use; at first they may have been indistinct, but they gradually work themselves into clearness and depth; and then at last serve for part of the materials of some new combinations. At first, perhaps, the difference from common productions is not perceptible to vulgar eyes; but after a time it remains at top, while all that surrounded it has sunk.

The powers of some men expand slowly, but are the stronger at last.* They feel the force within them long before they can bring it out; and thus they persevere, in defiance of the mean opinion others may entertain of them. They work incessantly, unseen and unsuspected. Sometimes the spring lies deep beneath an almost impenetrable rock, and even when arrived at, requires to be filtered and analysed with great pains. Many things are mysterious and inscrutable till long thought upon, and are not intended to be revealed but by a great cost of mental expenditure. This it sometimes requires a long life to accomplish. Compilations are easily made; matters of fact are easily stated; but comments, opinions, speculations, and principles, are far otherwise. A rich and easy abundance of sentiment is a power of infrequent occurrence; a book which strings together other people's thoughts,

* We were right in saying that Sir Egerton could write on the gradual development of genius. Here he begins, verily, to do the precise thing itself. It would seem, as is his custom, as if here he had entirely forgotten what he had thought and written half an hour before.—O. Y.

in other people's words, is made without much trouble or art. He who watches his own feelings and movements of mind, has an original to study, on which he may depend, and is sure to draw a freshness of resemblance which will at once interest and instruct. But the copy of a copy is the feeblest of faint things. Another thing not commonly attained in composition by youth is mellowness. Authors little practised are apt to be hard and affected. Long experience, a calm confidence, a familiarity with the public eye, set a writer at his ease, and enable him to bring forth his conceptions without effort or constraint; he knows, by what is past, what he has to depend upon. If we have not a transparent view of what is passing within us, if it is not reflected by the mirror of our mind, we must seem to ourselves to be grovelling blindfold in the world, and ever be restless to free ourselves from this darkness. If we can only go with the stream, and move as others move, we are in a wretched state of dependence; like the feather thrown into the air, which drops when the breeze ceases. Innate pride forbids us to be content with being ciphers in society; and when we have the facility to operate on the opinions of others, we persuade ourselves, if we exert that facility, that we may be of some little use and importance among our contemporaries. Hence is nurtured some portion of that self-complacence, without which there can be no content or good-humour. For this reason no one can live for himself alone, because no one can thus preserve self-complacence. We may work out things by our own skill which have been worked out a thousand times before, yet thus worked out, they will always have freshness: while he who scribbles from his memory instantly betrays his prototype, and fatigues by his emptiness and useless repetitions. The mind ought always to be in a state of progression—every day ought to add something to our knowledge. When what we gather one day is effaced by the acquirement of the next, *ennui* almost always ensues. It is only by multiplication and combination that we can find an enduring cause of novelty. Books are multiplied without end, and there are but few books which contain any addition to our intelligence; and it requires an acute taste to discriminate exactly what is new. The effects are felt by readers who do not precisely know the cause. How few critics can penetrate what are the true spells of composition! —the charm lies in the breath of life, in the exhalations of the soul! If it be not an echo, it falls flat, though the reader does not know why. The voice of nature finds a response in every bosom. Lord Chesterfield, in the preface to Hammond's *Elegies*, long ago observed, that the attraction of the poet was, that he rather wrote what he thought than thought what he should write. The mere artifices of writing have scarcely ever continued to support an author's fame long: depth, wisdom, truth, genuineness, are the indispensable qualities.

In authors we must take into consideration quality and quantity. Some rich minds have yet not the talent of inventing stories, but only detached characters and passions, sentiments and thoughts arising out of them; that is, they cannot put invented characters into combined and conflicting action. If genius is not varied and extensive, it is of a humble class; *chaleur* is no inconsiderable proof of genius, because it can only arise from the *ideal* presence of objects.

Addison had clearness, rectitude, and beauty of mind; but, perhaps, not positive force. Johnson's magnitude was sometimes swell rather than strength. Burke had variety, elasticity, beauty, spendour, and sublimity. Some think that Burke's mind was too exclusively occupied with politics; but with him politics involved the application of the whole range of moral philosophy. His illustrative imagery was poetically beautiful. He had looked upon nature with a poet's eye: that he did not write in verse was mere accident. Goldsmith, in his humorous lines on the characters of the Literary Club, says, that

> "He to party gave up what was meant
> for mankind."

But this is severe and unjust: none of his speeches or writings betray party politics. Yet politics are so carried on in England, that he who engages practically in them can scarce avoid party combination, with its evil and narrow passions, and its base intrigues and manœuvres.*

* Too true!—O. Y.

The spirit of long, if not eternal life, is always in the style and language of genius. It sees into the essences of the human character, and draws out the fountain of our being. It is above temporary and adventitious passions: it echoes no outward cries, but speaks from the oracles within. If we turn over the volumes of any two or three shelves of the miscellaneous literature of a great library, we shall have proof how very rare this high quality of genius is. Page after page, volume after volume, all is dry, dull, and dead. Perhaps the writers were lively beings in practical life: but in the solitude of the closet all was dulness and torpor. They who were known to their friends and acquaintance to be quick and animated, gave a temporary interest to their writings which soon ceased.

When we read a book, we ought to ask, are any new traits developed, any new distinctions made?—do we find any thought we have not found elsewhere? or do we meet with an old one better expressed? Shall we have occasion to refer to the work again? Does it contain matter of general application, and is it enriched with the essence of thought? What are trite facts worth that illustrate no new or important principle? By how few books is any thing to be learned, or the understanding improved, or the imagination expanded! When an author flashes a new light upon us, we start with pleasure. But how rarely is this brilliance exhibited! Authors are content to deal with hackneyed ideas; they have not courage or force to reduce into form new matter; they do not venture upon new and unbroken ground. If they borrow, other people's thoughts will come in other people's words; so that there is no novelty even of language.

Unfortunately, the mob of readers like story, rather than reflection and sentiment; they prefer matter to intellect: so Heaven permits in the fallen state of man. What is obvious to the senses is more easily apprehended by vulgar heads. But a story once told will not bear repetition. It is like pressed grapes, which leave only the dregs; and not like Horace's stream,

> "Which runs—and as it runs, for ever will run on."

Enduring interest can only be given by the universality of spirit and genius. Most of the fashionable publications are but flowers of a day, that "fade timelessly." In the morning they open their leaves, put forth their gaudy colours, and die ere night. They are raised in a hot-bed, have no scent, and no stamina of life. The thin fluid is impelled, exhausts itself, and evaporates.

We return to general truths again and again; essence never dies. He who cannot generalise has narrow and purblind faculties; he ventures to give an opinion on a particular fact or case, but cannot reach the extent of any rule or principle. What is a single case worth that affords nothing applicable as a direction to others? There are uniform principles, according to which, by the decrees of Providence, all things move. If we can get at a principle, we get at wisdom.* It is useless to load the memory with insulated particulars.

It is the mark of genius that it is frank and open-bosomed; its feelings are too strong to allow it to wear a false dress. But all worldly success depends on guile, reserve, and management; as much is effected by concealing the truth as by asserting falsehood; the great art of business is to say as little as possible. But this is a base and scoundrel-like sort of wisdom. Dissimulation is quite as wicked as simulation.

There is scarce any station, or scarce any circumstances, under which an educated mind, whose workings of thought and feeling are under due regulation, may not be happy; air, exercise, and simple food, accompanied by elevated, tender, and refined musings, by tranquillity, and an habitual control over violent and bitter passions, will secure a constant enjoyment of existence. But envy, jealousy, malice, avarice, cupidity, are their own punishment, and eat up the heart. A restless desire of distinction lives in a state of incessant mortification; and the vapours that rise from an uneasy heart throw themselves on all the scenery around.

We ought to endure the insults of the arrogant and mean with a calm indifference or scorn. They who assume to themselves an offensive consequence are always hollow and worthless pretenders; men of true rank and high genius are always simple and con-

* This sentence deserves to be written in letters of gold.—O. Y.

ciliatory. New wealth and power are always insolent; and the respect acquired through fraud is retained by artifice. The cunning man is always a rascal, and generally a fool: idiots and mad persons are always cunning: the cold prudence of the worldling is hard-hearted vice.

We are free to admit, that it is dangerous to keep the brain in too high a degree of excitement — it causes too morbid a susceptibility of the heart. In that case the very shrieks, or even sighs of the wind, affect us too deeply and too mysteriously: the wind seems literally to talk and moan to us. A genuine poet always lives in a state of waking dreams; what is called reason, has not a sufficient dominion over him. No philosophical theory has yet adequately accounted for dreams. Why should imagination be stronger in sleep than awake? It is not at all satisfactory to say, that it is no longer under the control of the judgment. Why should the judgment be more suspended in sleep than the imagination? The theory of dreams by the Scotch metaphysician, Baxter, is curious — he supposes them to be effected by the agency of external spirits.

Something will depend on the scenes among which we live. He who inhabits a country of mountains, lakes, and oceans, will commonly have his faculties, if naturally warm, in a high degree of glow. It is better that they should be kept down: in this state they unfit us for the world — they put us into a sort of delirium — we cannot form the idea of a poet in the same commonplace condition of calmness as other mortals. Thoughts and images torment them, which pass unheeded by others. We ought to think and write for truth's sake — not to draw attention to ourselves. If we fail in gaining approbation, we ought to be only hurt because it raises doubts in us whether we are endowed with the power and means to arrive at our end. No one can possess such entire confidence in his own faculties, as not to hesitate when others disagree with him.

We must use some management with the public in the first impressions we attempt to make. Things are received, not according to their intrinsic value, but according to the prejudices entertained regarding the offerer. We must not, therefore, be too quick or too profuse: the public deem these faults disrespectful to them. They think much of labour and artifice — which are a sort of force they can count. But the same rule of operation must not be applied to different minds. One works in one way, and another in another. But no one will work well who does not give the rein to his own native impulses: if these are not good, he will find no available substitute for them. No advice is to be trusted; one must act upon his own ideas, or not at all. It is a grief that almost every one wishes to appear in a disguised character, and not his own. All expression of thoughts which are not sincere is mischievous. We do not know by their writings what the generality of authors are.

We feel where we ought not to feel, and are hard-hearted where sensibility is due. They, therefore, who have the most general appearance of feeling, are often the most insensible on trying occasions. But we must take mankind as they are, and not be such presumptuous fools as to think that we can new-make them: and if we will refuse to take any one into our good opinion till he is perfect, there can be no good opinion. Are we to prefer the flinty heart, because sensibility is sometimes wrongly excited? The false and contradictory candour of the world is put forth to excuse the faults of the bad, and to exaggerate and malign the frailties of the good.

We must get through life as we can, with the least harm to others, and the least suffering to ourselves: but we augment our uneasiness by superfluous anxieties — by cares that promote no good, and tend to empoison our own blood. Nothing does this more than idle desire of distinction, without a regard to just means. It is an argument in favour of solitude, that it suffers this desire to sleep.

The poet ought to have an exquisite ear for all the finer sounds of Nature's voice, which are best heard in solitude — for the roar and the murmur of winds and waves, the low of herds, the bleat of flocks, the songs of the feathered choristers. In our growing age, we become more and more detached from matter, and our imagination less and less fertile in the combination of facts and incidents, than of sentiments and reflections. We love the winds and the waters, because they diffuse themselves through space, and perpetually

change the combination of their elements. We believe that, through fear of vulgar opinion and of the scepticism of false philosophy, we depress ourselves infinitely below that to which we might rise. A new idea developed is a gem, of which the value never decays. The mass of mankind look upon this state of existence, material and intellectual, with careless and undiscerning eyes, and with unmoved hearts. There is a low sort of cunning, arising from perpetual watchfulness of selfish attention, which is substituted for understanding. The sensualist says, "I am content with the enjoyments of our material state." It is right to be humble; but not to want a self-complacence which allows the faculties fair play. We ought to pay rank its ceremonial courtesy, but never to feel servility towards it. High thoughts must mount over ungenerous and unenlightened passions, and will finally subdue them. We soon tire of mere beauty of expression, unless there be something intrinsically beautiful in the thought.

What do we learn from common facts, such as may occur to every one? And if the combination of facts is uncommon, the chances are that it is out of the course of human probability, and therefore only calculated to raise a factitious and false surprise. The imagination ought never to be gratified at the expense of the understanding. That poetry is best which conveys to us moral instruction, and teaches us lofty opinions on life and manners; which directs our passions, softens the bad, and cheers the virtuous. We may say that Pope is a *great* poet only when he is inventive, as in his *Eloisa to Abelard*. As to his *Rape of the Lock*, however much it is praised, it is mere *technical* invention; and though nothing can shew us in a higher degree the perfect art of composition, it is too trifling in its matter and sentiment to delight a strong intellect. With whom does it carry the illusion of momentary belief?—and if it has not the spell to produce this illusion, then it is not high poetry. Do not even the wildest imaginations of Shakespeare produce this spell? Are they not always founded on the superstitions of the people and the times? The fairies of those ages were of popular credence. The gnomes and sylphs do not touch us like the fairies; they merely play round the forced fancies of the head. When Pope's moral poetry was deepened by sensibility, it was vigorous and magnificent. But his common excellence lay in the terseness of the moral couplet. Sometimes for a hundred lines together he is dry, and totally void of elevation. The poetry of Pope is a subject which has been much discussed, even for more than half a century. Lord Byron gave a new interest to this contest, but without any powers of criticism equal to his genius. He rather perversely took the side of the French school of Boileau and Dryden, against the more imaginative school of Italy, and of Spenser and Milton. On some points he was right against the positions of Mr. Lisle Bowles, because the idea of confining poetry to the mere material imagery of nature is a strange limitation of that of which the essence is spirituality.

The modern poetry of Italy sprung from the Provençal school; and the tales of chivalry sung by the wandering minstrels, which had their principal source in the crusades. They were a sort of lyric narrative, and were therefore partly epical. It was the heroism of ages precedent to the revival of letters; and therefore superstitious belief had "ample room and verge enough" for its wildest freaks. All the imagery of romantic fiction was daily in actual movement before the eyes of the people. All Europe was stirring, and mingling together from distant countries; the gorgeous blazonry of warlike devices shone in every castle and hall. Tilts and tournaments, the sound of the harp, and "bevies of fair ladies," were continually exhibited in the grand baronial residences. All the gorgeous distinctions of graduated society worked on the wondering fancies of the people—curiosity was always on the stretch; the cold scepticism of modern philosophy was unknown even to the most learned. Then Hope was young, and all in the distance was fertile in enjoyment and glory.

When the French school of taste, nursed in the luxurious court of *petits maîtres*, over which Louis XIV. reigned, damped all energies and turned every thing to heartless wit and jest, the returning royalists at the restoration of Charles II. introduced it into the profligate English metropolis; and by accident it fell on a British genius of no ordinary power, to whose characteristic

mental faculties it was best suited. Had Dryden lived in the age of Spenser, he would never probably have risen to great distinction; or perhaps he would have written such a poem as Sir John Davies's *Nosce Teipsum*. Were we to criticise Dryden's translation of Virgil, we could shew that, though it has many merits of its own in vigour of language, and harmony of versification, yet it is deficient in the leading characteristics of Virgil's genius, especially sensibility and grace; and addresses the intellect where Virgil addresses the fancy. We cannot too highly praise Johnson's analysis of Dryden's mental faculties; nor can we refrain from expressing surprise that Dryden was so great a favourite of Gray, the most sensitive of all poets, and one of the most imaginative.

It may be asked, how far it is consistent with wisdom and virtue to indulge in those visions of the imagination in which poets deal. We deem it perfectly consistent with conscience to nourish such as are conformable to human probability and the principles of our nature, provided the persons indulging them are not bound down by duty to the common practical business of life; but we consider that it unfits them for the execution of coarse affairs; that it renders them too acute and irritable; and that it seduces them away from the point before them, in which all skill in business consists. We have a strong opinion of the variety of our destinies, and of the uses of it; and therefore we are advocates for the distinction of ranks and the demarcations of society. It contributes to the energies of our social state, and the nutriment of hope. Though Milton, when soured with republicanism, spoke with contempt of what he called the trappings of a monarchy, yet in his famous fourteenth sonnet, "On his Blindness," he expressed very different sentiments.

There is nothing more stupid nor more odious than to try all men's duties by one test of excellence. He who executes the necessary business of life, is not more useful than he who executes the ornamental. We may merely exist in an animal state, but we are happy in proportion as we are spiritual; and all the best ornaments of society add to our spirituality. There is a strange theory of dull men, which applies measure and value to every thing; and there are two classes of politicians who do this — fools and Radicals.

It is in our power, by the force of mind, to make life nearly what we will. If we think wrong, we shall feel wrong; our passions are in the power of our minds. If we take a wrong scale of life, our jealousies, envies, and hatreds, will predominate over us: we must neither fear the high, nor despise the low. A great part of the discomfort of our being arises from judging wrongly of the condition of others; a right judgment is best formed by sagacity operating on imagination. They who talk by rote are very tiresome. We want fresh opinions, coming directly from the fountains of the mind, and produced by the occasion; we do not want second-hand judgments, which may not be sincere, or may not apply to the case.

There are those who have taken up the very strange idea, that poetry must be fantastic: high poetry only occupies itself with truth, though it be

"Truth severe, in fairy fiction dressed."

The fiction that is contrary to possibility and probability is good for nothing. The illustration may be, and ought to be inventive; the mind, or idea conveyed, must be true in the abstract. If poetry does not impart instruction or wisdom, it is an empty sound. All the nicest perceptions of the mind are communicated by poetry, and all the noblest and tenderest sentiments of the heart. It is in our most solemn hours, in the depth of our emotions, that poetry is written; its business is to awaken in others that intellectual state of being which it feels itself. We must write what we think and feel, or all we write will be hollow and worthless. No poetry has stood its ground which is not of this cast. As to artifice, the artifice of one age never pleases the next. What is fantastic is, on that account, vicious and rotten.

Truth is the essence of all Collins's ideal personifications — of all his ideal embodiments. Mrs. Barbauld's Essay on that poet is a most obscure and imperfect one; she says that his thoughts are trite, and that his merit lies only in the dress. Now the features he selects arise from the very nicest distinctions of the mind: none but a profound observer could have brought out those characteristics. Mrs. Barbauld's ge-

nius was that of a clear, but, we suspect, shallow stream. All remember Shakespeare's famous lines —

"The man that hath not music in his soul," &c.

We may say the same of him who cannot feel poetry; it is the poetical feeling which gives the great charm to life. All the artifices in the world will not long conceal want of genius, or force; labour may work and work, but it will produce no genuine and fine-flavoured fruit.

To direct the understanding so as to mend the heart, ought to be among our prime endeavours. In all we write and think we ought to consult our conscience: our object ought to be truth, undiscoloured by fashion. The sternness and magnificent plainness of Milton's style delights us. It has been reproached to us, that we like the *Paradise Regained* almost better than the *Paradise Lost*. We know not what is meant by the complaint of want of imagery in the *Paradise Regained*—it is full of noble imagery.

It is said that *Paradise Lost* is not applicable to human life and manners; who shall say that *Paradise Regained* is not? Why, then, is Milton reproached for having over-estimated this poem? But critics and readers are always crying out for story—nothing but story! Is there, then, no story in the account of man's redemption? No less hallowed lips than Milton's could have related such an awful tale. In our calmer hours, Milton affords so much food for the understanding, in addition to the gigantic powers of his imagination, that we find him a teacher of wisdom, only short of the sacred writings. When we would reconcile ourselves to the sorrows, sufferings, and trials of life, we should read *Paradise Regained*. The awful simplicity of the language, the scorn of all ornament, elevates one into a sort of amazed and holy admiration.

It will not seem unreasonable to assert that good taste greatly contributes to a man's happiness; because the contrary implies wrong opinion, or dull or perverse feeling. What is wisest in the walks of imagination, is always best. What false opinions or sentiments are there in Shakespeare! Trickery in writing shews a conscious want of strength. We consider Cowper to want vigour, variety, comprehensiveness of knowledge, and invention. Whoever deals in moral truths, coloured by sentiment, and clearly expressed, will, if they be not trite, always continue to please; but the technicalities of composition vary in their fashion, as often as the fashion of dress or manners. All writers of secondary genius depend on dress, not matter;

"Pars minima est ipsa puella sui."

But surely Cowper wanted a prime quality of a poet; he had little invention, and his occasional cant of methodism is rather sickly. All, however, may be forgiven for those virtuous and innocent feelings and occupations, and that love of the tranquillity and beauty of rural solitude, which he eloquently, sincerely, and strenuously inculcates. There is no doubt that these strains are calculated to purify the human heart, and from the great circulation they have had, have done infinite good. Burns had a much higher genius than Cowper, making no allowance for his want of education and leisure. He had invention, fire, brilliance, excessive tenderness, and a logical brevity and force of expression. Among his songs are some which have reached a felicity of thought and language almost inimitable. His very life is an embodied poem. We think it was a lucky thing for Burns's fame, that Johnson was already dead before he appeared. Johnson's severe criticisms operated as a blight on his contemporaries. He had no enthusiasm, except the enthusiasm of superstition; and was captious and depreciatory to those whom he considered his rivals. It would be unjust to say, that he who wrote *Rasselas* and the *Tour to the Hebrides*, might not have been a poet, if he would; but he directed his mind to other aims, and gave his imagination another sort of culture and direction. His temper was morbid; his passions were uneasy, melancholy, and severe. He reasoned away many delights he might have enjoyed, and rudely broke the spell he ought to have nursed. His images were sometimes grand, but commonly a little too vague. Occasionally he indulged more in the pomp of words than novelty of thought. There is something too much of this in the *Rambler*. Horace Walpole, if we recollect, called it triptology. The lives of the elder poets are written with more care, and more at large, than the latter,

except Pope. Johnson begun as a schoolmaster, and never got rid of his pedantic and dictatorial manner. We rather regret that Tom Warton did not expatiate more often upon general principles and elegant criticism. The abundance of his knowledge, and the load of his memory, sometimes overlay the higher powers of his mind; for Warton assuredly had high powers: he had a rich, rather, perhaps, than strong fancy, and had more imagery than sentiment. He was more calm than tender, and had no depth of emotions. He therefore wanted loftiness of thought, and the charm of high excitement. He leaves upon the reader a placid impression, like that of his own disposition.

Mason was a different character: he was florid, ambitious, and vain. This turned to spleen in his latter days. Still, it must be confessed that Mason had a rich imagination, and a great command of flowing and elegant language; but he wanted the profundity and compression of Gray—the burning fire, the enthusiasm, and the moral pathos. He does not seem to have been a very learned man, nor to have aided himself by much knowledge. He was a violent Whig in politics, and a detractor of royalty, at a time when that line of public principle was less common. He was probably a disappointed man, and thought himself better entitled to a mitre than many of those on whom it fell. His *Life of Gray* is but a poor performance; and the connecting links of the letters are badly and barrenly written.

Hayley was a very amiable man, with a copious enrichment of elegant, yet light erudition. But he had no genius. His metrical compositions are prosaic, loose, and vapid. His prose notes are amusing and instructive, and are evidences of a wide research among the belles lettres of Europe, directed by a just and classical taste. His secluded life was passed in an innocent and praiseworthy pursuit of literature; first in his hereditary villa at Eartheam, in Sussex; and latterly by the seaside, at Felpham, on the Sussex coast,—which we should have preferred, as purified by the sea breezes, and lulled by the murmurs, or awakened by the magnificent bellowings, of the ocean. He made himself unhappy by always straining at aims beyond his powers; which was partly owing to the unaccountable success that had attended his early publications, which had raised hopes in him beyond his means to fulfil.

The mind and heart of man, daily engaged in the common business of life, become hardened: they lose all their fine perceptions. It is said that lawyers have been men of literature; not often, we think, as long as they have continued to practise law. It is found that a nice conscience renders the daily course of human affairs insupportable: scruples will not allow things to go on as fast as necessity requires that they should go on. Practitioners hesitate—vex themselves—grow desperate—plunge forward—and become reckless. A morbid sensitiveness, however amiable, is unlucky for the happiness of the patient. We ought to have nerves of hard rope to fit us for the world. What is called placidness is often the cold impenetrability of thick ice. The pleasures of life are numerous and acute; its miseries are intense and endless.

Many think that they can arrest evil by encouraging a laugh, and turning the sorrows of our existence into a jest. The laugh is merely exterior: the bitterness in the heart is not the less severe. He who finds in his latter days that final experience does but augment his early fears of mankind, is apt to lose the elasticity of hope.

A man of wit and humour, who sets the table in a roar, is often, after a time, very fatiguing. There are seasons when hilarity disgusts; sorrow is sacred—and he who is unacquainted with it has not a human heart. The comic smile that peeps in a wrong place is a poisonous demoralisation. It gratifies our spleen to laugh, when we ought to be indignant, because ridicule implies a feeling of superiority over the object ridiculed, whereas indignation gives consequence to that which causes it. But all this is too often a self-delusion.

The unperceived dislocation of one circumstance will give occasion for ridicule; and therefore it is often nothing more than a dishonest trick: but there is no doubt that the popular taste is always more comic than tragic; and that the jester is the man whom the world loves best and admires most. It prefers to be amused, rather than to be taught.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SNEERING.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

I NEVER knew unhappiness till, in an evil hour, I became acquainted with Wilhelm Smalldshodt. He was born in the small village of Rustindt-Tippennauch, and, like myself was a practitioner of the healing art in the city of Göttingen. This singular young man was about five feet six inches in height, dark-haired, pale-complexioned, and exceedingly thin. There was indeed so much gauntness about his physiognomy, combined with a certain sneer about his sharp nose, and small, thin, leathery lips, as gave him the air of one possessing much sarcasm and peevishness, combined with no small portion of malignity. Strange to say, in a short time I became exceedingly intimate with this singular character. I soon found, from his own confession, and the observations of his professional brethren, that he was by no means liked. They all spoke of him with aversion, not unmingled with dread; and evidently looked upon him as a person whose society they would much rather avoid than cultivate. These things naturally excited my curiosity "Can it be possible," said I to myself, "that Wilhelm Smalldshodt has committed any crime to give rise to such a universal proscription?" My first impression, on this idea coming across me, was that he might have been guilty of murder, for he had undoubtedly the lean, famished, Cassius sort of aspect which so often characterises the assassin. The idea of theft or swindling then passed through my mind; these were succeeded by perjury, fire-raising, and high-treason; and yet, on making inquiry, I found that with none of these crimes against society had he ever been charged. Even his greatest enemies exonerated him willingly, and declared, that to the best of their knowledge and belief he was incapable of murder (except in a professional way), that he was no thief, that fire-raising was out of the question, that even perjury was not to be thought of, and as for high-treason the very idea was absurd. These inquiries satisfied my scruples. "If a man," said I, "is incapable of perpetrating deliberate murder, of stealing, burning his neighbour's property, bearing false witness, or conspiring against the state; and if, nevertheless, he is placed under the ban of society, then is that man an ill-used one, and it becomes the duty of every just and honourable mind to take him under its protection, and soothe him amid the persecutions of the world. And accordingly, in despite of his thin, sharp, leathery lips, sarcastic nose, and sneering expression of eye, I determined to make him my friend, to take him to my heart, and do justice to persecuted innocence. Little did I think that I was thus laying the foundation of my own wretchedness, that I was nestling a serpent, who would hereafter prey upon my vitals, and render me superlatively miserable.

For the first two or three weeks we got on tolerably well together. He seemed grateful for my attentions, and flattered my self-love by taking an apparent interest in whatever I said or did. He also pleased me by sneering in a small way at certain persons whom I did not like, and throwing out, in the same style, numerous sarcasms at those who used him so badly, and who on this account had become my enemies as well as his. In short, the impression he made at first was a good one; and I marvelled at the physicians of Göttingen shewing such determined and desperate malignity against a personage on every account so estimable.

Smalldshodt left no stone unturned to gain my good graces. He invited me to musical parties at his house; shewed me his library, consisting principally of German works, with a sprinkling of French and Italian; related his travels and adventures in Prussia and the Austrian states; and requested my opinion of sundry tales he had written, and which I found were very close imitations of certain stories by myself, published some years before in the *Berlin Magazine*. These plagiarisms, I did not doubt, were made for the purpose of flattering my vanity, and thus still farther intrenching himself in the citadel of my affections. In short, we became like brothers. Wherever I went he accompanied me, hanging upon my arm, and besieging my ears with sarcasms, remarkable for their copiousness and asperity.

Three weeks did matters continue in this state, when, somehow or other, the deep sympathy which his unmerited

usage excited in my bosom began to abate. The truth is, I began to tire of his unceasing satire; it seemed as if Voltaire, Piron, and Rabelais, were concentrated into one sarcastic focus, in the person of Smalldshodt. His quiver was not one moment empty; exhaustion seemed impossible; and he kept discharging his shafts in all directions, with an activity which both tired, alarmed, and confounded me. Gradually did my eyes become opened; the truth by degrees broke upon them; and I now saw, that it was neither for murder, theft, fire-raising, perjury, nor treason, that he was sent to the right-about by his brethren, but for the endless and incurable indulgence of satirical propensities. He was, in fact, as I afterwards learned, known by the *sobriquet* of the CYNIC OF GÖTTINGEN.

What was to be done? Must I too cut him? Must I too turn my back upon one whose offence was, after all, a venial one, and not cognisable by any tribunal in Christendom? My heart revolted at the idea. After being invited to his musical *soirées*, lending an ear to his adventures, exploring his library, listening to his tales, plagiarised (as a compliment) from my own, and walking about with him day after day as a brother, could I spurn him from me, and thus identify myself with those whose conduct towards him my better nature represented as so base and unmanly? No; the thing was out of the question. I felt it impossible to desert him, and determined still, in spite of his *penchant* for sneering, to protect him beneath my patronising wing.

There was one thing which perhaps influenced me — I considered him a man of vast genius. The minds of every other satirist had their ebbs and flows. Cervantes, Swift, Rabelais, and Voltaire, were not continually sneering, but sometimes allowed their sarcastic humour to go to sleep, while they indulged in pathos, sentiment, or something else. It was the same in other departments of intellect. Schiller was not always flaming away with his characteristic ardour; Goethe was not invariably sublime; Shakespeare's key was never for two minutes the same; and Homer sometimes nodded in the midst of his battles. Far different, and, on this account, far greater, was the Cynic. His sarcasm was perfectly unceasing; it mattered not when or where you met him, he had a string of endless sneers for every occasion. In the dance, the music-room, the theatre, the church, it was all the same; you were overwhelmed with sarcasm, stupified with sneers, which fell "thick as the leaves of Valombrosa" on all sides, and struck the listener with astonishment, not unmingled with alarm.

His sneers had also a character *sui generis*, and stamped him still farther as a man of great, though peculiar intellect. They were most annoying, and yet possessed no sort of dignity; but were of that small, chattering, namby-pamby sort, which one might expect to hear from an ape or a magpie. In their character there was nothing Miltonic; they were totally destitute of "the long majestic march and energy divine;" they belonged more to the school of Pope than of Dryden, and were each armed with a sting sufficient to inflict death upon a louse, or even to give considerable annoyance to a beetle. Taken individually and *per se*, they were not perhaps entitled to great merit; but viewed in the aggregate, and in reference to their incredible number, they constituted a very remarkable series, and entitled their author to a lofty seat on the pinnacle of satire. The wit of Cervantes may be graver, that of Rabelais more broad, but the untiring activity of Smalldshodt's, and the vast multitude of sarcastic sayings to which he was for ever giving birth, justify us in ranking him higher than these distinguished men in the regions of sarcasm, and in pronouncing him to be the *facile princeps* of the order to which he belongs.

I have said, that the sympathy I at first experienced towards him began to abate; but, strange to say, such was my admiration of his matchless talents, combined with a sense of the baseness of deserting him, that I did not allow any feelings of incipient dislike to have for some time the slightest influence on my conduct. I still stood forward as his patron, permitted him to go arm-in-arm with me, and both listened to his personalities and perused his lucubrations, as at first. At the same time I began to be dreadfully oppressed with his everlasting sarcasms. Had there been the slightest cessation in their activity, I could have tolerated them; but they were incessant. I could go no where with him without being subjected to this annoyance. It

was impossible to get him to speak of any person, to criticise any book, or even to look at a fine building, without being nauseated with his favourite theme. There was absolutely no end to it — it was at once sickening, oppressive, and overwhelming. The roar of artillery was nothing to it; bombs, howitzers, carronades, earthquakes, cataracts, volcanoes, were a thousand times more tolerable than the infernal pattering of his small, soda-water, hailstone wit. Confound me, if I ever heard any thing like it! In one word, the thing was insufferable. I felt persuaded it would drive me mad; to prevent which consummation, I determined at once to cut him for ever and ever.

"The fellow," exclaimed I, in an agony of spirit, "is a man of genius — the king of small wits! but is that any reason why I should be made his victim? Am I to be transfixed with his Lilliputian arrows, annihilated with paper pellets, shot to death with popguns? Rather crucify me at once, and be done with it! To live in such misery is worse than a thousand ordinary deaths."

But to shew the man's tremendous capabilities for inflicting annoyance, I must enter more into particulars. His wit was peculiar; but so, in truth, was every thing about him. For instance: he was fond of music, but detested bold martial airs, and held a full band in abhorrence. He was partial to minuets, chansonnettes, and vaudevilles, and was a great admirer of such paltry instruments as the single flageolet, triangle, jew's harp, and tambourine; upon the whole of which he was in the habit of showing off, to his own great satisfaction, and the infinite annoyance of those who had the misfortune to hear him. He was also peculiar in his food. His favourite dishes were sparrow-pies, landrails, *fricassées de poulets*, and such small deer. Turkeys, rounds of beef, and every thing on a great scale, he held, or affected to hold, in abomination; while his drink consisted of small beer, *eau fleur d'orange*, *eau sucrée*, and such flimsy liquors, except on particular occasions, when he ventured, by way of bravade, upon a single glass of claret or hocheimar, or a thimbleful of kirschwasser, noyeau, or anissette. Nor were his amusements less trivial. He was fond of riding on hobby-horses and shooting with pop-guns; and when he had nothing else to do, would perambulate the streets, followed by a brace of lap-dogs and a Venetian greyhound, which were the only varieties of the canine race he could tolerate. He was also partial to cats, parrots, and magpies, of which he had a variety at home. The very manner in which his house was furnished was characteristic of the man. Gimcracks of every description met the eye in each apartment, such as Chinese mandarins, gingerbread castles, Indian pagodas, Burmese idols, and such trumpery. Even his reading was peculiar. He was partial to those noted English works, the *History of Lilliput*, and *Tom Thumb;* and preferred Homer's *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* to his immortal *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. He affected a fondness for zoology; but even here the singularity of his taste was apparent: for while he disliked to study the natural history of the lion, eagle, or elephant, he had a strong *penchant* for the smaller class of animals — such as humming-birds, wrens, bats, and insects. His dress itself was peculiar, and displayed in an admiration of a small-rimmed hat, tight smallclothes, and a sharp-tailed coat; while in his hand he wielded a slender whalebone cane, tipped with silver, and shod with a sharp, needle-like iron prong. In short, he was a compound of singularities. His anger, in which he indulged pretty frequently, was extremely ridiculous: he was fond of quirks and quibbles, and seemed to have an instinctive dislike to words of more than three syllables. Such are a few of the peculiarities of the Cynic. His character seemed to be compounded of a vast number of minute points: he was formidable, not from the possession of any one great power, but from a host of small ones, which started out on every side like the bristles of the hedgehog or sea-urchin, and rendered him a source of greater infliction than at first sight could be easily imagined.

I therefore determined to give him the cut direct, and was congratulating myself upon my resolution, when, happening one night to go along the street for the purpose of meeting the fair Julia Werner, with whom I had made an appointment, some one from behind gave me a slap on the shoulder. Thinking it was that dear girl, I turned round to embrace her, when, to my astonishment, I caught a man in my arms, and

saluted him on the cheek; it was Smalldshodt, and I almost sunk to the earth with horror and dismay. Nor was this the worst of it; for, not contented with being the cause of such insufferable misery, he, as usual, laid hold of my arm, and commenced, in his customary style of tirade, to abuse and turn into ridicule every acquaintance whom he chanced to meet. Determined at all hazards to get rid of him, I feigned an engagement with a friend, and he left me, after giving me to understand that he would do himself the pleasure of calling at my lodgings at ten o'clock on the ensuing morning.

On going to bed, I found that to sleep was impossible; I could think of nothing but him. The remembrance of our meeting, and the consciousness that I was again to undergo a similar visitation in the morning, banished repose, and I arose about nine o'clock, pale, languid, and exhausted. This was the first time that Smalldshodt had deprived me of sleep; and I now felt that my miseries, instead of being at an end, were, in fact, only beginning.

In such circumstances, I should have been more than human had I possessed courage to confront my oppressor; so, putting on my hat, I left the house, resolved at all hazards to avoid meeting with one whose presence was so exceedingly disagreeable. Dreading lest I should encounter him, I took my way through the most unfrequented streets, and entered an obscure coffee-house, near the college, where I breakfasted. This, together with the perusal of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, whiled away the time till nearly eleven, when I sallied out, and by the same unfrequented paths reached my own apartments. On making inquiry of the domestic, she gave me to understand that a dark-haired, pale-complexioned, thin young gentleman had been calling for me an hour before. I could not doubt that it was Smalldshodt, and congratulated myself, that for this time, at least, I had been so fortunate as to escape him.

In the evening I went with a friend, named Stein, to the theatre, for the purpose of seeing a celebrated performer from Vienna, who was for that night only to make his appearance in Göttingen. We entered the pit; but scarcely had we taken our seats when some one gave me a pinch on the arm; I turned round, and to my astonishment beheld Smalldshodt. The sight of the Gorgon Medusa could not have had a more baleful effect upon my nervous system. I shuddered involuntarily from head to foot, felt all the pangs of the preceding night return with double force, and prepared myself for another evening of misery. Why need I recapitulate the source of all this wretchedness? The cause which at first gave rise to it was at my side, and for two long hours did he pour his sarcastic poison into my ear,—for two hours did he sneer unceasingly at actors, spectators, and musicians. He had no kind word for any human being. Even inanimate matter came in for a share of his irony; the lights of the theatre were ill-constructed, the orchestra was too small, the stage too large, the scenery not gaudy enough, the drop-curtain too gaudy. In short, nothing was right. When the spectators applauded he hissed; when they hissed he applauded. He seemed more than ever to be animated by a spirit of the most perverse contradiction; and, what was worse, I found that his influence over me, instead of being diminished, had acquired an accession of force.

In this deplorable state, I proposed to my friend, that as the piece in which alone the great actor was to appear, had nearly finished, we should adjourn to the *Quatre Bras* tavern and have supper. This I did to be quit of the insufferable annoyance of the Cynic; but what was my horror, when, on Stein assenting to it, the former instantly offered to accompany us. This filled the cup of misery to the brim. There was no help for it; accompany us he must; and, taking hold of my arm, and sneering all the way, we were in five minutes seated at the supper-table,—Smalldshodt, Stein, and myself.

It would be idle to relate the torture endured by me at this meeting. In vain did I attempt to rally my spirits, and make head against the annoyance. I felt like a naked man attacked by a legion of midges, or a bear assailed by bees. Had I been stung to death at once by a basilisk, or trampled under foot by an elephant, I could have reconciled myself to my fate; but to be teased in this paltry manner, to be killed by inches, fired at with mustard seed, transfixed by needles, were most insufferable. What struck me as very extraordinary was this, that the sarcas-

tic sneerings of my tormentor did not in the slightest degree appear to discompose Stein; they had no more effect upon him than paper pellets upon the armour of a cuirassier, or the mosquito's bite upon the hide of a rhinoceros. There was a philosophical insensibility about him which excited at once my envy and admiration; on which account I looked upon him as a character hardly less remarkable than Smalldshodt himself.

Supper over, I retired to bed in a state of extreme misery. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed I, "what is to become of me? What crime have I committed thus to be made the victim of such dreadful punishment?" I then, with eyes suffused in tears, and with a broken heart, reviewed every action of my life, and endeavoured to ascertain if I had ever been guilty of any offence sufficiently atrocious to warrant the dreadful sufferings which were inflicted on me. I depicted myself in my worst character, put all my good qualities in the shade, and purposely brought those which were bad into prominent relief. I was resolved not to spare myself, nor allow self-love to throw the slightest veil over any one circumstance, but to exhibit all my failings in their most marked and glaring deformity. It was in vain: nothing in my life did I see which could be denominated atrocious. Crimes against society, against Heaven, against the state, I had never, to the best of my belief, committed. With every wish to make myself a villain, in order to justify Providence for tormenting me so unmercifully, I found it impossible. By no process of ratiocination, by no effort of logic, could I bring my reason to believe that I had done any thing to deserve the tortures daily, hourly inflicted upon me by the Cynic of Göttingen.

Had I supposed that this young man was actuated in his persecutions by any motive of giving annoyance,—had I supposed that he entertained a malicious desire of making my life miserable,—it is probable that feelings of indignation would have come to my assistance, and enabled me to baffle his malignity, and set all his designs at defiance; but, alas! I had not this consolation. On the contrary, I imagined that he loved and respected me more than he did any other human being—that he looked upon me as an elder brother—that he valued my friendship as his greatest *solatium* against the neglect of his professional brethren—and that there was no service he could render me which he would not willingly perform. The consciousness of all this totally disabled me from taking the proper steps for getting rid of his presence, and rendered me more and more his victim.

This dreadful state of mind had a pernicious effect upon my health. I became pale and emaciated, lost my appetite, and secluded myself as much as possible from society; while my midnight hours were either passed in sleeplessness or tormented by frightful dreams. What was the nature of these nocturnal visions it is hardly necessary to mention; they all related, without exception, to Smalldshodt, who constantly appeared before my imagination, and harassed me more than even when he encountered me in the waking state. The same eternal sarcasm, the same endless sneering, the same everlasting petty wit, still haunted me. His sharp insignificant voice sounded in my ears like the hissing of innumerable small serpents; his touch was cold and cadaverous as the lizard's; and when he put his thin skinny arm in mine, I felt as if the latter were laid hold of by a skeleton, or coiled round by the poisonous whip-snake or the limber adder. In such dreadful moments his face would wear a sepulchral hue, become pale, green, shrunk, like that of a corpse; his smile would be ghastly as the vampire's when feasting upon virgin blood; and he seemed an animated apparition—a living, walking, chattering death: he was at once dead and alive—an *anatomie vivante*.

In this awful mood many things occurred to me. I had some idea of committing suicide, but was deterred by the ignominy which this dreadful act never fails to inflict on the perpetrator. The thought of assassinating him then took possession of me; but, somehow, I could never manage to carry this design into execution. I was once on the point of pushing him into the river, when one of his sneers arrested my hand, by throwing me into a nervous shudder. On another occasion I was prepared to strangle him on a solitary heath, over which we were passing, but was prevented by the appearance of two corporals of the municipal guard. On a third, I determined to lay in

wait, and shoot him dead, but the pistol would not go off. These repeated failures satisfied me that there was something supernaturally mysterious about his character; that he was destined by fate to be my tormentor, and that any attempt to put him to death by my own hand must be unavailing.

When I reflected upon these things, I yielded to despair, considering myself in the light of Sinbad the sailor, and Smalldshodt as the Old Man of the Sea. Deep despondency seized upon me; and, to add to my sorrows, came the consciousness, that, so long as we both lived, so long was I doomed to misery.

As a last effort, I consulted Stein, and laid the whole particulars of my case before him. This singular man was absolutely astonished. He conceived at first sight that I was jesting, and said, he could not imagine how a person of my intelligence, great size, and strength, could come to be annoyed by such an object. He seemed to have no idea of a man, especially a man like me, being crushed to the dust by any conceivable portion of sneering, and confessed — what indeed I had already noticed — that the Cynic's sarcasms had no effect whatever upon him; that he treated them with utter contempt; and that, in fact, their author seldom practised them in his presence. "Independently of this," said he, "what in the name of wonder have you to care about them? he is not sneering at you. If he does so, you can knock him down; and if he sneers at other people in such a way as to annoy you, can't you tell him to hold his prating tongue, or go to the devil? Zounds! the whole affair is mightily absurd. It seems as ridiculous as if an elephant were to get into the fidgets, and break his heart, because he was bitten by a louse."

The most singular feature in Stein's character was the blended energy and kindness which pervaded it. Nothing seemed to disconcert him; and though at first somewhat irritated at me for suffering myself to be so pestered, yet when he saw the dreadful state I was in, and heard me pour out my manifold griefs, he at once resolved to stand forth as my protector, and do what he could to render life endurable. I was, therefore, desired to be as much as possible in his company; and, so long as this was the case, he shielded me pretty successfully from the desperate attacks of Smalldshodt. True, he could not prevent him altogether from sneering; but he reduced both the force and frequency of his sarcasms, by representing, in strong and indignant language, the absurdity of a man so everlastingly playing the part of a Menippus or Diogenes, and finding eternal fault with the whole human race. To oppose one's self in this intrepid manner to a person like my tormentor, must have required courage of a high order; and in a short time I began to look upon him with feelings approaching to veneration. He filled a far loftier place in my esteem than Charlemagne, Amadis de Gaul, or Rolando; for their courage was purely physical, while his was in the highest degree moral,—the result of immense firmness, combined with high intellect, and an utter abhorrence of every thing like sarcastic tyranny and oppression. In a word, he despised the Cynic without fearing him. He corrected him undauntedly when he thought he was going too far, and, with almost superhuman intrepidity, sometimes dragged me away from him when he thought I was in danger of sinking under the force of his multiplied sneers.

But with this excellent man I could not be for ever. He had occupations of his own to attend to, and I was thus often left unprotected to sustain all the attacks of my tormentor. Indescribable were my feelings when, in this unprotected condition, I encountered Smalldshodt; but fortunately there is a period in human endurance beyond which suffering can no longer be tolerated. I reached this at last, and found that if the annoyance was continued, I should assuredly be driven mad, or be compelled to take some dreadful step against my own life. To prevent these extremities, I once more consulted Stein, and requested him to put me on some method of ridding myself at once, and for ever, of the fatal cause of all my sorrows.

"My dear sir," said he, moved by my distress, "I see but one method by which you can rid yourself of the dreadful load which oppresses you. YOU MUST ASSASSINATE SMALLDSHODT! The thing is easily done. You are as big and as strong as a dray-horse; he is weak, and therefore little likely to offer resistance. Suppose you strangle him? Nay, you need not

shudder; I shall lend you a hand." Generous man!

I shook my head.

"Then drown him."

I told him I had already made the attempt, and failed.

"Shoot him then."

This also I had attempted, with no better success.

"Hocus him."

The thing could not be done.

"Blow him up with gunpowder."

Still more difficult.

Stein looked grave, stroked his chin, and appeared for a minute involved in deep thought. At last, striking himself on the forehead, and starting from his chair, he exclaimed, "I have it! Smalldshodt is a more extraordinary character than I imagined, and, from what you state, I am satisfied that to annihilate him either by drowning, shooting, strangling, hocussing, or gunpowder, will be no easy matter. My worthy friend, there is only one way of giving him a *quietus*. You must take him to Venice, and get him murdered by a bravo."

This advice pleased me mightily, I grasped at it as a drowning man does at a twig, and resolved to carry it into practical operation. One thing influenced me considerably; I felt that by killing the Cynic with *my own hand*, his blood would lie upon my conscience, and give rise to painful reflections perhaps during the remainder of life; whereas by getting him disposed of *by the hand of another*, I would avoid these disagreeable feelings, and have nothing of a criminal nature to oppress my memory. Fortified by such unanswerable reasoning, I received from Stein a letter of introduction to the chief bravo of Venice; having previously invited Smalldshodt to accompany me in a tour, which I gave him to understand I undertook for pleasure, to that city, and offering in the most handsome manner to pay the whole of his expenses. He accepted the invitation greedily; and in the course of a week we were on our way to the "Queen of the Hundred Isles;" I armed with a blunderbuss and cutlass, and my companion with a brace of small pocket-pistols.

It is needless to describe our journey. I had no heart to look at any thing; the finest country in Europe, and some of its finest cities, were passed through unheeded: nor did they appear to attract greater notice from Smalldshodt, who seemed to have little love for either the sublime or beautiful. The whole powers of his mind were so directed in the current of satire, that nothing else appeared to him worthy of notice. As he neared the goal of his earthly pilgrimage, his sneering became, *if possible*, more ceaseless and energetic, as the groans of the criminal increase in force and frequency on the approach of his execution.

It may be asked, Did not my heart relent in its dreadful purpose—had I no sympathy, no compassion for him whom I was leading blindfolded to destruction? I may safely answer *none*. I had too much compassion for myself to have any for him. Seeing that he or I must perish, I did not scruple as to the choice: had he shewn any thing like moderation in his sarcastic indulgences; had he only softened them down in the slightest degree; had he exhibited one sign of a return to repentance, my heart would doubtless have dissolved like the snow in a summer-day, and made me desist from my fell design against his life; but the reverse was so obviously the case, that I was inveterately steeled against him. Ungovernable hate was now blended with my terror, and every minute seemed an hour till I reached Venice, and placed the letter of Mr. Stein in the hands of his friend the bravo.

I found the bravo a very gentlemanly sort of person. He occupied a large house near the Rialto, and was much esteemed throughout the city for his stern integrity. Whatever case he undertook, he managed with perfect skill and honesty. He scorned to shed human blood from the base motives of vengeance or robbery; in proof of which, it is well known that many of those whom he disposed of had at the time large sums upon them, which, however, he never touched. He eschewed all sort of meanness and peculation; and if he received the stipulated price for his trouble, it was all he asked, or indeed would accept. These fine traits of character made him much liked; and he was looked upon not only as the most respectable, but most talented, of his profession in that part of Italy. Having perused Mr. Stein's letter, he desired me to call back next day, when he would give me his answer, and say whether he would or would not undertake the business to which it referred;

while I returned to my hotel in better spirits than I had been in for some months. I saw that I was now on the point of getting rid of my tormentor, that there was still some chance of happiness for me in this world, and that I should have the satisfaction of inflicting summary vengeance on one who had been to me such an inconceivable source of misery.

On reaching the hotel I was much surprised at the absence of Smalldshodt. Hitherto he had never been separated from me for above half an hour at a time since our departure from Göttingen, but now he had betaken himself some where, and did not make his appearance for several hours. Surprised as I was at this circumstance, I was still more so at the unaccountable change which had come over him; for, instead of being flippant, volatile, and sarcastic, as before, he had all at once become taciturn and gloomy. Something seemed to weigh upon his conscience, and for once in my life did I pity him. He must either, I imagined, have had some supernatural presentiment of his impending fate, or met with a person in Venice who in the art of sneering was more illustrious than even himself. Little did I know the diabolical design he was meditating against my life; little did I know that it was the secret upbraidings of his restless, ungrateful, and malignant spirit, which had thrown such a dreadful and mysterious damp upon him. Villain as he was, he felt in all its force the accursed infamy he was about to be guilty of, in directing the knife against the bosom of his benefactor and friend.

Next morning, according to agreement, I called upon the bravo, who took me aside and spoke as follows: "Sir, as I am a man of honour, and anxious to oblige my friends, I must state candidly how things stand between us. My particular friend Stein has sent me a letter by you, requesting my services for the disposal of Mr. Smalldshodt. Another particular friend writes me by Mr. Smalldshodt, that this young gentleman is anxious I should do the same service by you, and requesting my assistance accordingly. Now, if I oblige the one, I must oblige the other; both requests must be complied with or neither; so make your choice. If you are exceedingly anxious to get rid of your companion, I, of course, to gratify you and Mr. Stein, will be ready to do it; but then, as I am guided in all I do by strict justice, I must take the liberty of obliging Mr. Smalldshodt and my other friend by treating you in a similar way."

This declaration of the bravo struck me with rage and alarm,—rage against Smalldshodt, and alarm at the dreadful fate which hung over me. I stood on the brink of a precipice; the Valley of the Shadow of Death lay at my feet; the grave was yawning to receive me; and I found that I had all along been nurturing a viper; that I had taken a cockatrice to my embrace, whose poison was now about to enter my heart with fell and diabolical activity. What now was Smalldshodt, since the film had dropped from my eyes? I saw him in the light of a sneering miscreant, a sarcastic fiend, a pale, thin, sharp-featured demon, an incarnation of Satan, and the youngest born of hell. In one moment the sense of his iniquity rose up before me like a Tartarean phantom, and blasted my very heart more utterly than the upas-tree withers the verdure of the poisonous valley of Java.

Fortunately for myself, the fury occasioned by this display of his unparalleled baseness was equal to my alarm. Had it been otherwise, I should instantly have closed with the bravo, and desired him to destroy us both; as life, in such circumstances, would have been absolutely intolerable, and death an event rather to be desired than shunned. But the accompanying paroxysm of wrath gave a strange energy to my mind; it enabled me to set Smalldshodt at defiance; and I now felt persuaded that, not only had he lost his power over me, but, on the event of his again attempting to exercise it, I should be in a state to thrust him away as an "unclean thing," or even inflict summary chastisement upon the spot. The very wrath which now raged so impetuously proved my salvation; it unsquatted the incubus which so long oppressed me, destroyed the necromancer's power, swallowed up his rod as Aaron's did those of the magicians', and reduced him to the level of an ordinary mortal. I now wondered how his sneers had ever been able to annoy me, how he had acquired so strange an influence over my mind, and been able to inflict on one who never injured him in word and deed such unmerited misery.

It is hardly necessary to pursue this subject farther. The explanation of the bravo perfectly satisfied me; so, betaking myself to his house, I thanked him for his gentlemanly and honourable conduct, and gave him to understand, that as he could not carry Mr. Stein's wishes into effect without obliging his other friend, I was contented that no farther steps should be taken in the business. He cordially approved of my resolution, saying that, in fact, he was glad I had come to it; for to put such a person as Smalldshodt to death would be turning assassination into ridicule, burlesquing the science of murder, and making the profession, of which he was so distinguished an ornament, eminently ridiculous. To use his own expressive language, "it would be employing a scythe to decapitate a wasp, putting a fly on the wheel, crucifying a grasshopper, or using the club of Hercules to crush a gnat." To this view of the case, expressed as it was in clear philosophical language, and enforced with various cogent reasons, deduced partly from his own perspicuous intellect, and partly from the doctrines of Plato and the Stagyrite, I felt bound to be satisfied; and, after bidding him a fervent adieu, and wishing him plenty of business and a prosperous career in his profession, I departed from Venice, a much happier man than when I entered that truly interesting and most singular of cities.

On reaching Göttingen, the first thing I did was to call on Stein, to whom I related my adventures. His generous nature was delighted to find me so completely recovered from the infliction under which I laboured so grievously when he last saw me; but he was any thing but pleased with the conduct of the bravo, whom he represented as being under many obligations to him in the way of business, and who, he declared, ought to have stuck at no point to oblige him. "Had I known," said he, "that the chief ruffian would have had any scruples on the subject, I should have furnished you with an introductory letter to another of the profession,—one indeed not so deeply indebted to me as the first, but who, nevertheless, would not have been prevented from obliging me by any false qualms of conscience or any idle sense of honour. But no matter! if you are satisfied, so am I; and may you never again fall under the despicable tyranny of Smalldshodt." Excellent man! When I reflected upon his friendship to myself, and his continued enmity against him who had so cruelly oppressed me, and who in fact had sought my life, I saw that there was still virtue in the world; and that, though it should be banished from every other spot, it would yet find an abode in the manly bosom of Frederick Stein.

A few days after my own arrival, the Cynic made his appearance, like a disastrous planet, at Göttingen; but the consciousness of the detection of his abominable design against me, and probably some dread of my just resentment, have succeeded in keeping him at a distance, and he has never yet had the impudence to speak to or even recognise me. I sometimes entertain the idea of drubbing him soundly, and more than once have intended getting him assassinated, either by my own hand or that of my friend Stein; but, somehow, the strong feeling of contempt which I entertain towards him has always restrained me, and proved his best safety. His insignificance indeed is his only protection; it in some measure saved him from the dagger of the bravo, and has had the same effect in protecting him from mine. What he is now doing I know not, but I often see him at musical parties, sneering at the performers, and occasionally indulging in the same practice in the pit of the theatre, of which he is a great frequenter. Now and then he may be seen in the coffee-houses, drinking small beer, sipping *eau sucrée*, or talking scandal and gossip with the waiters. Some days ago he got drunk upon three glasses of thin white wine, and was carried off to the watchhouse, for having in that state struck a young lady, and broken the string of her reticule. For this offence he was fined half a guilder, and admonished by the syndic. That his sneering propensities are as inveterate as ever there can be no doubt; but I do not learn that he has been able to acquire such an ascendency over any other person as he obtained over me. Be this as it may, I advise my friends not to be too intimate with him, seeing the protracted misery I underwent from such a cause. Indeed, the most dangerous friend a man can have is the Cynic of Göttingen.

ON MILITARY PROMOTION,

BY BOMBARDINIO.

WITH LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE, AND NOTES, BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

*To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.**

Dear Sir,

As you have been so kind as to submit the enclosed to my consideration, with many compliments on my military fame and experience, I have perused it from beginning to end with the most profound attention, and strenuously recommend its publication in your next number. As for my writing a commentary upon it, I do not think I have time just now; indeed, I should have little more to do, in most places, than to say "Ditto" to the text: and I confess, that of late the only columns to which I have paid any attention are those of magazines, and the reviews which I know best are to be seen on a bookseller's counter. I shall write a few lines, however. On one point, which particularly annoys my friend Bombardinio, and others of my brethren in arms, I have long made up my mind; viz. the caprice of promotion. Some ancient author (to me, at the present moment, unknown) observes, that "kissing goes by favour;" and a truer remark — be it with reverence spoken — occurs no where, from Genesis to Revelations. Why then waste one's breath in grumbling, when it could be with so much more advantage kept to cool one's porridge? I see Howick has some plan *in petto* for improving the present system; and no doubt Howick is a very gentlemanlike, amiable, and good-natured creature, greatly beloved and respected by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and especially esteemed at the Colonial Office for the extent of his abilities, the affability of his manners, and his kind consideration of all under him: so that much may be expected from so distinguished a character in the business of doing away with patronage, particularly when we reflect that he is the son of a venerable patriarch, who has quartered only seventeen of his kindred on the public, at the trifling cost of no more than 120,000*l*. a-year.

Let Bombardinio, therefore, take off his toddy, praise the Lord, and call for a clean pipe; for as long as the world wags, so long will those who have no interest in any profession be obliged to make way for those who have. And why should not they? The weakest should go to the wall; and he is weakest who has not a friend in court. As Bombardinio well knows, the first cannon fired in anger will go far towards setting matters right; and the dandy officers not being in any great hurry to go to the wars, room will be made for others. In the mean while we must live as we can — "cankers of a calm world," as Otway calls us poor H. P.'s; and, smoking our cigars with all the equanimity in our power, attend reviews as pedestrian spectators, with the perfect certainty of seeing our old regiments commanded by officers who were in the nursery or the preparatory school, when we were chasing Buonaparte's marshals, and at last the little corporal himself, at the point of the bayonet or the edge of the sabre, to the tune of "The British Grenadiers."

> Sigh no more, Half-pays, sigh no more —
> Whigs were deceivers ever;

and, for that matter, so were Tories — at least as far as we were concerned. With respect to my own particular case, such a flagitious and truly abominable — but no matter: Fitzroy Somerset told me the other day at dinner, that the Horse Guards were busily occupied in doing me justice; and if they will not, why De Lacy Evans has promised he will bring it before parliament. It is the least he can do, for I pelted Hobhouse for him most lustily at the last Westminster election. As the little fellow looked most abominably like a tailor, I thought it only fair to help him to cabbage.

Another ground of complaint which my friend Bombardinio makes, it is, I think, useless to debate upon. He is angry with that class of great officers who are deep upon the mould of a button, and decided upon the cut of a coat-tail. Why so? In the name of Mars, the god of war, what are our officers to do in these piping times of peace? Study, says Bombardinio. Easily said, I reply;

but is there any chance of their doing so? Not the least. Their chief business in peace-times is to flaunt among the ladies—and an ancient and most honourable pastime it is, highly commendable, and past the wit of man to put down. Is it not, therefore, to be expected, that the genius of tailoring is to be in the ascendant, and that the talents of distinguished artists should be in requisition? George IV. —God rest his soul! as my Papist countrymen would say—was a great hand in this line; and the Marquess of Londonderry, therefore, proposed his health, as the first cavalry officer in Europe. I told his lordship at the time, that he ought to have proposed him as the first naval officer, because no man had doubled so many *capes*. In the interval between wars and battlings such will always be the case, at least in England. Thanks to our insular situation (to talk newspaper), we are not called upon to be ever and aye ready for the beat of the drum, or the sound of the bugle; and what more agreeable exercise of the mind can our officers be allowed, than arranging their coats and overhauling their breeches? Besides, are we not the great button-making nation? and does not Birmingham return two members to parliament, one of whom is my friend Tom Attwood, who has assured us that he can call up two hundred thousand men at one stamp of his foot?—all, no doubt, buttoned according to the last fashion of Brummagem. Let all trades live, and let the peace-officers have their appropriate work. I do not think the men have enough to do, and therefore regret the old hair-dressing system. I recollect the time when a soldier's hair was so beplastered, and tied with such vehemence into a queue, that he could not shut his eyes; and it was a pleasing sight to a mind replete with industrious ideas, to see a row of men in a barrack-room, each man tying the queue of the man who was before him — the first tyer being tied separately by the last of the tied. Then there was the musket to be kept polished bright as a looking-glass, and the gaiters to be made as white as the Alpine snow, or any other snow of equal whiteness. I remember Tiger Conran, who is mentioned in Bombardinio's paper, whipping a Royal very gaily for having a speck upon his gaiters on parade; the Duke of Kent did the same at Gibraltar, for which, it is believed, he was shot at from his own line, being an amiable young prince, and much beloved. Now all this might be very wrong — the cropped hair, the brown musket, the loose trousers, are no doubt far superior things to the old arrangement; but then that old arrangement kept a soldier in constant work, and when he is not so kept, he is doing mischief, as nobody who knows soldiers will deny.

What I have just said relates, of course, to infantry, because the foot is the "arm" (to use the wise word now in fashion) with which I am best acquainted; as for the cavalry, I would not give a cavalry soldier a quarter of an hour to himself in the day—there is always plenty to do in the stable, if no where else.

But here I am prattling away, and keeping you from Bombardinio, whose observations are a long way "out of sight," as the Quarterly Reviewer says, better worthy of attention than mine. I have added, but with scanty hand, a few notes.

Faithfully yours,
Dear Yorke,

Junior United Service. Morgan O'Doherty.

P.S.—I agree with you in your judicious remarks. This rumpus between Pedro and our old friend Mig. has bedevilled two years' vintage. As for the other Portuguese wines, I do not much care about them; but Port—it was for many years the orthodox and Tory liquor. Perhaps it is only fit, that as Toryism is going to the dogs (*for a while, Yorke—only for a while*), that its favourite tipple should go with it. There is no doubt an ample and extensive vineyard in a farm called London, which will supply, as it has done for many a long year, the wants of the port-bibbers; but it is too much to have the whole stock from that one *clos*. And the Saints—may Lucifer lick them!—have done us out of rum for ever and a day, which strikes a vital blow at grog. The times are out of joint. Well! we must rough it for a couple of years on claret and whisky, as well as we can. M. O'D.

P.S.—Please send check by bearer.—M. O'D.

ON MILITARY PROMOTION.

"Si l'on s'avançait par l'étude et par l'application plutôt que par l'intrigue, la faveur, et par mille autre voies occultes, les gens de guerre méditeroient plus qu'ils ne font sur ce qu'ils voient dans les différentes actions de la guerre."—FOLARD.

AT a time when we have no security for one moment's continuance of domestic tranquillity, except the reliance placed by the government on the armed force of the country, it may be as well to call public attention to some important points connected with the general organisation of an army on which so great a responsibility is made to rest. When the established church is declared a burden to the land, and all accumulated property denounced as plunder taken from the people—when the old opinions and institutions, round which men formerly rallied in the hour of danger, are swept away by the torrent of innovation—when we behold peers of the realm, together with the nearest relatives of the first law-officers of the crown, refusing to pay taxes legally imposed, and hear passive resistance to the acts even of a reformed parliament publicly proclaimed, we may be pretty sure that active resistance is not distant, provided an opportunity offering fair chances of success can be discovered. And what but the continued loyalty and constant efficiency of the armed force withholds such an opportunity from the thousands of daring and energetic men who, by the reform mania, have been deluded into a belief that wealth and privileges are withheld from them, which they would be fully justified in recovering by main force, were the means at their disposal? And how easily men receive and act upon doctrines however wild, provided they are flattering to human views and passions, is known to every one(1). An Italian renegado has already furnished us with a treatise on popular tactics: various journals have also lectured on the same subject; and though these loyal essays evince but a sorry insight into the science of war, they shew an ample willingness to teach, as well as a belief in a sufficient number of zealous scholars.

Under these circumstances, too much attention cannot be paid to the system according to which officers are employed and promoted. It is not now enough that a man should have high aristocratic rank to entitle him to preferment, or that he should be able to purchase it over the heads of less wealthy competitors; the time has arrived when conduct, and not connexion, must be a passport to promotion—when a dignified urbanity of manners (never to be confounded with vulgar condescension), certain of acquiring good will for the possessor—when the high qualities and acquirements that sway opinion, and to which men look up with deference, and which are sure, therefore, of inspiring the soldier with confidence in scenes of civil discord, and with enthusiasm amidst the toils and dangers of war,—can alone give claims to military rank and command. This principle must now be self-evident; but as we suspect that it has not been always acted up to at the Horse-Guards, we propose making a few unconnected remarks on the subject, rather with a view to call attention to this most important point of military organisation, than for the purpose of offering any particular suggestion of our own. The last must remain matter for future consideration.

Rapid promotion is, no doubt, flattering and agreeable to those who profit by it, but it is offensive and humiliating to those who are passed over; and it is naturally discouraging to the general mass, who, seeing the vacancies left by the elect filled up by individuals of the same class, pretty certain of being promoted in a similar manner, soon arrive at the mortifying conviction that they are themselves following a long, and too often hopeless, road to preferment; while wealth, power, and influence, keep a near and pleasant road open to their favourites. If such feelings arise even when the elect are on a par with other men as to merit, and inferior only in point of service, it acts with a doubly offensive force when, as must sometimes happen, the favoured of fortune are not the favoured of nature, and are found far inferior in manners, conduct, and acquirements, to those over whose heads they are advanced. Yet is the practice avowedly continued; and though no man in the least acquainted with the profession can for a moment doubt the necessity of leaving to the military administration the full power of selecting, at their own unquestioned discre-

tion, the individuals intended for employment and preferment; yet a wise principle may at times be unwisely applied; and the use made of the one here alluded to tends too frequently to mortify and discourage the many for the benefit of the few; whereas the object of military organisation is to raise, strengthen, and encourage the many, for the general benefit of the service at large: and the best mode of effecting this is, not to humble, but to raise men in their own estimation, and to create the sort of self-esteem which constitutes the basis of that *elevation of mind*, on which, in scenes of war as in military affairs generally, we can alone depend with perfect confidence and security.

When in 1803, after a disastrous waste of blood and treasure, it became apparent, even to the meanest capacities, as it had long been to ordinary capacities, that an efficient army was a necessary engine of war, every exertion was used in order to metamorphose Englishmen into soldiers — a task that the Whigs assured us was altogether hopeless. As pipe-clay(2) and drill were, in those days, looked upon as the best specifics for teaching Britons — the boldest and most athletic men in Europe—how to fight, an officer had then a fair chance of being noticed and promoted provided he could strut up and down the parade in a commanding manner, give his orders in a loud voice, and, above all, make a battalion perform, in a cloud of pipe-clay and hair-powder dust, some of the so-called eighteen manœuvres. A good deal of abuse, the sign of little-minded ignorance, heaped upon all ranks of subordinates, was passed over, as rather tending to uphold a just system of discipline, and became almost fashionable; whilst the foolish pedantry with which a number of high functionaries watched over the most minute details of dress, made officers almost dependent on tailors and hatters for the security of their commissions, and would furnish a good volume of amusing anecdotes; though it too often enabled low-minded men, when in command of regiments, to annoy, by the help of some paltry adjutant, or other equally worthy assistant, those whose professional knowledge and general conduct placed them, on all other points, beyond the reach of persecution. As to military talents, they were, by universal consent, never spoken of; they were deemed far beyond our grasp, and accessible only to our enemies: all military knowledge open to Englishmen was supposed to be confined to the Book of Regulations. If any one ever thought about the higher branches of the science, he carefully kept such thoughts to himself, well knowing that, right or wrong, they would at best have been considered *de très mauvais ton*; and as to writing on the subject, it was of course entirely out of the question. Nor is there a single work or essay on military affairs, dating from the early part of the war, that is even worth the paper on which it is printed. We are not, of course, speaking of mere books of detail, or illustrations of Dundas — translations, as we might call them, of that ponderous volume into plain and simple English — but original essays on the formation, discipline, and employment of armies. Even the miserable system of tactics that confines the exertion of the soldier to the unskilful pulling of a trigger, was left unquestioned till the subject was lately taken up in a contemporary journal.

The Horse-Guards, so favourably distinguished for courtesy in all official transactions, almost forgot their usual politeness if any one attempted to bring matters of professional science to their notice; and we have known some of the high functionaries actually refuse to acknowledge even the receipt of a humble presentation-copy of the translation of a foreign work on military subjects. This strange tendency to prevent thinking on professional matters, which may in some degree account for the deplorable state of modern tactics, seems to have been congenial to all military authorities, foreign as well as British. Puisegur and Folard were silenced and disgraced; the conqueror of Fontenay (as a tactician, certainly inferior to no one of his contemporaries) fared little better; Berenhorst, the ablest of all, never rose above the rank of captain, though he served on Frederick's staff during the early part of the seven years' war; and Bulow, whose genius might have averted the defeat of Jena, died in prison for having published opinions that are now quoted and appealed to by all military men of knowledge and experience.

It is a curious fact, that none of the officers of the martinet school, of which

we were speaking above, distinguished themselves in the field, or acquired any permanent reputation, whilst many were eminently unfortunate. The late Sir Henry Clinton, and General Conran (3) of the Royals, formed (if they could be called martinets) pretty nearly the only exceptions; for the first was a man of the highest military talents, perfectly acquainted indeed with all the details of duty, but likely to be strict only about those that were of real importance. His service as commander of a regiment (if ever he served in that capacity) was long before our time; but as a general, he commanded the divisions that decided both at Salamanca and Waterloo. Conran (surnamed the tiger), though often called a martinet, was perhaps too eccentric to be exactly deserving of the appellation. Like Clinton, he was a man of great talents, well acquainted with the details of duty, and would no doubt have distinguished himself had the opportunities offered. In the latter years of his life, disappointment and ill-health had completely broken his high spirit, and a temper that, at the best, could never be completely relied on. When a regimental officer, he was liked by those who knew him, though rough and uncertain in his manners; whilst Sir Henry Clinton, though cold, and often stern in exterior deportment, was always "a perfect gentleman from top to toe." No one (4) was ever more free from the martinet mania than the Duke of Wellington; he hardly ever interfered with the drill and exercise of the troops, and never, as far as we know, suggested even the slighest alteration or improvement in any branch of tactics. In matters of dress, he gave the officers pretty nearly *carte blanche;* and the Peninsular army certainly presented the most extraordinary medley of costumes ever beheld. It was only at Cambray that he afterwards took to lecturing on this subject, when some of the aides-de-camp gave more latitude to their fancy than was deemed altogether consistent with a time of peace; and even then he began by applying for instructions to the Horse-Guards, the mighty fountain-head of all such little knowledge.

The martinet dynasty was also favourable to the rise of what were termed in the army pen-and-ink men (5), not, as may be supposed, literary characters, but staff-officers, mostly brigade-majors and aides-de-camp, who could make out a neat return, quote page and chapter of a regulation, who knew the number of a manœuvre, without perhaps knowing its object, and could write an invitation to dinner, and a vapid brigade order after a quarterly inspection. Of the individuals who thus rose pen in hand, only one cut a figure during the war; but, as many a French cuirassier felt at Waterloo, Sir John Elly could wield a sword even better than a pen. This gate to preferment is now completely closed; for most generals can write their own letters, and all staff situations are given to men of family and influence, whether the fortunate youths themselves can write or not.

About the same time, a good many foreign adventurers, counts and barons of course, obtained rank amongst us, under pretence of being heirs to the high military wisdom and science deemed, by universal accord, completely beyond the reach of Englishmen. They brought us filthy mustaches (6), fur caps, and fantastic hussar-jackets; and having got good pay and pensions, passed away without leaving a single name sufficiently remembered to be even laughed at. None of these adventurers belonged to the King's German Legion. The officers of that corps were mostly Hanoverians, men of rank in their own country, and generally also men of good education, particularly those who came over in the first instance; and, taken as a body, they could not be surpassed by any corps of officers whatever. Owing to the connexion that had so long subsisted between the two countries, there was, from first to last, the very best understanding between the British and Hanoverian troops. We could relate many acts of courtesy that, both in field and hall, passed between them, and that would not, perhaps, have passed so well between British and British.

The active period of the war brought about, as was natural to expect, some change and improvement in the manner of granting promotion; for it not only became customary to fill up the vacancies occasioned by the casualties of the field according to regimental seniority, but a step of promotion was besides generally given to officers who held particular situations or commands in battle; and whenever the com-

manders of divisions, or the heads of departments, observed, or thought they observed, actions of particular *éclat*, the individuals so noticed were also pretty sure of preferment. Though this was, after all, giving encouragement only to a number of staff-officers and commanders of corps and regiments, yet the mere circumstances of contest occasionally struck off the shackles that the factious patriotism of the Whigs had imposed upon the army from its very formation: the spirit of "merry England" also broke through the trammels of the pipe-clay science, and actions of gallantry were performed in all ranks that will not be surpassed till human intrepidity shall have assumed a new, and, as yet, unknown character.

How the officers were rewarded after the war, for their services during the long and arduous contest, is known to all. In 1816 and 1817 entire armies were reduced without as much as "*thank you*" being bestowed on men who had fought in three quarters of the globe, and had been victorious wherever victory was fairly accessible; but when in 1829 the second majors of cavalry (few of whom had ever seen any service) were to be put on half-pay, it was found necessary to bribe these scions of aristocracy into the measure by the tender of lieutenant-colonelcies; thus, for the purpose of gratifying a few young noblemen, insulting the feelings of all the old majors and captains of the army. In this spirit have the officers who were destitute of interest been invariably treated since the war. Let us now see how promotion went on during the contest itself.

As there were at the most but three field-officers with a regiment, all of whom could hardly be expected to fall, the promotions that occurred by the casualties of the field were mostly confined to the junior ranks. On the other hand, the whole of the staff, all appointed by favour, and none of whom, except aides-de-camp, could well be under the rank of captain, were sure of promotion, even when their divisions and brigades, as often happened, were spectators of the contest; for such is the sublimity of the military science of our times, that thousands frequently remain tame spectators of the slaughter of their comrades, leaving sanguinary and undecided victories to be fought over and over again, till the mere exhaustion of one of the parties puts an end to the contest, or till fortune, tired of directing scenes of carnage, in which personal bravery alone disputes her omnipotent sway, brings about the finale by some of those catastrophes which are beyond the sphere of ordinary speculation. The battle of Salamanca, that, owing to the moment chosen for the first onset, (the subsequent delay was injurious), justly ranks with the highest of modern battles, was fought and won by four divisions of the army; three* remaining quiet spectators of the scene, and allowing the discomfited French, after losing about one-fifth of their numbers, to retire, for the purpose of being recognised and reinforced. The short(?) cut-and-thrust sword of the Romans would have told more effectually; and few indeed are those who, in so fair a field, and with such parity of numbers, would have escaped from the unerring shafts and uplifted bills of our ancestors. Why, with men who have verily not degenerated from their sires, such inferior results should now be produced, we leave to the upholders of *la grande science* to determine.

That among the staff-officers promoted as above stated there were men of the highest merit, is well known; there are men of high merit among all classes of British officers; but that in no respect alters the question: for there were numbers of regimental officers, of equal merit, who had no chance of promotion, whereas the promotion of the former was certain, even without merit, as their situations, conferred by favour, ensured advancement almost as a matter of course, though the services of the regimental officers were more dangerous, more laborious, and (if properly acted up to) even more difficult. It is sufficient for an aide-de-camp to be able to sit a horse and deliver a message; and if, in addition to this, an assistant-adjutant-general or brigade-major can add up a return, it is all that is *absolutely* required. Higher qualifications are expected from the officers of the quarter-master-general's department, and were, no doubt, to be found amongst them; but our peculiar mode and system of war seldom called for a display of those ta-

* First division, seventh division, and light division.

lents, whereas the labours of the regimental officers were incessant. Yet no despatch was ever sent, and no report was ever written, without particular mention being made of the service of "my aide-de-camp, and the other officers of my staff," who were all named previous to their appearing in the gazette. The reward of regimental officers was, on the other hand, pretty generally confined to the praise bestowed on the "gallant conduct of the troops generally;" unless when some fortunate individual happened to be a man of aristocratic rank, when exception was contrived of course.

The cavalry also(8), acting, from the nature of their duty, more frequently in small or detached parties than the infantry, offered more frequent occasions for mentioning, and consequently for promoting, individuals of that aristocratic and favoured branch of the service; though it was allowed on all hands that their contribution towards the general success bore but a small proportion to the quantum of reward bestowed upon them in return. During Sir John Moore's campaign, indeed, they carried every thing before them; and, had they always acted up to the standard then established, it is difficult to say what would have equalled their deserts; but their ill success at Talavera, which must not, however, be altogether placed to their own account, completely damped their ardour: they did little during the campaigns of 1810 and 1811, but continued, nevertheless, to get plenty of promotion. The spirit of victory that flashed along the line, the moment the order to advance against the enemy was given at Salamanca, communicated itself to the cavalry, and they made one gallant and effective charge in the battle, and another during the pursuit; but again fell off during the retreat from Burgos. Vittoria was their darkest day; for they allowed the broken French infantry to retire unassailed through a country perfectly well adapted to cavalry action: promotion, however, was caught, though the French escaped. It is not easy to generalise the conduct of the cavalry at Waterloo: Ponsonby's brigade made a noble, we may say, a tremendous charge, for it swept at least ten thousand men from the ground; and Vivian's brigade gave the *coup de grace*, though the battle was then, perhaps, no longer doubtful. After such actions, we must not ask who obtained, but rather who did not obtain promotion.

Let it not be thought, from any thing here stated, that we rate the Waterloo(9) fighting, if we may so express ourselves, superior to what took place in the Peninsula,—far from it; there was, on the contrary, nothing done at Waterloo that could at all equal the cavalry actions of the first Peninsular campaign, or the subsequent breaching of the Spanish fortresses by the artillery, and the storming of the same places by the infantry; together with many other deeds of high gallantry and conduct that could be mentioned. To give medals, rank, and distinction to the victors of Waterloo, to the exclusion of their brethren of the Peninsula, was, therefore, only committing on a grand scale one of those acts of military injustice every day performed on a small one. It is now probably too late to atone for this error; the day indeed for military decorations is altogether past. The noise and smoke of modern battles, and the whole system of modern war, prevent due distinctions from being drawn; stars and decorations are ridiculed, when, as it unavoidably happens at times, they are bestowed on the worthless; and they occasion heartburnings to the deserving, who are often just as unavoidably passed over. The best thing that could now be done would perhaps be to abrogate them all by one sweeping order, leaving it to public opinion alone to decorate public men according to their deserts; and in a profession in which party politics has never been able to exercise any influence, opinion would be pretty nearly infallible. The army in general are looked upon as Tories, and perhaps justly so; yet no one ranks higher in military estimation than Col. Napier, who is a complete Radical (10).

The guards, too, having never more than two battalions in the field, which were generally in reserve, obtained for their share far more promotion than fell to any entire division of the army, besides retaining, from their very constitution, independently of their access to favour, the certainty of giving, by means of the 91 lieutenant-colonels, as many general officers to the army as all the rest of the infantry put together. No one can be more ready to do justice to the noble bearing of the officers,

and to the gallantry and good conduct of the men of the guards, than we are; but, with the most perfect willingness to allow them their full share of merit, which we confess is great, we still think that the service of seven battallions is too dearly purchased at such an expense of favour, given to the detriment of the rest of the army; for, in military estimation, the guards never surpassed the infantry of the line, nor equalled the light division. These regiments, to be really beneficial in proportion to the promotion bestowed on them, should be composed exclusively of officers and soldiers drawn from the line, as a reward for good conduct; thus holding out encouragement, instead of depressing the hopes of the rest of the army. Or, what would be still better, regiments should be allowed to take their turn of royal duty, as a mark of favour, honour, and distinction. One of the great evils of the service now is, that a regiment is no sooner in some sort of order than it must go abroad; an inconvenience that, by the arrangement here proposed, would, to a certain extent at least, be obviated. The assertion that the soldiers of the line could not perform the delicate London duty that falls to the share of the guards, is, of course, totally undeserving of attention.

To return, however, to the more direct thread of the subject. Having seen how promotion was conferred during the war, let us see how the manner of it agreed with the opinion generally entertained of the merits of the different classes of the army; it forms the most amusing and anomalous part of the whole subject.

It is well known that, owing to the exertions of the Whigs and other opposition parties of the day, the British army took the field at the commencement of the Peninsular war totally destitute of all confidence except what was derived from the undisputed courage of the individuals of whom it was composed. But though some advantage was expected from this native bravery on the day of battle, all buoyancy and enthusiasm was confined to the junior ranks in the higher grades; it was weighed down by the belief in some mighty phantom of military science, that, at the command of our enemies, was to descend upon us in thunder, and crush our puny efforts at a single blow. It was this phantom that at Vimeira kept nearly one-half of the British army idle spectators of the combat, and then made the victors sign the convention of Cintra; that at Fuentes d'Onore prevented thirteen battalions* of the left wing from taking in reserve the rights of the French army, after scattering the few hundred men opposed to them; and that in Estremadura allowed Montbrune's troops to effect their retreat into Badajoz, to defend that fortress, the capture of which cost so many valuable lives, and ultimately occasioned the dreadful carnage of Albuera (11). To this phantom, that was always coming, but never came, we thought nothing could be opposed, but hard stubborn fighting; nor was the idea a bad one, had we not mistaken mere trigger-pulling for the best fighting Englishmen are capable of; but the infantry having, under this narrow view, been once fairly brought into front-to-front contest with the enemy, the result was pretty generally trusted to the gallantry of the troops: that it never was trusted in vain is true; for the men who at St. Sebastian's calmly waited under the ramparts of the fortress, exposed to all the fire of the place till the shot of their own guns, striking only a few feet above those heads for which laurels were now idle ornaments, could not, on fair and open ground, meet with equal foes; though they might, but for the phantom we are speaking of, and the delectable science of modern tactics, have met these foes to greater advantage. Such, however, was no where the case; for, except at Arayo-de-Molinos, we do not know that the British troops ever fought with any advantage on their side beyond what they derived from their own sterling qualities: that they frequently fought to disadvantage, is well known; nor can a single battle, from 1808 to 1814, be mentioned in which, had the parties changed sides, the result would not have been exactly the reverse: 1500 French would not have driven 8000 British from the field of Albuera, and the attempt to escalade Badajos and storm Rodrigo would have been laughed to scorn. From this, then, it

* Five divisions, one brigade of the sixth division; together, nine British and four Portuguese battalions.

follows, that our success was due far more to the gallantry, good conduct, and high feeling, pervading alike all ranks of the army, than to the skill and exertions of any particular class; yet were the very classes who had least opportunity of contributing in such contests to the general success (for all were equally zealous) the best rewarded. The soldiers and regimental officers of the infantry fought and gained these battles, for which they always got the greatest proportion of blows and the least share of reward. With the close of the Peninsular war closed also the little chance of preferment that the contest had opened to those who had nothing but their own exertions to depend upon for promotion. Every thing having confessedly been effected by hard fighting, it was concluded, too hastily perhaps, that men of wealth and interest would fight as fiercely as others; and to wealth and interest was every thing sacrificed in consequence. If an unfriended Peninsular officer requested promotion for services performed during the war, he was told that the door to the consideration of such services was shut, and could not again be opened, as it would inundate the war-office with similar claimants; but let any young man of aristocratic rank perform some duty of mere state ceremony, to which duty men of influence are alone appointed, and then a step of brevet promotion followed as a matter of course. Let an old officer solicit promotion or employment, and he is told, politely indeed, that his name is noted, and that he will be appointed when *an opportunity offers*. A man of plain and honourable feeling naturally concludes this to mean, that his turn will come as soon as those shall be provided for whose services and merits are known to be superior to his own; and is not a little mortified when, after years of delay and endless promises, he sees men whose names were not in the army list when the war closed, finding those opportunities for which he had so long looked in vain; such striplings constantly giving proofs of military genius sufficient to entitle them to the most splendid promotion, even in the midst of profound peace, though no one can tell what an untried man will prove in the field, as it is what no man can tell of himself.

The truth is, that, with the most anxious and honourable zeal on the part of the military administration for the advancement of the profession, its real difficulties have been such as in a great measure to retard its progress. Success also, too often deemed the criterion of excellence, augmented the delusion; so that no balance was ever struck between our victories and the expense at which they were purchased. One would think that Christianity, independently of military and political considerations, should have led to such an inquiry; yet is there no appearance of its ever having been thought of; no, the bravery of our men, the gallantry and high feeling of our officers, made us victorious; and, fortune willing, the same qualities will again, if necessary, lead to the same results. But how many fell in achieving those conquests, that, by proper training, and by abler and more skilful leading, sometimes on the part of a general, sometimes perhaps on that of an ensign, might have been saved? Was the most made of the capabilities of the men, and of the devoted gallantry, zeal, and willingness of the officers? Might not much more have been effected at an incomparably less effusion of blood and treasure by such an army, had full justice been done to it? Or, if we be wrong in this supposition, what were the exertions used to call forth and place in their proper station the qualities most essential to military men? We know them not; but we well know that the qualities themselves are of too high an order to be conferred by mere birth, wealth, or a line in the gazette. Those who recollect the war can tell under what circumstances their regiments or brigades suffered the heaviest loss: the colonels and lieutenant-colonels who were then at school may learn something of this from Napier's work; and though the historian cannot well enter into the details of regimental affairs, they will see that the fault of two officers, not of the highest rank, enabled Montbrune's division to effect, as before stated, its retreat into Badajoz; and though the error was ultimately made good by the stubborn bravery of the troops, as usual, the last appeal, and the one that was least rewarded, 10,000 valiant men fell on the field of Albuera, and in the breaches of Badajoz, to atone for this one single error; and torrents of the bravest blood that ever throbbed

in the heart of man was shed, in melancholy illustration of the often and vainly-repeated truth,—

"Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi."

We willingly avow that we do not know exactly how the military administration are to become acquainted with the relative merits of the different claimants for promotion and employment, but it certainly cannot be by limiting preferment to the mere scions of aristocracy; for the qualities requisite in order to do justice to the profession of arms are of too high a nature to be confined to any particular class: perhaps they are also of too brilliant a nature to be altogether concealed, if seriously and anxiously searched for. We shall repeat some of them here, just as we find them stated in a contemporary journal:

"The qualities most essential to an officer are presence of mind and quickness of observation; for in war much depends on the discovery and the use made of the proper moment: he must be an able judge of human nature, for the purpose of correctly placing and appreciating his subordinates; his disposition must be cheerful, in order to encourage them under hardships; and his exertions to alleviate their sufferings should bear proofs of kindliness of feeling. Placed by his profession in the first ranks of society, he must not only possess the knowledge required by his profession, but the manners and acquirements belonging to the rank in which he is called upon to move. The loftiest sentiments of chivalry must, at all times, form the guides of his conduct; because our whole system of discipline and subordination is founded upon honour,—a rock of adamant, that, if once undermined, will not fail to bury in its fall the proud fabric it has hitherto so nobly supported."

As to courage, it is not sufficient for an officer that he should be capable of facing danger; his courage must be of that kind which rises with increasing difficulties, that

"Smiles in danger stern and wild,"

and is always above circumstances; because it is principally at times when life, fame, and honour are at stake, that he is obliged to think and act for the good of his subordinates. There are those who will, perhaps, smile to see this considered a matter of difficulty, deeming it easy to accomplish what so many have done. Without at present stopping to point out the great difference between *done* and *well done*, which forms the important point at issue between us, we will simply ask you, gentle critic, whether you ever found yourself so completely in the line of fire of a piece of artillery, that the ball seemed to be taking its flight directly towards your own most precious person, its sound every instant approaching nearer and growing louder, till the very air, displaced by its force, was almost wafted against your face? and, hand on heart, you did not then bow your valuable head one single degree to the right or left, and your blood preserved exactly the usual tenor of its calm flow? If so, and there are such men, write and say what you will; but until you have heard the music here so feebly set to notes, repress your smile—attempt not to legislate for sailors and soldiers, as your evidence will verily not be received against us. We may therefore ask, without farther intervention, whether the military administrations have been solely guided in their distribution of promotion by a zealous search for the qualities above enumerated? The half-pay captains of the Peninsular campaigns, whose pockets are full only of war-office promises of employment and promotion, will say *No*—the lieutenant-colonels who were not then in the service, but who are now commanding regiments, will say *Yes;* and the impartial reader may, at pleasure, decide between them.

For the present, we must hastily proceed through these fragments, imperfect from their very nature; though there are two points, on which, had time and space been left us, we could willingly have entered at the utmost length. The one relates to an observation made, some time ago, in the House of Commons, by Lieut.-Col. de Lacy Evans, who remarked, as we thought most justly, that the rank of lieut.-colonel should be beyond the reach of purchase, and that no inexperienced officer should, if possible, be intrusted with the command of a regiment. We look upon both of these suggestions as of high value, and sincerely hope they will be attended to. Count Mollendorf observed, on one occasion, to Frederick, that if he only got good lieutenants, he would be sure to have good generals. We may with more certainty say, that

provided we get good lieut.-colonels, we shall be sure to have not only good generals, but good lieutenants also; for with us lieut.-colonels and majors are the real commanders of the troops, whether infantry or cavalry; and too much attention cannot be bestowed on the filling up of situations of such trust and importance.

The other point, to which we can for the present only allude, relates to a passage in Captain Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, where that gallant and accomplished officer suggests that the young gentlemen of the navy should be examined in what he terms the "science of discipline"—"that important department of duty which relates to the management of the people under them, and to their obligations to those by whom they are commanded." Important as this matter certainly is, both to the army and navy, we do not understand how it can well be reduced to rules, and should be glad, therefore, to see Capt. Hall's idea more distinctly expressed. To us it appears to depend almost entirely upon character. The commander will, in a great measure, mould and form his subordinates; and the higher he ranks in their estimation, the more he is looked up to, the easier will be his task of commanding, and the lighter will sit the fetters of discipline. Power and authority are not in themselves sufficient for good government of men, according even to the wisest rules and regulations ever devised; for the best of such rules can be of value only when wisely and virtuously acted upon.

Much might, and should perhaps, in an essay of this nature, be said of the want of sympathy shewn by officers of rank towards those of their subordinates who happen to be destitute of family influence; also of the ingratitude which will weigh so heavily on the frame of those from whom a different line of conduct was to have been expected; together with some distinct animadversions on the cold, vapid, and really injurious style of recommendation too often adopted towards individuals, who, having little else to depend upon, are easily deceived by documents that only "damn with faint praise." How much of noble enthusiasm has been crushed, and how much of generous feeling turned to bitterness, by such conduct, is what none but old regimental officers can know, and they know it well. But these, with other grievances, we pass for the present, in hopes of seeing them amended in future, as our object is to improve as much, and to reprove as little, as possible.

Unfortunately for ourselves, and for the value of this article, we cannot suggest the adoption of any system of promotion capable of invariably insuring to the army officers of the highest merit only: all we know is, that merit will be found, provided it is duly appreciated and rewarded. And we may safely add, that no illiterate man should now hold a commission, still less a command. We should not, even if we were phrenologists, like the post of inspector-general of military pericrania; though we think that the gentlemen of the war-office should be better physiognomists than they have sometimes proved themselves—for, let sceptics say what they will, still is *gentleman* impressed on every gentleman's brow; and gentlemen, in the real acceptation of the word, are now alone capable of doing justice to the augmenting difficulties of the military profession. Our foreign enemies are gaining position after position. Russia commands at Constantinople and in the Archipelago; France rules in Belgium, and is in possession of the coast of Africa; whilst our new system of policy has left us without a friend on the continent; for to build upon the friendship of France is worse than building on a quicksand, as no influence capable of swaying human feelings and passions will ever eradicate from *un cœur vraiment Français* the envious hatred entertained against the victors of Waterloo and Trafalgar. Fashion may for a time make us friends, but only till the excitement occasioned by *la nouveauté d'un tel sentiment* shall have passed away.

At home, too, military duties, though of a different kind, are rapidly increasing; for, till the present feverish longing after change is replaced by a firm attachment to our new institutions, (not, as it seems, just now to be expected,) there can be no security against anarchy and a complete breaking up of social order, but what is afforded by an efficient and well-organised military force, capable of giving strength to the laws, and affording protection to property, by their presence and character alone. In their own country, soldiers should be mere shield-bearers—*peltastæ* in the literal sense of

the word—but ranking so high in general estimation, as to be certain of always carrying public opinion along with them, if ever called upon to perform duties of a harsher and more painful nature. Not the humblest step in the ranks of such an army should be yielded to the influence of the highest peer or wealthiest individual in the realm: it must be officered only by gentlemen, each deriving his claim to preferment and employment from his own individual merit alone.

We shall conclude this paper by introducing to the reader some of the most distinguished officers that served during the Peninsular campaigns. We do so without at present having any very distinct object in view beyond that of gracing our own pages; and if, according to Biron, "bright names can hallow song," the few we are about to quote will shed a lustre even over this plain prose.

Whoever had opportunities of seeing British troops engaged (12) or ever beheld such men as the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesea, Lords Hill, Hopetoun, Lynedoch, Sir Charles Colville, Sir Lowrie Cole, Sir Colin Halket, Sir Hussey Vivian, and a host of others that could be mentioned, under fire, could not fail to be struck with the abundance of that high spirit in the army which counts life and toil as nothing when weighed against the honour and interest of the country. *Nearly* all those who at any time held responsible commands in action, looked as if it would have been impossible to make them comprehend the existence, to themselves, of any thing like personal danger; the minds even of the least composed and tranquil (and some were, owing to an intense anxiety about results, not very tranquil) appeared incapable of descending to such considerations. As there are as many kinds and degrees of courage as there are human beings possessing particles of the envied quality, it would be idle to attempt a description of the particular sort for which individual leaders were most distinguished; but were we to enumerate some of the officers in whom it assumed a more chivalrous appearance, whose spirit and genius seemed to rise with augmenting dangers, we should perhaps mention Sir James Leith, Sir William Stewart, Sir Edward and Sir Stephenson Barnes, though the latter was only the commander of a regiment; and above all, for he was beloved above all, Sir Edward Packenham. Unfortunately for himself and his country, Packenham, who could both plan and execute, could make plans only for others to carry into effect, and could execute only what was directed by others: he was incapable of calmly watching the progress of events; and wanted that tranquillity of nerve indispensable in a commander. Heedless of danger himself, he dreaded to expose the lives of his soldiers; a noble dread certainly, but one that in his case led to melancholy results; for, at New Orleans, he lingered in anxious uncertainty, when a bold onset would have insured success; and though he atoned, in some measure, for this fault by the ability with which he planned the subsequent attack, he allowed, at the moment of execution, an accident, that might easily have been remedied, to mar at once his skilful arrangements, and to wither his brightest hopes; and flying from despondency to despair, rushed on to almost certain destruction, when delay alone would have brought him that victory which his able disposition so well deserved. Peace to his shade! for we may truly say that

> "Warrior gentler, nobler, braver,
> Never did behold the light."

To give a list of regimental and field officers who were conspicuous for high talent and bravery, would lead us much too far; but having accidentally broken through the rule, we cannot deprive ourselves of the gratification of naming a few of the most distinguished. Such were Colonel Beckwith of the Rifles, Coulburn of the 52d, Cameron of the 9th, Tarleton of the 44th, the eccentric and accomplished scholar Skerret of the 47th, Major Ridge of the 5th, and the generous O'Keef, who, exhausted by sickness and unable to stand, caused himself to be supported under the murderous fire that closed his gallant career. The first died as commander-in-chief at Bombay, the two next are general officers: Tarleton and Skerret fell at Bergen-op-Zoom, and Ridge at Badajoz.

Having once mentioned field-officers, it is impossible to omit Sir Alexander Gordon, who was killed at Waterloo; for the army held not in its ranks a kinder, more generous, and more chivalrous gentleman, nor one more universally cherished by those who knew

him. In early life he had a strange sort of presentiment of the "death of fame" that awaited him, and was then in the habit of reciting passages from English and German poets, extolling a soldier's fall in the hour of victory as the happiest and noblest end that fate could bestow; and certainly none could be nobler than the one he found — too early, indeed, for his country and his friends. Private feeling forces from our pen another name that will be deeply engraved on the recollection of all who knew the owner; for not a single one of the many intrepid men that, during our twenty years' war, fell amidst the din of arms, possessed in a higher degree the confidence of his brother officers and subordinates than Colonel John Gordon of the Royals.

Having spoken of presentiment, we must, before proceeding, say a word on this often-debated subject. We knew several individuals impressed, or supposed to be impressed, with the belief that they were to fall in battle, but who, nevertheless, escaped free from injury. Some also escaped who were doomed to certain death in the opinion of their brother officers; whilst others, that were considered fortunate, either fell or were wounded. This false and foolish kind of presentiment was strongly illustrated in the regiment to which the writer of these pages belonged. An officer, doomed to death in the estimation of nearly all his comrades, served from Lisbon to Bayonne without receiving the slightest wound; whilst another, looked upon as a favourite of fortune, and considered perfectly safe, was killed in the second action in which he was engaged. In both cases appearance and manner alone gave rise to the belief, for both were equal favourites. In the same corps was a very young officer who considered himself bearing a charmed life; the delusion, which was nothing more than the result of strong health and youthful spirit, faded of course with advancing years. On the same principle, we may easily suppose that hypochondriacs, or persons suffering from a depression of spirit, would look upon themselves as likely to fall when approaching scenes of certain danger. It happened, of course, that such individuals occasionally suffered as well as others, and then the presentiment, which was supposed to have warned them of their end, formed the marvel of the hour. With Sir Alex. Gordon the case was altogether different. His presentiment, if such it can be called, resulted only from high spirits, and a readiness to purchase honourable fame even at the expense of life itself.

In this army list *raisonné*, we must pass over the artillery, for few officers of that arm could be altogether named without praise; a proof how much a good military education, such as they had all enjoyed, is sure to effect. The artillery formed, in fact, the most perfect branch of the Peninsular army, and was, of course, free from the shackles that modern tactics had so successfully imposed both on cavalry and infantry. The engineers were unpopular; undeservedly so, we should think; for a corps that reckoned such men as Jones, Fletcher, and Paisley, in its ranks, could not easily be surpassed.

Next to the artillery, and far superior to the rest of the infantry, by their *morale* alone, were the light division. They had been trained, under Sir John Moore, to a better and more efficient system of tactics than any other part of the line; and as they were generally in advance and nearest the enemy, they contrived to rid themselves, more effectually than the rest of the army, of the trammels that the modern science of war has so carefully imposed upon military talent and energy. This sort of freedom, backed by success, produced in all ranks a degree of pride and confidence that led to the best results, and proved, on every occasion, how vastly superior British soldiers are in point of professional intelligence to the best of continental troops. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the aptitude of the men in this division in whatever related to actual duty but the buoyant extravagance of spirits they displayed whenever they were released from restraint. In their sayings and doings they approached nearer to the manner of sailors than any other troops in the army, and proved beyond dispute, that to an Englishmen *war is by far the most congenial pursuit*. It is only

"On rolling oceans or in fighting fields"

that the spirits of our countrymen are really awakened; the ordinary occupations of life seem unable to call forth all the energy of their nature. With such men, trained to a system of tactics capable of doing justice to their qualities, the conquest of the world were yet an easy task.

In order that what we have to add may not be misinterpreted, the reader is requested to recollect, that the Humes and the Whigs who figured in politics during the early part of the war, used every exertion to break the military spirit of the army, and of the country at large; they prophesied nothing but defeat and discomfiture, and told us that an English army was nothing better than an ignorant and drunken rabble, totally incapable of contending against the brave and skilful warriors of France. Such constant assertions, to which the ill success of too many of our foolish expeditions, and the splendid victories of Napoleon, gave a semblance of truth, could not fail by degrees to make some impression; for we have lately seen, and continue to see every day, how soon the most senseless phrases acquire, by the mere force of repetition, the strength of approved maxims. The minds of all ranks of officers were literally fettered; no one was supposed even capable of thinking on military matters: there was no general military opinion, no professional assimilation of feeling, no amalgamation of sentiment, beyond what honour, patriotism, or private friendship inspired, ever took place. We were kept together by the iron bonds of a stern and rigid system of discipline, tempered only by the zeal and good-will that avowedly pervaded all ranks. The injurious consequences of this unfortunate estrangement, to which the vapid and presumptuous folly of fashion contrived to make some additions, extended itself, like a damp and chilling mist, over the whole profession, and penetrated every part of our military system; depressing much that was good in many estimable characters, and often, no doubt, preventing us from perceiving merit, that in a brighter and more congenial atmosphere would have been visible to every one. This chilling influence was, of course, more severely felt by the cavalry than by the infantry; because the former are more dependent than the latter on the daring and spirit of enterprise of individual leaders.

When—to say nothing of some of the great men of antiquity—we think of the boundless sway exercised over the minds of men and officers by Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII., and Wallenstein, as well as by Frederick and Napoleon, at different periods of their career, and Blucher towards the end of his, it is only by recollecting the chilling mist (already described) that we can altogether account for the comparatively little influence exercised by any of our modern commanders over the minds of British soldiers. The men followed their generals mechanically; some leaders were, of course, better liked than others; some were deservedly highly popular; a few were also most cordially hated; and one or two were, perhaps, a little laughed at; but none, even of the favourites, exercised any commanding influence over the minds of either officers or privates. Full justice, we suspect, was never done to Sir John Moore till after his death;(13) nor was Sir Henry Clinton—certainly the next in point of ability—ever appreciated. How he may have stood in the estimation of the men, we pretend not to know; but he was not liked by the officers. Picton was never a favourite with either men or officers; and Crawfurd was at one time positively hated by both. He was afterwards better liked; and when he joined his division at Fuentes d'Onore, he was loudly cheered by the soldiers. We have here named Picton and Crawfurd together, because Napier has somewhere compared their military talents. Both were men of high courage and noble zeal; but Picton never, as far as we know, gave any proof of professional talents; whilst his attack at Toulouse tells, on the contrary, very much against him: and as to Crawfurd, the convent of St. Domingo at Buenos Ayres, and the action of the Coa, must ever constitute insurmountable bars to all claims that can be set up in his favour.

Colonel Napier, in describing the critical situation of the army, after the battle of Albuera, says that the men had lost all confidence in their leader. The Colonel is probably right in his assertion, though the circumstance itself does not therefore tell against Marshal Beresford; because soldiers invariably, and naturally enough, lose confidence in their commanders whenever they perceive that a great loss has been sustained, without having produced visible results of adequate magnitude. There was plenty of despondency and want of confidence (as to results) in the army, on the evening of the battle of Waterloo; but it never shook the resolution of the men: on the contrary, it brought

on that stubborn and resolved kind of fierceness, that, after any desperate and protracted resistance, seizes on the minds of British soldiers, and makes them callous to all but the desire of destroying their enemies. On ordinary occasions, when soldiers assist their wounded officers or comrades to the rear, they return—when they do return —leisurely enough; but at Waterloo many of them refused to quit the ranks, and others actually left wounded officers in the middle of the road, and then returned to their posts. But all this was totally independent of any opinion entertained of their commanders. They were fierce, and anxious to avenge their comrades: for there is much kindliness of feeling between soldiers who have served together, and often also between soldiers and their regimental officers, when the latter are gentlemen; for no rank can ever raise low, ignorant, or coarse men, in the estimation of soldiers. But general officers are too far removed from the privates to be much known or cared for.

A few words as to the manners(14) of some of the individuals already named, and we have done. Whoever has seen the Duke of Wellington ride through the park, has seen him exactly as he looks in the hour of battle; for his manner and appearance change in nothing whatever. Even the intense attention which he pays to the scenes of war, differs little from the attention he pays to any matter of consequence that comes before him in ordinary life, as the natural energy of his character always gives an appearance of intenseness to his attention, whenever it is seriously called for.

The Marquess of Anglesey is far more animated; and were Bayard to rise from the dead, in order to confer a crown for gallant soldiership, it would probably be placed on the brows of the intrepid Viceroy of Ireland.

Lord Hill is composed, and never on any occasion loses that amenity and kindliness of manner that gained for him the appellation of the "soldier's friend"— as proud a title, perhaps, as any acquired during the war; for it was granted by the soldiers themselves. Whether, on his lordship's retirement from the Horse-Guards, the officers who have only service and merit to recommend them, will add to it the title of that of the "officer's friend," is a different question. That title has yet to be deserved; and whoever shall really deserve it, will merit well of the country, and prove himself the soldier's best friend.

The brilliant and chivalrous valour of Sir William Stewart gained him many friends and admirers, and should have left him without an enemy. But the value of military enthusiasm was then unknown — not a gleam of that noble fire had ever penetrated the frosty official atmosphere of the Horse-Guards; and though tolerated in a man of high rank and connexion, it would have been quickly enough checked if displayed in an equal degree by an individual of less influence. Picton warmed slowly but intensely, like the iron to which his own head was often compared; and Crawfurd grew actually fierce.

The German legion also contained in its ranks a number of officers of the highest merit. Sir Charles Alten(15) was the only foreigner we ever knew who could command Englishmen, and to whom all ranks of Englishmen paid a willing obedience; for in the darkest hour of battle he was always the perfect gentleman. In Spain, he commanded the light division after Crawfurd's death, and the third division at Waterloo.

Count Doerenberg, of the Brunswick, was a man who, had fortune favoured, would probably have been called great. Before he entered the British service, he attempted, on the mere strength of his character, to make the Westphalian troops revolt against Napoleon, then at the height of his power; and it was accident alone that prevented the daring project from succeeding. Doerenberg commanded at Mons when Napoleon entered Belgium in 1815, and some blame was thrown upon him—unjustly, we suspect — for having delayed the intelligence of the advance of the French army: he was, at all events, "himself again" at Waterloo. Arenschield, of the 1st hussars, and the first hussar in the army, reminded the military reader of Zeithen. At Talavera he was accused of having, in some measure, occasioned the defeat of the 23d dragoons, by not supporting them in their celebrated and unfortunate charge. We presume not to decide between the parties; but incline to think that, as the 23d went on instead of halting (as they evidently should have done),

so also should the hussars have gone on instead of halting, as they did: to leave troops unsupported because their task is difficult, is only to augment the chances against them. In favour of the friend of our earlier and more promising days, we shall perhaps be pardoned for closing this list of eminent men with the name of an individual who died too young for rank and fame, though possessing in ample degree the qualities requisite to the attainment of both; for no service could boast a more accomplished officer than brigade-major Baron Drechsel, who fell by one of the last shots fired at Bayonne.

Perhaps it will be said, that the names we have ourselves quoted furnish the best proof of the excellence of that very system of promotion which we are here arraigning. But it is not so; for those who recollect the war must be well aware, that not a single march was performed, nor a single action fought, without exemplifying how great was the difference between men who understood their duty, and entered fully into the spirit and feeling of their noble profession, and those men who know nothing but the mechanical routine of duty; to say nothing of the individuals who did not even comprehend that. The names we have quoted — and the list might easily have been more than doubled, had any thing but chance or personal recollection guided our pen — only prove therefore that there were, as there are still, men of the highest merit in all ranks and classes of the British army. There are, however, gradations in merit; but promotion was never graduated by merit, nor even by service, but by interest alone. It often happened, of course, that men of interest had merit also, still it could not prevent men of moderate merit from being frequently promoted over the heads of men of high merit; and mere favouritism very often caused men, who could do nothing more than keep their ground in ordinary society, to be promoted over the heads of officers of the highest promise. The Horse-Guards always boasted that they were uninfluenced in their distribution of promotion by the political opinions of the military candidates, and the boast was no doubt a just one; the misfortune only was, that they were equally liberal on the subject of merit. Whig or Tory was certainly of as little consequence as merit or no merit, provided only a man had interest; and those who think that the Whigs could have no interest when out of office, know little indeed of the powerful influence always exercised by that factious party over the different weak Tory governments of latter years.

Every officer of the least experience will know, that the strong ground of our case would be an inquiry into the causes that so often, in action, led to severe losses on different points of the line, even when success was ultimately obtained by the general gallantry and exertion of the whole mass; but useful and instructive as such an inquiry would be, we have no intention of entering upon it for the present, as the disasters experienced are, unfortunately, numerous enough to establish far more than we have asserted. What occasioned the failure at Buenos Ayres, Rosetta, New Orleans, and Walcheren? Was it necessary to surrender Fort Erie to the Americans, in order to learn from them how such a post was to be defended? What made an entire brigade of British cavalry quail before two or three hundred French infantry in the plain of Merida? and what led to the defeat of the heavy brigade at Llerena? Except for the failure at Buenos Ayres, no blame was ever attached to the commanders; the gallantry of the troops was avowedly the same on all occasions, nor was there ever any want of merit among the officers, taken as a body: for no regiment ever left England without containing in its ranks officers of the highest zeal and gallantry. What, then, occasioned these disasters? The physical force employed was certainly more than adequate to the attainment of the objects aimed at, and we have already acquitted the troops and commanders; so that we have nothing left for it but to say what duty (in the highest acceptation of the word) was not done at some essential point of time or place. The orders of the general were not properly obeyed; the gallantry of the troops not properly employed; that is, in other words, some of the subordinates, generals, colonels, captains, or subalterns, as the case might be, were destitute of the knowledge or qualities required by their rank: unfit men had, in fact, been appointed or promoted to situations the duties of which they were

unable to discharge. And it is of the continuance of this system that we complain.

Enlightened by these disasters, it will perhaps be thought that the military administrations have taken ample precautions to prevent a recurrence of similar misfortunes for the future; if so, they have kept the measures of wisdom a profound secret from the army and the world. The extreme discretion invariably observed by the high military authorities of the country on all points of military science, has always been remarkable. The commercial interest, disappointed by the failure at Buenos Ayres, forced the government to bring General Whitelock before a court-martial; and the dying words of the brave and heroic Gibbs, backed by the voice of the whole army, brought even the Hon. Colonel Mullens before a similar tribunal: but these were, as far as we recollect, the only real inquiries into the causes of failure that ever took place during the war, though the light thrown by the first court-martial on professional subjects should have shewn the great advantages to be derived from such investigations. They were due, indeed, both to the country, whose fame and interest were at stake, and to the brave men whose lives had been endangered by the fault of their leaders.

In the navy, the cause of every loss or defeat is investigated by a court-martial. In the army, on the contrary, such inquiries were rather avoided; where opinions on professional conduct and science was liable to be called for, silence was the order of the day. But if an unfortunate captain, or subordinate officer, was detected with a button beyond the prescribed number, or with a pair of pantaloons varying in a perceptible shade from the regulation of the hour, then indeed the giants rose in their might, and the very authorities who had allowed the repulse of armies and the surrender of fortresses to pass unquestioned, made the world's echoes ring again with official denunciations, uttered in thunder, against intruding buttons or offending inexpressibles (16).

BOMBARDINIO.

*** What the British army were during the war, has yet to be written: such a book, or article, would constitute an instructive and interesting key to much that is still obscure in our military history, and if the task is not taken up by an abler hand, we may possibly, at a future time, try our own skill at such a work.

O. Y.

NOTES BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY.

(1) This Italian renegado is, I believe, a Cockney, in spite of his name, Maceroni; he was flunkey in some shape to Murat. As for his plan of teaching the dungs of London to fight, it was torn to pieces in the *United Service Journal*, by Lord Munster, as I am told. Let not Bombardinio, or any body else, torment his soul with any apprehensions of our street rabble; six grenadiers of Ligonier's, as the old major says in *Waverley*, would put down the assembled array of the London political unions. Thirty or forty police routed the host in Calthorpe Street. The Manchester ragamuffins were defeated by a handful of yeomanry, led into the fray by a countryman of mine, one Meagher, a tailor from Thurles, who was a trumpeter in the corps. I was told by a gentleman who is now a colonel, but who was then a cornet (our old friend with the mustache), that he did not conceive it possible that ground could have been cleared of such a number of persons in treble the time. At Bristol, Digby Mackworth chased and cut down the vagabonds with half a company: to be sure, if cowardice or treachery is at the head of affairs, things will go very differently—that is to say, very indifferently. A Colonel Brereton in the field, or a Lord Grey in the cabinet, would ruin any cause; but the time will come, when we must give the mob such a dressing as will keep it quiet for half a century. Would that I heard the tuck of drum letting us loose for half an hour on the most enlightened and virtuous assembly of patriotic citizens ever assembled under the sun!

As for the victory of the Paris blackguards over the troops, there is much to be said in explanation. In the first place, the Parisians are familiar with the use of arms—the Cockneys are not; in the second place, Charles X. was an old ass, and his ministers were the greatest blockheads in the world. There was no preparation made to carry their ordinances into effect, and the poor troops were at last literally starving. If they had had one breakfast, the mob would have been destroyed. Besides, Marmont was afraid to win; he felt convinced, that if he slew

the ragamuffins, he would have been sacrificed by the beastly and treacherous court, as a victim to popular indignation. There was a man once upon a time — his name is no secret, it being Napoleon Buonaparte — who slated the ruffians as they merited. He deserves to be immortalised above all things for his spattering the sections to pieces; and when next I go to Paris I shall pay homage to him, as he stands at the top of the column in the Place Vendôme, for that godlike and truly humane act. After all, I admit that the three glorious days of July are not honourable to the French army. As Antony Bacon (who, I see, is now battering it away for Pedro) and I said to the Chasseurs at Dunkirk, when we dined last year at their mess, How can they ever expect to be able to look Englishmen in the face, after having been, under any circumstances, licked by the tailors, and tinkers, and rag-pickers, and newspaper editors, and pimps, and pickpockets, and the rest of that rascally clamjamphery of Paris? They cannot expect any consideration in the military world until they have a regular *battue*, a grand *chasse* on the Boulevards; and, to do them justice, I know that they long for it. May the Lord hasten the success of their laudable aspirations!

I may mention, as what the newspapers call a curious coincidence, that one of the principal instruments for impeding cavalry, recommended by Maceroni, was the *Caltrop*, and the first skirmish with the populace took place in *Calthorpe* Street. This is an observation as worthy of note as nine-tenths of the leading articles of our fifty-four journals.

(2) Of pipe-clay, &c. I have said something already; but Bombardinio is quite right about the general conviction some thirty years ago, that we had no chance against the French. So confirmed was the feeling, that I recollect when the expedition was about to sail from Cove, in July 1808, for Portugal, dining with the officers of the 71st—honoured be the name!—at (I think) Scraggs's, in George's Street [consult Crofty Croker]; and the general tone of the conversation was, that they had no doubt either as to their beating the French in battle, or being beaten in the campaign. The Duke soon taught them the reverse; but I pledge myself to the fact of the general despondency of that gallant expedition — that gallant expedition, I repeat; for with truth it may be said, a more gallant never sailed upon the sea. The French, as you will see by Foy, were pretty much of the same opinion; they admitted us to be sea-wolves, indomitable on the ocean, but laughed at the idea of our doing any thing on land: and, certainly, our puffing up the success of such a bethering idiot as Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who knew as much of generalship as a cow does of a ruffled shirt, and trumpeting forth the petty skirmish of Maida, as if it was something to counterpoise or compare with those models of battle, Austerlitz and Jena, was enough to justify them in their opinion. Yet, as Foy properly remarks, a little reflection might have made the French nation think, that the same qualities that win battles at sea go far towards winning them at land; and that all we wanted was a general. And when we found the Duke of York managing at home, and the Duke of Wellington fighting abroad, the French marshals altered their ideas pretty quickly. By the way, nobody has ever yet done due justice to the Duke of York.

(3) Conran was called Tiger somewhat for the same reason as our friend Dunlop. He shot a tiger one day, who was engaged in the diversion of eating a gentleman of the name of Monro; and he told the story so often, that he got the nickname of Tiger Conran. He always appeared to me to be a great brute, and I endeavour in vain to recall any action of his which warrants the panegyric in the text. He was a heavy hand with the cat.

(4) Quite true. And yet we generally called the Duke the old Beau. I believe it was Mackinnon gave him the nickname. As for the costumes of the Peninsular army, does Bombardinio remember them when we were sent home? There was scarcely a red coat in a company, and the variety of trousers was incalculable. Hats were scarce, and of shirts the return was slight. There was another part of their furniture that was somewhat ragged — the colours — shot, shattered, tattered, scarce a scrap left; — and yet I do not think the bronzefaced ensign or sergeant who bore them seemed much mortified at their appearance. They had been prettily peppered, but not one of them was lost.

(5) Compare, however, farther on, the praises bestowed on scribbling soldiers who write books. By the wrath of God I am compelled to scribe; but I confess

that I think with Corporal Trim, that one thrust of the bayonet is worth all those flourishings. I despise Napier (not Don Carlos de Ponza) as heartily as Bombardinio despises the pen-and-ink men. When I publish *my* work on the Peninsular war—Jack Murray has it in hand, and I think it will appear in November—it will be seen that I at no inconsiderable length explain the reasons for my opinion. As for Tom Hamilton and the Reverend Lieutenant Gleig, that is a horse of another colour. No praise is too high for *Cyril Thornton* or the *Subaltern*.

(6) Why "filthy" mustaches? Might not they be clean? I like mustaches on a hussar—when they are worn by my friend Omnibus, however, I should prefer their absence. The Hanoverians of whom Bombardinio speaks were fine fellows. I remember at a skirmish somewhere on the Manzanares they took actually more prisoners than they had men. The little black Brunswickers were good troops; and he who led them, the Duke that fell at Waterloo in battle (as did his eight predecessors), was a grand fellow. I cannot say so much of his son.

(7) Of Salamanca, &c. &c., I shall speak elsewhere. The gentlemen who wielded the short cut-and-thrust swords above alluded to were customers not to be despised; but Bombardinio should have recollected that gunpowder has changed, not indeed strategy, but tactics—at least when within the range of fire. The campaigns of glorious Hannibal and godlike Cæsar are still worthy of the most minute and careful study (ask Napoleon); but the most of their masterly manœuvres in the actual battle would be of no use now.

(8) Of the cavalry I own that my opinion is not high. It never was a force in which we shone. I do not wish to affront any body, and therefore shall not particularise the actions in which they ran away. I refer, however, to the proceedings in Sir George Quentin's affair. The heavies did some brilliant service at Waterloo, but the infantry and artillery won that day. The light cavalry were licked. Our infantry, I maintain it, never were broken in the long history of eight hundred years, save by William the Norman at Hastings, and Edward the Bruce at Bannockburn—and it is no disgrace to have been broken by them. In no other instance—not one—in our wars of the Edwards and Henries—of William, of Marlborough, of Wellington—with the French, the Scotch, the Spaniards, any body—is there an example to be found. I except, of course, the battles in the wars of the Roses, or between the Roundheads and Cavaliers, for one party or other must be cut to pieces in civil wars; but every body must admit that there was very pretty fighting in those times on both sides, and it was generally the horse that stagged.

(9) I agree with Bombardinio. The service in the Peninsula was far greater than in the brief campaign of Waterloo. It is unfair on us Peninsulars to see fellows swaggering about with medals, who perhaps were watching baggage-wagons, out of the reach of shot, in the only fight which they witnessed, while we who fought from 1808 to 1814, from Vimeira to Toulouse, are looked upon as no better than tailors. But it is no use to complain. *Fortune de la guerre!* The battle of Waterloo was the crowning victory, and it was matter of politics that it should be especially honoured, and we must not grumble. Time will set it all right.

(10) Of Napier elsewhere—a pedantic prig—and I'll prove it.

(11) Albuera was a surprise; but Beresford is, I think, not fairly treated in this paper. It should never be forgotten of the marshal, that he made the Portuguese fight,—a feat never accomplished before or since, unless we get back to the days of Nuno Alvarez, and other ancient authorities. The Portuguese troops in his hands were equal to the British, and fought the French in grand style. This should cover a great many faults; and, moreover, something is to be said in defence of the battle of Albuera: *he won it*. But, Bombardinio, why here, and in other places, neglect to mention the gallant name of Sir Henry Hardinge? Was he nothing? Was he not, on the contrary, one of the first of soldiers, as he is one of the most game of men?

(12) Of all these names, from Wellington down to O'Keefe, I shall say nothing here. But old friendship makes me observe, that every word said of poor Pakenham is true. He was a gallant fellow. His defeat at New Orleans

is not, as the text has it, attributable to his uncertainty, or any thing else but to the dastardly cowardice of Mullins of the 43d. So even Andrew Jackson himself, who is president, I believe, or some other trumpery of the same kind, in America, has always admitted. Had the 43d been brought up in time, New Orleans would have been in our hands in half an hour. The personal memoirs of the officers above enumerated would be an acceptable present to all military men. I wish somebody would do them. There is no lack of materials.

(13) "Full justice never was done to Sir John Moore." Certainly not — he never was hanged in front of the Old Bailey. That act of consummate justice was evaded. Of all the humbugs that ever existed, Sir John Moore was one of the greatest. He was panic-struck through his last campaign, and lost every thing. If he had acted as Frere advised him, Napoleon might not have had Madrid; but the man was *lâche*. He fled. As to the details of his wretched campaign, nothing could be more miserable; every thing was a blunder, and he was cruel as he was incapable. May I ask, What he ever did to deserve a word of applause? The wretched man was haunted to the last by the fear of newspapers, and other rubbish of the kind — so let him pass.

(14) All these sketches are graphically correct; there should, however, have been more said of Picton. He commanded *us;* and, let me say, that those who called us "*the fighting division,*" had some reason for giving us the name. In 1813 and 1814, if Picton had ordered us against 100,000 of the picked men of all Europe,—why, they might have killed us no doubt, but we should have given them the knife nevertheless. God be with you, Sir Thomas! a rough hand were you, and a hard; but when I think of what you did, I hail your memory as ours hailed yourself at Badajoz —"Three cheers for Gimral Picton!" I shall tell the story somewhere else.

(15) Sir Charles Alten certainly, in one sense, "commanded Englishmen;" *i. e.* he gave the word of command. That he might be a perfect gentleman in the hour of battle, is possible enough, though it is queer praise after all; but that he had the slightest military talent, I beg leave to deny. What did he ever do?

(16) A capital peroration. There are many matters in this paper on which I wished to dilate, but I have not time. I sincerely hope that many and many a paper of Bombardinio's will grace the pages of FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

M. O'D.

THE PRESS AND THE TORIES.

It would be trite to enlarge at this time of day on the immense influence of the press, or the great change which it has wrought in the destinies of mankind; for these are admitted alike by all who deplore the evil, or who rejoice at the benefit which they are likely to produce. There is no denying that the press is an immense engine, both for the one and the other; and that, by endeavouring to direct instead of to control the progress, its better tendencies may be much encouraged, and its more injurious ones counteracted. But, unfortunately, there are many — and those, too, among the most respectable portion of mankind — who see only the more unfavourable side of the picture, and, disgusted with the venality and licentiousness of the public press, regard it only as a means of evil and a weapon of *offence;* and vainly desire to wrest it from the hands of their opponents, instead of arming themselves with its powers, and employing it (as it is well fitted to be employed) as an instrument of good, and a trusty weapon of *defence*. Conscious of their own upright intentions, and placed in situations where they have the ability, if left to themselves, to carry those intentions into effect for the benefit of their fellow-creatures, many wise and virtuous rulers have felt the existence of the press, not as a spur and an assistant, but as a clog and a difficulty, in their career of good, because it has enabled designing men to thwart and counteract their efforts, by the spread of false intelligence and the inculcation of unsound views. And thus they have set themselves to work to oppose it altogether, without reflecting that, if it disseminate falsehood, it can also

inculcate truth—that, generally speaking, the true statement and the sound view (if urged with equal zeal and ability) will prevail over the false and the unsound one—and that, if the exercise of that vast power has hitherto tended to unsettle and distract society, it is because those who are interested in the maintenance of order disdained its assistance, and left to the restless and the disaffected the wielding of its mighty energies.

The experience of latter years might, however, suffice to convince the most sanguine that the impulse is now irresistible, and that the mighty flood will inevitably come down in spite of all their efforts; and ought to have led those who look with alarm to its advances, to endeavour, by opening new channels and removing unnecessary obstructions, to give a proper direction to its course, and prevent its breaking over its banks and inundating the land—instead of vainly endeavouring to arrest its progress, or standing idly by, to mourn over the havoc it is likely to occasion. The former error is becoming every day more rare; while the latter (which, if not the most mischievous, is by far the most criminal) is still, to all appearances, as prevalent as ever. Men wait for the wakening of the multitude from the night of error, while their enemies are constantly heaping fresh darkness around them, and they themselves make no effort to let in the light; they expect that truth will win its way to the understandings of people, to whose minds it is never even presented; and they believe that the mass of mankind have sufficient intelligence to see eventually through the sophisms by which they are assailed, and, unassisted, to arrive at right conclusions, notwithstanding the continual efforts made to mislead their minds and pervert their judgments. Oh, no! they wait, expect, or believe none of these things in their hearts; but they seek to veil their fatal apathy, even from themselves, by such flimsy pretences, and to excuse that criminal inactivity which forbears to battle danger that they know to be real, in the vain hope that it will be deferred beyond their time.

It has been shewn, in a former Number of this Magazine, that the influence of the newspapers is, as regards the inhabitants of the metropolis, very small indeed; and that, in fact, they rather adopt than prescribe the opinions of the metropolitan rabble: but their influence in another way is very great, and, unless its effects be guarded against by powerful antidotes, must be always highly injurious. The rabble of the metropolis is allowedly the lowest, the most unenlightened, and the most profligate of the whole community; and naturally so, as vice, in the common acceptation of the word, is the growth of cities, and independence and purity of the country. By the London newspapers enjoying a monopoly and an exemption from postage, the vicious opinions of that depraved rabble are propagated and enforced through the country, and false facts, dressed out to suit depraved appetites, are universally disseminated: thus the country becomes infected, to a great degree, with the vices of the town, and adopts opinions to which, if left to its own organs, or if supplied with proper intellectual nourishment, it would never have arrived.

The objects of the press are, principally, to disseminate the knowledge of facts, and to communicate opinions. If all men were, as some of our modern philosophers would have us to believe, gifted with sufficient intelligence to come always to right conclusions upon a clear knowledge of the facts, its only useful province would be the collecting and publishing of accurate and full intelligence of every thing material which occurred, and readers might be left to form their own conclusions; but, notwithstanding the immense influence of what is called public opinion, the energy with which it is expressed, and the zeal with which its dictates are generally acted upon, it is wonderful to consider how few original thinkers there are in the world, and how small the number of those who have any part in forming that opinion by which the mighty mass is agitated. The great majority are too dull, too eager, or too idle, to think upon a public question at all, or to attempt to form any opinion; but blindly adopt the views of others, sometimes, but rarely, from confidence in the character or understanding of the person whose opinions they adopt, but generally without themselves knowing why they do so. There are others who adopt not opinions without grounds, but who, being unable to reason themselves, readily give their assent to a plausible

argument, and agree to conclusions, not because they have discovered their truth, but because they are unable to detect their falsehoods. And, again, there is a third class, who, if a proper view of a subject is suggested to them, will be able to take it up and reason correctly from it, though, if left to themselves, they might have overlooked it altogether. For all these classes of persons the second province of the press is useful, and over them it is evident that, in whatever shape, it must exercise immense influence. It is highly important that true statements only should obtain credit; it is no less important that none but correct opinions should be inculcated, none but sound arguments employed, and none but just views of things presented: and if one portion of the press make it their interest to misrepresent facts, to enforce erroneous and dangerous opinions by plausible but unsound reasoning, and to present unjust and perverted views of things, there should be another portion ever ready to counteract their efforts, to refute the falsehood, to detect the sophism, and to expose the error; and those who neglect to raise up and encourage such an instrument of good, can lay no claim to the reputation of being the active friends of order and good government.

The Tories profess to believe in natural degrees of intelligence, as fully as they maintain the necessity for artificial gradations in society; their enemies, though but few of them deny the latter, zealously dispute the former position, and affect to act and speak as if they thought the humblest and most ignorant individual in the state was as capable of judging for himself, and for the interests of the community, as the highest and the best informed. The Tories say that the great mass is incapable of directing its own affairs, and that it requires to be controlled and guided: their opponents declare that it is perfectly capable of doing so, and that, instead of being controlled and guided, its opinion must control and guide all things. And yet, strange to say, although it is now beyond dispute that the actual power is in the hands of the people, the Tories neglect—absolutely neglect—the only efficient means left of guiding and directing that power to the attainment of good, and act as if they really thought the rabble capable of judging for themselves; while the Whigs and the Radicals put every engine of the press in play, for the purpose of colouring facts and propagating opinions to suit their own views, and to extend their influence.

The Tory leaders are vastly mistaken, if they suppose that they can ever influence public opinion but through the medium of the press; they are vastly mistaken, if they think that it is sufficient to satisfy their own clique, or to convince the people of the court and the drawing-rooms and the clubs, that their intentions are honourable and their actions praiseworthy. It is to the nation at large they are amenable; and the best intentions and most honourable actions are nothing worth, unless they can be made to appear so to their appointed judges. A good conscience may suffice for an individual; but for a minister or a party to be useful, it is necessary that their good qualities should be known, and their intentions vindicated, to those who are interested in them; and yet, how is it possible that this can be done, while the most influential part of the press is in the hands of adversaries, ever watchful to fritter away what they cannot condemn, to magnify trifling mistakes into important errors, to give an unfavourable view of all that is *done*, and to insinuate doubts and suspicions of all that is intended? The principles of the Tories, though best calculated for the repose and security of society, for the prosperity and happiness of individuals, are far less dazzling to the imagination, less flattering to the passions of the multitude, than those of their opponents, and therefore require fuller explanation and more constant enforcement to secure their adoption; and yet at this moment, when erroneous doctrines are making frightful way in society, and opinions tending to the overthrow of all existing institutions, and the introduction of extended bloodshed and universal anarchy, are every where propagated, scarcely is an effort made by the Tory party to strip those doctrines of their delusive charms, to expose those opinions, or to bring back the public mind to the contemplation of truth, and a due appreciation of sound principles.

How many fatal errors have prevailed during the last few years, merely from the want of an honest press to counteract the efforts of interested ad-

venturers and dishonest statesmen. The Reform-bill was carried by the force of the newspapers constantly falsifying facts, misrepresenting the views of the Conservatives, and blinding the people to the principles of the measure and the intentions of its authors, until the voice of reason was oppressed from one end of the land to the other, and all that was honourable and generous, all that was high and praiseworthy, was trodden under foot, in the vain and mad pursuit of unattainable objects and imagined good; and while all this was doing, the Tories stood by in silent apathy, and, with but few exceptions, made no effort to rescue the understandings and the feelings of the multitude from the strong delusions and the morbid excitement under which they laboured.

Again, the official career of the present administration has been marked by a series of blunders so serious and so glaring, that any one of them would have been sufficient for the overthrow of a Tory minister; and yet, by the devotion of the press, they have been enabled to weather every storm, and still to maintain their places, notwithstanding their palpable inefficiency. It is true that a knowledge of the truth does, notwithstanding all the efforts of the newspapers to conceal it, silently win its way; and that, in the long-run, the great majority of the people awake from their dream of error, and endeavour to retrace their steps, as is actually the case at the present moment: and of this fact we need only appeal to the speeches and positive declarations of the Radical party in the House of Commons. The tide of popular phrensy has actually turned; and were the Tories to be installed into office to-morrow, they would be hailed by a tumult of popular applause. Still, the reaction might have been expedited, if the Tories had properly handled the press.

It is not enough that the public are at last beginning to open their eyes to the imbecility of the Whigs; and that many measures, supported and approved at the period of their enactment, are now looked upon in their proper colours, and as much condemned as they were formerly extolled. The evil which they effected cannot now be remedied; and the tardy repentance of a whole people in dust and ashes is insufficient to wipe away the disgrace and the misery which a vigorous and well-supported opposition press could at the time have most easily averted. The millions contributed to the destruction of the gallant but ill-fated Poles can never be recalled; the sacrifice of our trade, and, more than trade, of our honour and faith, to the ambitious views of France and Belgium and Portugal, can with difficulty be redeemed; the reputation which our bungling and timid foreign policy has thrown away, can but be recovered after a long time and a severe struggle; while at home, no after-measure of redress can retrieve the broken fortunes of those who have been ruined by the wavering and capricious course of Lord Althorp's financial policy—and this whether we look east, west, north, or south—or awaken from their untimely graves the unhappy children who have fallen victims to the prolongation of the factory system.

Indeed, no more striking instance of the influence of the press, and of the policy of seeking its assistance, can be adduced, than the different views which have been lately adopted with respect to slavery in our colonies and slavery at home. While the West India interest has altogether neglected the advocacy of the press, notwithstanding frequent remonstrances, both public and private, on our part, and has made no efficient efforts to disabuse the public mind, their zealous foes have spared no expense, omitted no exertion, to overrun the country with their publications, to alarm mankind with gross perversions of fact, and often with still grosser inventions, and to inculcate their views with all the talent and pertinacity that money could purchase or the most zealous support encourage. The consequence is, that, in defiance of the most unimpeachable evidence, in the face of the most convincing facts, and in opposition to the opinions of the wisest and best informed, the anti-slavery societies have triumphed over the planters; and millions of the revenue, and the prosperity of thousands of good subjects, who have embarked their wealth on the faith of existing institutions, are about to be sacrificed to the cries of morbid and fanatical humanity. The West India interest is doomed to perish, lest the full-grown negro should, in particular seasons, when prolonged labour is absolutely necessary, be compelled to work beyond ten hours in the

day; while British infants, under eight years of age, the children of free and Christian parents, are refused the assistance of the legislature to rescue them from a system under which they are compelled to labour for a length of time, and with a severity of application, compared to which ten hours of fair work would be considered as mercy. Thousands of hapless children, whose growth has been checked, whose bodies have been deformed, whose strength wasted, constitutions broken, and prospects of life miserably curtailed, by overpowering and incessant toil in the pestilential atmosphere of a heated factory, have cried to the rulers of the land for pity, and have asked as a boon that the same measure of mercy which is extended to adult negro slaves may be meted out to them; and though their claim is enforced by one of the ablest men in England (Mr. Sadler, of whom Lord Ashley is but a faint echo, in point of ability), supported by many clever and influential individuals,* and backed by the honest feelings of the whole nation, they cry in vain, because the clamour of the journals was not raised upon their side, because there is not in the country a sufficient press uncontaminated by Whig views, untouched by Whig influence.

Perhaps there never was a party in power who has furnished so many subjects of attack to their opponents as that of Lord Grey. Never, we are convinced, was any opposition favoured with so many opportunities of triumphantly contrasting their own conduct and views with the hollow pretences and the base conduct of their adversaries as the Tories of the present day; yet these opportunities are all thrown away, and the people labour under false impressions, favourable to their opponents and hostile to themselves, because there has been no efficient Tory press to counteract the effects of that immense mass of falsehood and sophism and slander which the organs of the Whigs have for the last two or three years been so industriously circulating. The harvest indeed has been full, but the labourers few.

But how is it that there is no efficient Tory press? It is not, certainly, from any deficiency of literary talent amongst that party; for there never was a period at which all the sterling ability of the country was more completely ranged on the same side; and, indeed, the few Tory publications which exist clearly shew how far their standard of excellence is above that of the Whig writers. The Tory journals and periodicals are few in number, and, with two or three exceptions, badly supported; and yet the talent embarked in them would, if diluted to match the intellectual weakness of their adversaries, suffice for an almost infinite extent of surface; but, besides those embarked in the periodical department of literature, there is a host of writers of transcendent ability and extensive erudition, who, if properly called upon and encouraged, would be ready to fling their weight into the scales, and give all their energies to the advancement of the good old cause. This is not as it was formerly, in the time of Mr. Pitt. But it cannot be expected, that men will willingly enlist themselves in defence of a party that shews itself indifferent to their advocacy, and encounter all the risk and labour, the responsibility and anxiety, which attend on such undertakings, without the smallest prospect of support from those in whose behalf they shall have girded on their armour. Quarterly and monthly publications are necessary for the permanent support of a party, for marshalling their forces and concentrating their strength; but the ability with which they are conducted is of much more importance than their numbers; and, not descending to details, or interfering with local matters, they are as capable of doing good, when conducted altogether in the metropolis, as when diffused over the country. It is, however, quite different with respect to newspapers: these, admitting of no preparation, and remarking on facts immediately as they occur, afford but little scope for that sort of talent which is required in reviews and magazines, demand not the co-operation of numbers; and, being conversant with isolated facts and details, are much more efficacious when published in the neighbourhood than when emanating from the capital. The wholesome force of public opinion in this country is to be found in the provinces; it is there that it is important to cultivate sound views, to encourage honourable sentiments,

* See the leading articles in the *Standard*.

and, above all, to disseminate true statements of facts, and to tear away from hypocrisy of all kinds the veil of cant with which it seeks to hide its deformity. Now, however, the metropolitan press, completely under the influence of the metropolitan rabble, spreads its poison through the country, from the want of local newspapers to occupy the ground, and to satisfy the demand for intelligence. A riot takes place in some distant town, and immediately half-a-dozen veracious scribes sit down to communicate the intelligence to the London papers, all taking care to suit their narrative to the temper of the journal which they are severally addressing; and, of course, the columns of the *Times*, the *Morning Herald*, and the *Chronicle*, teem, the next morning, with "accounts," and "other accounts," and "further particulars," of the affray, all tending to prove, that it originated in the perverseness of Tory magistrates, and the abused forbearance of a patient and peaceable mob. Some occasional contradictions, which have escaped the editors, some insolent and repelling notice to a correspondent, who has had the folly to address a correct statement to the *Times*, and a little reasoning on the general probability of the picture drawn, may lead a few readers, more acute than the rest, to entertain some doubts of its truth; but the great mass will be led away by the boldness and minuteness with which the assertions are made; and even when they come to read the real truth in the few Tory papers that exist, its complete variance from that which they have already imbibed, will only lead them to reject it at once as the wild fabrication of Tory prejudice—the lame defence of Tory violence. It is in vain that the learned editors of the *Standard* tear the statements of their opponents into shreds, and point out in the clearest manner their utter improbability: here is a country paper published on the spot, best able to ascertain the truth, and agreeing in almost every particular with the statement of the *Times*. What can be more convincing? In vain it is urged, that the same individual supplied both,—that the two papers are equally interested in propagating falsehood. Why is it not contradicted on the spot? Why do not the Tories come forward to deny it? The lie goes down, the country paper confirms the falsehood first published by the London one, and the latter expatiates so much and so long upon the subject, reiterates its statements so often and so eagerly, that even the dweller in the country, who has seen the whole transaction himself, is taught to mistrust the evidence of his senses; and, under the fond impression that the truth must have been well sifted by those who place such importance on the affair, allows himself to be persuaded, that a commotion, in which Tory life was sacrificed, Tory property alone destroyed, and which Tories were every where seen most anxiously endeavouring to allay, was, nevertheless, altogether excited by Tory machinations, and encouraged by Tory imbecility.

The vast expense and the immense risk attending the establishment of a newspaper on an efficient scale, renders it difficult and dangerous for an individual, or even for an association, unless endowed with great wealth and extensive connexions, to embark in such a scheme; and the facilities of information, and the advantages of extended circulation and large establishments, give the London papers an advantage, against which it is very difficult for their country contemporaries to contend, when the high duties incident to both, and the absence of all postage on the transit of papers, render it impossible for them to offer any pecuniary advantage to their subscribers. On this account it is necessary, in order to diffuse an efficient Tory press through the country, that the wealthy Tories—and they are still greatly numerous—should combine to take upon themselves the first expense and the risk of establishing papers, and, by assistance of every kind, support them through the first difficult stages of their career. The great profit of a newspaper is derived from its advertisements, and these are generally supplied in proportion to its supposed circulation; so that an extended circulation must be obtained before advertisements to any large amount, and, consequently, before any considerable profit can be expected. But, on the other hand, when a paper has once established a large advertising connexion, this very circumstance tends in its turn to sustain the circulation; and thus, the one keeping up the other, it is manifest that the paper already established has an immense

vantage over any new enterprise, however inferior in point of ability, or in point of moral tendency, its matter may be. The trader, whose object is to advertise his goods as extensively as possible, must look, not to the opinions, but to the circulation of the paper; and he who requires the information communicated through advertisements, must refer to that paper which generally contains the greatest number. Again, a paper long established, and having a wide circulation, has many advantages in the knowledge of details, and in various sources of information, which no previous arrangement can secure, but which materially increase as it goes on and becomes better known. These several considerations shew that the establishment of a new paper is one of the most serious and dangerous speculations in which time, talent, and capital can be embarked; and that therefore, however wide the field, and however urgent the necessity for them may be, it is not to be expected that such will, in any considerable number, spontaneously spring up, particularly at a time when there are already, perhaps, a number existing sufficient for the ordinary information required from a newspaper.

If, therefore, the Tories wish to see an efficient Tory press established, they must put their own shoulders to the work, and, by a liberal contribution of means, obviate the difficulties of establishing and carrying new papers through the first period of their existence, when it is necessary to spare no expense to merit and obtain a wide circulation, without the aid to be derived from the profits of advertisements; and afterwards, by a steady and marked encouragement through their own influence and that of their friends. Let this be done but for a short time, and we shall soon see a Tory press conducted with superior talent, supporting itself by its own resources, and vigorously pushing its way into every corner of the country, and establishing its doctrines in the hearts and understandings of all the wholesome portion of the community. The probable increase of Tory papers to be expected from such a course, is not to be computed at those which should be actually established, but many of those already existing, who were led to the ranks of our opponents by their encouragement and our own apathy, would, when they found that we were able and willing to support a paper in their district, either through preference of our cause or through fear of a vigorous rivalry, return to their forsaken standards, and exert their influence in behalf of their old retainers.

But it is not the Tories alone who have an interest in the establishment of a Conservative press. Every man of property—every man of established trade—every man, in fact, who has any thing to lose by social disorder, is now called upon to contribute his utmost exertions to counteract the awful tendency to revolutionary measures, which is every day acquiring new force and assuming a more alarming aspect. The prospects held out to the multitude by the advocates of change, are so fascinating to the vulgar mind, that it is not to be wondered at that revolutionary doctrines should always find favour among the lower classes of the community; and, indeed, with those who are incapable of honourable exertion, who are sunk in idleness, reduced by extravagance, or depraved by vice, such doctrines must always find favour, in spite of every exertion to strip them of their false attractions. But the danger is that their influence should extend; and, indeed, it cannot be denied, that it is now rapidly extending to those who, notwithstanding honourable industry and unblamable conduct, are doomed, by the inevitable laws of society, to occupy a low and laborious rank of life, and making them dissatisfied with that station in which fortune has placed them. To check the growth of such dangerous opinions amongst this class is of the utmost possible importance, because upon their attachment to security and order the existence of security and order depends; and it is utterly impossible to check it, unless the exertions of a Conservative press are resorted to, to counteract the efforts of one pledged, as far as its venality and inconsistency admit, to the cause of revolution, and the triumph of levelling opinions.

In large towns, and particularly in a metropolis like London, democratical opinions are always most likely to prevail; and public meetings, and pothouse discussions, and all the other opportunities for petty display which London affords, hold out so many allurements to vanity and the love of influence, that thousands are induced,

by these considerations alone, to adopt sentiments, of the meaning even of which they are ignorant, and to the consequences of which they are completely blind. It is a glorious thing for the unwashed artisan or the begrimed coalheaver to think that he is influencing the destinies of the world, to hear himself appealed to as the source of all power, and to believe that the man of wealth and the man of rank alike hold their honours and their riches by his sufferance alone. It is a fine thing to issue orders to a member of parliament, to cross-examine a sneaking candidate, to dictate laws to the legislature, and even to threaten a king; and it is a glorious consideration, that even he is adding a sensible impulse to the advance which the world is making towards equality and liberty, towards rest from labour, relief from the irksomeness of inferiority, and a full participation in the blessings of wealth without the trouble of acquiring it;—and therefore it is no wonder, that, with a good supply of leaders to din these things into his ears, and with continual opportunities of exerting his imagined power, and expatiating in his newly-acquired importance, he should become a zealous unionist and a stanch republican.

Now we have already referred to a former paper in this Magazine, in which it was shewn, that the opinions of the London rabble are those which prevail in the London papers; and these are disseminated over the country as the opinions of the writers, and enforced by all the arguments, and supported by all the sophism and falsehood, that the ability of the editor can supply, or his earnestness venture on. The *Times* enjoys the greatest circulation of any paper in the country; it not only follows with the most instinctive fidelity the opinions of the metropolitan rabble, but its own bias is Radical and revolutionary; and by its influence and agency, doctrines the most headstrong, principles the most dangerous, and conduct the most outrageous, have been promoted and encouraged. Not, however, content with adopting the opinions of the mob, it always pushes them a step or two farther, in order to assume the appearance of leading; and thus becomes the means of quickening the career of mischief, and encouraging more violent views. So much for this paper. The other London papers who are in a situation to contend with it for superiority, are generally too far pledged to the same London mob, though they do not display the same eagerness in following it, and have too much to lose to risk a change, or to trust to the support of a class who have hitherto shewn so much apathy towards the press; and the only probable prospect, therefore, of successfully combating it, is in establishing a Conservative paper, backed by such talent and capital as will ensure it success, and encouraging it by the most zealous support. The cost of such an undertaking would undoubtedly be great—too great, indeed, for any individual, or small body of individuals, particularly when combined with the establishment of Conservative provincial papers; but it would be nothing when distributed amongst the wealthy leaders of a powerful party, counting among its members a vast majority of the landed, funded, and commercial wealth of the nation. Added to this, if the higher members of this party will only shew the example, many men in subordinate situations, but holding the same opinions, would be too happy to volunteer their services.

But how can we expect from the Tories the establishment of an expensive and efficient morning paper, when the evening paper which displays in their service more talent than, perhaps, any other concern of the same kind has ever been able to command, and which, by its respectability and singular power, extorts the admiration of its bitterest opponents, and forces its way even into the strongholds of the enemy—when the firm, consistent, and able *Standard* (edited by the Drs. Giffard and Maginn, two as profound scholars, on every subject, as are to be found in any country in Europe), established without their aid, and depending on its own resources, does not meet with even common sympathy from those who are so much indebted to its support? Is it that the Tory leaders cannot brook its independence; or that they shrink from its uncompromising honesty? Are its arguments in support of one line of conduct too powerful for those who meditate another? or is the strict adherence to principle which it demands, deemed inconsistent with a desire for a speedy return to office?

Alas! we fear there are some among those who consider themselves the leaders of the Conservative party, and who, unfortunately, continue to enjoy great influence, who are hostile to the press, and opposed to any plan for the extension of its operations, and to any resort to its assistance; and to them is chiefly owing the backwardness—the surprising backwardness—hitherto manifested by that party, to avail itself of its vast powers, and to attack their adversaries, now so peculiarly open to attack, in the only mode from which success can be ever expected. Some of these persons are no doubt actuated by honourable motives, and influenced by feelings similar, perhaps, to those which we have referred to in the beginning of this paper; but there are some—and those not the least influential—who are swayed by a bitter feeling of revenge for the inflictions they themselves have suffered (and, haply, not without deserving them) from the press in former times, and by the fear of future attacks, produced by the consciousness of unworthy views, and the contemplation of an indefensible line of conduct. Yes, some there are on whom the strong suspicions of their own party now rest, and who are accused of meditating deeds which would undoubtedly call forth all the indignation of a Conservative party, and all the vengeance of a Conservative press. If they are innocent, they are lending colour to a false accusation by their hostility to a press which would only be formidable to guilt;—if guilty, they are urged on by a blind delusion that will lead them to destruction, and by preventing any opposition to the destructive press, adding power to those who, when the first blandishments of political apostacy are over, will despise them for their weakness, upbraid them for their very apostacy, and trample them in the dust with the most triumphant and heart-withering scorn.

When an old state or a long-established party bends beneath the powers of its adversaries, and yields to external force, its fall excites our pity and commands our admiration, in proportion to the length of its duration, the excellence of its institutions, and the vigour and resolution with which it was defended; but when, as is too often the case, it fails through a timid desertion of itself, through a criminal neglect of the means of defence, through the treachery, the cowardice, or the apathy of its leaders, our pity is lost in scorn, and the voice of universal execration swells the shout that announces the triumph of their foes. The fate of England and the fortune of the Conservatives hang in the same scale; the means of saving both from the insane fury of the revolutionists are still ample, and, if used with vigour and courage, will eventually secure the victory to their banners. There are among the Conservatives sufficient spirit and ability, zeal and activity, to sustain any cause; and even if that cause were hopeless, its antiquity, it sanctity, its old honour, and its glorious associations, deserve, from those who have derived rank and wealth and consideration from their connexion with it, that its end should not be without a struggle, nor its memory deprived of honour. But it is not hopeless; and if those means should be left unused, through apathy or timidity—if that spirit and ability should be baffled, and that zeal and activity repressed, by the sordid views, or the treacherous machinations, of any man or set of men who profess to be at its head, never party fell or constitution perished amid such a universal yell of scorn as that which shall attend the expiring moments of the Tory, and the last struggle of the British constitution; and never curse clung to the memory of man like that which shall follow the names of those by whom an honourable party and time-hallowed institutions have been blindly sacrificed to a mean and grovelling ambition.

TOUCHING THINGS THEATRICAL.

BY MORGAN RATTLER.

"Ma femme et quatre poupées!" quoth the husband of Mad. Catalani.

This was in reply to an English *entrepreneur*, who was haggling about terms—wrangling upon some paltry question of a thousand more or less. It was uttered for the purpose of conveying to the mind of the speculative mechanic a great truth. It was intended to make him understand, that, having secured the services of the *virtuosa*, he need entertain no farther solicitude respecting his operatic arrangements, and incur no farther expense worthy of blotting paper withal. The conclusion was obvious; any stir-about-brained blockhead—even Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P. for Middlesex—might have deduced it.

Now this epigrammatic exclamation circulated at the time as widely as the common air. It gave rise to many angry comments; the commentators were, as usual, wrong. Few acknowledged its smartness; none perceived its truth: such people invariably neglect the rose, while they minutely examine the thorn at its stem.

And thus it came to pass, that they dilated on the saying as though it were only an extraordinary ebullition of impudence—the impudence of a *pauper Ibycus*. Fools! it had its source in deep philosophy. Villebruncke knew the human heart in all stations; he had studied fashionable society in many cities—he had well and truly read the English character—he had gazed intently through the imposing gloom of English *coteries*, and "plucked out the heart of their mystery." He thoroughly understood the audience of the King's Theatre; he knew that the English renown of his wife would be sufficient *of itself* to attract all those curious or ambitious persons who were, by any means, to be attracted. The fashionables, on the befitting nights, he of course looked upon as fixtures; and of the true *dilettante* he took no account: for he was well aware that the fraction of that audience that loves music, that has an idea of harmony or melody, or a relish for either, is so very small, that it would not pay for the gas.

The taste for music (like all our tastes which in the least partake of refinement, and are different from those of the other animals whom we call brutes) is an acquired one; and after the same sort with gentlemanly manners, it must be acquired in early youth, by familiarity with musical sounds, and their combination at harmonic distances; as is the other by familiarity with good society, and the consciousness of being overborne by no superior. There are sounds in nature—of the human voice, of that of animals, of the more magnificent emotions of things, themselves inanimate and yet instinct with life—sea, earth, air, fire—which are potent to excite in all men the dominant passions of the human heart; joy, which at its best and highest is an animal delight; and fear, which at its strongest is an animal apprehension. Now it is by the harmonious arrangement of such that we obtain melody, and this all beings of mind and sensibility may be easily led, in the progress of time, to admire; but to the untutored ear, harmony, in any extended degree, is merely confused noise; and melody, even if it do chance to please, pleases only from the association of ideas. The ear for music is acquired by the familiarity of the organ with the combination of harmonious sounds; that is to say, by that use of the organ whereby its powers in this particular way are developed. Therefore, from the nature of man and his position in society (where alone music can exist), the ear for music must, as a general rule, depend upon early impressions. We find that it is capable of being improved, by enthusiastic practice, to an extent scarcely credible to men of the every-day world, as in the case of Paganini; and that at length the exquisite nicety and nervousness of excitement may be carried to the very destruction of the organ, as in the instances of Gretry and Beethoven.

The talk about a natural ear, and a natural taste for music, I look upon as nonsense. The man formed of the "porcelain clay of human kind," with the soul of genius within, has sensibilities which draw him closely to every thing that is beautiful, and consequently

most particularly to the sweet science. His organs are one and all, as it were, attuned to every thing that is charming, and gentle, and spiritual withal; and consequently amongst the rest, to music in an eminent degree. He therefore, should the advantage of familiarity with good music be afforded him, has a facility in acquiring an ear and taste which never can belong to the common herd of men. But the fact is, we find that nothing does so much wear the appearance of an hereditary possession as the ear for music. Of the taste for music—musical talent, as displayed by the singer and instrumental performer—and musical genius, as evinced by immortal works, the same might be predicated. And why? because of these early impressions to which I have alluded. The great musicians and composers are one and all of musical families; and the statements of their precocious talents, whether as performers or writers of music, are almost past credibility.•

Mozart, in addition to playing on the harpsichord, and "*tumbling over*" the keys of the organ to the admiration and delight of all who heard him, composed, it is said, between the ages of four and seven, a number of minuets, and other little movements.

Our love of harmony then proceeding altogether from familiarity (for here there is not even the aid arising from the association of ideas), and our love of melody being derived from the same source—familiarity,—it is perfectly evident that, in a country where there is no music, and only a sufficient number of common melodies to prove, as exceptions, the force of the general rule, that we have no national melodies, there really cannot be any general taste for harmony, or even melody. Ay! but it may be said, although we have no music of our own whereby to create a taste, yet are we continually importing from foreign parts their noblest compositions, and revelling in their enjoyment as we do in that of the wines of France and Germany, and the thousand other exquisite products of more favoured lands, with which we are unfailingly supplied, albeit from afar. True; but the commerce in this article has not been as yet sufficiently long established to produce a mark-worthy effect upon the wants and habits of the people. To speak in other words, it is only of late years that we have been in the habit of hearing good music; and it will require a century of familiarity with such masters as Mozart and Beethoven, and such singers as Malibran, Shrœder Devrient, and Tamburini, before we shall have attained a correct taste or a sincere love for the sweet science.

And yet I am willing to allow, that a stranger to England and the English, judging from appearances at home and abroad, might very naturally conclude that we were the most musical nation in the world; and that, in spite of the authority of Villebruncke, Madame Catalani, with all the witchery of her name, could no more make a satisfactory opera for an English audience than, according to our own proverb, a single swallow could make a summer. Enter any drawing-room in Italy,

"France, Holland, Russia, Germany, or Spain,"

and the majority of the singers you will find to be natives of the foggy Britains. Look at the theatres of our metropolis, and you will perceive that opera has every where expelled tragedy, comedy, farce, and even melodrama. And see, moreover, if we be not favoured with the presence of all the great singers and dancers of Europe. Ay; but, gentle foreigner, if you could only look beneath the surface of things, you would at once perceive that these fine appearances establish nothing in favour of the national taste. The singers in the *salons* are very good; but they would not flourish as first tenors or first women at La Scala; and the universality of opera here at present is altogether the result of a factitious state of excitement; and this I should say rather among the managers than among the people. Let me, however, by no means be supposed to join in the ridiculous cry raised by interested persons against the individuals who have recently had the direction of our patent theatres. I do not believe that either Polhill or Laporte ever entertained the atrocious design of banishing the British actors and the national drama from their native boards. On the contrary, I observe that they engaged all the British players of any merit who were to be procured; and they moreover engaged those individuals at their own exorbitant salaries. Next, they played every thing in our repertory, from the

hunchback of Shakespeare (I mean *Richard the Third*) down to the *Hunchback* of Mr. Knowles, and from the *Moor of Venice* to the *Wife of Mantua;* and, lastly, did they not produce scores of novelties from the scissors of the modern British dramatists? But still the public would not go to the theatres; they would not patronise *native talent*, whether displayed in the person of the actor or the mosaic of the playwright; they would not patronise the effusions of genius, even when breathed forth in the numbers of our great poet. Is it not then evident that the managers had only the choice of shutting up the theatre at once, or of trying some new expedient to attract audiences? For, surely, no one can be so excessively unreasonable as to expect they would continue a series of performances by which they must be inevitably ruined! Besides, there is nothing novel in their ill success. The history of the two large establishments, the so-called national theatres, is only one unbroken series of disasters. *The legitimate drama* never seems at any time to have been sufficiently attractive to support these enormous establishments. Miss O'Neil and Kean playing in Shakespeare have drawn a succession of large houses; but this cannot be cited as a compliment to Shakespeare, or, more properly to speak, to the people's appreciation of him, because these performers were quite as largely and as enduringly attractive in plays that were possessed of no one merit whatsoever. It was to see the *artiste* the million flocked in either case, without caring whether the play-bills announced *Romeo and Juliet* or the *Stranger*, *Othello* or the *Iron Chest*. And, certainly, if any thing could justify this blind enthusiasm, it was the talent of these admirable players. They had contrived, Heaven knows how, fully to imbue themselves with Shakespeare's spirit, and to body forth his beautiful and glorious imaginings in pregnant truth. Your own conception of the poet's meaning was, you at once acknowledged, fulfilled, while there were new trains of thoughts suggested, for which you felt more than grateful to the mortal who had excited them. Miss O'Neil, when she appeared upon the stage, was in absolute reality "like one of Shakespeare's women." She had all that deep, passionate tenderness, with the lofty gentleness, and the "manner beyond courtesy," with which the visionary eye has invested his *Juliet*, his *Desdemona*, his *Ophelia*, and his *Imogene!* And this was strange! that a poor girl, educated as the children of strolling players are educated, fulfilling the appointed course of a miserable, precarious, and factitious existence, which is ever "making the cold reality too real,"—that she, surrounded by all things that can debase the mind and destroy the joyous play of the young imagination,—perpetual humiliation, incessant meanness, gaunt poverty—all things, in a word, that tend to strip even the every-day world of its illusions,—should be so enabled to sublime her spirit from its associations, and conceiving the character of a *Desdemona*, "*the gentle lady*," present herself as its embodiment,—is really marvellous. But infinitely more wonderful is it that Kean should have been able, not alone to satisfy, but to delight and instruct the "ripe scholar" and enthusiastic lover of that deep-souled poet, who was amongst the greatest of all practical teachers and philosophers! A woman's nature is more plastic; her character is more artificial than that of her sterner mate: all women, in all ranks of life, are of necessity dissemblers, perhaps simulators, from the cradle to the grave; and a total change, to all appearance, of the being with the circumstances that surround it—the rendering forth, like the chameleon, the hues of those rays which are shed upon it—is no uncommon incident in the history of woman. That the low, degraded creature of to-day may be converted into the fine lady of a future and no distant hour, is proved by the stories of Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barri, who, with a speed that shews like intuition, learned to play their lofty parts with success in the most refined court of Europe. It is unnecessary to refer to the weaker instances of the many Lady Townleys who are constantly flitting before our eyes. But that a man reared in scenes, brought up in company, cursed with propensities, habits, and associations, which for ever forbade the probability of his acquiring the habits or entertaining the feelings of a gentleman,—that such a person, without the advantage of a common education, or the stirring excitement of one high-minded recollection or anti-

cipation, should have been able to identify himself with some of the most sublime creations of the greatest poet since the days of Homer; so that, now that he is dead, Shakespeare is his monument, and his memory is scornfully independent of the sordid honours of Westminster,—has always been to me "a marvel and a mystery." Looking over the course of his lamentable career as a man, endowed with faculties that ought to have raised him above the mire in which he loved to wallow, even fancy can only discover one circumstance which would seem to afford a solution, and that a fantastic solution, of the enigma. We learn that, previous to his successful appearance at Drury Lane, he was in the constant habit of poring over the page of Shakespeare. Was it not then that, at the last, he wrung high meanings from it, as the cabbalists were feigned to do from the Scriptures? They, by care and contemplation, watching, and penance, won from mere words, and numbers, and letters (in their happy combination when achieved), revealings of the occult sense of passages the most abstruse. So would it seem to be, that that which must to the ignorant, vulgar stroller have originally been a mass of mere phrases, signifying nothing, gradually evolved to the constant eye a shape and form of beauty, until at length the spirit of Shakespeare disclosed itself to the unwearying worshipper in its unclouded splendour! The spell, however, has died with him; and the mighty volume, so far as dramatic representation is concerned, might be placed to rest with him in the grave, in like sort with the wizard's book of grammerye, until some new magician shall appear worthy to restore it to the light of day.*

But Miss O'Neil and Kean are gone; their fame rests like a shadow on the spirit of the present generation: it will be a glorious tradition for future ages, as long as Shakespeare shall be admired and his land's language shall exist. No person capable of attracting an audience by the performance of any character of Shakespeare remains. The only actor with the slightest pretension to high tragic capabilities is Macready; and notwithstanding a more than ordinary degree of general information, constant study of the best dramatic authors, ancient and modern, and not a few natural advantages, I fear he is never destined to succeed in any character of a better order than those in the melodramatic pieces, such as *William Tell*, *Virginius*, *Rob Roy*, and the like, which he has rendered popular. In the grand creations of Shakespeare—even in the personation of his favourite *Macbeth*—he appears to me to have always failed. His acting is like Leigh Hunt's poetry: there is invariably something quaintly low—I had almost said vulgar—even in the finest passages of it, which can scarcely fail to dash your feelings with a consciousness of the strong admixture of the ludicrous in that you are disposed to admire. Indeed, Macready's histrionic performances might be described as those of a humorist, the touches of which, in like manner with the words and actions of a humorist in real life, may produce either tears or laughter, according to the mood of mind and state of feeling you happen to be in at the moment.

Tragic actresses, properly so called, we have none; though in a peculiar species of representations, which may be styled the domestic drama, Mrs. Yates has never been surpassed.

In tragedy, then, we have at present no *artistes* to attract audiences. In high comedy we have Farren and Dowton as the representatives of old men, and that is all; and they are not sufficient to draw houses of themselves. Formerly, it is said, there were individuals who could play the fine gentleman. I doubt it much; but certainly none remain who can personate even a *Doricourt*. Wallack is the best actor in the line, perhaps, that we now have; he is lively and clever; but there is a *slang* air about him which is offensive,—his look and bearing are positively those of a flash *roué*, or a "bonnet" at a fashionable hell. C. Kemble (a stupid, vulgar man, who by twenty years' practice was drilled into a tolerable actor) came next; but there was in every thing that he did, even as *Archer* and *Plume*, a thrusting forth of the animal propensities of our nature which was disgusting beyond measure. The conclusion then is, that there is no performer of the legitimate drama upon the stage at this time sufficiently attrac-

* See the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

tive to collect an audience. Are the masterpieces of the legitimate drama themselves, when well represented, capable of filling the theatres? Decidedly not. An audience here is by no means satisfied with hearing a comedy or a tragedy of first-rate merit correctly repeated by the actors, and so represented as at least not to mar the proper effects of the composition. No; the wit of Sheridan, or the poetry of Shakespeare, never yet drew a crowd to our playhouses. The *School for Scandal*, our best acting comedy (modern squeamishness has driven the many excellent comedies of the olden time from the stage), has proved, season after season, the least productive of the pieces represented. I doubt if any one of the works of Shakespeare did ever, at any one period since the great rebellion, of its own merit fill a theatre. To the scholar, the student of human life, and the lover of wisdom communicated in the music-fraught accents of divine poesy, the plays of Shakespeare are under all circumstances most enchanting in the silence of his own chamber, where he can entirely abandon himself to the influence of the wizard, and thus identify himself with the several dramatic creations, and become witness to each successive scene. When the open season of youth is once gone by, and a man finds himself in the world with friends to back and enemies to trample on, it is only in the companionship with his book, or in the society of his ladye-love, that he will surrender himself to illusion. He must feel that he is in that state of serene security which in Moore's exquisite song the lover promises his mistress upon the ocean-floods,—

> "No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,—
> All earth forgot, and all heaven around us."

Then, indeed, all things that weigh upon the spirit, all things that clog or confine its pervading energy, are annihilated for him;

> "The limits of the sphere of dream,
> The bounds of true and false, are passed."

He is elevated for the time above the conditions of mortality; he is great—and he is happy.

But for the multitude, the poetry and philosophy of the greatest dramatist that ever breathed have no existence; the interest they feel is only in the incidents of the piece and the performance of the favourite actors. Besides, the plays of Shakespeare are so sadly mutilated for the stage, that the scholar must be inspired with disgust, and the common person sadly puzzled to understand the ordonnance and march of the plot, and the circumstances which do naturally lead to the catastrophe. And, again, they never are performed with *ensemble*,—we have not even a word in our language to express the thing; nor was there ever collected a company in this country capable of representing a play—such as any one of Shakespeare's—in which every part is a character, and, consequently, can only be sustained by an individual possessing talent. Another subject of disgust, too, to the well-informed, is seeing characters traditionally misrepresented, and feeling that the congenial and reciprocate stupidity and ignorance of the majority of actors and the majority in audiences must of necessity render the misrepresentation perpetual. When, in a word, men go to see a so-called play of Shakespeare, it is only to see a string of loosely connected scenes, which are rendered interesting in their representation by the talent of some individual, and the abilities of one or two others. Experience bears all this out. The plays of Shakespeare did not draw money to the theatrical treasury, even when Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, C. Young, and C. Kemble, performed in them, and this upon the same nights. Now, when we remember that Mrs. Siddons was considered, and was actually for a time in herself an attraction, the fact must be regarded as conclusive. The legitimate drama, be it ancient or modern, let it take what shape it might, never paid since the days of Garrick. Nor have the tragedies of Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire, or the comedies of Molière, been more fruitful of gain to the theatres in another country. The legitimate drama is there also in a languishing condition. It is in vain that *Le Tartuffe*, *Le Misanthrope*, and *Les Femmes Sçavantes*—plays that can be acted, and which, perhaps, appear to best advantage in scenic representation—are performed at the Théâtre Français with perfect *ensemble*, and in a style of excellence that is above all praise. It is in vain that their

most admirable comic actresses—the only actresses who, when on the stage, do really look, and move, and speak like ladies—breathe forth their fascinating accents as the *Elmires* and *Celimènes*;—*La jeune France* will not listen to the voice of the charmers, charm they never so wisely. Farce and melodrama, however, the amusement of a care-wrought population, flourish amongst them, as they still continue to do amongst ourselves. The gay courtiers, gallant soldiers, light-hearted and light-lived, though learned abbés, and the fine ladies who devoted their time and study to the Loves, the Graces, and the Muses, are no more; a new race has appeared in their stead,—a race as solemn, stock-jobbing, grumbling, and mechanical, as the dull denizens of "*la nation boutiquière*" of the foggy England, renowned, according to the Emperor Napoleon, for its beer, its cutlery, and the throat-cutting propensities of its spleen-stricken inhabitants. And, sooth to say, if another mighty emperor—a hero and true philosopher, though, like Napoleon, idly styled in his day "a sceptred cynic"—the Emperor Julian, were to revisit the realms of light, he might yet feel partial to the Parisians for the reason he once professed: "I love the Parisians because their character is serious and austere, like my own."

Thus it is the Gymnase and the Porte St. Martin are crowded, while the Théâtre Français and the Odéon are neglected and abandoned.

The works of the mighty are flung amongst the things gone by. *Bergami* is now-a-days considered a far more interesting entertainment than any ever devised by the Protean genius of Voltaire, or the wit and wisdom of Molière. And, indeed, it may be well contended, that in a piece such as the melodrama alluded to, you have the concentrated essence of a dozen first-rate tragedies and comedies. For see! Even the noble Orosmane must vail his crest before the black-whiskered Bergami, and the puling Zaïre sinks into insignificance in the presence of our *spirituelle* Caroline. Nobody, in sooth, could dream of instituting a comparison between the heroines. As well might the insipid qualities of the element be set up in opposition to the vigorous virtues of the alcohol in a glass of brandy and water, cold without—that feminine and philosophic beverage, which her most gracious majesty loved right well. And next observe how vastly superior the worthy Wood is in his solemn and unconscious buffoonery, even to *le bourgeois gentilhomme*, the renowned Jourdain; and how much more admirable are the drunken gambols and pedantic speeches of Brougham, than all the capers of all the Mascarilles, or all the passages of impudent assumption to be found in Trissotin and Vadius. [We, of course, speak of the dirty buffoon of the melodrama, not the illustrious and exemplary Brougham, the lord high chancellor of England.] In few, and seriously, the amusements most relished in France, at present, are those which require no knowledge beyond that of the common mechanic; which occasion no trouble of thought, and which, in their flimsiness of construction, coarse excitement, and extravagant absurdity, are calculated to please a hard-worked and care-oppressed people. Tragedy, comedy, and opera, are essentially aristocratic; they are the entertainments of those only who have had, and continue to have, the enjoyment of leisure, and the advantages of education and society: that is to say, of classes of persons which are rarely, if indeed ever, to be found, excepting in a country where there is a splendid court and a settled order of things.

In describing the prevailing taste of the literary capital of Europe, we have depicted that of the commercial. Here the Olympic and Astley's are flourishing in successful vigour, while the national theatres are in the last stage of decline. Our farces and vaudevilles are excellent, our melodramas all that the most bloody-minded could desire. And having said this of matters wherein so much depends upon the performance, it is scarcely necessary to add, that our actors are of the first order, and deserve the highest praise: many of them, indeed, are capable of better things than they are now of necessity devoted to by the national taste. Farren, Liston, Webster, Keeley, Vestris, Orger, Glover, would ably sustain parts in our best comedies. But what signifies this, when comedies draw no houses? Jeremy Bentham, in a most philosophic work of his, the name of which I could not venture to pronounce, and certainly shall not attempt to write, has explained it all. "John

Bull," quoth he, " likes a tragedy if it contain a sufficiency of murders and processions; a comedy is not unpleasing to him if there be introduced a befitting quantity of cuffs and kisses; but in a melo-drama Mr. Bull delights; because all these *dulcia vitia* which ' his soul loveth'—this pomp—this bloodshed—this battery—those 'bloody noses and cracked crowns' — this ' tilting with lips,' and all such other practical jokes —are, as it were, indigenous to it; whereas in the others they are only the few scattered rays which shine upon the wilderness of words and incidents, making all around appear more dull and dreary. It is, therefore, obviously a legal fiction to call any theatre, in which the genius of melodrama does not reign sublime, our national theatre. The law, it is true, may enact that Covent Garden and Drury Lane shall be the national theatres, and such they, in consequence, become *de jure;* but the national theatre *de facto* is Astley's, for there alone is it that melodrama holds her unvaried course—

' While nothing foreign dare pollute her path.'

And there alone is it that now-a-days you see a truly English audience—an audience in which, to use the words of Sterne, 'every man sits at his ease,' with his coat off or his coat on, as the weather may persuade, or his fancy dictate—an audience altogether unsophisticated by foreign fashions or foreign manners, where the garments of the men are evidently destined not for ornament but use—*depellere frigus*—or for the primitive purposes of covering; and where the ladies appear in their native loveliness unoppressed—or, to adopt the courtly and official phrase, unembarrassed in their breathing on the one side by padded *corsets,* or on the other by cumbrous *tournures;* and, finally, where every gentleman is at liberty to speak his mind openly and loudly, as an Englishman ought, without caring who likes it or who likes it not. Besides, Astley's is devoted to the celebration of our national achievements: while the paper-and-scissors familiars of our patent theatres are busied in plundering the *littérateurs* of other countries, the dramatist of Astley's seeks for inspiration in the glorious deeds of Old England,—

' The inviolate island of the sage and free,
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea;'

and, adding a laurel to the wreaths of Nelson or Wellington, teaches our children to be proud that they were born Britons. It is, accordingly, perfectly clear that Astley's is, in fact, the national theatre."

So think I, and therefore trust we shall hear no more of the decay of the national drama. That flourishes: but the legitimate drama, which never was in a perfectly healthy condition, which never enjoyed more than the sickly convalescence of an exotic, is defunct; and I entertain considerable doubts touching the probability of its resurrection. The proximate causes of its decease were large theatres, enormous rents, extravagant salaries to actors, and the excitement of our Reform-bill, and the consequent revolution which is yet in progress. The evils of large theatres have been frequently insisted upon. It is obvious that places in which two-thirds of the assemblage would require a telescope to see, and an ear-trumpet to catch a distinct sound, are very unfit for the representation of any entertainment in which it is necessary for the spectator's enjoyment that he should be able to distinguish every tone and modulation of the actor's voice, and every shade of varying expression in his countenance. As to the rents, they are disgracefully exorbitant; and really one does not know whether to marvel more at the blind cupidity of the shareholders, who demand such ruinous rents, or the insane confidence of the speculators who undertake to pay them. The latter, however, is, after all, the more marvellous of the two. " The age of chivalry is gone by;" and yet here we have a constant succession of men in these matter-of-fact stock-jobbing times of ours, playing the parts of the gallant knights, who, undeterred by the ill fortune of all who had preceded them, were still pouring in to the enchanted castle of St. John,* in the hope of being able to achieve the theretofore impossible adventure. We can sympathise, however, with the gallant gentlemen, who did all in honour. We laugh at the plebeian churls, who peril all in covetousness

* See the *Bridal of Triermain.*

and sordid vanity. Perhaps the overwhelming rent presses more heavily on the undertakers of theatres than the amount of actors' salaries. The first is tremendous, and it must be paid; the latter has been frequently and basely avoided: but still it is, in itself abstractedly, most unjustly and most ridiculously onerous. With such persons as Kean and Miss O'Neil, who stood alone in their excellence, it is idle to speak about salaries. They were nobly paid, but they were never overpaid. But why should the mere herd of dull play-actors in tragedy and comedy, and talented performers, or pleasant buffoons in farce or melodrama, be suffered to run up in the scale of salaries near to the point affixed for transcendent merit? Why should such grimacers as Harley, or such actors as Power, (we make no comparison between the two,) be paid five-and-twenty or twenty guineas a-week? I pass by the not less ridiculous cases of smaller allowances to utterly stupid persons, the friends, favourites, or protegées, of manager, submanager, or leading actor—leading before the scenes and dominant behind them—in other words, a pet with the public, and a tyrant with the troop—a sort of grand vizier to the theatrical padishah—sometimes a terror to his master—and yet always a courtier, and ever fulfilling the courtier's duties to himself—and therefore perpetually enacting the part of *Sponge*,

—"that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities"—

I pass by all these, for time permits me not to dwell upon them. But why should men who could not in any other occupation earn forty shillings a-week, be paid so large a salary as that to which we have alluded, and be, moreover, allowed benefits, and graced with privileges, ludicrous in themselves, and most unjust to the company in general? Is it really for their intrinsic talent, or is it because it would be impossible to supply their places with men as good, and at a smaller expense? Let us examine. Mr. Harley is only fit to grin through a horse-collar. Now, surely some person who had practised in that line, and who could speak Cockney as well as Mr. Harley, and snivel, and skip backwards and forwards, and wipe his nose with his sleeve—one who, like himself, was to "the manner born"—might be obtained from some of the booths in country fairs, at the cost of only as many shillings as Mr. Harley is paid guineas. I think so, at least; for in this gentleman's walk, mark you, there is no question of the *morale*—all depends upon the horrible facility of the *physique*. As for Power, he is obviously a smart person; and his success in the struggles and intrigues of the theatre—those most complicated of all intrigues—intrigues that, by the Cyllenian thief, pimp, and Argiphont! would go against the stomach of Metternich, and give Talleyrand the cholera morbus—proves that he must be a man of some talent; for it may be set down as an axiom, that nobody ever succeeds in any pursuit, even in sweeping crossings in St. Giles's, or making speeches in the reformed parliament, without talent. But now that we have admitted talent, come the questions, is that peculiar talent worth twenty-five guineas a-week with all the valuable et-ceteras? and, secondly, is it impossible to fill up the particular void which might be made by the absence of so popular a performer? Now, touching the first, I would answer in the negative. Mr. Power can only play one character. Few men, it is true, can play more. One character, we well know, may be made to take many forms, and to bear divers names; and, certainly, to sustain various parts, they being of a different species, requires something approaching genius. Observe how very few actors, from the days of the Thespian wagon to the present, when the once vagrant muses of the drama are enshrined in splendid temples, have succeeded in it. Why, then, mention this circumstance as a detracting cause in the peculiar case of Mr. Power? Because his one character is excessively restricted in its extent and powers of adaptation. It is, in the first place, provincial; and next, it is low in the last degree. Mr. Power can play nothing but the *low Irishman*, and the *low Irishman* of the *English* stage; that is to say, a blustering, blundering buffoon, and a very different person from the real "*play-boy*"—the "*diverting vagabond*" of the Isle of Saints. Power is always *Teddy the Tiler*. Certainly, the part he is to perform may be styled in the play-bills *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* or *Billy O'Shaughnessy*, *Sir Patrick*

O'Plenipo or *Teddy Molowny;* but when you come to see the performance, you forthwith recognise your old friend *Teddy the Tiler*. The circumstances under which you find him are different—so (with the exception of the *artiste's* improvisations) is the language that he uses; but as to the identity of the *Tiler*, there never can be the slightest doubt upon your mind for a single moment. The question then resolves itself to this: Is the personation of *Teddy the Tiler* under various disguises—and I care not how numerous these may be—worth the manager of a theatre five-and-twenty guineas a-week with the et-ceteras? The answer, I am sure, can scarcely be in the affirmative. Next, would it be impossible to find an individual to *Teddy the Tilerise* it in Mr. Power's absence? Most assuredly not. Nine out of every ten men you meet, no matter what their country, can play the buffoon admirably in private life. Now, for any one of these to succeed in such a part upon the stage, it would require little more than a sufficient degree of that easy assurance (in which, by the way, vulgar Irishmen have been seldom found wanting) to enable him to face an audience without being abashed, confused, or confounded by the consciousness of his own impudence. As bearing upon this subject, I may remark, that the late Alderman Waithman, so sallow and saturnine of appearance, so intolerably dull and prosy in his oratorical efforts, was one of the best mimics and pleasantest buffoons in the world. Unfortunately for his fame, however, (excepting so far as this slight testimonial on an immortal page may go,) he confined his exhibitions to private and select companies; otherwise, instead of that unsightly stone, in an unsavoury neighbourhood, which records his existence as a Cockney legislator, he would probably have enjoyed the honour of a tomb in Westminster, and of a monument in company with those of Garrick, Canning, and such other excellent comedians. Who is there, moreover, that ever witnessed a performance of Lord Brougham's in the House of Lords, and would be hardy enough to deny that, so far as "his immortal part" is concerned, the noble and learned lord mistook his profession? What chance would Liston or John Reeve have with the proprietor of such a nose (a nose that acts as a portcullis to his countenance, as through the great gate thereof he lets in his breath and lets out his words)—with the owner of such a physiognomy—the inventor of such a style of gymnics! But to pursue the subject, I humbly submit that, for the reasons I have stated, it would be not only not impossible, but even not difficult, to supply the place of Mr. Power; and for myself, I am disposed to believe that an intelligent Irish hodman, taken from the herd of his fellow-laddermen, might easily be made to enact *Teddy the Tiler* as well as the present much-lauded representative of that multifarious part. I must confess a doubt, however, as to whether the Cockneys would be quite as much pleased with it, when I remember that the squeak of the porcine imitator was infinitely more admired by an intellectual audience of the olden time, which comprised some erudite critics, than was the genuine ejaculation (the youthful pig, be it remembered, conceived itself in peril) of the *boneuve*.*

At last, then, by a something circuitous route, we arrive at the conclusion, that the intrinsic talent of Messrs. Harley and Power is not worth five-and-twenty guineas a-week with the et-ceteras, and that it would not be impossible to supply their places with men as good and at a less expense. Q. E. D. And as a corollary from the above, we have it established, that there would be no pretext whatsoever for blaming a manager were he to decline the services of either of the performers we have named, at the price they demand for them; and that if he volunteers to satisfy, or, indeed, do not to the utmost oppose such demands, he is marvellously blind to his own interests.

There are a great number of performers in the same category with Power and Harley. The star-system was, it is well known, injurious enough to the great theatres and the legitimate drama, even when the excessive charges were confined to stars of the first magnitude; but really when numbers of petty twinklers, unworthy of being considered excepting as members of a cluster, are suffered to be estimated apart, and at a higher value than their

* The Irish for a young pig.

companions of the throng, the system becomes absolutely ruinous. It must be amended altogether. The facts are simply these:—Under circumstances of factitious excitement, the salaries of leading or favourite actors—before or behind the curtain, as it may happen—have run up to a ridiculous amount. They should now, under an altered state of things, be prepared to do one of two things,—to submit with a good grace to a decrease of income, which has been already endured by all the useful avocations; or, if they have achieved a competence, to retire from the stage, and make way for their younger brethren, who would be content with more moderate emoluments. Let them be assured that the interests of the drama would not suffer by their abdication. The places of all players, excepting a Kean or an O'Neil, a Talma or a Mars, are very speedily supplied; the comedian, especially, however clever he may be, soon finds an adequate successor. There is much more of humour than of pathos in the world; the followers of Democritus are far more numerous than those of Heraclitus. The strong-minded, the reflecting, and even the middle-aged, generally sympathise much more strongly with the satirist and derider of all things human, than with the gentler sage who lamented and wept over every passage of our sublunary career.

I fell upon a strange example the other day of the truth of this, in reading one of D'Alembert's essays upon physics. He, the gentlest of philosophers and kindliest of human beings, talks of Democritus as one "*qui avoit trouvé la manière la plus philosophique de jouir de la nature et des hommes, en étudiant l'une et en se moquant des autres.*"

Many arguments, we are aware, have been adduced in favour of the maintenance of the high salaries lately enjoyed by those leading actors of whom we have been speaking—some in dull earnest by their friends, others in solemn derision by the enemies of their calling. Unfriendly persons will contend that payment is properly increased in proportion to the distance of the occupation in which an individual is engaged from those professions which alone the world holds honourable, and that, therefore—I will not pursue the argument; but really, now that the unjust stigma is removed from the play-actors, and that they are no longer rogues and vagabonds in the eyes of the law, it is rather too bad that they should continue to exact salaries which could be only justified by a precarious and infamous avocation. They should, on the contrary, be content, in the modesty of their emoluments, to approach the persons engaged in the learned professions, who certainly are not their inferiors in intellect or education.

It may be farther urged, however, that in this occupation the labour is certain, the success alone precarious; that the struggle for eminence is severe and tedious; that few only can ultimately raise themselves to station and independence; and that of the thousand aspirants, scarcely one succeeds in winning even a transitory fame; that the income of the player altogether dies with him; and that for all these reasons it is but just that the actor should be very largely remunerated for his performances during his season of renown. True—most true! but is not all this equally true of men in all the professions, and in the generality of occupations, provided they possess no private fortunes. Physicians, churchmen, barristers, soldiers, sailors—all excepting only the favoured of the blind goddess in their birth—are in their palmy hour the servants of the public; and we know the truth of the pithy proverb quoted by the ungrammatical kitchen-maid in *Les Femmes Sçavantes*, that service is no inheritance. Besides, they in their earlier time have to watch, and wait, and struggle, like the player, and oftentimes under severer circumstances; for they may be comparatively as poor as him in their grade, and they yet have to maintain the appearance, and limit themselves to the associations, of a gentleman; moreover, they have this additional disadvantage, they must one and all have sunk a capital in the adventure. The education of those engaged in the learned professions is a work of much time and great expense: the soldier has to purchase his steps, or, at the best, to expend his own money while he is waiting for promotion; all have to support themselves for a long period whilst they are courting fortune; even the tradesman, however humble, must have something before he embarks in business. All, from the moment when they attain their occupation, have a certain rank and character to maintain

in the world, and not one in ten thousand, we may add, is in the end adequately rewarded for his studies, his services, his toils. The play-actor alone can enter upon his avocation with "a light heart and a thin pair of breeches," and no superfluous pocket to that breeches withal. He needs no money, for his daily labours, as he goes on, supply, though perhaps scantily, his natural wants; he needs no knowledge or information, for he learns as he drives along; he may begin by snuffing the candles, dancing, tumbling, and admiring others, until he is at length himself admired as the living image of *Benedict* or *Hamlet;* he needs no character, for here alone of all employments in this country is it that there are "no questions asked" respecting the votary;—he needs not even a name, for he may select from the wide range of British nomenclature, ancient and modern, that which he proposes in his person to immortalise. Nor, as he advances in his pursuit, does the necessity of an expenditure proportionably increased attend it. And, last and best of all, the labours of the successful play-actor are one perpetual triumph. He has not to look to the doubtful future for his reward,—to a laboured panegyric, a chiselled stone, the decree of a posterity at length impartial, —the present pays him every thing, even unto the vulgar applause which his soul loveth. He lives, and moves, and has his being, in the halo of his proper fame. In a word, when we consider the emoluments and advantages of other and higher classes of men, there appears to be no one reason why the player should be so largely rewarded for his labours as he has been, and yet will be, except that men always pay more liberally for that which pleases, than for that which is really useful. As to the reduction contemplated by the new lessee of the patent theatres, it is absolutely necessary. We only think that it has not been carried far enough, and that it has been frequently exercised in the wrong places.

It might appear, however, invidious to make any particular remarks upon such matters; and I therefore conclude this branch of the subject by expressing my strong opinion, that a weight found so extremely oppressive in the olden time should be lightened as much as possible. At the same time, I would strenuously protest against the Whig system of reduction and retrenchment. The poorer classes of actors, who have already a salary but barely sufficient for their support, should not be meddled with, much less should any of them be summarily dismissed. It would be a most ungenerous, if not unjust, proceeding upon the part of the new lessee, to send men adrift who had been for many years connected with the theatres, who are now unfit for any other occupation, and with whom there was a virtual understanding, I might almost say contract, implying, that so long as they diligently discharged their duties, so long should they continue to receive their salaries. Mr. Bunn, by violating this compact, would lose a thousand-fold more through the just indignation of the public than he would gain by such heartless economy. Let him play the despot; his own interests and the interests of the play-actors and play-goers alike require that he should; but let him play the despot after Tarquin's fashion,—off with the heads of all the taller poppies! but suffer the rest to be safe in their lowliness.*

I now approach the last cause I-

* "History," says Bolingbroke, "is philosophy teaching by example." Very well! Our friend Morgan has recommended Tarquin to you, Mr. Bunn, as a model! we think this was rather for the sake of the drowsy illustration than from any belief upon the Rattler's part that the apocryphal tyrant was a proper person to be held up for your imitation. Setting the poppies aside, we are inclined to fancy that the name our friend would have named would have been Tiberius, the great theatrical reformer of antiquity. This grim old toper, who must have been a pleasant fellow, even according to the accounts of Suetonius and the other literary scoundrels who abused THE CÆSARS, and who was decidedly admitted, upon all hands, to be, in the widest acceptation of the words, a gentleman, a scholar, and a soldier, having arrived at the supreme rule in an advanced period of life, and after he had attained the years of discretion, (which is not always a consequence,) naturally preferred taking a quiet *snifter* with Lucius Piso, Pomponius Flaccus, or Claudius Gallus, as it might happen, to going to a theatre to see any foolish performance. And having, like "the mightiest Julius," borne his personal part in the battle-field,—

"Having fought with his sword—hurra!"

have assigned for the decline and fall of the great theatres and the legitimate drama. The excitement produced by the Reform-bill was in our times unparalleled in extent, intensity, and duration; it pervaded every class of the community in every quarter of the kingdom; it affected every individual; it literally, in the cant of St. Stephen's, "came home to every man's business and bosom." Never were the Abderites so mad about "Love, the tyrant of gods and men," as we about "reform, the healer of all ills, the comforter, the Messiah-measure of Lords Durham and John Russell!" Let them divide—call, I should say—the honours: the trick, however, is not yet won. But to proceed. The whole world seemed to be reeling around us; there was nothing in all the nations of the earth which could be contemplated, that was not either threatened with or actually suffering change. Under these circumstances, men become far too serious for grave diversions, that is, for the mimicry of serious matters, strong passions, o'ermastering feelings, and soul-stirring events. When the great drama of a revolution is performing abroad, wherein each man hopes or fears or fancies he will yet himself become an actor, and is therefore solicitous about his own peculiar part, besides having every nerve strained and every faculty roused to the utmost by his interest in the passing scene, how can any body waste his sympathies by yielding to any factitious excitement, in witnessing the mock struggles of the *Richards*, the *Macbeths*, the *Bolingbrokes*, while pursuing their ambitious objects in the waves of troublous times? Why the waters are out once more! the barriers are down! Who can guess the moment when they will be absolutely around us? We have then no leisure, no relish, for sporting with grave matters, or seeking any entertainment which requires further exertion from an overwrought mind. Revolutions have at all times been fatal to the drama! The muses love peace; like the laws, they are silent in the midst of arms; nay, more, in the midst even of popular clamour and civic contention, though unstained with blood. If men have a fancy, in a period like the present and that lately gone by, for any dramatic entertainment, it is for something grotesque—something that tasks not the mental faculties, and that we can laugh at even in bitterness of soul, or else for mere spectacle, which may serve to relieve the eye, even as a change of scene in the actual world might. Farces, then, in which human nature is exhibited in a ludicrous or contemptible point of view, pantomimes, melodramas, ballets, and such-like, are the stuff for the times that be. And why it should be thus is easily explained: nothing is amusement and relaxation excepting that which is the opposite of the occupation in which we have been engaged, and by which we are a-weary. A long walk of a Sunday would not, in all probability, be exactly the gratification which the Duke of Richmond or any other twopenny-postman would select for himself, though it might be highly agreeable to his friend Place the tailor; nor would Lord Brougham, I am inclined to think, choose to pass his Sunday evening in playing at

and seen the hot blood spinning in bubbles on the parched and thirsty steel, he felt, like "the topmost man of all the world," disgust at the butcheries of the amphitheatre. He was accordingly scanty of his presence to a degree theretofore unprecedented in an individual filling his offices in the state; and upon the occasion of a row taking place, in which a colonel of the guards was wounded and some people killed, at games given by his son Drusus, he moved in the senate that all the gladiators and play-actors should be scourged for the same. But he was defeated by one Q. Haterius—the Lord Fife or Clanricarde of the day—who proved to the universal satisfaction that the Divus Augustus had passed an act of grace (something like Peel's), in which it was set forth that the obnoxious individuals should in such a case be punished only with banishment. But Biberius Caldius Mero was not a man to be put off his game. He indulged in another potation; and afterwards issued an edict, declaring that the largest sum any play-actor could thenceforth receive should be seven drachmas a-day; and reciting that, in the event of any disturbance at a theatre, the performers on the stage and the performers in the row should alike be banished; and moreover prohibiting any senator, who had the tastes festal and baptismal of the illustrious Duke of Sussex, from entering the house of a play-actor, and any knight (say Sir George Warrender) from consorting in public with fiddlers, buffoons, or actresses. Think of all this, Bunn!—O. Y.

judge, though the same might appear extremely delightful to Sir E. Horne or Sir James Scarlett. The Lord High Chancellor of England would naturally prefer a couple of dozen glasses of cold brandy and water, from the enjoyment of which he so rigorously and religiously abstains during the laborious days of the week!* Nothing wonderful is it, therefore, that he who has been engaged all day in watching, or performing in a great political drama, should be disposed in the evening to give the players — king, knight, lover, lady (the clown would have a better chance with him), that "lenten entertainment" which they would have assuredly received from the care-perplexed Prince of Denmark, were it not that he saw he could turn them to his purpose. Could the stage indeed be converted into a political engine (it could not choose but be Tory), I too should say with *Hamlet*, "He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o'the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for it." Even as it is, I have a leaning to the clown of the theatres. But there is terrible opposition in other houses. There are a pair of performers in a house that I decline naming, whose gambols and grimaces far surpass any thing that was ever achieved by Liston or J. Reeve. I shall only observe (and I do so, that Jack and Liston may be induced to attend and take lessons), that one of them is most learned, and the other most reverend, —*Arcades ambo*, however, in the Byronian sense of the words.

Some vague, incomplete, incapable idea of a great deal of what I have been saying, seems to have crossed the mind of M. Laporte. Very early in the season, he evidently saw most clearly, that nothing but loss was to be expected from the representations of his English company, and he forthwith struck into the right road. He left Polhill floundering in the attempt to make the plays of our great dramatists acceptable even to audiences the least numerous, and we should trust (as the manager had the appointment of them himself) the most select, that could be well desired,—and he embarked in ballets. He produced *Masaniello* with a very contemptible corps; and, considering the season, his success was wonderful. Notwithstanding this, however, he failed to persevere; and, as if he had been bereft of his senses, resolved to take a part in *Il Fanatico per la Musica*. Now, before I proceed to touch upon what was done by him and Polhill, I will state briefly what, under all the circumstances, in my mind, they ought to have done.

Masaniello succeeded; Laporte felt that it succeeded. Polhill saw that it succeeded, and he engaged a *corps de ballet* accordingly. Now the success of this ballet was owing, undoubtedly, in a great degree, to the picturesque yet simple music, which might, in Tom Moore's phrase, be likened to an easy, artless stranger, who makes his way to the heart at the first introduction, but principally to the circumstance of the story being pretty well known to the play-going public by means of the opera, the frequent publications on the subject, and common conversation. Well, the Frenchman had gained a victory; but it would seem that he did not know how to improve it. Probably he was ignorant of the secret of his success. He tried, if I recollect rightly, some other ballet, which was "caviare to the general;" it failed; and he then gave up the pursuit in despair, and placed his whole hopes upon the Italian Opera, which he had been unwise enough to take; for, by conducting the opposition against himself, he, in a word, performed the feat that *Hotspur* in his wrath alludes to,—he divided himself, and went to buffets.† Polhill was equally ignorant of the secret: he removed the pretty Duvernay from the adoration of the *muscadins* of Paris, and produced her to be worshipped by the cockneys of London,

* This abstinence is the more praiseworthy and the more praised, because his lordship loves the liquor. Mutual admiration of this fascinating beverage, it is supposed greatly tended to strengthen the friendship which subsisted between the late Queen Caroline and her attorney-general.

† "O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk to so honourable an action."—*First Part of King Henry IV.*

who, by the way, are unfortunately very slow in doing homage to strange divinities; and he had a *corps de ballet*, such as it was, to assist her! He introduced her as the heroine of a trashy composition, called *La Belle au Bois Dormant*, which John Bull neither understood nor cared for, and in some few detached scenes from other ballets, in which of course even the ghost of a meaning was not to be discovered. So this speculation very naturally failed; and indeed at the last the pretty creature had little more to do than play the *Witch of the Alps*, and stand to be gazed at by Tom Duncombe, Billy Lennox, and such other *Manfreds* as could make good their entry into the magic realms behind the curtain. The following dialogue was rehearsed nightly:—

Duvernay. I have expected this. What would'st thou with me?

Tom Duncombe. To gaze upon thy beauty—nothing further.

Duvernay. Enough! I may retire then—say!

Tom Duncombe. Retire!

[*Duvernay disappears, with a melodious twang, scorning Tom Duncombe.*

Tom Duncombe (alone).

We are the fools of time and terror!—but
When that the corianders I have not,
What should I say—else, by young Love, would I—

Bill Lennox. You would, my covie!—and I—

Tom Duncombe. Avaunt! vile Swivelton.

[*Exit Tom Duncombe in a rage, manet Bill Lennox, scratching his head.*

* * * * *

And thus it came to pass that Polhill, like Laporte, abandoned all good hope from ballet, and, like Laporte, betook himself to matters musical. But what should these gentlemen have done? That, however, matters not! Let us rather put it in the form, "What should Mr. Bunn, warned by their errors and omissions, do next session?" He is now the lessee of both the patent theatres. It is quite ridiculous to suppose that he can make good use of more than one of them for the representation of the legitimate drama. He will not be able to get together a company sufficient to do the ordinary work of a single house in a decent manner. To make one good troop—such a one, for instance, as there used to be at the Theatre Français, with an allowance of two, and generally three, good actors for each character in the standard drama, an *entrepreneur* should be allowed to choose from the body of performers at large. Now, if Bunn were even disposed to do this, it is not in his power. The best actors in all departments are engaged at the minor theatres, or in the provinces: Mrs. Yates, Miss Tree, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Farren, Mr. Liston, Mr. Wallack, Mr. Warde, Mr. Webster, Mr. Yates, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Reeves, Mr. Keeley, Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. O. Smith, &c.

It will be accordingly all but impossible for Mr. Bunn to do more than get up a company sufficient for the necessities of one theatre. He may, if he believe in the vulgar proverb, "change his hand for luck," and play his troop one night at Covent Garden and the next at Drury Lane, and so on alternately till the end of the season. But will he be content to let one of his theatres lie completely idle on the off nights—and if not, to what purpose does he propose to turn it? He will hardly be disposed to meddle with foreign operas again; he will hardly—but really I cannot answer my own question for Mr. Bunn; so I will proceed to say what for my own particular I think he of the black velveteen tights, &c. ought to do next season. He ought to produce a series of ballets, and add thereto any other things he pleases, English farces, French vaudevilles—any thing, in short, to eke out the full evening's entertainments. The reasons I have to advance in behalf of this opinion are, I confess, in a great measure founded on the splendid passage I have already quoted from Jeremy Bentham's greatest work. The people of this country are said to be extremely sparing of their words; I apprehend still more are they chary of lending their ears for the words of others. In confirmation of this doctrine, it may be observed, that the pieces which have been uniformly most attractive are those in which there is a vast deal of action and very little talk. The Christmas pantomimes and the Easter pieces have alone protracted the fall of the great theatres up to the present period. I am accordingly inclined to believe that Mr. Bull would be entirely delighted with a dramatic

entertainment in which the use of words was dispensed with altogether, provided it could be contrived that the outline of the story should be conveyed to his mind without the intermediate agency of those troublesome exponents, one half of which it will often happen you do not hear, and the other half of which it will occasionally occur you do not understand. The ballet of *Masaniello* was such an entertainment; and here was the secret of its success. The play-going people had become familiar with the story, and could accordingly enjoy the representation of it. With none of the other ballets produced, however, were they upon the same footing of acquaintance, and none of them accordingly succeeded. In my mind, the ballet-master should never be allowed the alternative conceded to the poet; he should be compelled in all cases to found his work upon some well-known story, be it historical, or traditional, or of present currency — associated in our memories with the school-room or the nursery, or bruited about under a prevailing feeling of excitement. The transference, accordingly, of a ballet from one land to another appears to me ridiculous. What do the majority of those who frequent theatres know of the romantic tale of Inez de Castro ? — how can they bewail her fate, or shudder, while they yet sympathise, with the deep sorrow of her stern husband? No; a ballet should be national: take it from our history — take it fom our ballads — take it from our standard literature — and every body will understand it — every body will be enabled to enjoy to the utmost the interest it is calculated to excite. Our history abounds in scenes more romantic than fiction ever yet devised; nor have we a lack of heroes, Plantagenets, Percys, Howards, whose names are as familiar as household words in the humblest English village. Our ballads! are they not a positive treasure for the ingenious ballet-maker? would not Chevy Chase make a most admirable ballet, without the alteration of a single incident, or the slightest change in the ordonnance of the scenes or events, from the time

> " The stout Earl of Northumberland
> A vow to God did make,"

until the day of Humbledown, when the English king met the Scots,

> " And was revenged on them all,
> For brave Lord Percy's sake?"

As to our standard literature, there is scarcely a play of Shakespeare, or a novel of Scott's, that would not furnish forth a most excellent ballet. Some fastidious person might deem it profanation to have a play of Shakespeare danced; but let me tell him that he does not love the poet more than I do, and yet, that were I again to witness a dramatic representation of any of his plays, even *Othello*, *Hamlet*, or *King Lear*, I had rather see it ably given as a ballet, than performed from the mutilated copy of the stage, and played as it is likely to be played at present. Lastly, let us look to the immense field which would be opened for ballet by the adoption of the popular topics of the day.

Pray, would not the capture of Lisbon by Pedro the pirate's friend, the brave Lieutenant Flitch, after he had saved his bacon by breaking gaol, make a fine subject for a comic ballet? and can it be that a nation so renowned for its caricatures on paper, could not furnish forth and enjoy a burlesque entertainment upon so rich a theme? Impossible! A George Cruikshank of the " fantastic toe " would soon spring up among us, and rival him of the fantastic finger; and we should all be delighted with his works, as we often have been with the sketcher's. Then there is the Belgian revolution — the expulsion of the Dutch and taking of Brussels by two drunken Irish boys — and our Palmerston's protocols, and the crowning of King Leopold, and *la Reine*, and papa Philippe, and the style in which he cheated our excellent prince out of the fortune — oh, the subject is almost too laughable! And as a graver subject there is the revolution of the " three glorious days of Paris ;" but this has been played already, and my heart is saddened when I think of the circumstances of the performance, and the fortune-stricken actors who appeared in it. M. de Mazas relates that after the temporary calm which succeeded the removal of the king's troops from Paris, the royal children (Henry of France and his sister) and their companions were allowed to resume their sports in the park of St. Cloud, and that he himself and several others of the care-worn adherents of the court were attracted to the play-ground by the noisy glee of the youthful party. On arriving there they found the children

playing "*the insurrection of Paris;*" the Duc de Bourdeaux, dressed in the uniform of the royal guard, was commanding the king's forces. His sister was leader of the insurgents.

Next day—but the story of folly and imbecillity, madness and treachery, is fresh in every mind. Alas for the innocent victims! Let me resume.

Not only in our own national history, and in that of other countries, are there, however, events continually taking place wherewith all are acquainted, and in which all feel interest, and that therefore might well supply a succession of themes for popular ballets, but even in our domestic history there is an inexhaustible store of subjects for the talents of the saltatory composer. Seldom, indeed, does it happen that there is a Sunday paper published in which there is not set down some passage of real life, tragical or comic, with the continuous recital of which every ear is tingling, with the various incidents whereof every heart is affected. I pass lightly by the comical, because such may be at any time invented; and, even when of actual occurrence, may be wonderfully embellished in a relation simple and correct in every circumstance. For the imaginations of genius in this line will always surpass the actual circumstances of wit, humour, fun, or grotesqueness, on which they are employed; because few indeed are the individuals who can view the things that do positively happen with the penetrating eye of genius, which distinguishes shades and hues and colours that are altogether imperceptible to the vulgar gaze: but in the tragical, the solemn stern reality always surpasses the wildest fiction. The heart of man never hath conceived, nor can the tongue of eloquence portray, the atrocities which have been perpetrated upon this earth, by creatures wearing the human form. Now, when our minds are filled with the horrible imaginings which recent events of dread atrocity are calculated to excite, the generality of mankind—all, peradventure, excepting the philosopher, who can calmly scrutinise the causes of things—feel a morbid anxiety to see these imaginings embodied, and, as it were, fulfilled. Suffer, moreover, this anxiety to increase into a feeling something more intense, and to operate on a mind either naturally weak, or warped by superstition, or affected by physical causes, albeit temporary, and there will be a rage to become an actor in a scene of this peculiar wickedness or crime; under the perpetual instigations of which every moral and religious principle—every human feeling—reason itself, will finally give way.

It is scarcely necessary to adduce proofs in support of this position, so frequent are the instances of crimes whose discovery, and the recital of whose details, produced a strong effect upon the popular mind, having become absolutely endemic. One notable case there is in which all the pregnant women of a large portion of France were seized with a most unnatural *monomania.* One or two child-murders were committed—the dreadful details were spread abroad—the utmost horror was excited in the minds of the people; but, to the amazement of the ignorant, the cases multiplied: women in all classes of life—the best, the gentlest, the most pious, destroyed the innocent beings they had but just brought to light. The wretched mothers were fully conscious of the heinousness of the crime they were irresistibly impelled to commit; they wished to be protected against themselves—to be prevented from doing that which, if either the opportunity offered or could be compassed (and most wretchedly ingenious were they in their stratagems to bring it about), would most assuredly be perpetrated. The mania spread far and wide, until at length it came to pass, that no mother was free from the insane desire to destroy her own offspring. It was necessary to watch continually over the safety of the babe, while within her grasp. The soul of Medea had entered every bosom.

Here we have the deranged feeling so absolutely dominant, that it overbears the apprehension of the most terrible punishment which could possibly be incurred—the remorse for such a crime. It may be argued, that the peculiar state of the woman at the period should prevent any thing done by her, under such an excess of nervous action as could scarcely fail to produce absolute brain-sickness, being urged as a proof respecting the effects of this species of mental excitement in general. Well, but look at the results that, in all the cases which we have been able to come at, have attended the promulgation of any heinous crime amongst those who have had leisure or inclina-

tion to brood over it;—observe, that whenever there was a lapse from virtue upon the part of a vestal discovered and punished, how speedily (notwithstanding the living tomb in the cursed field) a train of other cases obtruded themselves upon the public view. Look at the nunneries! Mark how a single case of infamous debauchery, or supposed demoniac possession (and possession and debauchery, by the way, did really, in the ancient times, mean pretty much the same thing), were followed up by a host of others! It may again, however, be urged, that these close communities were as it were hotbeds for the creation and growth of morbid feelings; but look abroad (and here you need not confine your contemplation to the weaker vessel, the victim of a false position, whereunto I have heretofore alone directed your attention),—look abroad, and see how constantly, from the earliest period of history to the present hour, every folly, every vice, every superstition, and, I must add, every creed that has been proscribed, has found its votaries ready to peril all for the pleasure of believing that they sin, or the pride of fancying that they stand apart from the great body of their fellow-men in the character of the elect. In fact, the whole class of feelings whereof I have been treating are phases of that strange feeling which so strongly urges a man to cast himself forward when he finds himself upon the brink of some toppling crag or tremendous precipice. Now it appears to me, as a consequence from what has been stated, it cannot be for a moment doubtful, that if those fearfully-interesting passages,—say of murder (as, for example, the story of Corder or of Thurtell), and such like horrible crimes, which are ever and anon occurring, were to be converted into ballets, the theatres would be thronged each night to witness their representation. Great care, of course, should be taken in getting up the entertainment properly; in some instances it might be advisable to obey the Horatian rule, and refrain from exhibiting the felonious act itself in the presence of the people: circumstances, however, would determine this; but every attention should be directed to the correctness of costume, the fidelity of the scenery, which should be painted from sketches made on the spot by some eminent artist, and to the appropriateness of the music and the dances, which could only be obtained by having a first-rate composer, such as Rossini or Auber, an excellent ballet-master, and a complete *corps de ballet*, which should include a Heberle or a Taglioni, in the pay of the establishment. The facts, too, of the case which forms the theme never should be lightly departed from; while upon the remainder of the subject the imagination of the adapter might be allowed free play. Were these things done, the success of such pieces would be astounding to the minds of impoverished managers. And let nobody be silly enough to imagine that the audiences would be drawn exclusively from the lower classes, whose habits are coarse, whose minds are ignorant and brutal, and have been long familiarised with cruelty and the contemplation of scenes from which the feelings of the more refined and delicate would revolt. The whole community, I hesitate not to say, would rush to see such entertainments, let them rail against them as they might. Even the Bishop of London would grant himself a dispensation from the hypocrisy of puritanical observances to enjoy the excitement of being present. The lord high chancellor would secure seats nightly for himself and a chosen companion (say a bottle of brandy) wherewith he might hold consoling converse between the acts. Every body, in a word, would be there, from the "delicate maiden of honour" to the coarse cinder-wench, from the scholar, the philosopher, and the dandy (take notice, good people, I do not mean to put Brougham in any of these categories), to Joe Hume, John Bowring, and Tom Macaulay. The powerful attraction inherent in the announcement of such a representation, and the intense excitement it would produce during its progress, would be nearly equal to the like properties of a Spanish bull-fight in the present day, or a combat *à l'outrance*, or a free and gentle passage of arms, in the olden time. The lack of real blood and wounds, terrible torture, and violent death, would alone make the difference. Certain it is, however, that the "deepest" tragedy that ever was composed, with Miss O'Neil and Kean performing in it, would not have an auditor on the night of such a ballet.

The truth is, we are born savages, and with all the vices of savages (the

diseases of our parents and progenitors, arising from the artificial state of existence in society, have rendered us, from the first, destitute of many of their physical advantages), and there is an ineradicable taint of our proper and original nature lurking in the blood. Every thing that nobly distinguishes us from the mere brute beast (excepting only, according to the physiologists and philosophers, the power of laughing, a very pleasing and soothing, if not very useful, power upon occasion) we owe to education: — knowledge, gentleness, courage! Some stupid person may deny the last; but the wiser know that courage essentially belongs to civilisation, and that the savage, like the wild beast, is always a coward; he will fight desperately and well when he is absolutely driven to it, but he knows nothing of that feeling which has no touch of fear; that is the result of training from youth, of study, observation, and companionship, during life, and which teaches one to peril existence cheerfully whenever there is question of honour or renown. Ay, marry! to go forth like Fortinbras,—

> "Exposing what is mortal and unsure
> To all that fortune, death, or danger dare,
> Even for an egg-shell."

Yes! decidedly we are all originally like the savage, false and cruel: our childish dispositions and propensities abundantly serve to establish this. Astonishing instances of falsehood in young children, co[illegible]d with ingenuity, detailed and *re-worded* with accuracy, and persisted in with obstinacy — all truly marvellous, and well-nigh past credibility, may be found in most of the books of witchcraft. Hundreds of grown persons, who had somehow rendered themselves obnoxious to the urchins, or fell within the sphere of their caprice, were done to death by it. As to the taste for cruelty, it is obvious to every eye. Domitian, according to the story of Suetonius, was delighted at the cruel pastimes in which his infant daughter best loved to be engaged, and considered it as a proof of her being indeed his child: alas! the emperor might have fathered all the little girls and boys in Rome upon the test of such authority. As we grow up, [illegible] effect of [illegible]generous discipline is to [illegible]se vices as nearly as may be, [illegible]men, the first completely, for it invariably brings such heavy retribution with it in boyhood, and is held up in so odious a light at all times, and is so thoroughly despised, and consequently so fearfully avenged on him who even tampers with it in manhood, that we shrink from it with superstitious abhorrence. But I doubt much whether, in spite of precept, study, and philosophy, the other — I mean cruelty — does not to the last linger round our heart's core, waiting to burst forth in overwhelming might at a befitting provocation, and occasionally obtruding, or rather insinuating itself, into sports and pursuits in which we fancy and flatter ourselves it can have no concern.

So firmly convinced am I of the truth of all I have been urging, that I do not hesitate to say, that if in religious, moral, humane England, where so much sympathy is displayed towards dumb animals and chattering niggers, the old sports of the arena were by any chance revived — the struggles of men with savage beasts for life, and the combats of gladiators one with another — of real men spilling real blood, and holding their lives upon the tenure of their own skill and fortune, or the caprice of the spectators — these would be the only popular entertainments. Beside them all others would appear insipid — mawkish in the last degree; our gentlest dames would flock in bevies of beauty to the amphitheatre, as they did to the tournament of old; ay, and, by the majesty of the double-faced Janus! we should have our humanity-men rushing there in droves, and jostling the hangmen and nackers in the extremity of their haste. There, in sooth, should we find our Humes and Buxtons trying a new form of the old game, and using their influence amongst the rabble with pretty much the same object to which they now apply it "in another place:"

> "Et verso pollice vulgi
> Quemlibet occidunt populariter."

Then, also, should we have our Clevelands and Clanricardes, our Gullys and our Gronows, with their betting-books in hand, giving and taking odds, backing, as the tide of fortune might turn, now the net and again the fish — now the sword and now the cimetar — the *retiarius* or the *myrmillo* — the *secutor* or the *Thracian*.

"Something too much of this," how-

ever, seems to be whispered in my ear. I break it off, it may be, abruptly; but yet I do think that it is evident, from what has been said, that there is that within us which would afford a cordial reception to such ballets as I have spoken of, and that, in fact, if produced, they must be entirely successful. The lord chamberlain might perhaps not altogether approve of them; and yet that should not be, for he is a great dancer himself, and has several of the usual qualities of a dancer (amongst the rest, he is certainly *bête comme un danseur*,) and should, therefore, encourage the saltatory art in all its branches. Neither might a man, in the peculiar situation of a manager, care to sport with such awful subjects. The gallows, after all, is a serious matter.

I do not, accordingly, advise Mr. Bunn to give entertainments of this description at one of the patent theatres; but I will only say, that if he did so give these ballets, he might, after a short time, take his after-part out of mourning, and wear white breeches all the rest of his life. People might, perhaps, be annoying him by stating that, haply, these exhibitions would not much conduce to the popular morality! Very likely, Bunn; but tell them that your idea respecting the effect of dramatic exhibitions generally upon the morality of the people, entirely coincides with that of the Bishop of London; and if they pronounce a blessing on the bishop, as they probably will—"and what for no?" as Meg Dodds observes—tell them, my sable-sterned youth, that dramatic exhibitions, to be worth any thing, must, like Shakespeare's plays, be representations of passages in real life, from which it would be difficult indeed to extract a moral code.

The old Greeks knew and felt this; and we accordingly find, that in all the ancient dramas the fine sentiments about right and wrong, the piety of men, the justice of the gods,—the morality, in short, is left to the chorus. Horace, observing this, and perhaps contenting himself with the fact, without inquiring into the reason, has founded a rule upon it in his treatise *Of the Art Poetical.* But if we examine the march of the drama itself, we shall there find, as in the material world, that most frequently the innocent are miserable, the guilty prosperous, the traitor and the mean man triumphant, the true man and the hero prostrate in the dust. A gloomy and inexorable Fate presides over all things: against this it is vain for humanity to contend. Piety and virtue are of no avail—all men must fulfil their destiny.

Tell them this, Bunn; and if you do not convince them all, you will puzzle some of them. Should, however, the tyranny of the chamberlain, your own vulgar prejudices, or the prejudices of the vulgar, induce you to abandon as subjects for your ballets, not only the passages of domestic tragedy to which I have alluded, but the mighty events which are now of daily occurrence, our history, our literature, and, above all, our ballads (the most appropriate, perhaps, because universally known), do yet remain to you for this purpose. Observe the unprecedented success of the piece entitled *Black-eyed Susan;* embrace the omen, and act in the spirit of the advice I have given you. I address you seriously. Surely you must perceive this piece has nothing to recommend it to public favour that might not be embodied in a ballet: the plot is pitifully ridiculous; there is no delineation of character throughout the whole drama entitled to the smallest praise. In the dialogue there is neither wit, humour, sense, grammar, nor English! The attraction lies in the name of the old ballad, the *acting* of T. P. Cooke (and, undoubtedly, both he himself and the audience would be delighted at a change of the representation, which would relieve him from the trouble of speaking), and that strong sympathy with the blue-jackets which we are in the habit of entertaining from our childhood.

Enough has been said of what ought to be done next season. I now, at length, approach the line of policy which the directors did actually pursue in the season which has just concluded. Both, after the utter failure of their hopes from the English companies, betook themselves to opera, as a last resort. The enthusiasm with which the works of the German masters were received last year, and the praise that was so deservedly heaped upon Tamburini, Rubini, Schrœder Devrient, and other singers, also introduced to this country during Mr. Mason's management of the King's Theatre, encouraged them to embark in the speculation. I propose to offer some remarks upon what was done; and in-

asmuch as Drury Lane was the scene of the only passages of high success which attended the lyric muse, I shall commence by calling attention to what there took place. The best music that was ever yet composed, and the talents of two of the most excellent lyric singers and performers that have ever yet been heard, were here held forth as attractions to the people — the music of Mozart and Beethoven, the talents of Madame Malibran and Madame Schrœder Devrient. These women are, at this present time, the first public singers in the world; they are not merely unrivalled,— they are unapproached. Lately there was one who had a voice of higher quality, and, in itself, a far better voice than that possessed by either of the ladies, and one who, merely as a singer — say in a concert-room—was, I believe in my soul, never equalled. The fantastic panegyric of the French critic, if applied to her, could scarcely be considered an exaggeration:—"*Sa voix est une magic continuelle; c'est tour-à-tour un rossignol qui chante, un ruisseau qui murmure, un zephyre qui folâtre.*" But Mademoiselle Sontag has, like Miss O'Neil, exchanged the admiration of thousands for the love of one; she has retired from the stage to adorn a happy hearth, and the voice of the charmer will be heard by us no more. Since her departure, there is no singer who can be properly mentioned as approaching Malibran, and only one actress — the admirable Mademoiselle Mars. We have in this rank no actress — the Italians no great actress—the French have not a second. I have not named Devrient here, because Madame Pasta may be classed with her as an actress, though very far inferior to her as a singer; but, whether regarded as actress or singer, Madame Pasta is infinitely beneath our Malibran. Pasta can only play one character, *Medea;* all her performances (*Anna Bolena, Norna, Didone,* &c. &c. &c.) are but variated personations of "the haggard queen." It is always a fierce, passionate, wayward woman, whose heart is for a moment, and by wild starts, suffused wit[illegible]nderness at some gentle recol[illegible] some touching association of [illegible]. Malibran, on the contrary, can [illegible]tify herself with all the great crea[illegible]of the lyric repertory, whether tragical or comic; and this is genius. But why dwell upon the excellencies of THE *Desdemona,* THE *Zerlina?* Are they not already written on the Fraserian page?* But next, as to Pasta's singing; really I must say, that nothing can be more preposterous than the praises which have been lavished on it. She has tremendous physical defects to labour with: she has a bad ear; she sings continually out of tune (and this our learned newspaper critics reluctantly state upon occasions, as though it were a rare occurrence, whereas, if they actually detected her singing [illegible]n tune, that would be the thing worth noting); and as to the voice, to borrow the expressive though curious phrase of a friend of mine, "There is a regular *hair-stroke* through it." It is scarcely possible to avoid observing that every now and then she is hoarse in her low notes, flat in her high; and that when she is singing good music, such as that of *Semiramide,* even though mauled, and mangled, and transposed, to suit her voice, yet does that voice frequently give way in her attempts at utterance. Here is the secret of her love for such operas as *Norna,* in which there is neither melody, nor harmony, nor any thing, in short, but noise.

Devrient, it appears to me, is restricted in like manner to a class of characters; but they are of a more genial description than Pasta's. As a singer she is far superior; she has a fine voice, great taste, excellent enunciation, impassioned feeling — all the qualities and characteristics of a great lyric artist. She lacks, however, the versatile genius of Malibran. She could not act all manner of parts, and sing all manner of music, making even that which is positively bad pleasing to the auditor by her fanciful improvisations and embellishments, as doth the fair Andalusian. No; Schrœder sings only the compositions of the mighty lords of harmony — the inspired Dreamers of Melody — and these, with that soul-fraught earnestness that would belong to the performance of sacred music.

At Drury Lane, Schrœder sung in her own language, in the operas of her own country; Malibran on the contrary, sang in English, and, for the first time, I believe, the English audience understood the English that was sung.

In a piece called *La Somnambule,*

* See the papers on the Italian Opera.—O. Y.

she had an opportunity of displaying at once her powers in tragedy and comedy; and the people, though at first slow to admire, were at last enraptured with her performance. Oh, it was truly exquisite! Did not Dorat see her play in comedy? and were not these verses written for her?

"Il me semble là voir l'œil brillant de gaieté
Parler, agir, marcher, avec légèreté;
Piquante sans apprêt, et vive sans grimace,
A chaque mouvement acquérir une grâce,
Sourir, s'exprimer, se taire avec esprit;
Joindre le jeu muet, à l'eclair du débit;
Nuancer tous ses tons—varier sa figure—
RENDRE L'ART NATUREL, ET PARER LA NATURE."

Sorry am I to say, however, that Malibran never appeared to so little advantage as a singer. The music was mere vapid trash! She had the bad taste to attempt those horrid English shakes, by way of propitiating the gallery, and she was condemned to sing words that of course did not harmonise with the music. It is extremely difficult to adapt our cartilaginous language to music, not on account of the rhythm, but because of the accent. I know not one who has succeeded, excepting Thomas Moore. In my mind, the difficulty arises not from an inherent want of melody in our tongue—for our poetry is surely as sweet to hear as that of any other nation in the world—but from the peculiar restrictions to which, I know not how, or why, or wherefore, we have thought fit to subject it. Ours is the only language (I do not allude to German, or any of the other barbarous languages) in which words are always pronounced, and I might say written, in the same manner, whether occurring in poetry or prose. In French, Italian, and Spanish, great accommodation is given to the verse. Not to insist upon the latter very facile languages, in French, a less musical tongue than our own, the natural defects are in a great measure supplied by the license granted of at one time making elisions, and at another of sounding and accenting final vowels in poetry that are mute in prose, which, as M. Jourdain at last, learned men generally use in common conversation. I am strongly impressed with the conviction that the same license was formerly allowed in our own language; and I think it likely that any body who takes up a tale of Chaucer's, and reads the verses as he would read French verses—that is to say, pronounces the words generally as though they were French words, and uses the French accentuation, and avails himself of the French privileges—I think it likely that any body who does this will concur with me in opinion. He will find that all those instances of harshness in the verse, and incompleteness in the rhythm—whereof, to my amazement, glorious John complains—disappear, and that the lines are for the most part as smooth as any that have been since written in the same metre.

In these days, however, our words are each as fixed and unaccommodating as Procrustes' bed; and the music it is that must be stretched or compressed, to be adjusted to them. Hence English is a most ungracious and perilous tongue to sing in.

Little wonder is it, therefore, that Malibran the singer should not have been quite herself upon the English stage. I trust, sincerely, that next season she will be restored to the Italian theatre, the proper scene of her triumphs and her glory. To Schrœder and the German opera I propose to devote a whole paper, so refrain from saying aught at present. At the Italian Opera there were a number of excellent male singers—the best in the world; but yet, from the lack of females, it would have been perhaps impossible to get up a good opera. We had, in fact, no *prima donna* (for Pasta, with her bad voice and limited repertory, certainly cannot fill the situation), and positively no *contr'alto*. There were two second women, Cinti Damoreau and De Meric, excellent in their way, but unfit for many characters in which they appeared. Thanks to the presence of Bellini and the easiness of Laporte, there was a succession of the worst operas ever heard in England. For the male singers, we had Zuchelli, Donzelli, exquisite Rubini, and—Tamburini, the first singer in the world, and an admirable actor both in tragedy and comedy. His voice is perhaps the finest that was ever heard, as it is the first in its kind. Never was there voice, male or female, which could compete with it in sweetness and richness of tone, and the impassioned power of expressing every the minutest shade of every feeling.

THE POETS OF THE DAY.

BATCH THE SECOND.

What have we here? Ye stars! which are the poesy of heaven, a sermon in verse!* But the verse is blank; it should have been in rhyme—for, as all the orthodox hold, the stars rhyme, singing as they shine, and shining as they sing—not "like sweet bells jangled out of tune," but with the harmonious unison of like endings. Shakespeare found sermons in stones—they were in blank verse, evidently; the stars are sermons in rhyme—so high, so holy, and with such high and holy intelligence gifted, speaking a universal language,—the poetry of heaven! There be they, bright in the darkness of the night—but neither solitary nor silent, though both by fools misdeemed—moving, though imperceptibly, in their annual revolutions—only not eternal—they were from the founding of the world, and shall smile upon its wreck. They smile now, but not on ruin—in their appointed course they laugh, eloquent to the wise of signs, and of seasons, and of days, and of years—unchangeable in their beauty through all the generations of time—not like the things of earth, transformed from day to day, from year to year—but, like the spiritual heavens, immutable, the same in all ages, to every creature, in all conditions and in all climes. The Past and the Future rhyme together in their beams; and to whoso delights in that form of verse, the Dantesque *terza rima* is made by the addition of the Distant. There be they—the stars! sister worlds, living in harmonious perpetuity—in contemporaneous being—in the infinite space. What a blending! space and infinity—the limited and illimitable in one and the same substance—an identical rhyme. O beautiful expanse! apparent void!—yet none; for therein know we that the material universe in all rhythmical proportions abides—systems of light—symbols how glorious of that surpassing glory, that light of light, uncreated, all-creative!

Thus having proved, past all dispute, that the stars rhyme—that, in fact, they are sermons in rhyme—we call upon the Rev. Richard Brudenell Exton to explain why, since he would write a sermon in verse, he wrote it not in rhyme? That would be the right way of promoting Christian knowledge by means of verse. And is it possible that this discourse was delivered from the pulpit? The blank verse is none of the best—often it halts; but the halting, doubtless, was a merit in the delivery. The congregation of Framlingham must have thought their preacher demented, even into midsummer madness, while listening to such stilted argument.

Another clergyman likewise having wooed the Muses—in vain—would now woo more prosperously the smiles of Regina. The Rev. A. G. H. Hollingsworth commends his *Rebecca, or the Times of Primitive Christianity*, a poem,† to the favour and protection of Oliver Yorke. Un- or too-mindful of Sir Walter Scott's heroine of the same name, the reverend gentleman's Rebecca is a Jewess likewise—nor is she other than a feeble adumbration of her brilliant prototype in the pages of *Ivanhoe*. No spark of poetry animates these heavy cantos. Some skill in construction, however, and some feeling of execution, induce us to believe that, had the author been content to have written in prose, he might have made a pleasing story out of his materials.

A poem in six cantos! upon what? *The Mysteries of Time, or Banwell Cave.*‡ A taking title—but will the book take? We think not. The well-known phenomena of Banwell Cave, in Somersetshire, led the writer to celebrate the deluge—in doing which

* A Discourse delivered at the Sixteenth Anniversary of the Framlingham District Committee of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, in the Parish Church of Framlingham, Sept. 17, 1832. By Richard Brudenell Exton, Rector of Athelington, and Vicar of Cretingham, in the County of Suffolk. Woodbridge, 1832.

† Rebecca; or, the Times of Primitive Christianity. A Poem, in Four Cantos. By the Rev. A. G. H. Hollingsworth, A.M., Member of the Established Church. London, 1832.

‡ The Mysteries of Time; or, Banwell Cave. A Poem, in Six Cantos. London, 1833.

he shews some poetry, and more piety. His versification, however, is excessively faulty, and his matter too theologically technical for the many—or for the few. What particularly offends us in poems of this class, is the constant recurrence of phrases and images with which we are familiar to repletion. When may we hope for something new? When will men determine, once for all, to see, and feel, and think for themselves? It is a poet's business, not to write commentaries on the Bible, but to rhapsodise a Bible for himself. Is he not an inspired man? He ought to be. Away, then, with these secondary inspirations! Time, to a poet should have no mysteries—whatever proceeds from the bard should be a revelation. But Banwell Cave, to our unknown versifier, has been no Isle of Patmos. We look in vain for the Vision of the Apocalypse—or any other.

The next work that turns up under our hand is *Flowers of the East*,* with an introductory Sketch of Oriental Poetry and Music. The volume is the production of Mr. Ebenezer Pocock, of the Company's service, and is decorated with fac-similes of the *sitaruh*, the *duhl*, the *kumanchuh*, and the *kurna*. There are definitions of some etymologies of words in English, French, and Latin, which are traced to an Eastern source; these are contained in an extract from a paper read before the Literary and Philosophical Institution at Bristol. Thus, *meer* and *shcriff* are the words mayor and sheriff in our language, first introduced by Cœur de Lion, who changed the bailiff of London into mayor, after his return from Palestine. The Norman word *essyuer* is from the Persian *shooi*, washing; the French *tasse* is from the Arab *tas*, *louche* from *loch*, *casser* from the Arab *kassera*, *moyen* from the Persian *mecyan*, between. *Algebra*, *alkali*, *altar*, *albus*, *elephas*, *altus*, *alcove*, *alchymy*, are all proved to be derived from Eastern sources.

As favourable specimens of the work, we give the following extract from the Introductory Sketch:

"During the splendid era of the Mohamedan conquests, when the crescent extended its influence nearly over the habitable globe, the appearance of improvisatori was by no means uncommon at the courts of those magnificent patrons of literature, the sooltans of Bagdad; nor, indeed, in the capital of any eastern monarch who made any pretensions to refinement or civilisation. During the califate of Al Motuwakeel, the names of Musdood, Rokek, and Rais, were deservedly celebrated as great professors in this art. Also, during the sooltanate of Carawash, the improvisator, Ibn Alramacran, was justly renowned as a great proficient in this elegant accomplishment. The late Professor Carlysle (with whose version of a song the reader is presented,) thus introduces the cause of its composition; 'Carawash, sooltan of Mousel, being one wintry evening at a party of pleasure along with Barkaoedi, Ebn Fahdi, Aboo Jaber, and the poet Ebn Alramacran, resolved to divert himself at the expense of his companions. He therefore ordered the poet to give a specimen of his talents, which at the same time should convey a satire upon the three courtiers, and a compliment to himself. Abn Alramacran took his subject from the stormy appearance of the night, and immediately produced these verses:'

'Lowring as Barkaoedi's face
  The wintry night came in;
Cold as the music of his bass,
  And lengthened as his chin!

Sleep from my aching eyes had fled,
  And kept as far apart
As sense from Ebn Fahdi's head,
  Or virtue from his heart!

The devious paths my footsteps balk'd,
  I slipp'd along the sod,
As though on Jaber's faith I'd walk'd,
  Or on his truth had trod!

At length the rising king of day
  Burst on the gloomy wood,
Like Carawash's eye, whose ray
  Dispenses every good!'"

The following statements are also curious:

"But whatever merits the highest strains of Persic or Grecian minstrelsy might claim, they are far transcended by the ancient Hindoo melodies, if we can, indeed, give credit to their romantic accounts. 'Their music,' says Sir W. Ouseley, 'is divided into six raugs, or modes; and, whatever magic was in the touch when Orpheus swept the lyre, the effects said to be produced by two of these 'raugs,' are even more extraordinary than any of the miracles ascribed to the Grecian lyrist. Mia Tonsine, a wonderful musician in the time of King Akber, sang one of the *night raugs* at mid-day. The powers of his music were such that

* Flowers of the East, with an Introductory Sketch of Oriental Poetry and Music. By Ebenezer Pocock. London, 1833.

it instantly became *night*, and the darkness extended in a circle round the palace, as far as the sound of his voice could be heard.'

"There is a tradition, that whosoever should attempt to sing the 'raug dhee pook,' will be destroyed by fire. The Emperor Akber ordered Naik Gopal, a celebrated musician, to sing that raug; he endeavoured to excuse himself, but in vain. The emperor insisted on obedience. He therefore requested permission to go home and bid farewell to his family and friends. It was winter when he returned, after an absence of six months. Before he began to sing, he placed himself in the waters of the Jumna, till they reached his neck: as soon as he had performed a strain or two, the river gradually became hot; at length it began to boil, and the agonies of the unhappy musician were nearly insupportable. Suspending for a moment the melody thus cruelly extorted, he sued for mercy from the monarch, but in vain. Akber wished to prove still more strongly the powers of this 'raug.' Naik Gopal renewed the fatal strain; flames burst with violence from his body, which, though immersed in the waters of the Jumna, was consumed to ashes! As a set-off to this, it must be known, that the effect of the 'maig mullar raug,' was immediate rain; and it is said that a singing girl, by exerting the powers of her voice in this 'raug,' drew down from the clouds timely and refreshing showers, on the parched plains of Bengal, and thus averted the horrors of famine from this paradise of regions. An European, however, it must be honestly confessed, in that country, on inquiring after those whose musical talents might produce similar effects, is gravely told that the art is now almost lost; but that there are still musicians possessed of those wonderful powers in the west of India; but should one inquire in the west, they say that, if any performers remain, they are to be found only in Bengal. Yet, romance apart, of the present music, and of the sensations it excites, one can speak with greater accuracy; for many of these melodies possess the plaintive simplicity of the Scotch and Irish, and others a wild originality pleasing beyond description."

Sir William Jones has also given two wonderful instances of the power of music in the East:

"A learned native of this country told me that he had frequently seen the most venomous and malignant snakes leave their holes upon hearing tunes on a flute, which, as he supposed, gave them peculiar delight; and, secondly, an intelligent Persian, who repeated his story again and again, and permitted me to write it down from his lips, declared he had more than once been present, when a celebrated lutanist, Mirza Mohammed, surnamed 'boolbool' (the nightingale), was playing in a large company, in a grove near Shiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument, whence the melody proceeded, and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised, he assured me, by a change of the mode."

Two of the most noted poets of the day are undoubtedly Johann Wolfgang Goethe and Robert Montgomery; and, verily, there is one point of similarity between them*—it is this—their unintelligibility. Mrs. Austin has added another to the long list of distinguished persons who, from time to time, have declared that they cannot clearly see what the author of *Faust* would be at. This the lady attributes to Goethe's *many-sidedness;* but in the case of Robert, we are inclined to account for his mysteriousness by his *one-sidedness, i. e.* his blind-sidedness. Long and anxiously have we sought for something like a meaning in his manifold pages; yet, on our unquestionable honour, we can declare, that, up to the present moment, the divinity of his genius has continued veiled from our inquiring eyes. Glimpses, indeed, we may now and then have caught; but so fleeting were they, that they rather increased than enlightened our perplexity. Undismayed, however, we still hold right onward; and with a cheerful industry resume our meaning-chase through the mazy and amazing course of one hundred and eighty-three pages of Montgomerian verse.

Following the bent of our natural benevolence, we begin by eulogy. Many months ago, we advised Robert to write less, and read more; and we must do him the justice to say that he has not neglected our exhortation. Very numerous are the traces of his reading in

* Woman, the Angel of Life. A Poem, by Robert Montgomery, Author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," the "Messiah," &c. London, 1833. John Turrill.

the work under consideration—some, indeed, of so marked a character as to approach, in a slight degree, to plagiarism: but these we shall notice as we go on. All that we wish here to observe is, that Robert has *redde*, as Byron spells it. His quotations, exclamations, and annotations, all display great reading. He has *redde* Burns, Rousseau, Miss Edgeworth, Klopstock, Randolph, Mr. Boeson, Eusebius, Sir Kenelm Digby, Akenside, and that facetious writer, Shakenside; with a long list of the too-numerous-for-us-to-mention. Yet we grieve to say, that for the particular object proposed to himself, all this reading seems to have rendered Robert but very little service. For our own parts—in no degree presuming to a thorough knowledge of that moving mystery called Woman—we might hesitate in denying to the author of this poem any acquaintance, however slight, with his subject, were it not that we have on the very highest authority, namely, that of some of

"The fairest of creation, last and best,"

wisest and wittiest, come to the conclusion, that Robert understands the sex not one jot better than the sex understands his poetry. Here are one hundred and eighty-three pages of compliments, sweet enough to put Mrs. Honey out of countenance; yet, will it be believed, that of all the fair ones thus extolled, you shall not find one but votes the bard an unendurable bore? Such, however, is the case; and we cannot but see in this lame and impotent conclusion, this sad consummation of so much labour, an additional proof of the weakening influence of tea, lemonade, and water-ices: to all which "refreshing" affairs Robert is addicted, to the exclusion of more masculine potations. Now for the poem.

The opening is, to use the author's favourite phrase, "grand:"

"Earth, air, and ocean! glorious three,
Whose power is living poesy."

We are then favoured with a description of the scenery about "Grey Cronburgh." There are "bowery hamlets" and "vaulty depths," and a lady in distress, until

"Hark! the wind hath changed his tone;
The sun hath veil'd his burning throne;
And o'er the dazzling blue of heaven
Prophetic shades of storm are driven;
And fiercely shoots the slanting rain
On garden, bower, and window-pane,
While leaflets fall from branch and tree,
Like hopes from human vanity;
And, like the moan of billows, heard
From yon dim ocean, tempest-stirr'd,
With sounds that tell a dreary track,
The waves of life come rolling back—
That awful life! whose endless roar
Breaks loud upon th' eternal shore!"

Here is a very satisfactory proof of Robert's reading. The passage in Wordsworth, to which we allude, will immediately suggest itself to the reader; and, without pretending to decide between the respective merits of the two passages, we may say that William the Second of poetry enjoys, in this instance, the advantage conceded to William the First in the *Critic*, namely, a priority of claim to the idea: and thus, we fear, Robert must relinquish his pretensions. But observe how the poet rises with his subject—

"A moment is a mighty thing,
Beyond the soul's imagining!"

And following this sublime impulse, he thus proceeds:

"Could Fancy reach some throne of air,
What vision would await her there!
In tumult, agony, and strife,
Rolls the loud sea of human life!
Before a despot's gilded throne
Hear Kingdoms weep, and Nations groan;
Yet tyrants in their slumber start
To feel the dagger at their heart;
And they can hear the murdered call,
Can trace the hand upon the wall;
And not a slave who lays him down
Would change a dungeon for their crown!"

We need scarcely point attention to the delicate distinction drawn between the kingdoms and the nations: we are required to "*hear* kingdoms *weep*," but nations groan; and a line or two onward we have a fine bold image—

"As dying valour swooned away,
And blood congealed to breathless clay."

After an industrious but somewhat ineffective description of a battle-field, a haughty city, with its vice, misery, &c.—not omitting the death of the Right Hon. George Canning—as a relief to all this gloomy introduction—the poet brings before our eyes,

"A glory, with whose beam is blent
A ray that crowns the heart's content;
A spell beyond the world to break,
Which, when our eyes this orb forsake,
Will cling around the parting soul,
And gird it with divine control,

For man design'd by Heaven above,
And wafted down in woman's love!"

Here, again, is more reading, not the less laudable from its having been sought and found in *Fraser's Magazine*. In our number for May 1831—which, like *all* our numbers, must be fresh in the recollection of our readers—will be found a review of the poems of one Dominie Shain. One among them is called "Woman's Smile," which Robert must have had in the eye of his memory when penning the above passage. However, the tribute, though not original, is at all events sincere; indeed the author tells us, that, without woman's love,

"The lustre of our spirit wanes,
And *pleasures* are but *smiling pains*."

In consequence of which fact, Robert thinks that he has "a claim to be heard." With a generous ardour he exclaims,

"And will the Stoic deem me wrong,
A martyr of mistaken song?"

We, who are no Stoics, are not obliged to answer this question; but if Robert should "pause for a reply," we must give it in the affirmative.

After much more of impassioned eulogy, the following strange announcement occurs:

"The mind of woman proves a spell
To make a truth shine visible,
That Genius of no sex can be,
When radiant with divinity!"

Some future commentator must explain this. We will only observe, that we long ago thought Montgomery less calculated for the pulpit than the choir.

Another instance of reading now claims our notice; it occurs in the line—

"The *tones* in *dewy cadence* heard."

Who that peruses this line but must recall the beautiful description contained in the following, from a modern poet:

"All silent, save the *toning of a tear*,*
The *silver cadence* of a *veiled sigh!*"

And again, when we read—

"For beauty born within the mind
Admits no mean decay,
The earth may shrink, the sun grow blind,
Ere that dissolve away!"

When we read this, are we not painfully reminded of that most poetic lay,

"The rose shall cease to blow?"

in which the very thought about the possible blindness of the sun occurs; as thus:

"*The sun shall cease to shine,*
The eagle turn a dove,
The stars their light resign,
Ere I will cease to love."

After a long lamentation over the social position of Woman, and a solemn averment—very consolatory in the present time—that though all possible political calamities should overtake our "native isle," we should still have a hope of regeneration in the fair, the poet proceeds to attack Mr. Thomas Moore in the following furious strain:

"But what is written—that is writ!
No soul-wrung tear may cancel it;
Like demons on dark errand sent
From out their fiendish element,
Polluting thoughts, by passion fired,
Career the world, untamed, untired;
From heart to heart their plague is spread,
From soul to soul corruption bred,
Till myriads, by their baneful spell,
Are tempted to the brink of hell!"

The canto then concludes (after an intimation of the "fit audience" for whom the modern Milton is anxious) by a statement, that

"Feelings, oft the most sublime,
Refuse to be portray'd in rhyme;"

from which we are to infer, that Robert does not wish his feelings to be estimated by his rhymes. We are glad of this.

In the very opening of the second canto we have an instance of reading, which is, we fear, little better than plagiarism; and that, too, of a most grave character. The modern Milton is chargeable with pilfering from the modern De Staël. The reader may reasonably doubt this: let him judge for himself. Speaking of the first sensations of the first man, when he first uttered his first feelings, Robert exclaims:

"Oh! to have heard his lips reveal
The first *delight that dust could feel!*"

Now all who remember—and who can ever forget?—the work of Miss Letitia E. Landon, called *Romance*

* By the by, this phrase "toning of a tear" is to be found in Herrick. The next line is as original as it is exquisite.

and Reality, must know that that remarkable gentlewoman designates the *dust, mud in high spirits*. Is not this a case unparalleled in the annals of plagiarism? It is. We are angry. We shall proceed.

Man, though very pleasantly placed with

"A *blooming light* on all things thrown,
Found out at last he was alone;

And

A soft disease of soul began
To prey upon the bliss of man."

And at his urgent request, Woman was created. Those who wish to compare the Eve of the modern Milton with the Creation of the bard of yore, must consult the book. We will just give a couplet from Robert:

"Around her breast, in *wreathy* play,
Her locks like braided sunbeams lay."

Further on he pays REGINA a compliment, which we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of copying:

"The sun grew brighter as he shed
His glory round her living head,—
As if no orb of space were free
From one fine spell of sympathy,
When woman rose upon the scene,
Creation's fair and faultless queen,
The type of Fraser's Magazine!"

But we must moderate our extracts; yet not till we shew Robert's readiness to do justice to his brother-poets. Hear him address them:

"Ye *Alexanders of the mind*,
Who conquer but to charm mankind!"

The first of these Alexanders is Dante: of him we are told much; which, to say the truth, we knew before. Of Beatrice, Robert the Rhymer rhymes as follows:

"Ne'er *was* Beauty so divine
Embodied in a breathing shrine,
As throned Beatrice on high,
In *the dark blaze of deity*.
Her forehead wreathed with starry light,
And she herself—*oh, what a sight!*"

How beautifully simple this exclamation, "Oh, what a sight!" It quite brings back one's kite-flying, cricketting, foot-balling days. But we won't weep.

The next Alexander is Petrarch:

"Dreams of beauty dawn and glow
Along the page of Petrarch's woe.
How touching are those mental tears,
Delighted throbs and dazzled fears!" &c.

Laura is called

"A miracle of life and love,
A dream embodied from above."

But believing all this, we cannot help asking, with that sad dog Byron,

"Think ye, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
Would he have written sonnets to her all his life?"

Shakespeare is Alexander the Third, and of him we are bound to declare that Robert talks woful twaddle. We then come to Tasso — twaddle again. Then of Milton — but this is too bad. So let us pass to Klopstock and Meta, who, by the way, need not detain us. But Burns — we must say in justice to him, that, were he now living, his untameable impetuosity of temper would be the death of Robert the Rhymer, for daring to drivel on the subject of a poet's woes. The last of the Alexanders is Byron; about whom, as nothing new remains to be said, we are favoured with much that is very old. The canto then concludes with these lines, among others:

"And such hath been fond woman's sway
Since angels hymn'd her natal day,—
The passion of profoundest love
Whose archetype is God above!—
And while yon heaven is o'er us hung,
For ever shall the brave and young,
The free—the fervid—fond and true,
Declare what female hearts can do!
Cock-a-doodle doodle do!"

The third canto describes the village-house of a Mrs. Brown and her only daughter, who live in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells. The style of the description is rather ambitious than successful, and the similes more singular than appropriate. For instance:

"Many a lark from out the ground
Is startled, *like a magic sound*,
That, ere the sense is half aware,
Is *kindled* by the harp of air."

And again, of Mrs. Brown's house Robert says:

"Embowered in laurels green and calm,
To view it yields *the eye a balm*."

And again:

"Shall *kindle* for paternal ears
The *faded tones* of former years."

The idea of

"Rather than the air might press
Too bleakly on her loveliness,"

Robert owes to his reading. What he means by

> " Beside her like a *felt unseen*
> The shadow of his shape hath been,"

we beg some Oxonian to inform us.

Miss Brown is very warmly eulogised — her charities are numerous. We are informed, that

> " Many a *tattered widow* glows
> To bless the hand that healed her woes."

And the young lady herself is thus addressed:

> " Emotions of themselves afraid
> A temple in thy heart have made,
> *Wherein they flutter, like a bird*
> *That trembles when a voice is heard!*"

The *Rejected Addresses*, or our review of them, have not been neglected in Robert's reading:

> " Till Sadness, linked with cold Despair,
> Unites to fix a dwelling there,"

reminds one rather forcibly of the dance of

> " Billowy Smoke and frank Suspicion,"

or some such thing.

Miss Brown has a lover, and so great is the bliss of the parties, that

> " All unstain'd by earth's alloy,
> Their very blood grows *liquid joy;*
> So full their hearts, they fain would reel,
> And make delight too deep to feel!"

We ourselves have experienced some sensations like this, but from a different cause.

Miss Brown is at length married; and no small difference this makes to the universal frame of things.

> " Bells on the wind!—hark! peal on peal
> Comes wafted with melodious zeal,
> Making the morn, so bright and clear,
> To thrill like joy's own atmosphere!—
> A bird-song from each holly flows,
> The bee hums loudly in the rose,
> And like a soaring dew-drop seems
> The butterfly to shed its gleams
> Of hue and lustre, in wild play
> Of rapture round its winged way—
> Creation, like a human soul,
> Feels gladness through each fibre roll!"

But, like a skilful artist, Robert has reserved the really miraculous part of his poem till the last. Declaring that none but a mother can describe maternal feelings, he — some few months having passed since the marriage of Miss Brown—gives a long description of

> " What mysteries in her being dwell;"

and having achieved this noble exploit, he concludes with the following lines, which, as an ingenious writer in the *National Standard* has pointed out, have, by some freak or neglect of the printer's devil, been printed upside down, but without any injury to the sound or sense. We shall adhere to the printed copy:

> " The grace, the lustre, and the glow,
> Of what our softer moods bestow;
> The hopes that keep the heart awake,
> And self from out the selfish take;
> The glory and the might of all
> Domestic hours elysium call,—
> Born of her magic, blend their sway
> To charm the clouds of time away!
> And if there be a home on earth,
> Where nature most reveals its worth,
> And Love his godhead can disclose
> To feelings in their fond repose,
> Till human hearts become divine,
> Angel of Life!—that home is thine!"

We have been charged with severity towards this unfortunate young man. If to have cautioned him against mistaking puffery for criticism, and nonsense for poetry, justify this charge, we must submit. But we are strongly of opinion that any one, whose patience may be proof against the thorough perusal of the lamentable volume just reviewed, will say, that those who warned this omni-versifier to be silent while yet there was any hope of him, were his best friends. Now, nothing short of a miracle can save him. He must be gratefully content with the title we have accorded him of " Robert the Rhymer."

Maria del Occidente has dedicated her poem to Mr. Southey, under whose kind auspices, and in whose immediate neighbourhood, some of the notes were written, though the poem was itself composed in the island of Cuba. The dedication is below mediocrity; nevertheless, the sentiments have our cordial approbation. The authoress, in writing *Zophiël*,* has entirely adhered to that belief, once prevalent among the fathers of the Greek and Roman churches, which supposed that the oracles of antiquity were delivered by demons or fallen angels, who wandered about the earth, formed attachments to such mortals as pleased them best, and caused themselves, in many places, to be adored as divinities. To this belief

* Zophiël; or, the Bride of Seven. By Maria del Occidente. London, 1833.

Milton also has shaped his description of the fallen angels, in the first and second books of his *Paradise Lost*.

Most of the systems of ancient philosophy, whether western or oriental, contain descriptions of beings similar to the angels of the fathers, and the Mosaic history is adumbrated in all of them. Justin Martyr and many others, and, among the rest, Bryant, supposed that the Grecian cosmogony was borrowed from Hebraic records, and that the occurrences set forth in ethnic traditions are faint transcripts or distorted versions of the accounts delivered by Moses.

The story of the poem runs thus:—Zóphiël, a fallen angel (intended for Apollo), sees a Hebrew maid, and falls passionately in love with her, at the time that her parents wish her to marry a powerful and handsome Mede, by name Meles, who had won the old people's admiration by his skill in archery, exerted on the occasion of a victim-dove escaping from the altar as the Hebrew couple were about to perform a sacrifice. Meles just then happening to pass, let fly an arrow, and nailed the fugitive to a tree. He is accepted as the daughter's lover, in spite of her aversion. He enters the chamber where she is awaiting him:

> "But ere he yet, with haste, could draw aside
> His broidered belt and sandals,—dread to tell,
> Eager he sprang—he sought to clasp his bride:
> He stopt—a groan was heard—he gasp'd and fell
>
> Low by the couch of her who widowed lay,
> Her ivory hands convulsive clasped in prayer,
> But lacking power to move. And when 'twas day,
> A cold black corse was all of Meles there."

Sardius, the king of Media, sends for Meles, who had been his ambassador, to Babylon: search is made after him, and his corpse is found. The old Hebrew couple, and their daughter Egla, are brought prisoners to Sardius, and the latter describes the manner of Meles' death, and the circumstance of her being haunted by a spirit. This is taken for the raving of her unsettled brain, although she is detained in the palace, as the king has become enamoured of her. Idaspes, one of the nobles, fearful that Egla was in possession of some deadly art by which Meles fell, and which she might try upon Sardius, dissuades the king from approaching her; and Alcestes is destined to visit her during the night. He is killed by the same unseen hand. Sardius now offers a high reward to him who will unravel the mystery. Then steps forward another noble: he was bold, and descended from some god.

> "He came, and first explored with trusty blade;
> [illegible] soon as he approached the fatal bride,
> [illegible]d the terrace-door, and half in shade
> [illegible] form, as of a mortal, seem'd to glide;
>
> He flew to strike; but baffling still the blow,
> And still receding from the chamber far,
> It lured him on; and in the morning, low
> And bloody lay the form."

All is dismay at the court. Rough old Philomars next claims permission to expose the trick. He enters the chamber, while his armed companions surround every avenue without, to prevent the escape of any fugitive. The precaution was vain, as Egla lay awaiting in bed the rough soldier. She heard Philomars' last struggle, and the suffocating noise of the lengthened death-pang. The next adventurer was Rosanes, who shared the same fate. Altheëtor, the favourite of Sardius, and his youthful musician, now falls ill with excessive love for Egla; his passion is discovered, and the king allows him to make the attempt which had proved fatal to so many.

> "Touching his golden harp to prelude sweet,
> Entered the youth, so pensive, pale, and fair;
> Advanced respectful to the virgin's feet,
> And, lowly bending down, made tuneful parlance there.
>
> Like perfume soft his gentle accents rose,
> And sweetly thrill'd the gilded roof along;
> His warm devoted soul no terror knows,
> And truth and love lend fervour to his song.

She hides her face upon her couch, that there
She may not see him die. No groan, she springs
Frantic between a hope-beam and despair,
And twines her long hair round him as he sings.

Then thus:—' Oh! Being who unseen but near
Art hovering now, behold and pity me!
For love, hope, beauty, music,— all that's dear,
Look,—look on me,—and spare my agony!

' Spirit! in mercy, make me not the cause,
The hateful cause, of this kind being's death!
In pity kill me first!—He lives—he draws—
Thou wilt not blast?—he draws his harmless breath.'

Still lives Altheëtor;—still unguarded strays
One hand o'er his fall'n lyre; but all his soul
Is lost—given up;—he fain would turn to gaze,
But cannot turn, so twined. Now, all that stole

Through every vein, and thrilled each separate nerve,
Himself could not have told,—all wound and clasped
In her white arms and hair. Ah! can they serve
To save him?—' What a sea of sweets!'—he gasped,

But 'twas delight:—sound, fragrance, all were breathing.
Still swell'd the transport, ' Let me look and thank:'
He sighed (celestial smiles his lip enwreathing),
' I die—but ask no more,' he said and sank.

Still by her arms supported—lower—lower—
As by soft sleep oppress'd; so calm, so fair—
He rested on the purple tap'stried floor,
It seemed an angel lay reposing there."

Zóphiël, in despair at not having obtained Egla's love, flies to the palace of Gnomes, under the sea, following the guidance of Phraërion (Zephyrus), to obtain a draught which shall perpetuate life and youth in Egla. With difficulty they obtain it, but only on condition of taking back to the Gnome king in return a mortal bride. But as they are returning from their strange expedition, a tremendous storm occurs, in which Zóphiël lets fall the spar containing the drops of life. He and his companion reach the Libyan land, and the former is met by Satan himself, who demands of him the relinquishment of the hand of Egla, as he is enamoured of her; but Zóphiël refuses, and defies his power, when the superior fiend makes him feel it, and denounces destruction to his hopes.

The morning sun discovers Helon and Hariph, a young man and his aged guide, on the banks of the Tigris. The former is sorrowful, in consequence of a dream of the preceding evening, when Hariph gives him a box of *carneol*, as a preservative from evil; for in the hour of imminent danger he was to burn the contents. On proceeding, they come upon Zameïa and her guide, an aged man, overspent with fatigue, and in utter destitution. Zameïa had been married to one of the magnates of Babylon; but during the performance of the rites of Mylitta (the Assyrian Venus) she meets Meles, on an embassy at Babylon from Media, and falls desperately in love. During her husband's absence on another embassy she frequently sees Meles, and indulges her guilty passion; but the Mede, however, leaves her, and returns to his own country. The impassioned woman resolves to seek him through the world. Helon and Hariph relieve her. She finds her way to the bower of Egla, and is on the point of stabbing her to the heart, as the murderess of Meles, when Helon and his companion arrive to rescue her. This they effect. Zameïa dies from excess of passion; Helon is wedded to Egla, being the husband predestined for her; Hariph turns out to be the archangel Raphaël, who blesses the pair, and bids the lost spirit Zóphiël to indulge in hope.

The whole poem is a clever, masterly performance; the versification is smooth, and often melodious; the notes evince consummate judgment and vast reading. The best portion, which we would extract had we space, is the story of Neantes, in Canto V., relative to the love of Meles and Zameïa.

The poets, with the exception of Maria del Occidente, from whom we hope shortly to be indulged with some-

thing more, please us not;—we have better news to give of the poets' bookseller. Edward Moxon's *Sonnets** are delightful. They are in fine taste—modern antiques of the Elizabethan age—such as might flow freely from the pen of Elia Lamb. Witness Sonnet VII.:

> " Sidney! thou star of beaming chivalry,
> That rose and set 'mid valour's peerless day;
> Rich ornament of knighthood's milky-way;
> How much our youth of England owe to thee,
> Thou model of high learning and meek grace,
> That realised an image which did find
> No place before, save in th' inventive mind
> Of hoping man. In thee we proudly trace
> All that revered Antiquity can shew
> Of acts heroic that adorn her page,
> Blending with virtues of a purer age.
> Upon thy tomb engrafted spirits grew,
> Where sit the warbling Sisters who attend
> The shade made sacred to the Muses' friend."

Witness Sonnet IX.—" Solace derived from Books:"

> " Hence Care, and let me steep my drooping spirit
> In streams of poesy, or let me steer
> Imagination's bark 'mong bright scenes, where
> Mortals immortal fairy-land inherit.
> Ah me! that there should be so few to merit
> The realised hope of him, who deems
> In his youth's spring that life is what it seems,
> Till sorrows pierce his soul, and storms deter it
> From resting there as erst! Ye visions fair
> Of genius born, to you I turn, and flee
> Far from this world's impervious apathy;
> Too blest, if but awhile I captive share
> The presence of such beings as engage
> The heart, and burn through Shakespeare's matchless page."

Take another specimen:

> " Walton! when, weary of the world, I turn
> My pensive soul to thee, I soothing find
> The meekness of thy plain contented mind
> Act like some healing charm. From thee I learn
> To sympathise with nature, nor repine
> At Fortune, who, though lavish of her store,
> Too often leaves her favourites richly poor,
> Wanting both health and energy divine
> Life's blessings to enjoy. Methinks e'en now
> I hear thee 'neath the milk-white scented thorn
> Communing with thy pupil, as the Morn
> Her rosy cheek displays; while streams that flow,
> And all that gambol near their rippling source,
> Enchanted listen to thy sweet discourse."

There is a certain Alfred Domitt,* whose little volume has not been spoken of as it ought to have been by periodical scribblers. The rogues will sometimes be severe, wishing to shew a little of that wholesome impartiality uniformly and at large displayed by OLIVER YORKE; but the knaves never hit the right nail on the head. Only the defenceless do they strike. We aim at the helmeted brow and the mailed hide. Poor Domitt's modest preface quite disarms us. He lays it down that his poems are good for nothing, and will find no readers. They deserve a better character. They shew poetical feeling, at any rate; the rhymes, beside, are good—and the blank verse, where used, tolerable. This is the author's first book, containing efforts from the age of fourteen and upwards. The following is a specimen of the stuff they are composed of:

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* Sonnets, by Edward Moxon. London, 1833.
* Poems, by Alfred Domitt. London, 1833.

> "What are ye, lovely flowers?
> Sense and Reason say
> Your nature is like ours —
> Ye are formed of clay:
> They, methinks, cannot be right,
> Ye are so delicate and bright."

And so with pretty inanities he fills page after page, very much in the style of Byron's *Hours of Idleness*. We see no reason why Alfred Domitt should not write a *Childe Harold* by and by. But enough of this; or we shall make a fool of said Alfred Domitt—which would be a pity, for really his ass's ears have not grown yet—but they may.

We have just spoken of *Childe Harold*, and, lo! here have we—a new one—brand new. *The Heliotrope, or Pilgrim in Pursuit of Health.** The very title suggests the grand defect of this otherwise excellent, and certainly elegant, poem. Not in pursuit of physical health, but of a sane mind, went the renowned Childe upon his world-famous pilgrimage. His spirit, and the nature which it informed, were thus brought into manifest contrast; but the Heliotrope has nothing to oppose to the material world from the mental—it is all a gross corporeal matter—not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, but with the infirmity of the nerves. This capital error, like a canker-worm, will eat the life out of the Heliotrope's poetry, and render it impossible for him to continue the present book, which he is desirous of doing.

What strikes us in this poem is, for these days, the extreme care with which it is written; it would be difficult to point out a fault either in line, or rhyme, or style. The writer is evidently afraid of offending: he is incapable of rising to a fault—an original simile startles him. There is but one such in the book, and he thinks it necessary to write a note in justification of the stranger's intrusive presence. Here it is—he is speaking of Naples:

> "There masked processions bear the unmasked dead,
> Here pious sisters chant lugubrious olio;
> Scribes write, knaves plead, and lazzaroni spread
> Nets for the novice; near the shrined *rosoglio*
> The thirsty take their stand; the bay's calm bed
> Gleams like a rich illuminated folio!
> While over all Vesuvius spouts his ire,
> And fitful thunders thrill the electric fire."

"Gleams like a rich illuminated folio,"—such is the terrifying image. Listen, reader, to the poet's alarm. "As objection," he writes, "may be taken to this homely simile, I must state—if in apology—that I yet know of nothing that to my own mind conveys so correct an idea of the brilliancy of colouring, and the rich variety which emblazon and *peculiarise* the evening picture here attempted. It was the *first* idea that struck the writer as a *spectator*."

Having got over our fright, we may now state, once for all, that poems wholly descriptive like this are not of the right sort. Descriptive poetry is good only when it reflects the emotions of the mind awakened by the objects portrayed. It is not sufficient to fill in a few graphic touches, making up an outline of hill and vale, and sea and shore, and tree and tower, and sky and cloud; but we must express the joy and sorrow, the associations of ideas, which possess the spectator, and thus give a meaning—nay, a spirituality, to the visible scene. A human soul must be given to Nature ere she can please in descriptive poetry: she must utter oracles of the heart—she must present visions of heaven—symbols of eternity. Only as the image of the great and ever-beating heart of man, can we recognise her in the garniture of words. She must be made to speak of his interests, his hopes, his fears—she must be a living parable of what troubles and soothes him—and set forth in meet figures and harmonious music the recognitions of that eternity whence he came, the precognitions of that immortality whereto he is destined. All this was done, in his own way, and according to his mood, by Childe Harold: the Heliotrope precludes himself from so doing by his very plan. But why should we complain?—we were not at the expense of printing the poem. Neither need the author com-

* The Heliotrope; or, Pilgrim in Pursuit of Health. Cantos First and Second. Liguria, Hetruria, Campania, Calabria. London, 1833.

plain of his unavoidable loss in this respect, having effected a greater gain in the recovery of his health. "Here," said the physician, "art can do little—climate may do much. Let him pass the seas, loiter awhile on the Mediterranean, and after some months' cautious experience, fix on some retreat—Tuscan or Sicilian. In a word, let him imitate the Heliotrope,—*keep his face constantly towards the sun*; and the sun, always a warm friend, may prove the best physician!" He has proved such; and of course the Heliotrope must pay the fees to Apollo, by inditing and publishing an unpurchasable poem.

Barbadoes,* by Mr. Chapman, is a poem of considerable merit. He was not aware of any similar production expressly on the West Indies, except Mr. Grainger's on the Sugar-Cane (Montgomery's is only one upon the slave-trade), and so he determined to sing the praises of his native island. In whatever relates to the local objects and to the state of society, the author declares that he has adhered to the literal truth. Claiming indulgence for all deficiencies, he has attempted to do justice to his native country, and thus, if possible, "to stop the current of frantic innovation, that threatens, with almost instant ruin, both colonies and empire." It will be well for Messrs. Buxton and his brother philanthropists to read this volume; or if poetry be not to their taste (as they avow to hate all things ideal, and to stick only to things practical), they may skip over the poetry, and come plump down upon the notes; and there they will see that the negroes are not such unhappy outcasts of society as they, with all their just horror of the ideal, and love for the practical, have been pleased to describe that merry, happy, and well-fed race. These notes, and Mrs. Carmichael's late excellent volume, will be found a poser for the Saints; and are worth a dozen such garbled statements as the canting, methodistical, and illiterate Mr. Whiteley's worse than white lies. Thus, for instance, two notes to verses in pp. 10, 13, and 72, allude in the following manner to the condition of the slaves:

"The negroes proceed cheerfully to their work. They rise with the sun, and their labours cease with it. The day is of twelve hours' duration; and the variation in it does not exceed half an hour during the year; but Mr. Fowell Buxton says that the negroes work sixteen hours in the twenty-four; and 'he is an honourable man!' They have two or three hours in the course of the day for refection. In fact, they work nine or ten hours at most. Where task-work is assigned, they sometimes get done in seven or eight hours.

"During crop-time, the persons engaged in the boiling-house are of necessity longer employed. These parties are often changed; and there is no part of the work of an estate which the negroes like so well.

"Mr. Buxton, with one of those amiable inconsistencies for which he is so remarkable, has asserted that the master will derive much benefit from the immediate emancipation of his slaves, as they will do much more work. Yet he maintains that the negroes are now grossly overworked. He proposes, also, that when emancipated they shall be made to work by an armed police, instead of doing so under the superintendence of a person called a driver, who carries a whip as a soldier does a bayonet, or a constable his staff. I trust, however, that the whip will be spontaneously done away in the colonies. The tread-mill, made to be vigorously trodden, is a more effectual punishment. Solitary confinement is better still." * * *

"It is amusing to hear mentioned as a dire aggravation of negro-toil, that it is performed in a tropical sun. They delight in it, and sometimes feel very uncomfortable in the rainy season. If they had to work in cold frosty weather, they would indeed be soon 'kilt.' But it is not necessary that pseudo-philanthropists should have any knowledge of the physical condition of those in whose favour their sympathies are excited. That Demerara—a part of the vast continent of South America, the Guiana of Raleigh—should be called in the senate an island, is a trifle. That, generally speaking, those who prate about the West Indies know as much of those colonies as they do of the interior of China, is another trifle. But of still less consequence is it that they should transform gentlemen, and men, and Christians, into funguses, and savages, and monsters. Sir Walter Raleigh, be it known, once upon a time published a book giving an account of his discovery of Guiana; and in that book, with the fullest conviction, and on excellent authority, he labours hard to persuade his readers that there was in that country a race, 'the most mightie

* Barbadoes, and other Poems. By M. J. Chapman, Esq. London, 1833.

men of the land,' who lived on the banks of that river 'which is called Caora, whose heads appeare not above their shoulders; which, though it may be thought a meere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every child in every province of Arromaia and Canuri affirms the same. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that a long train of haire groweth backward between their shoulders.'

"Are the violent declaimers against the West Indians satisfied that they have better authority for believing the representations they have heard or read of those 'moral monsters' who dwell in the colonies? The moral lineaments of the colonists have been as faithfully given as the features of the 'mightie men' Sir W. Raleigh has described: but the believers in his story did no harm; the believers in the other case would do well to read Bryan Edwards's *History of St. Domingo.* Well did Shakespeare (blessings on his name!) know the nature of his countrymen." * * *

"Cold must the heart of that man be who can look unmoved upon the sports and festivities of the negroes—they rejoice with no common enjoyment. The Libyan dance, as performed by them, though the image is not introduced, confirms Dr. Clarke's notion on the origin of dancing. The Ionian dance is yet displayed in India. The dance round the May-pole is thus spoken of in the *Spectator* (Addison's), No. 365:—'It is at this time that we see the young wenches in a country parish dancing round a May-pole, which one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relic of a certain pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.'

"The festivals of the negroes present a lively picture of the Saturnalia. It will be remembered that the ancients imagined Saturn and his train to have taken refuge in the fortunate or blessed isles." *

The following extract is a favourable specimen of the author's flow of verse and power of description:

"See the bright verdure of those evergreens,
The rustling bamboo, and the pimploe-screens!
Where on the hill-side, on its sandy bed,
The delicate of fruits is cherished,
The mailed anana! see the tempting tree,
For whose sweet fruit man lost his liberty;
The oil-distilling palm, whose nuts of yore
Round their dark necks the Libyan beauties wore;
The useful calabash, whose shell affords
Lavers and goblets for the village boards;
The noble bread-fruit; and, the orchard's grace,
Star-apples, with their leaves of double face;
The guava, hardiest native of the clime,
Whose jelly, mixed with juices of the lime
Or fragrant lemon, and the crystal sweet
Won from the cane-reed by refining heat,
And that pure spirit, which the seaman loves,
For wearied man a new nepenthe proves;
Steeped with the luscious nectar, he forgets
Arrears of anger, griefs, and fond regrets,
Lives for the present, hails the passing hour,
And feels beyond the reach of fortune's power.
    Here bends the citron with its fragrant gold;
And here their sweets the orange-buds unfold.
See the rare date! whose branches dropt with gold,
And drest with flowers, the sons of Israel hold
In solemn pomp proceeding, when comes round
The feast of Tabernacles: here are found
Red-flowered pomegranates, boast of Palestine;
The native mangrove, and imported vine;
Bananas, whose broad leaf the mitred head
Of high Osiris shaded, for whom dead
Old Nile went wailing, and his Isis wept,
While on her knee the infant Orus slept—
For whose womb-quickening fruit sad Rachel strove,
To keep with love-links Jacob's cherished love.
Mysterious plant! whose leaf the nakedness
Of Adam covered in his shame's distress;
And on whose fruit deep-charactered we see
The second Adam on the cursed tree."

The following is our next and last:

> "Italia! boast thy beauty-breathing forms,
> Which love has fashioned and which passion warms;
> Shew, Spain! in orange-bower or gay saloon,
> Thy dark-eyed beauties, with their brow of June;
> Let Gallia's sylph-like daughters twirl the dance,
> Breathe the warm sigh or shoot the amorous glance;
> Let the soft German, with her snowy skin,
> Reveal the lurking fire that lives within;
> Let Georgia and Circassia boast their fair,—
> 'Their eyes' blue languish and their golden hair.'
> Let England shew her brightest and her best—
> Of all earth's lovely forms the loveliest;—
> Our own dear island's daughters we recall,
> Lovely as most, more loving than them all."

Mr. Chapman seems to be a young poet, and as such we tell him, that there is a vast field yet open to him for improvement. We fancy, from his style, that he has a facility of composition, which is the worst gift a young man can possess; for, instead of warily guarding himself against the errors and flatness into which it naturally leads, he is apt to take pride in it, and consider it a manifestation of genius. Two-thirds of his present productions might have been reconsidered and rewritten with advantage. He will do well to study, with his best attention, the productions of our principal poets and the models of antiquity, so as to throw more force and fire into his future productions.

His ear is not yet perfect, and many of his rhymes are inaccurate. Some of his allusions are unworthy the dignity of the verse he has chosen; and many of his descriptions are inharmonious and clumsy. Of all these charges we shall give random samples, in a lump.

> "*Of leafy arcades*, and there thundered down.
>
> No longer from the green-veiled branch is heard
> *The Mathews of the woods* — the mocking bird.
>
> Here, towering in its pride, the May-pole glows,
> Whose pointed top a bee-swarmed circlet shews
> Of waving yellow; *whose high-branched stem*
> *Takes back the rapt thought to Jerusalem,*
> *Shewing the candlestick, that stood of old*
> *In the first temple, chased in purest gold.*
>
> A frightful stillness fills the *invisible*;
> In vain they listen — all is silence *still*.
>
> The fierce volcano of a neighbouring *isle*,
> Where Nature's chemic cauldrons ever *boil*.
>
> Mixed with the dust, thy wearied soul *regains*
> Its ancient worth, and vies with Memphian *plains*.
>
> And by the sun-god wakened, every *flower*
> Opens her bosom to her *paramour*.
>
> Her faithful dog, *a four-foot epicure,*
> *Content not with his food, had searched for more.*
>
> Dejected, *corpse-like*, spiritless, and *wan*,
> He digs the treasure, and — his life is *gone*.
>
> Maligned Las Casas, thine was not the *crime*
> That tore the negro from his native *clime*.
>
> When *Whitehall* saw the tragedy complete.
>
> [As bad as Voltaire's line in the *Henriade*, with 'Westminster' in it.]
>
> Here may be seen the dance of *Lybia*,
> While honoured bands their native music *play*,
> And give their thoughts *to frolic and to fun*.
>
> ——— translucent gems *appear*,
> And orient pearls adorn the sylvan *theatre*.
>
> Was it here that Greece *triumphed?*
> Here that vanquished Asia *bled?*
>
> The victors, like the *vanquished*,
> Shall in turn be *subjected*."

We hope that the author will sit down to a course of self-improvement, ere he favour the world with volume second of his poems. This we say in good feeling, and with an anxiety that he should aim at the excellence which he is capable of attaining, and not any way in disparagement of his present very respectable efforts.

And, truly, it is rather a dangerous affair to meddle now with the character of a man's book, be he poet or prose-man, if the *Miltonic* author of *A Vision of Death's Destruction, Creation,* and *The Last Man,* is to be admitted witness in *Banco Reginæ.* This worthy's name is Ouseley; and it seems that he has formed large expectations of his volume* of poems. This is unfortunate both for the author and the public; because the first will find to his cost that poetry, even of the first order, will not sell in the present day; and the second will know very quickly, that even should it purchase a commodity of this description from Mr. Ouseley, it will have laid out its cash at an indifferent market. We are compelled to say thus much, notwithstanding the last paragraph in his preface, which runs thus—its language is not of the most correct order: "Should this work not be accounted beneath criticism, he assures those who have the direction of such matters he is prepared to meet the severity of their judgment with calmness, and shall not feel in the least disappointed should he undergo their censure. He claims no mercy for his 'first-born;' considering those who throw themselves under the lash of public opinion have no right to wince at the buffets which are so often bestowed. It depends upon the reception of these pages whether he ever makes another attempt. Thus saying, he concludes in the words of Shakespeare's Jew:

'You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.'"

If it could be proved to us that poetry were competent to prop up any house in the dull mechanical age in which we live—if we were convinced that literature could afford a man a handsome competence, we should then avoid saying any thing of Mr. Ouseley's poems, provided we found on perusal that we could not conscientiously say something in their praise; for after the appeal, contained in his preface, we should be convinced that, by an exposure of their insufficiency, his bread would indeed be taken out of his mouth. But the halcyon days of fat fortunes and adequate support from literary pursuits, have long since fled; and on this Mr. Ouseley may depend, that it were better for a young man almost to break stones on the high road, than to have to depend on the capricious humours of ignorant publishers and a tasteless public for daily support. Depend upon it, further, Mr. Ouseley, that there are honest ways enough in the world of living; and the sooner you cast off all intention of becoming a bookseller's drudge, the better for your happiness, and the better for your purse. If you *must,* spite of all advice, stick to literature, turn your fist to prose; for you have no hand for poetry, however well intentioned; and even after your prose you must look with a more critical eye than the one which allowed the preface to your volume to come forth in its present crude shape.

It appears that some of Mr. Ouseley's "friends (clergymen)" have insisted that he must have had "Milton in his mind during the composing parts of '*The Vision*' and '*The Creation.*' However flattering," he says, "these observations may be, he begs most distinctly to deny having at any time since his early youth perused the works of that sublime poet (we wish he had) till after these poems were concluded. These remarks," he adds, "would not have been made; but others may fall into the same error, and accuse him of plagiarism," (mercy on us!) And now prepare the lists. Here goes for the comparison between Mr. Ouseley and Mr. Milton.

MR. OUSELEY.

———"They fought!
The monster *Death* poured forth a flame of fire
From out his withering, destroying eyes;
From cankered lips he blew his pestilence;
And with Destruction's well-tried tempered sword

* A Vision of Death's Destruction; a Poem. The Creation; a Poem. The Last Man. And Miscellaneous Poems. By T. J. Ouseley. London, 1833.

He showered blows of wrath as thick as hail:
But all was vain!—No stroke he gave could harm;
Satan, impenetrable, laughed to scorn
So weak an enemy!—for he had warred
With the *Omnipotent!* and could not die;
But with the curse of everlasting life,
Grafted upon his disobedient heart,
He made *his* onset!
There they stood,
Like tigers panting to renew the fight;
Both conquered, neither vanquished, yet each won—
For both were equal!" [*Rather a puzzle.*

MR. MILTON.

"So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe."

It is not for such mean persons as we are to say who is victor—the world at large must decide between Mr. Ouseley and Mr. Milton. The old republican schoolmaster has certainly some pretty conceits here and there in his poetry; but what is the very best of them to the following one of Mr. Ouseley's. Death is the lively hero; and he is hard at work in a churchyard, which is supposed to be his garden.

"He water'd it with sweat of agony
That dropt from off the brow of dying man;
A tombstone was his dear *Forget-me-not*,
(A sweet remembrancer to those that live;)
A new-dug grave was by him called *Heart's ease*,
(For there alone the weary heart can rest;)
And the perfume from many a rotten corse
Served for the *Sweetbriar* of his gay bouquet."

He is fond of enforcing his language by the sign of the imperfect tense, as the following among other emphatic lines will shew:

"Whose bloody point *did* but too plainly shew.
Camelion-like he *did* so often change.
That little *did* she dream death was so nigh.
But oh! *one* shriek *did* strike me more than all.
A flood of light *did* drown the puny sun.
And thus his incantation *did* begin.
Where paradise in miniature *did* stand.
Oh! what a dreadful curse *did* Cain entail.
Oh! what a frightful shriek *did* ring her knell."

We earnestly hope that Mr. Ouseley will not throw away our advice, which is, and we repeat it that *we* may be emphatic, that he abstain from poetry for the future.

Abstain! abstain! abstain! say we, to one and all of the writers of verse; as certain of the Mystics call upon their pupils to abstract! abstract! abstract! Care not for consequences or effects—but abstract! If no good come of it, what is that to thee?—thy duty is to abstract! So is it of certain modern "poets" to abstain! Why would they sing to the deaf! and why should he who hath no voice sing? Truly, the ears of the public are sealed to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. And as truly they are as wisely closed to the monotonous chorus of the Irish nightingales, who make not only night, but morning, noon, and eve, equally hideous, by the delight they take in "splitting the ears of the groundlings."

THE FRASER PAPERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

SCRAPS FROM A GENTLEMAN'S PORTFOLIO: THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND THE KING, CROWN JEWELS, SANGRADO PRACTICE, SIN AND CRIME, GEORGE IV. AND "LITTERATURE"—HORACE SMITH'S SHARE IN THE "REJECTED ADDRESSES"—TO THE EGLANTINE BLOOMING ON A RUIN—THE WARRIOR'S LAST SLUMBER—MISS WHYTE—SIR JOHN ELY, BART., EARL GREY, AND THE "GOVERNMENT STATIONERY OFFICE"—A FRAGMENT—SMEGMA—WESTMACOTT AND BULWER—SIR EDWARD KNATCHBULL AND VISCOUNT STRANGFORD—THE SIMPSON JUBILEE—OUR CONTRIBUTORS—A DISH OF PEAS.

A HAPPY invention, verily, these Fraser Papers! What, but for them, should we do with our correspondents, great and small? This is the mischief of getting so devilish popular; OLIVER YORKE is teased to death with applications for insertion. There are, besides, several subjects of large, though temporary interest, on which it would not be convenient to write long papers, and touching which certain stray facts fall into our hands: it is expedient that an immediate record should be found for these; and this we are enabled to offer by the present most excellent arrangement. Why should not OLIVER YORKE have his portfolio as well as any other gentleman? *Apropos*—such a commodity is now in our hands. Take, therefore, the following few

SCRAPS FROM A GENTLEMAN'S PORTFOLIO.

29th April, 1820.—There has been a report circulated for some days, that the King has lately had a son born to him.

A few days ago, a sharp conversation took place between the Lord Chancellor and the King. Words rose so high, that the King said, "Do you recollect to whom you are speaking?"—"I shall never forget," replied the Chancellor, "that I am addressing the King; but your majesty must have a law passed for yourself, different from the laws that govern your subjects."—The conversation related to the business of the Queen, his majesty being again desirous of bringing up the subject of a divorce.

On mentioning yesterday morning to Professor J———, of Edinburgh, that it was said many of the crown jewels were discovered to be paste, he said that the same thing was detected in those of the crown of Scotland.

The other day, when Dr. G———, of Edinburgh, was with the King, his majesty, in speaking of his late illness, said that he thought he had not been bled enough. "There is nothing certainly," replied the Doctor, "in such a case, so effectual as the Spanish system."

"What, you mean the Sangrado practice, Doctor?" said the King.

"Yes."

"But now that the disease is subdued, what is the next system you would recommend?"

Doctor. "——— system."

King. "Ah, I never heard of that: what is it?"

Doctor. "Has your majesty never read *Don Quixote?*"

King. "Was Sancho physician in Barataria?"

It is curious to observe how differently mankind view the same act, done accidently or from intention, although in effect the fruit is the same to the world. It would seem from this, that there is some difference in the nature of an offence arising from the motive, and that this difference is what makes the distinction between a *crime* and a *sin*. A sin is an offence against God—a crime an offence against man. It seems blasphemous presumption in man to punish sin. That should be left to God; and therefore legislation should only take cognizance of crimes. A right understanding of this principle should bring about a mitigation of our penal code.

When Redhead Yorke was examined before the privy council, and ordered to be committed to prison, he requested the use of writing materials. "You will have every thing to mak' you *comfortable*," said Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville.

George IV. is commonly supposed to have been one of our most accomplished princes; but in the letter to the late Lord Liverpool, written by himself, giving the valuable library of George III. to the nation, there is an important error in the orthography of a very conspicuous word. In place of literature, or literary, it is spelt *litterature*, or *litterary*.—I have read the letter.

This certainly is being critical to a T. It reminds us of what we thought a tolerably good epigram, when the inscription "Bri*tt*. Rex" was put upon the

sovereign. Several critics contended that classical propriety required only a single *t;* on which some one said or sung:

Strange that a double *t* can't please
Critics so much disposed *to tease* (2 *T's*).

Poor Horace Smith! Ever since that confounded article in the *Quarterly Review* on "the Historical Romance," his name has become a by-word of contempt—a thing on which every ass feels entitled to bray his jest. That same article, however, was capital; nor less excellent our own on the *Rejected Addresses*. How many of these clever things belong to Horace was long doubtful—we have now the means of satisfying our readers on this pregnant theme. *Ecce signum.*

My dear Yorke, *Temple, August* 3, 1833.

It is impossible for me to know whether James Smith will have complied with your request, of furnishing to you the authors of the different squibs contained in the *Rejected Addresses*. I should hope that, in justice to his own character, and poor Horace's reputation (which can but ill afford to lose a single leaf of laurel to which it may be entitled), that he has done so. I, however, happen to have the means of satisfying you as to the authorship of the trifles, and proceed to do so. I possess (no matter where procured) a copy of the work which once belonged to the father of the authors, and I copy below a manuscript table of contents, on the fly leaf, which will, I imagine, set the question at rest. If, however, any doubt should be thrown on the document, I pledge myself to produce it to you, and submit it to any examination. You will see that my list differs not a little from the one you were pleased to fancy in your amusing article; but I know your impartiality and love of truth too well to doubt your giving it insertion in Regina, and affording poor Horace's fame the modicum of credit that may be justly due to him.

I remain, dear Yorke, yours truly, Justitia.

REJECTED ADDRESSES (*as originally written*).

No.	Title	Imitated	Author
1.	Loyal Effusion	*Fitzgerald*	H.
2.	Baby's Début	*Wordsworth*	J.
3.	Address	———	H.
4.	Cui Bono?	*Lord Byron*	H.
5.	Hampshire Farmer	*Cobbett*	J.
6.	Living Lustres	*Moore*	H.
7.	Rebuilding	*Southey*	J.
8.	Drury's Dirge	*Laura Matilda*	H.
9.	A Tale of Drury	*Scott*	H.
10.	Johnson's Ghost	———	H.
11.	Incendiary	*Spenser*	H.
12.	Fire and Ale	*Lewis*	H. and J.
13.	Playhouse Musings	*Coleridge*	J.
14.	Drury's Hustings	———	H. and J.
15.	Architectural Atoms	*Busby*	H.
16.	Morning Post	———	H.
17.	The Theatre	*Crabbe*	J.
18, 19, 20.	The Travesties	———	J.
21.	Punch	*Hook*	H.

We know not what to do with the verses which are sent. Less verse and more poetry were desirable. Two series of stanzas follow which are tolerable:

TO THE EGLANTINE BLOOMING ON A RUIN.

Thy roses grace the roofless hall,
Thou fair and fragrant tree!
And wreathe their festoons on the wall,
The bow'rs of bird and bee.

Thou bloom'st beneath an azure sky,
Where clouds have silver wings,
And softly rolls the streamlet by,
Like music from the strings.

But as around the ruin gray
Thy clustering flow'rs entwine,
Thou seem'st to draw from its decay
A gloom which is not thine.

Companion of the sunny beam!
Adorned with balm and grace,
'Tis sad to mark thy ringlets gleam
In such a lonely place.

The cypress, o'er the sculptured urn,
Inspires a deep repose,
And Beauty's tomb, where bright eyes mourn,
Is haunted by the rose.

But if, beneath this mouldering wall,
The warrior's trumpet gave
To yon green hills its glorious call,
Fame's mandate to the brave!

Or if, beneath this precinct mute,
The poet cursed his strings,
And laid aside his fervid lute
Amid neglected things;

Oh! thou alone, with all thy flow'rs,
Shalt bloom around the brave,
And quaff the dew of summer show'rs
Where Genius found a grave.

THE WARRIOR'S LAST SLUMBER.

The trumpet might as well be mute
As peal its note in vain,
And hush'd the strings of Beauty's lute
When wo inspires the strain;
And were their sounds like thunder deep,
They could not break the warrior's sleep!

His comrades laid him near a rill
Which laved a lonely tree,
As voices from the distant hill
Announced the victory;
Their tears bedew'd his lifeless clay —
No other tribute could they pay.

The brightest hues that gild the sky
When summer eves are fair,
Will ne'er delight the warrior's eye,
Or soothe his spirit's care;
His crest is humbled to the dust,
His sabre dimm'd with blood and rust.

And brightly may the sunbeams glance
Upon the blossoms there,
But still the warrior's dreamless trance
Their splendour cannot share;
And violets on the turf may spring,
But balm to him they cannot bring.

The record of his bright career
Is graved on many a heart,
And *one*, to whom his name is dear,
Will grieve for him apart.
Love's spectral form may haunt the grave,
But song shall glorify the brave!

What have we next? A song to the tune of "*John Todd*" and "*John Hobbs*."
Let us see what sort of commodity it is:—

You're a terrible girl, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
You're a terrible girl, Miss Whyte;
All the men in the nation, of every persuasion,
Fall in love with your phiz at first sight, first sight,
Fall in love with your phiz at first sight.

By Jove! you're quite faultless, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
By Jove! you're quite faultless, Miss Whyte;
You aren't a little too tall or too little,
But just as you should be, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
But just as you should be, Miss Whyte.

Your temper's quite charming, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
Your temper's quite charming, Miss Whyte;
Ne'er peevish or hasty, ill-natured or testy,
Except now and then, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
Except now and then, Miss Whyte.

You're exceedingly clever, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
You're exceedingly clever, Miss Whyte;
'Pon my soul, any day, I'd believe what you say,
Though you swore that day was night, Miss Whyte,
Though you swore that day was night.

Search Europe around, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
Search Europe around, Miss Whyte,
And where shall we find a maiden so kind
As your own charming self, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
As your own charming self, Miss Whyte?

You're perfection itself, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
You're perfection itself, Miss Whyte!
For figure and face, good temper and grace,
You haven't an equal, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
You haven't an equal, Miss Whyte.

I dream of you often, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
I dream of you often, Miss Whyte;
I can't eat my lunch or tipple my punch,
For thinking of lovely Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
For thinking of lovely Miss Whyte.

Compared with yourself, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
Compared with yourself, Miss Whyte,
The loveliest she I ever did see
Was nothing at all but a fright, a fright,
Was nothing at all but a fright.

I love you far better, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
I love you far better, Miss Whyte,
Than mutton or veal, pork-chops, or cow-heel,
Or any thing else, Miss Whyte, Miss Whyte,
Or any thing else, Miss Whyte.

SIR JOHN KEY BART., EARL GREY, AND THE "GOVERNMENT STATIONERY OFFICE."

It will be recollected, that in a note on a passage in the paper, in our Twenty-seventh Number, exposing some abuses as to "The Packet Establishment—Home Station,"* we pointed out that similar corruption existed in the Government Stationery Office. Our attention is again directed to the subject by a letter from a correspondent on the conduct of Sir John Key, Bart., from which we make the following extracts :—

"Than the whole of this affair, nothing can more certainly demonstrate the absurdity of a government turning shopkeeper, with the especial facilities which such a conversion of the functions of the state opens to fraud and peculation. As the entire history of the Stationery Office is an illustration of this truth, I shall offer no apology for shewing to Oliver Yorke its origin and nature, and 'begin' at once 'with the beginning.'

Previous to the origin of a Government Stationery Office in 1786, the public departments procured their requisite books, paper, &c. &c., from whom and when and where they thought fit. But wars give rise to disproportionate feelings of ambition and enterprise, whence originate jealousies and envyings of all kinds and degrees. The openings thus afforded (the minds of government men being at the time overloaded) encourage and assist characters in whom the motives of selfishness predominate to accomplish their views. In this way the establishment of a Government Stationery Office began. About the year 1821 or 1822, peace having once more been restored to this country, and men's minds somewhat delivered from the delirium of the "cannon fever," an inquiry was instituted into the then reported malversations. The late Sir Matthew Bloxam was then storekeeper. To enter into the details of what was elicited under that inquiry, though abundantly useful, would occupy too much space; an extract of the Treasury Minute, dated 21st March, 1823, will suffice for my purpose. This Minute first notices the reading a report of Mr. Spearman, of February 6, 1823, in pursuance of directions of Oct. 23rd, 1822, given by the Lords of the Treasury, and a report of the committee of the House of Commons of the previous sessions. In that report, the committee recommend a revision of the establishment, in order to the placing it upon a different and more efficient footing, and "express their decided opinion that the interest of the public will be best consulted by continuing the present system of supplying the various public offices by general contract, rather than by reverting to the *old system of allowing each office to provide* its own stationery." They add: "That it appears that some of the public offices still continue to procure articles of stationery from private tradesmen;" the committee therefore "strongly recommend that the whole supply of stationery for the public service should be made in one and the same manner."

This committee were led to believe that the old system of dealing with the public at large encouraged peculation and malpractice. How, does not plainly come out. The result of that inquiry, however, shews that the new (namely, the present system) furnished more than enough opportunities for fraud. The Treasury Minute speaks for itself; it proceeds thus:

"My lords concur in the opinion of the committee upon this subject, and in that wherein they express a strong disapprobation of the conduct of *those persons in the Stationery Office who had borrowed money from contractors employed* under the department."

Observe, certain PERSONS in the Stationery Office HAD BORROWED MONEY FROM CONTRACTORS. Those who desire any further comment, may obtain ample satisfaction by perusing the parliamentary evidence given on that occasion.

The same Treasury Minute states: "It appears that the great detail of the business of the office is occasioned, first, by the *great number of articles of different*

* Vol. v. p. 266.

descriptions which are supplied, and by the *variety of patterns* of each article which are occasionally called for."

Without further perusing this paragraph, is there not here shewn sufficient in the way of temptation, and opportunity for embezzlement, and that peculiar sort of official management by which the public may be, and is daily and hourly robbed, without consciousness or much chance of detection? To whom attaches the blame? Surely to the tempters more than to the tempted! I would therefore suggest, that the temptation should be immediately removed, by abolishing the system altogether—doing away entirely with the Stationery Office, which is and has long been a rank nuisance, a very sink of fraudulent jobbing—in a word, a public "fence" under the sanction of government, for the wholesale purpose of defrauding the unsuspecting people of England. It cannot be said, after what has so lately occurred, that the regulations of the day are so perfect and effective that the transactions of 1821 could not now be practised. I have always doubted the efficiency of these regulations, and doubted it upon principle. The numerous variety of articles required precludes the possibility of an effective check; individuals in their own right cannot keep effectual checks in like cases; how much less, then, can a public official department? Here are various sorts of paper, parchment, vellum, printing, binding, pens, quills, pencils, cutlery, books, almanacks, calendars, dictionaries, bags, cards, hones, ferret, laces, ink, inkstands, cord, rulers, wax, wafers, strops, scissors, seals, despatch boxes, tape, engravings, portfolios, packing-cases, files, &c. &c., to the amount of about 60,000*l.** and upwards annually; add to which, the expense of management, about 7000*l.* and upwards annually; being a cost of more than 10 per cent on the amount of the articles managed.

Looking, therefore, to the cost of maintaining this establishment: concluding that every contractor supplies a good commodity, and receives a just price for that commodity, and that no peculation exists, it necessarily follows, that government and the country are paying *ten per cent* more for every article so purchased than would be incurred were this establishment not in existence. One of two things must happen: either the tradesman who contracts deals treacherously, or the state pays ten per cent extra! If the tradesman acts dishonestly, he is invited so to do by the government sanctioning this establishment. An honest tradesman can only acquire a fair living profit by the commodity he deals in; if he is led away by false prospects, you may call him a fool, or a Don Key, or what you please, but, in reality, it is a rank immoral principle that is put forth and fostered. Out of that nursery, which inculcates such false and immoral principles, no genuine honesty can be expected to proceed.

It is not surprising—I am not surprised—therefore, that my doubts should be turned into certainties—that the regulations, when weighed in the balance, should have been found wanting. It may suit the purpose of individuals very well, who prefer places under government, at sure and fixed salaries, to the more honest but precarious modes of livelihood in the paths of general competition, that government should keep shops and warehouses of its own, but it will not be found to suit the state so well. The ruling power should not condescend to trade and huckster. Time has been when merchants were princes; it is not, however, desirable that princes should become merchants. If the system were to be extended, government, under one pretence or other, might gradually take the whole trade of the country, and divide it among the hungry hounds of office. A fine way this of raising money without taxation! No taxes, indeed, under such a scheme, would be needed, and none would then remain able to pay them, if they were. The thing is bad in principle, and, in every case in which it has been tried, has failed—flagrantly failed.

I know not whether the Don Key of the city were influenced by the example of the Bloxams of former times. He had, however, it must be confessed, managed the matter somewhat adroitly for a braying animal. The ass, however, is not so stupid as some people think him; he knows how to break through a hedge better than the generous steed. Our twice Lord Mayor of London, and thousand-fold-pledged radical candidate for parliamentary honours, the knighted of the Whig ministry, knew how "the thing" was to be done. A brother resident at Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, might be contractor, the goods contracted for might be furnished from the warehouse of the M. P. in London, whose son might be storekeeper of the government establishment to be served—or cheated—at a neat little salary of 400*l.* a year. Who sees not, that then the way was made easy for supplying the country with paper, and what else, upon any terms? all this, too, going on under the very nose of a reforming ministry,

* "This was the expense in 1821, it is probably much increased now." It is now 100,000*l.*—O. Y.

whose only excuse is, that they knew nothing about the matter. Good Heaven! why have they their places? They ought to have known something about it. Why are not the appointments to this infamous Stationery Office made by the crown, or its responsible agents? Is not the fact, that it is an establishment of which the very appointments themselves are jobbed by the underlings of office, sufficient to prove that the whole concern is built of stubble, and based on rottenness? Do away with the infamous monopoly at once. Let the advocates of free trade be consistent with their principles, and give a chance to the honest tradesman to partake his share in the service of goods used by public offices. With the business of the country thus fairly divided among the trading community, petty frauds might probably occur; but the wholesale spoliation, to which the present abominable system is liable, would be impossible.

Good, however, comes out of evil. The character of the Don Key is now plain enough; his credit as a conscientious reformer of abuses is gone for ever; he is evidently a man who has his price. How often he has been bought and sold during the present session, is best known to himself and Earl Grey. His motion on the assessed taxes was delayed, at the instance and request of the ministry, until it might be defeated without producing any effectual embarrassment. Who knows how much of the disappointment of the public is to be placed to the account of this truckling higgler? who, failing of a knighthood once, achieved, nevertheless, the Spanish title of Don, as a substitute; and succeeding, at last, by many crooked contrivances, in gaining from a prostituted administration the spurs he desiderated, felt them burn his unprepared heels, until he had soiled them in one of the dirtiest gutters of corruption that came readiest in the way of his brand new chivalry. So much for this baronetted Don Key's equestrian flight the first! the second may perhaps beat even your own Count Cagliostro's."

We shall see. Be this as it may, the reasoning which we held on the Packet Establishment applies to this. In that instance, the loss to the country by government taking the office upon themselves of private traders was THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS! What loss has accrued from this expensive nuisance, "The Government Stationery Office," has not yet been discovered. It, however, must, from the long years of undetected fraud during which it has existed, be enormous. And this (as in the case of the Packet Establishment, so in the case of this abominable Stationery Office) uncompensated by any present or prospective advantage; but rather attended with the disadvantage of being incurred by a project which has done serious injury to private individuals. Does it not become parliament, in these days of economy, to look narrowly to this? Again we repeat, *that it* NEVER SHOULD BE THE PRACTICE, AS IT NEVER CAN BE THE POLICY, OF GOVERNMENT TO ENTER INTO TRADE FOR THE PURPOSES OF REVENUE. Ministers are properly the regulators, the encouragers, the protectors of trade, *but not the rivals of private traders.* Their only legitimate revenue can arise from the profits of individuals, which have been realised under the guarantee of their protection. In regard to the Stationery Office, we fear—nay, we are sure—no revenue is derived at all to the government; but enough, in all and out of all conscience, to the contractors, and comptrollers, and storekeepers, and clerks, whosoever they may be, who have been brought up in that nursery of oppression, and fraud, and peculation, and immoral speculation of all kinds. Demolish at once the iniquitous monopoly, throw the trade open, and permit Honesty again to enter by the door, which has been there shut upon her from the first establishment of this Stationery Office until now.

It is to that highly respectable body the Company of Stationers that the credit is due of bringing to light the conduct of Sir John Key. From their petition, it appears, that the bidding of Mr. Jonathan Muckleston Key, the brother to the Sir John, was five per cent below that of the other candidates for the contract; and it is on the authority of this petition that the assertion is made of the paper being furnished from the warehouse of the baronet. The office of storekeeper becoming vacant, Sir John immediately applied for his son, a boy only eighteen years of age; to whom, however, the comptroller objected, as being unfit, on account of his youth, for the situation. The Don Key, however, was not to be put aback. He immediately brays out an application for his *eldest* son, a young man grown twenty-two. Suspicion being thus lulled, behold the filial storekeeper, Master Kingsmill Grove Key, receiving a supply of paper from his father's warehouse, to the amount, it has been stated, of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS!

But the best of the joke is to come. Not content with one office, he was

desirous of procuring for his hopeful heir the benefits of the Stationers' Company, as a freeman of that very rich corporation. Accordingly, he applies to the treasurer of the Company for information whether his son, having attained twenty-one five months before, could be permitted to take out his livery before he had completed the term of his apprenticeship. To this was no objection; but the Company, anxious for its own honour, authorised some of its members to procure a copy of Sir John Key's marriage-certificate. Behold the damning fact! John Key was married to Charlotte Green, in the parish of Lambeth, on the 17th day of August, 1814. Eighteen years and three months, therefore, was the full age of the boy, unless —— Oh! the Don Key!

The report of the committee appointed by the House of Commons has been printed, and confirms the statement made in the Stationers' petition. The *Times* is remarkably anxious to exculpate Earl Grey, and Mr. Charles Wood, the secretary to the Treasury—this is work worthy of its columns; but Sir John Key, baronet, is an Ethiopian whom no cathartic process can cleanse. He is the scape-goat; and as such willingly admits, that "he did deceive Mr. Wood as to his son's age, giving Mr. W. to understand that his son was of age, and leaving him under that impression." Be it so; clear then it is that the monarch, the statement made by the Stationers being found true, should cause to be broke off from his heels the spurs he has soiled—that the city, if it have any sense of honour left, should strip him of his aldermanic gown and chains. Why should that man be either a baronet or a magistrate who stands thus convicted, in the face of the world, of mendacity and an attempt at wholesale fraud?

N.B. Lord Grey has made *three* baronets. Sir John Key is one; Alderman Harty, of Dublin, is the second. We think that Sir William Chaytor, who is the third, ought to be very careful of his reputation.

We have received the following fragment from our friend the Modern Pythagorean at too late a period for insertion in the body of the Number. We therefore give it a place in the Fraser Papers.

A FRAGMENT.

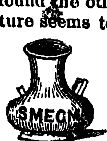
She comes in vision as she came
When heavenly beauty filled her frame—
When, in a mould of mortal birth,
Heaven flung its charms o'er those of earth.
But oh! it is in midnight dreams
That I behold those radiant gleams
Of vanished brightness come and go,
Like sunshine on the mountain snow.
Her quivering lips may not unroll
The hidden transports of her soul;
But straight before my tranced eye
She stands, a vision of the sky—
A child of heaven, that may not brook
The ardour of a waking look.

A MODERN PYTHAGORIAN.

We do not altogether understand the subjoined epistle; but as it looks uncommonly learned, and comes from a keen shaver, we make room for it, under the supposition that some of our readers will be more fortunate than ourselves. Was it originally intended for the *Gentleman's Magazine?* If so, Mr. Urban may have it next month.

To OLIVER YORKE.

In digging a well, in the neighbourhood, the workmen found a small semiconical ampulla, or jar, of antique glass, at the depth of twenty-five feet; it was embedded in bluish clay, and when the labourer brought it to me had one handle only. He found the other handle, and thinks it was broken off by the spade; indeed the fracture seems to be recent, by the sharpness of the edges. The form is of this fashion.



The word SMEGMA engraved on it, in capital letters, has puzzled our antiquaries not a little. One will have it to be "*Spurius Melius Eques Gulam Maximam Aperit;*" and conceives that it belonged to a Roman knight of the name of Spurius Melius, who had a very wide mouth, which he opened in a remarkable manner when taking a drink out of this vessel. Another philosopher conjectures that this vessel was a holy-water pot, and deciphers the inscription thus: "*Sancta Maria, Ex Gratiâ Magnâ Audi;*" or, "*Sancta Maria, Eterna Gloria Mater, Audi.*"

But I think I have been more successful in my researches; for in a note of Salmasius, on Suetonius's Life of Otho (c. xii. edit. Hackian., Lugd. Batav. 1667) on the following passage, "*Quin et faciem quotidie rasitare*," &c. (Anglicè, "He was accustomed to shave his face daily,") the annotator observes, "*In hoc imitatus est Scipionem Africanum, qui primus omnium radi quotidie instituit.*" And where Suetonius informs us that the emperor softened his beard previous to shaving, by applying a cataplasm of moistened bread all over the face, the learned Salmasius enters into a discussion on the state of the shaving art at that time among the Romans. He informs us, that the shavee underwent three preparatory operations previous to the application of the razor; first, the application of the cataplasm, called *προσωπου καταπλασματα λαμπρυντικα*, for softening the beard; secondly, the *τετανωματα*, or tentipellia, for giving a healthy plump appearance to the cheeks, which, whether it was a liquid or a paste, does not satisfactorily appear; and, thirdly, the wash, or *Σμηγμα προσωπου στιλβωτικα*, for giving a fair and delicate complexion.

This latter part of the shaving apparatus, in Roman letters Smegma, is deeply engraved on the jar in question; and I think there can be no doubt but it belonged to the toilette of a Roman beau — perhaps a descendant of one of those equestrian youths who galloped off so expeditiously at the battle of Pharsalia, when they heard Cæsar's word of command, "*Faciem feri.*"

One cannot but be forcibly struck with the vast advantage possessed by the moderns in these matters. In place of all this cumbrous, tedious, and partly disgusting machinery, to which we must not forget to add the scraping of their villanous razors, so feelingly described by Juvenal—

"Quo tondente gravis mihi barba sonabat,"

we now enjoy the luxurious regale (delightful alike to the senses of smelling, feeling, and sight) of the newly-invented Smegma called "Olden's Eukeirogeneion," which at one touch fulfils all the trifold objects of the ancient tonsor, softening the most stubborn bristles, and giving a healthy, and at the same time delicate glow, to the countenance. For this latter quality it seems to be in great demand with the ladies, as the cataplasmata and smegmata were used by the ladies of Rome, according to the ungallant Juvenal—

"Tandem aperit vultum, et tectoria prima reposcit;
Incipit agnosci;"

where, by the by, an anonymous annotator informs us that the *Smegmata* were partly composed *ex lacte asinino* — of asses' milk. SISYPHUS.

Wesmacott *v.* Bulwer.—The cause stands over till next month. We understand that the effect of W.'s spicy pamphlet has been such that Bulwer has decamped to Paris.

Politics are now at a stand-still. Our present precious ministers are *ganging their ain gait* in both houses. They have driven all opposition out of town, and have remained behind themselves to settle many little and great pieces of legislation without discussion. Discussion, in fact, they have stifled wherever they could. It was only the other day, that they anticipated Sir Edward Knatchbull's opposition to the third reading of the infamous Stamp Forgeries' Bill, by passing it before the time arranged. They served Viscount Strangford a similar shabby trick in the House of Lords. Good Heavens! when shall we have *gentlemen* in administration again? The only gentleman we have heard of lately is the "immortal Simpson," whose Vauxhall jubilee the *Times* has delighted to honour in its own peculiar way. And, really, the original of the Vauxhall superb lamp-work effigy is a *worthier subject* than his Majesty's ministers to talk about—not only on the score of loyalty, but as a public benefactor. But when, however, were not loyalty and true patriotism co-mates? What, therefore, can we do better, by way of conclusion to the present Number, than celebrate "The Simpson Jubilee" in the following "Commemorative Ode to a very Great Character?"

"Now, please your Majesty, the illustrious REGINA! the minstrel is a-waiting in the hall."

"Let him begin!"

THE SIMPSON JUBILEE:

A COMMEMORATIVE ODE TO A VERY GREAT CHARACTER.

What is it makes the *Times* so frisky?
Is it an over-dose of whisky,
That it is grown so full of fun,
Postponing politics to pun;

And instead of prosing and vapouring,
Day after day hath gone on capering!
What grins the *Times* and all its imps on?
What should it be save Mr. Simpson!

Why do the cockney folks all run,
In crowds—why rush,
And squeeze and crush
In that delicious paradise they call
By the euphonious name Vauxhall !*
'Cause there so many voices squall.
Is it to gaze those houri nymphs on ?
Oh no ! to stare at Mr. Simpson.

Renowned C. H. and eke renowned M. C.
Lo ! where he stands in glory cap-à-pie,
Arrayed in rays, illustrious in lustre,
And all his *lustres* seven, in a cluster—
A flaming character, whose phiz of fire
Provokes the coldest critic to admire.

Oh, Vauxhall's luminary hero !
Thy portrait rivals that of Nero ;
Colossus-like looks down us shrimps on,
Thou Brobdignagian Mr. Simpson !
With face where each partic'lar feature
Shineth as a separate meteor ;
Thy effigy's a constellation
Beaming o'er a gaping nation ;
While thy *beams* prop up from fall
The tottering fabric of Vauxhall.
The stage hath stars but two or three,
A thousand stars shine forth in thee.

Oh, for a pen of fire and flame,
Like thine own, to tell thy fame !
That pen which magnifieth all
The visitors of *dear* Vauxhall ;
Turning into lords and grandees,
Cheapside 'prentices and dandies ;
Noble and puissant styling,
Whom to term so seems reviling ;
For thy *style* is, like thy *gait*,
Ever buoyant and elate.
Oh ! for a pen that might express
Thy charms of dress—and of address—
The first so spruce, the last so fine,
It puzzles us in every line.

Simpson, Vauxhall's Corinthian column !
To speak thy praise would take a volume,
Or rather, were each dingy leaf
On Vauxhall's trees a real folio,
I fear me all would prove too brief
Of thy deserts to give an olio.
Though all in black, so great a *wight*—
So weighty too, although so light !
Man of ton and man of tongue,
Flattering old as well as young,
Polite to patrons and to cronies,
Thou venerable gay Adonis,
Or—I beg ten thousand pardons,
Thou Nestor of the Vauxhall Gardens :
(And it surely is no jest,
To say there thou'st built thy *nest*) :
How much than we poor bipeds higher
Art thou, the *forty-footed* squire !
No wonder then so swift thy race,
That fame with thee cannot keep pace.

Let others sigh—thou art more wise,
And makest us laugh by dint of *size* ;
Thy very *shorts* are wondrous long,
So, too, should be thy poet's song ;
But my lay I fear 'twould spoil,
Did't smell, like thee, of midnight oil.
Nor have we all the eloquence
That may, like thine, put off non-sense.
Few are gifted with the unction
That so befits thee for thy function,
Full of grace, but more of grease,
Great *sage*, who stuffest well thy geese !

Future bards shall oft sing hymns on
The gratitude of Mr. Simpson ;
Pious, polished, and poetic,
Pretty, plausibly pathetic,
Though too much like an emetic.
Punsters shall shew off their whims on—
Their puny wit on—Mr. Simpson ;
E'en history's self shall cast a glimpse on
The lustrous reign of Mr. Simpson.
But hold—my muse now merely limps on,
So let her halt—and farewell Simpson.

So we conclude the weary but agreeable labours of the month. We flatter ourselves we have not done badly. Sir Egerton Brydges, Sir Morgan O'Doherty, John Galt, and Robert Macnish,—Dr. Chalmers and Sir Charles Bell (by proxy), and David Moir (by Portrait),—Bombardinio and Morgan Rattler (in masquerade),—a decade of unhappy poets of the *peine forte et dure*,—a host of wondrous persons, in our Fraser Papers, the least of whom would sustain the falling fortunes of the *New Monthly*, all contribute to our columns. Politics, polemics, pastime, poetry, philosophy, promotion, pugnacity, pressography, personædramatism, personality, persiflage, perambulate our pages, and perpetuate them to posterity. There's a dish of p's, good reader, that will never be out of season.

And so farewell ; gird up your loins, and prepare yourself for a vigorous brewing in October.

O. Y.

* Vox-hall, or Vox-all, scil. vox et præterea nihil.

J. Moyes, Castle Street, Leicester Square.

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TAYLOR'S HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS IN IRELAND.*

A GOOD History of Ireland is still a desideratum in our literature, and one which, unfortunately, the present state of that country renders it very unlikely that we shall soon see supplied, for the same passions, the same strifes, and the same supposed interests, which have hitherto perverted the judgment, and interfered with the impartiality of her annalists, are still in as full play as they ever were during any period of Irish history, and to the full as likely to lend a false colouring to facts, which, seen in different lights, are considered to be more or less favourable to the views of existing parties. The Protestants, anxious to maintain inviolate the settlement of the Union, and their own ascendancy, conceive it to be to their interest to represent the Irish natives in the worst possible light, and to justify the severity of the penal code and the other harsh measures to which they had recourse, by the necessity of self-preservation, to which they were reduced by the lawless and faithless character of their opponents; while those who would separate the bond by which the two nations are united, endeavour to excite in the breasts of the Irish a vindictive and distrustful spirit against the English, by recurring to the former history of their feuds, and giving to the measures of the latter a character of ferocity, injustice, and oppression, far beyond what is warranted by the truth.

Nothing, however, can be more erroneous than this course of proceeding, and particularly ill-judged is it on the part of the advocates of the Union, who reckon amongst their most able and zealous supporters, a great majority of those, who in former times gave weight and power to the party by which the English government and the English Protestants were harassed and opposed. Those who now seek for a dissolution of the Union are not the descendants of the men who so long opposed the establishment of the English power in Ireland; nor do they who now cling to that Union, and seek to rid their country of the nuisance of papal influence, derive their origin exclusively from those who were in other days the enemies of the one, and the advocates of the other. Not only are the posterity of the Anglo-Irish, who were considered more Irish than the natives themselves, ranged on the side of England, but a large portion also of the old Irish blood, and amongst them the heirs of the celebrated Owen O'Neil, who was the general of the papal legate, and the commander of the army, to which the atrocities of 1641 were attributed.

If many crimes were committed, and much misery occasioned by the English government of former times, the principal sufferers were amongst the ancestors of those who now cherish a union with England. The Catholic lords of the Pale, the great victims of Cromwell's time; the old Irish families who lost their estates in the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stewarts, and many who were stripped of their inheritances at the accession of William the Third, are now, generally speaking, of the Protestant faith, and attached to the Union; while the anti-Unionists would be

* History of the Civil Wars of Ireland, from the Anglo-Norman Invasion till the Union of the Country with Great Britain. By W. C. Taylor, Esq. A.B. of Trinity College, Dublin. 2 vols. Edinburgh, Constable. 1831.

puzzled to establish the right of any considerable portion of their body to either rank or property in those times, over the exaggerated misfortunes of which they are so prone to lament. The papal dominion might be re-established, the foundations of property might be again shaken, rank and station and respectability might be driven from the land, and the present tendency of the populace to anarchy and bloodshed carried to its utmost possible extent; but, whatever portion of the spoil the enemies of the Union might seize in the scramble, they would find but little to which they could lay claim on the plea of ancient right. It is necessary that this should be clearly understood, and that we should properly distinguish the different nature of the strife then and now carried on in Ireland—that the former was a contest between one nation and another, a contest in defence of property and power against foreign aggression and lawless spoliation; and that the latter is apparently the mere struggle of a few disappointed demagogues for paltry objects of ambition, but is in reality urged on and supported by the immense power of the Catholic clergy, aiming at the erection of their own supremacy on the ruins of the Protestant church and the Union. For this being once clearly understood, and the distinction steadily kept in view, the difficulty of writing a history with impartiality will be overcome, and it will be found, that instead of its being desirable, as many honest men suppose, that the past should be entirely forgotten, and a veil drawn for ever over the atrocities of a by-gone day, however irksome the task of recording an unbroken series of crimes and calamities may be, nothing will contribute more to a proper understanding of the present state of that distracted country, and the correction of the evils by which she is afflicted, than a full and faithful picture of past events and of the state of society in which they occurred.

The causes which we have pointed out have created two classes of Irish historians; the one, those who seek to throw all the blame of former evils on the English settlers; and the other, those who, with equal exaggeration and equal misrepresentation, impute it entirely to the conduct of the natives themselves; but besides these, Irish historians may be ranged under two other heads, namely those who affect to give implicit credit to the legends, the traditions, and the monkish annals of the native writers, and those who, detecting much palpable falsehood in many parts of these, reject the whole as unworthy of credit, and refuse to record any event not resting on the testimony of English writers. Both parties are equally absurd, but undoubtedly the absurdity of the latter is by far the most fatal to the truth and the value of Irish history. The early annals of all nations are mixed up with fable, and involved in obscurity so great, that it is with difficulty that any thing like a certain gleam of light can be discovered; and yet those annals are always thought worthy of the historian's attention; and it is impossible to say that, although they afford but a very uncertain guide to the course of events, they do not throw much light on the characters and customs and manners of life of the earlier inhabitants; and these are perhaps as valuable as any detail of facts, however interesting, can be. The knowledge of events can be of little use, unless we know something of the state of society in which they occurred; but if we could once arrive at any thing like a clear knowledge of the condition of the natives of a country before the period of certain history begun, we should derive therefrom great assistance in turning our acquaintance with subsequent events to profitable purposes.

Now, although the legends of the poets or the annals of the monks may be very imperfect as records of events, all those which profess to treat of contemporary events are at least valuable as pictures of society,—for works even of fiction, which affect to treat of things happening at the time, must preserve in the narrative a certain resemblance to what might have occurred in those times, and must therefore, more or less, represent a picture of society.

Were all the histories of the present period to be destroyed, our novels and our tales would still retain a value in the eyes of future historians, from the pictures of society they present; and perhaps the knowledge of a few leading facts, combined with the information which they would afford, would be of more solid advantage to the political philosopher than a naked enumeration of mere events, however accurate, could be. But, besides their value as pictures of society, such of the lays of the bards as appear to have

been composed in commemoration of some event happening about the time of their composition, and such of the annals as purport to be histories of contemporary or very recent events, however exaggerated, and however mixed up with fable, afford guides to truth which no historian can properly reject. The bard having been called on to celebrate an event, is evidence of the occurrence of an event resembling in its outline the description given of it, although, perhaps, of far inferior importance, and utterly unlike in all those details which afforded scope for the embellishments of a poetic imagination: the petty prince may be magnified into a king, and his rival may be invested with a power and a reputation exaggerated to the highest possible degree; but still, the song of triumph over a defeated foe is evidence of a battle having been fought by one who was of sufficient consequence to maintain a bard; and if, by the traditions of the peasantry, by the names of remarkable places, and the denomination of a large tract of country, that chieftain's name becomes associated with an extensive territory, the value of the evidence is enhanced, and we come to the knowledge, however faint, of a contest successfully maintained by a chief of some importance in the country. In like manner we may be pretty well assured, that the relations of those annalists who profess to record contemporary events passing before the eyes of their fellow-countrymen, are at least founded on fact; and though the excursive fancy of the writer might wander into absolute fable, when the course of his narration leads him into other lands, it is highly improbable that he would have endeavoured to impose upon his countrymen a statement of the utter falsehood of which they must have been themselves competent to judge. However garbled or discoloured, therefore, facts may be, we may presume that, in all those narrations which refer to the time and country of the writer, there is a groundwork of truth; and the business of the historian is, by patient and accurate comparison of those narrations with the accounts of different writers, and the other tests to which we have already alluded, to endeavour to approach as near to certainty as circumstances will admit.

Were we to reject all history but that of the authenticity of which we could be absolutely certain, we should reduce our historical libraries to a very small compass. The admirable work of Gibbon, which on the whole exhibits a view of the Roman empire beyond example clear, comprehensive, and satisfactory, at the same time shews how few facts are recorded the evidence of which can bear, without being shaken, a scrutiny so searching and untiring as his. Every reader feels persuaded of the truth of the general outline which he has given, while there is scarcely a single point of the details that does not still retain the colouring of the historian's sceptical mind. The authority of Livy has been completely shaken by Niebuhr, and Palgrave has overturned the authority of almost all the writers on the Saxon era; and yet, who will undertake to say, that in writing the histories of Rome or England, these authors are to be altogether neglected, and the times of which they treated dismissed with a line, as periods in which the truth of history was hopelessly eclipsed by fable? Yet this is the course pursued by those writers on Irish history who, wanting patience or sagacity to disentangle the truth from its attendant fable, affect to treat the whole mass of early records as unworthy of notice, and pass on to the consideration of those periods with respect to which nothing more than compilation or condensation is required.

Of the latter class of writers is Mr. Taylor, who, in his *History of the Civil Wars of Ireland*, in the coolest and most concise manner possible, dismisses the whole body of Irish annals in a few lines, as altogether unworthy of a place in an authentic history of Ireland. After relating one of the very wildest of her early legends—one indeed so absurdly improbable, that it appears to us that it could never have been designed to pass for truth,—he concludes by remarking, that "when attempts are made to pass such a wild romance as this on the world for history, it is no wonder *that the whole mass of the Irish annals should be rejected with disgust, and that the few important truths which are mixed up with a mass of similar fictions should share in the merited condemnation such legends must inevitably meet.*" Because, then, we cannot assent to the absurd fable of the vestal Rhea's intrigue with Mars, the closing of the gulf in the forum by the self-devotion

of a citizen, or the *other similar fictions* of the Roman annals, we may justly reject with disgust the whole mass of their early history? Mr. Taylor, conscious of the arbitrary nature of this decision, apologises for it in his preface, and very modestly expresses himself thus: "The author shelters himself under the sanction of Niebuhr, who has impeached the credibility of Livy and Dionysius, though either authority is a thousand times more valuable than the dreaming monks and adulatory sennachies, whose stories have been collected by Keating and O'Flaherty." Now the early history of Rome, as given by Livy, was derived from traditions, and very vague and scattered notices of traditions, and was, moreover, *imposed upon the world for history;* while the Irish historians, who are treated with so much contempt, only professed to record legends and traditions, without claiming for them the authority of genuine history. Mr. Taylor surely does not suppose, that Keating wished to impose the contest of the magicians, which gave rise to the name of Connaught, as authentic history? His task was to compile, and not to analyse; and the future historian will find more light in his way to truth from Keating's romantic and frequently absurd pages, than from the scanty records which Mr. Taylor thinks it necessary to perpetuate; as the investigations of that great historian, whose name he has invoked, would have been far more easy and satisfactory had he been assisted by the materials from which Livy compiled, instead of by that beautiful compilation itself.

But, setting these considerations aside, we would seriously ask, Has Mr. Taylor ever read Niebuhr? That that celebrated writer had impeached the credibility of Livy and Dionysius, might have been learned from the literary papers of the time when his history appeared; and, therefore, the knowledge of the fact imports no acquaintance with the work itself, while, on the other hand, Mr. Taylor, even while invoking the sanction of Niebuhr's name, has entirely departed from his principles. In the first* page of the *History of Rome,* it is thus written:

"Numberless are the events and the changes through which the Romans passed from one of these limits unto the opposite; vast destinies, mighty deeds, and men who were worthy to wield a gigantic power, have preserved the memory of much in the story of Rome, even during the most ignorant ages. But in the early part of it, poetry has flung her many-coloured veil over historical truth; afterwards a multitude of vain fictions, no less than of popular legends, under a variety of forms, are combined with the outlines of dry chronicles, and with the scanty results drawn by one or two genuine historians from authentic documents; often they are irreconcilable, and easily discerned, but at times there is a deceitful congruity: in no history is it later comparatively before we reach what is absolutely certain. *Yet this does not make it necessary to give up as hopeless the most important of all histories for the largest portion of its duration.* Provided only that no pretension be set up to such a thorough exactness in minute details as in truth is of no value to us, much may be ascertained in those periods, dark as they are, on historical evidence no weaker than what we possess for contemporary events in Greece; and this we are bound to attempt."

And at page 173, after having thrown a light, by no means inconsiderable, on the history of nations, which even in ancient times were considered beyond the reach of historical inquiry, he says:

"If a detailed map be framed according to mere report, calculations, and bearings, it may deviate in every particular from geographical correctness, and yet be substantially sufficient to give a notion of a country, and enable us to follow the events of its history; when contracted to a small scale, its variations from a precisely accurate one may be scarcely perceptible. The same is the case with regard to many things handed down to us in the history of nations; if they are detached from their dates and whatever else is most exposed to arbitrary and falsifying alteration, and if we do not suffer ourselves to be disturbed by partial incongruities where there is no contradiction in the main, the limits of universal history will be greatly enlarged.

"Thus the legends and traditions collected in this introduction concerning the several tribes that flourished in the earliest times in Italy, furnish results which enable us to survey the most important turns of their destinies, and which

* We quote from the second edition of the translation by Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall.

carry us so far forward, that even beyond the Alps, some of the national monuments of the west and north of Europe come within our widening horizon."

How different is this from the language of Mr. Taylor, who turns with disgust from early Irish history, and rejects even what he admits to be important truths, because they happen to have been mixed up with fable!

The truth we suspect is, the length and difficulty of such a task as that of investigating the evidence of ancient Irish history, would have been inconsistent with the primary object which Mr. Taylor had in view, namely, of getting up a couple of volumes for *Constable's Miscellany* in a given period of time. He might, however, have avoided the necessity of discrediting the native history as an excuse for his inability to pursue it, by calling his work, as with much more justice he might have done, "The Wars of the English Settlers in Ireland," instead of *The History of the Civil Wars in Ireland*. Civil war, in the ordinary meaning of the words, signifies a war carried on by different parties of the same nation, by different members of the same great family; and it would be as correct to designate the contests which were so long maintained by the Franks, the Saxons, and the Celts, against their Danish invaders, as civil wars, as to give the name to those carried on between invaders constantly recruiting their forces from abroad and the native sovereigns of the soil. But Mr. Taylor aimed also at the character of an historian of Ireland; and he tells us in his preface, that he is peculiarly qualified for the office, by being unconnected with any of the parties by which his native country is distracted, and that "the assertion, that Ireland owes all her misery to English connexion — an assertion as false as it is pernicious — has been made too frequently to be passed over without examination." Now the history of the wars of the English settlers is precisely that part of Irish history which is made most use of for party purposes, and unquestionably that which is most calculated to excite party animosity, while the annals of the ancient Irish are a sort of neutral ground, and, if properly handled, might have a great effect in calming deep-rooted passions, and opening the way to peace, by explaining the real features of the original native character, preparatory to tracing out the changes it has undergone since it came in contact with the Norman settlers. And again, as the history of Ireland is admitted to present no bright spot since the invasion of the English, one would have thought that, in order to shew that her misery was not owing to English connexion, we should go back to her early history, and trace, at least, some portion of those evils to the character of her people or the constitution of their society.

Nothing of this kind, however, is to be found in Mr. Taylor's compilation; and, as honest critics, we are bound to say that his profession of impartiality is not borne out by his performance. Though himself, as he tells us, a member of the established church, and a descendant from a follower of Cromwell, there is in every page of his book an evident leaning against the English, and in favour of that view of events which is most palatable to what are now called the patriots of Ireland. We might point out many instances sufficiently striking of this, but our limits compel us to pass on to other matters.

Among the mass of Irish legends which Mr. Taylor has denounced in the bulk as utterly unworthy of any consideration, there is one, however, which has found especial favour in his sight, and which, though hitherto considered to be one of the most improbable and ill-authenticated, he pronounces definitively to be a genuine tradition — not, indeed, from any evidence offered by Irish historians in its favour, but because it derives its authenticity from his own enlightened and unassisted views. The tradition of the Milesian conquest of the island is that which he thus honours, because he conceives that it accords with and explains the peculiar customs which were found to prevail at the time of the English invasion. He says, "The forms of salutation, the Beltane fires, manifestly derived from the former prevalence of solar worship, and the feastings and cries at funerals, so completely coincide with the descriptions of Asiatic manners given by all travellers, both ancient and modern, that it is difficult to refuse assent to the traditionary account of the Milesian origin." And he endeavours to strengthen this inference by a quotation from Faber, to the effect that the existence of such a distinction be-

tween the inhabitants of a country as that of lords and serfs, is in itself a proof of the original inhabitants having been conquered by a new race, and by asserting that at the time of the English invasion such a distinction was found to exist. We are, however, left without any evidence of that distinguishing feature of which he speaks.

Tradition places the arrival of the Milesians at a period far antecedent to the Danish invasion; and it invariably attributes the distinctions of O and Mac to the families of that race. Now, amongst the Irish, we seldom—indeed we believe never—meet with a name which is not connected with these designations, or similar to others which are so connected, or such as may clearly be derived from the Danes or the English; and, therefore, if the country at the time of the English invasion contained two races, one or other must have resigned their names; and as the language to this day continues pure and without the admixture of any foreign dialect, we must come to the same conclusion with respect to language. The Mac is common to the Scotch—so is the language, which is clearly Celtic; and a great similarity of name prevails in both countries. It is therefore clear that, if either race resigned their names and language, it must have been that of the conquerors: a conclusion utterly inconsistent with all historical evidence.* The only difference between the names of Ireland and Scotland is the prevalence of the O's as a designation of rank in the former country. But from whatever cause this difference arose, it can lend no strength to Mr. Taylor's assertion; because, as long as the distinction between lords and serfs exists, the barrier between the two races is impassable: and we find, at the period of the English invasion, the Macs possessed of principalities and powers as great as any which belonged to the O's, though tradition asserts the latter designation to be the most honourable. Mr. Palgrave has shewn that the population of England contains a much larger proportion of Danish blood than was generally supposed; and it is equally probable that that tenacious race were also greatly diffused through Ireland; and not impossible that they may have been reduced to the degree of serfs; as, though names of Danish extraction are very common among the lower orders, we never meet with them as associated with power or consequence. But we are altogether inclined to doubt the existence of any such class at the period alluded to. The decaying outlines of the system can be traced in every country in which it was known to exist; and yet in Ireland we have no trace whatever of the change. The English troubled themselves too little about the state of native society to know any thing correctly of its institutions; and the reverence entertained for their chiefs by their followers, so ill according with the stiff and stern nature of feudal obedience, might well have passed with them for the effects of a servile grade. If subsequent inquiries should establish the fact, that there were two distinct races of men in Ireland at the time of the English invasion, it must still be considered, from the circumstances already mentioned, and from the conformity of that very fire-worship on which Mr. Taylor lays so much stress, that the conquerors were Celts; and the inference then will be, that they, on their arrival in Ireland, found a still more ancient race. We do not think the circumstance alluded to by Mr. Taylor in a note, that "in the grants of land made for the support of monasteries by the Irish monarchs, the Betaghs, or Betages, are expressly named, and the property in them transferred together with the land," is to be considered as satisfactory evidence, until we have clearer light as to what the terms of transfer actually comprehended; for, by his own statement, "each district was considered the property of the entire sept, but the *distribution* of the several shares was intrusted to the prince to grant; and therefore it does not seem that the transfer made by one so limited in his authority over the land, can be compared with an assignment of serfs

* As a mere matter of speculation, it may be surmised, that, as the Celtic tide is now considered to have flowed into Ireland through Wales, and thence to Scotland, and as the "O" is considered the higher denomination, its being confined to Ireland is owing to the fact of the latter country being occupied by a *fugitive nation*, driven out by the Cimri, and Scotland having been visited by *voluntary emigrants*, who were probably the younger branches of families.

or a sale of slaves; and we are not acquainted with any rights exercised peculiarly over these men, as was the case with respect to the Norman villain. It is clear that as none but the prince, or tanist, who was next in succession, had any property, however limited, in the soil, the transfer could have been made by none others; though Mr. Taylor, with strange inconsistency, speaks almost in the same page of large proprietors, of *inheritance* by gavelkind, and of assignments of property. But even supposing that such a distinction did exist, it would afford no proof of the Milesian invasion, as that distinction was found by Cæsar to exist amongst the Celts of Gaul, and is considered by Niebuhr as having existed from very early times.

Our object, in the foregoing observations, is to shew that Mr. Taylor has not given any evidence of the existence of such a distinction between lord and serf as that to which he alludes, and in pursuing it we have relied on his own assertions of Irish laws and customs; but we are far from averring that his is the true exposition of those laws and customs, or indeed that our knowledge of Irish history is such as to enable any one to pronounce decidedly on these points. Our own opinion is, as we have hinted already, against the existence of the distinction, as well as against the truth of the Milesian tradition sought to be established by reference to it; but as both these topics are still open to much inquiry and discussion, it may turn out, upon further investigation, that there was such a distinction of races, without any progress being made towards the establishment of the Milesian tradition; because it may appear, from the circumstances we have already pointed out, and particularly from the very prevalence of those eastern customs on which Mr. Taylor so much relies, that the Celts were the conquering nation; and that on their arrival, at a period now lost in the distance of time, they found a still more ancient race in possession of the island; particularly, as the very same distinction was found by Cæsar to exist among the Celts of Gaul, and was supposed by Niebuhr to have existed from very early times. Our historian is not perhaps aware that the Celtic race, of which the Irish and Scotch are considered to be amongst the oldest branches, and which in the course of its migrations spread more widely than any other of which we know any thing, is itself derived from the east, as has been satisfactorily shewn by the comparison of language,—a test which, as has been well remarked, is infinitely more certain in tracing the affiliation between races than that of customs. Dr. Prichard's work, *On the Origin of the Celtic Nations*, would have afforded the means of accounting for those coincidences with which Mr. Taylor seems so much struck, without being obliged to contaminate his fingers with the touch of Irish records.

While these observations shew that the public have not sustained any very great loss by being denied a history of Ireland from the pen of Mr. Taylor, we cannot but desire that some superior mind should undertake the task while there is yet a chance of its being successful. Every thing which throws light on the history and character of a people so powerful and so widely diffused as the Celts undoubtedly once were, must be highly important; and even if they had been originally confined to a single island, their peculiarity and their unamalgamating nature would render them interesting objects of inquiry in the history of the human race. Besides this, the times are fast approaching when sound philosophy must form the ground-work of secure legislation; and an inquiry, however laborious, which might lead us to just views of a state of society by which so many millions are affected, ought not to be any longer delayed. The progress of philology has supplied a new guide to the truth of history; and we are persuaded that ample materials still remain, not to enable us to trace accurately the course of events, but to present such a general outline of native history as will afford a tolerably correct view of the state of manners and institutions, and explain many events of even recent date, which at present appear altogether anomalous.

There are still legends, and poems, and traditions—there are monuments and mountains, which in the native language of their names speak of past times—there are annals, and histories, and deeds, which contain, albeit amid a mass of fiction, many valuable truths—and there is one unmixed language, and a distinct race, whose connexion with the land may even to this day be traced in the denomination of districts,

of promontories, and of bays. These, with the assistance of philology, and of the notices of foreign writers, and our knowledge of existing customs, would, if properly handled, place Irish history in a far different light from any in which it has yet been viewed. But the language is fast declining—the distinguishing features of manners and customs are wearing away—the old harpers are gradually disappearing from the halls wherein they were wont to sing of other days, and their lays and their legends are following them to the grave—the monuments are mouldering away, and the mountains, dressed out in English names, are sinking into silence—the promontory, and the bay, and the land, have passed into the possession of strangers, who are anxious to obliterate the evidence of their recent titles by suppressing the ancient names; and, in a few years, the materials of Irish history will have ceased to exist, and the memory of its institutions will have perished, while the bosom of society still heaves with the convulsions to which the ignorance of them has given rise.

Interesting and important, however, as the history of Ireland previous to the Norman invasion unquestionably is, it is surpassed in interest and importance by that of the times subsequent to that event. Nothing could be more engaging, nothing more useful, with respect to Ireland, than a history which, embracing the whole extent of the country during that period, should not only fairly and clearly relate the transactions in which the English settlers were engaged, but also trace out the occurrences which took place among the natives themselves, and endeavour to point out how far these were affected by that invasion, and the consequent introduction of foreigners into the affairs of the state.

We have neither time nor space at present to enter into the wide field which this portion of Irish history offers for remark; but we cannot forbear to point out to our readers so satisfactory a source of information with respect to the influence of those evils which are now preparing for that unhappy country. They will find recorded there, in letters of blood, how many calamities have arisen from the predominant influence of the Roman Catholic church, and a sense of the insecurity of property; and they will learn to look with increased alarm on the measures of a government which has once more awakened their sense of insecurity, for the purpose of giving increased energy to the advance of that influence.

It was a favourite argument with the friends of emancipation, that no evil to the state could be apprehended from the professors of a creed, the principles of which were so favourable to monarchy and legitimate authority; but the annals of Ireland shew that, though, as most Christian governments have been Catholic, the efforts of the churchmen have generally been directed to the support of authority, yet it was only because by so doing they most effectually secured their own influence, and that, wherever this could be better advanced by opposition to legitimate authority, they could sacrifice, not only their loyalty, but the independence of their country, for the purpose of promoting it. The apparent facility with which the English established themselves in Ireland, has often been a subject of surprise to those who, duly estimating the persevering gallantry of the native race, have not sufficiently considered the fatal influence by which their energies were repressed and their efforts counteracted. The papal authority had been but recently introduced into Ireland at the time of the Norman invasion, and the habits and feelings of the native princes were hostile to its establishment. Accustomed to a poor and unambitious race of pastors, celebrated for their learning, their piety, and zeal, the turn of their minds was religious—indeed, superstitious; and the clergy had individually obtained a great dominion over their affections: and while this attachment still lingered, it was mingled with a feeling of regret and indignation for the exchange which had taken place. When these, therefore, lured and contaminated by the brilliant attractions and the splendid promises of the papal church, suffered themselves to be seduced from their former tenets, and to change their apostolic simplicity for the honours and trappings of that gorgeous establishment, they felt that their security in their new stations would be greatly increased by the accession of a foreign prince, deriving his title to the sovereignty from their newly-adopted head; and, accordingly, to the formal invitation of the church was the Norman

invasion primarily owing. It was not to be supposed that, however adverse the native chiefs might be to the religious change, they (and much less their subjects) could at once divest themselves of the influence which had so long swayed them, or break asunder the ties by which they were unhappily bound to individual members of the church; and both were turned to such excellent account by the apostate priests, that throughout the whole contest, from the surrender of Wexford, which was occasioned by their intrigue, down to the final establishment of the invaders, we find the efforts of the natives continually paralysed, and their councils distracted by clerical interference and the opposition of the church. From the time of the reformation, however, they became opposed to English connexion; and the wars and the conspiracies of the period immediately succeeding were chiefly excited by their machinations.

Again, when Charles became entangled with his parliament, and after the actual breaking out of hostilities, when the Catholics of the Pale and the native chiefs combined to support his authority, and formed a league so powerful that, had it not sufficed to preserve his English throne, it would at least have secured for him that of Ireland as an independent kingdom; the Catholic clergy, alarmed at some expressions of hostility, forced from the unhappy king by the fear of exasperating the English Puritans, and bent only on the furtherance of their own objects, divided the councils and frustrated the designs of that noble alliance; because circumstances would not admit of their having, at the time, a distinct assurance of the full re-establishment of the papal church.

Thus, then, will it be found, that to the influence of the Roman Church is the original invasion and the conquest (such as it was) of Ireland to be attributed; it will be found, that to the pious prelates of that aspiring order, the subjugation of their country to rude adventurers and to a despotic sway was not a price too great for the confirmation of their own authority in ancient times, as at the present day a union, on equal terms, with the wealth, the power, and the glory of England, is ready to be abandoned as a sacrifice to the gratification of national vanity, and the attainment of papal supremacy.

Whether the invasion were originally an evil or not, there can be no doubt that the imperfect nature of the conquest was a very great one. It is well that a country should maintain its independence, but if it cannot, it is far better that the conquest of it should be so speedy and so perfect that a new order of things may be at once established, and peace and security rapidly restored, than that the lives and properties, the repose and prosperity of the people, should be daily sacrificed by a lingering warfare, and the passions of the one party and the other exasperated against each other by never-ending hostility. But as the original invasion of the country was owing to the influence of the clergy, so also was the imperfect nature of the conquest—that source from which almost all the subsequent misfortunes which befell the country may be derived. It was their influence which paralysed the resistance that would have called forth the energies of Henry II. and provoked the entire and perfect subjugation of the country—which deluded the monarch with the idea that arms were not necessary for the acquisition of a sovereignty conferred by the pope, and encouraged his subjects to abandon the hopes of conquest for the acquisition of plunder—to sink the soldier in the mere predatory adventurer, and to sacrifice the character of a feudal lord for the more devoted submission, and more unlimited jurisdiction, of an Irish chief. It was that influence, again, which prevented the great chieftains of the time of Elizabeth from cordially attaching themselves to her government, and sowed dissensions between them and the Norman Catholics; and, finally, it was, as we have before observed, that influence which frustrated the efforts of the loyalists in the time of Charles, and exposed the country to the vast revolution in property occasioned by the successes of Cromwell.* The first invasion, the continual preda-

* Nothing can be more unfair than to confound the Dissenters of the time of Charles with the members of the Established Church, and to charge upon the latter the religious persecutions which were carried on exclusively by the former. The English may have dealt harshly with the natives, but the lust of spoil, and not

tory wars arising from the incomplete nature of the conquest, the wars of the reign of Elizabeth, and the invasion of Cromwell, all attended by immense confiscations of, and arbitrary aggressions on, property, were the sources from whence sprung that sense of insecurity which deprived landed property of its value in the eyes of Irishmen—a value which recent experience shews is as natural to them as to almost all other people, and the evil effects of which are not yet wholly eradicated.

Nothing can be more striking in the history of Ireland than the facility with which the proprietors of land parted with their possessions, and sought security abroad; and nothing can be more affecting than the gallant and disinterested loyalty with which they supported the cause of the Stewarts, when that cause was abandoned both by the English and Scotch; but it must be admitted that, in later times at least, much of the supposed injustice which was inflicted upon families was owing to their own neglect in using the proper means for obtaining repossession of their properties, and the readiness with which they sacrificed their estates to the vain hope of re-establishing a defeated monarch on his throne;* and thus that the prolonga-

religious zeal, was the exciting cause; and we defy any one to point out an instance in which a Catholic laity have been persecuted by the Church of England, until the priests had attained such influence, and religious animosity had been excited to such a pitch, that a sense of danger demanded the infliction. That animosity was first excited by those intolerant sectarians over whose duplicity Mr. Taylor mourns as over the failings of a child; while every thing like double-dealing and falsehood that can be urged against the unhappy Charles, abandoned, deceived, and persecuted as he was, is brought forward with indecent exultation; and it was prolonged by the scandalous conduct of the Catholic clergy, who continually thwarted the measures of the leaders, and threw constant obstacles in the way of a resistance to the parliament, which must otherwise have been successful. At a time when every thing tended to a cordial union between the confederates of the Pale, the native Irish and the Royalists, in defence of the rights of the crown against the usurpations of the parliament, dissension and division were created in their counsels by the reiterated demands of that clergy for the re-establishment of the Catholic Church in all its splendour; and the arms of the Protector, which certainly never could have prevailed against their united force, were allowed to crush them in detail, and to achieve a victory so unhoped for, that it almost seems a miracle.

* This is most strikingly illustrated by the following, written by an Irish gentleman, attached to the exiled James, to his son who remained in Ireland, and with which we have been supplied by one of his descendants:

"My dear Son,

"This will be delivered to you by our kinsman the Erle of Clanricard, in answer to your letter desiring the pattents, parchments, and titles, relative to our propertys in Ireland, to be shewn at the Court of Claims talked of to be held there; but my opinion is, that you should not claime from the present administration, but wate a more favourble juncture, which the friends and allyes of the King, my master, assure him and us is not far off, as there will be a push made, the insuing spring, to establish him in his just rights, and, of course, his faithful and liege subjects and servants in the full enjoyment of their religion and propertys. The pattents, granted me by the late king (when I followed his fortunes, and attended his court, when in exile at Breda), for our hereditary barony of Murrisk, in the county of Mayo, the present king desired lately to see, and asked me whether I wished to be made lord baron of it by creation. I thanked his majesty; and answered, I was already prinse, as O'M——y chief of the O'M——ys, and the honour his majesty was so graciously pleased to offer could be no addition to me: besides, I would not then trouble him upon any account relative to me, being satisfied of his regards at a fit season, but the more important work of establishing him on the throne of his ancestors occupied me more at present than any selfish motive. I, my dear child, mention this, to shew you that these papers you require are, in some shape, necessary for me even here: besides, they are much safer with me, and cannot be of any present use to you, as you write to me some of our lands were added to the estate of the Protestant archbishop; and the clergy of every persuasion are in general too fond of property to part what they onst get, while they can. I, besides, am informed I am in the list of those proscribed by the Prinse of Orange, and a reward offered for me dead or alive. If this be so, it would be a sufficient pretext to seize those papers from you by force, had you them in your possession; for you see they will stop at nothing, when they imposed a fine

tion of the sense of insecurity of property was in some measure chargeable on the owners themselves; and it is an interesting and a melancholy study to trace out the workings of that malign influence by which gallant and loyal men were estranged from their country, and disgusted with the name of patriot, not so much by the fear of their enemies as by weariness of petty intrigue, and distrust in the divided and crooked policy of their allies.

We have thus taken a rapid, and, we confess, a very imperfect, glance at the topics likely to form the leading features of a good Irish history, and the points which we conceive would be established by them; but Irish history is not to be discussed in a few pages, or in a rapid way, but requires time, and labour, and attention, in proportion to the obscurity in which it is involved, the prejudices by which it has been beset, and the feeble and imperfect efforts which have hitherto been made to elucidate it. We are ourselves convinced that time, labour, and attention would be well bestowed upon it; and that, properly and impartially written, it would not only present a singularly interesting, but a highly instructive narrative, and tend both to awaken us to a just sense of what was most profitable for the future, as well as pour balm over the wounds occasioned by the past. We took up Mr. Taylor's work with a hope, grounded on the general excellence of the miscellany, that some of our views of Irish history might be realised; but when we compared the size of the volumes with the pretensions put forward in the preface, we were prepared for the disappointment which we experienced in the perusal. From the labours of Mr. Moore it is impossible to expect any profitable result, both because his attempts at biography have proved his inability for the task, and because the whole frame of his mind and his strong political and religious bias unfit him for executing it with impartiality. But we do not absolutely despair of seeing the subject taken up by some more able hand, and executed in a manner to fix attention and awaken interest, notwithstanding the loathing with which we naturally approach all Irish discussions, in consequence of the manner in which they have been lately treated.

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upon you for being reputed a justice of the peace. I cannot venture to be so explicit, from my love to you, as I otherwise would. As the articles of Limeric protected your person, I should say nothing to endanger it; only to pray for the times to be more composed, that I may be again restored to my dear wife, you, my famoyly, and country. The distracted state of things leaves no room for me, at present, to give you any advice for your conduct; you must therefore guide yourself according to exigencys, as your own good sense will dictate, until the day of relief comes. You see I cannot go to you, but with the king; nor is it meet for you, as this court is now circumstanced, to come here. You all have my love and blessing. And I am, my dearest dear child, your unfortunate and affectionate loving father to death,

CHAS. O'M——Y."

"From the king's court at St. Germains in Laye, 1691.
To Capt. O'M——y."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SCOTTISH BORDERER.

On the sylvan banks of the Jed, which waters the southern extremity of the Scottish border, I drew my first breath. My father belonged to that respectable class of landowners termed portioners, who might be said to form a kind of connecting link between the Scotch laird, or great landholder, and the farmer.

My mother was the only daughter of an aged clergyman, who, from the mildness, the piety, and the benevolence of his life, had obtained amongst his brethren of the presbytery (to which he belonged) the appellation of "Brotherly Love."

I was the youngest hope of my parents, born four years after a sister, whose plaything I became from my cradle. "He that spareth the rod hateth the child," was the maxim by which Dominie Cleugh, our village pedagogue, governed his little community; and under this discipline, at ten years of age, I had acquired the capability of reading the Bible—nay, I could master the tenth chapter of Nehemiah, without making above a dozen pass-overs. Of arithmetic, I knew the first three rules, and could even repeat by rote the multiplication-table, without halt or hesitation; but the concatenation once broken by a single question, I was immediately at fault, and had to commence anew. The remainder of my scholastic acquirements may be summed up in a few words: I could write a clean half-text hand, and had attained to the enviable distinction of leading the singing-scholars in *O mother, dear Jerusalem! when shall I come to thee?*

During the years thus consumed in lagging on the confines of knowledge, the far more important task of self-instruction was rapidly proceeding; the book of nature was spread out before my eyes, and those hours not spent at school were occupied in wandering amidst the romantic scenery around my natal home.

In those border-regions, every hill and glen and mountain-stream has its appropriate tradition; and the prowess of the sturdy moss-trooper, the enthusiasm of the martyr, and the patient endurance of the gentler sex, under the most cruel persecution for righteousness' sake, are alike familiar in the songs of their poets and the fire-side tales of their peasantry. Superstition also lends its aid in imparting additional interest to the sylvan scenery; nor is there lack of fairy legends, and brownies, and spirits of the air and the water, to arrest and fascinate youthful attention.

The holy endurance of the persecuted remnant of the Covenanters often formed the subject of my father's evening conversation; and as I eagerly listened to his soul-stirring narrations, my young and ardent feelings almost led me to regret that those trying times had passed away, when I too might have earned the crown of martyrdom, and lived in the memory of after-ages.

At earliest dawn, sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by Ringan Cranstown, a young probationer, I visited those spots which story had hallowed—a sequestered hag, and secluded hollow—with the caves, which are still visible in some of the almost perpendicular scaurs which skirt the romantic Jed.

Ringan's mind, like my father's, was imbued with great reverence for the persecuted people of God; but Ringan was also a poet, and from him I early imbibed a taste for the romantic lore of the district.

The Lover's Haugh, the Frenchman's Walk, the Grey-peel and the Twin-willow Trees, on the banks of Blackburn, could boast of their legends of true and unfaithful love; whilst the wonderful feats of the brownie of Ferniherst, the bogle of the Miller's-burn, and the freaks and sports of the elfin race, as they gamboled beneath the capon-tree, or danced merrily in the fairy rings, afforded never-failing subjects for his unlettered muse. There was a wildness and sublimity in his strains which fastened strongly on my young imagination, and threw a sacred halo around those scenes which I have sought for beneath more smiling skies, and amidst richer landscapes, in vain.

Whilst thus wandering amidst a creation of my own fancy, my parents, after much anxious deliberation, resolved to bring me up for the ministry, and with this view to place me at the grammar-school in the borough-town.

In the rank of life in which I was born, the ministry was regarded as the

most honourable goal of ambition; yet amidst all my aspirings after the respect and honour attached to the character of a teacher of the gospel, the most gratifying to my youthful and ardent feelings was the idea of one day becoming the kind consoler of the afflicted, the composer of dissensions, and the stay of the poor and needy.

"He was a powerful preacher, and a great scholar; but he was muckle better — he was the *poor man's friend*, and the *peace-maker*," was the simple but affecting eulogium that I oft heard pronounced on my deceased grandfather, by the guileless objects of his pastoral care. It was this which directed the current of my feelings on the present occasion; it was this which, through good and ill, through a long life, was remembered by me, with a fervency undiminished by time or disappointments.

* * *

Ringan Cranstown, on hearing the news, began with somewhat of scholastic pomp to initiate me into the mysteries of my new studies.

"Ye'll find the Latin rather dry at first," he said, "and the Greek and Hebrew unco crabbit; but always reflect, that ye can never be a faithful expounder of the word unless ye be able to read it in the original tongue, —and that will enable ye, with God's blessing, finally to conquer."

On the Midsummer fair-day my father took me to town; we found the rector, or master as he was usually called, at home. I was duly entered one of his pupils, and became a boarder in his family, which consisted of his wife, two daughters, and another pupil, who had for some time been an inmate beneath his roof.

After tea I accompanied my father to the water-side, when, mounting his yad, the Jed in a few minutes ran betwixt us.

It was childish, certainly, to grieve at what might be termed a momentary separation; yet I confess I felt an utter desolation of heart, as I heard the feet of the yad champing amidst the wet gravelly sands on the opposite bank of the river: and when the horse and his rider disappeared from view, I fairly burst into tears.

But this was no time for the indulgence of such feelings — every avenue from the town teemed with life and merriment; troops of little urchins, of both sexes, pursued the country people, as they trotted homeward, either on horseback or on foot, bawling out at the height of their voices —

"Fairy folk, fairy folk, gie me my fair;
A cow or a calf, and I'll ask nae mair."

Sometimes a handful of gingerbread-nuts were showered amongst them, or a few halfpence from the pockets of some good-natured equestrians, and then began a scramble for the spoil.

Turning back to my new home to avoid the glee and merriment so much at variance with my feelings, I met the youth with whom I was domiciliated; and though only the acquaintance of an hour, his presence afforded a relief to my sad thoughts.

Together we traversed the fair, and passing between a double row of *krames*, saw our hostess and her eldest daughter inspecting the shewy finery, so temptingly displayed in those booths.

"I have no money to throw away on top-knots and gloves," said my new friend, mixing with the crowd; "for I have been hoarding every farthing to buy *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe*, at Thomas Hogg's auction, this evening. Should they go high, however, I must content myself with one of them." And he displayed a hoarded crown-piece, with a sigh.

"Oh!" cried I, my eyes sparkling with joy at the idea of the literary treasures within my reach, "I have plenty of money, and we shall have both."

From this moment, John Mein and myself became sworn friends and brothers; his library was displayed and offered for my perusal, and the knowledge he had acquired was freely imparted to guide my rustic ignorance.

We were the first to enter the *council-house*, where, enthroned on the magisterial bench, sat the important bibliopolist, arranging his books for the evening sale. He was a little old man, with the most singular expression of countenance I ever beheld; and besides being an itinerant dispenser of knowledge, was a celebrated improvisator. Unable, however, either to write or repeat his unpremeditated effusions, some of which certainly possessed much wild beauty, all remembrance of the bard and his verses are now forgotten.

Thomas Hogg greeted my companion as a favoured customer, and suffered us to rummage over his hetero-

geneous stock, which chiefly consisted of old divinity, a few odd volumes of Shakespeare, several sets of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels*, Complete Letter-writers, Pocket-bibles, and Psalm-books in abundance.

Though now writing in a well-stored library, and far from insensible to the charms of literature, it would be impossible to recall the first fresh joy of my heart as I arranged and re-arranged my treasures on the old walnut chest of drawers, in my confined dormitory.

I left my bed at an early hour next morning, and drawing aside the checkered window-curtain, opened the sash to inhale the morning air. But instead of the fair landscape which had hitherto daily greeted my eye, the prospect was bounded by the opposite houses of the Dean's close.

When the morning tasks were ended, I was assailed by the whole host of my schoolfellows to solicit a day's play, which, according to custom, the new scholar has a right to demand. With much diffidence I preferred the request; which was no sooner granted, than the school broke loose with loud shouting and joyous clamour.

John Mein having obtained permission to spend the day with his father, and carry me along with him, we set out on our walk, and reached Langton as Mr. Mein was returning from the fields to dinner. He was what in that district was termed *a lang-headed man*, and wealth and comfort were visible in his whole establishment.

After spending a pleasant day, we set out on our return; Mr. Mein cordially inviting me to visit Langton whenever I had a spare day.

"It's only a twa hours' walk," he said, "and ye'll hae mony a Sunday without preaching I fear; for our worthy minister seems far on the road to glory. I doubt there will be a *stramash* when he's gane, for the parish looks to the young bird of the Ettrick brood: but I fear the patron will no comply with their wishes."

John Mein was greatly my superior in a knowledge of books, and besides assisting me in my classical studies, I imbibed from him a taste for natural knowledge. Ray's *Wisdom of God*, and Derham's *Astro-Theology*, opened a new world to my view, and imparted an interest to the most minute objects in creation.

About this period I acquired another acquaintance, whose converse tended also greatly to develop the opening faculties of my mind.

James Winter was one of those choice spirits who had far outstripped the period in which he lived; possessing a keen perception of the ridiculous, his dry quiet humour was well calculated to expose the absurd pretensions of overweening ignorance or low-minded pride: hence he was the terror of the *magnates* of the borough, who quailed under the severity of his lampoons, without perhaps fully understanding their point. His dog Totchy, an animal of the cooly breed, and his *Corbie craw*, possessed almost human intelligence — their master would have said, more than human intelligence; and much, much more than human affection and fidelity. It must, however, be confessed, that the latter of these animals was not destitute of the organ of covetousness. He kept his *poose* in a hole he had formed in the rigging of his master's barn; it consisted of various articles, such as balls, marbles, jock-to-legs, keelavine pens, thread-papers, clews of yarn, or whatever else he could purloin from the children at play, or the females, as they plied their needle or their knitting at the doors, or open windows.

The youngest daughter of the rector sometimes appeared sad, though I knew not at first the cause of her melancholy. The son of a Liddesdale laird had been my predecessor in the establishment, and the young folks being at that age when the little loves begin to flutter round the heart, a mutual attachment sprung up between them. For a short time their secret was undiscovered, till circumstances arousing the vigilance of the master, he taxed his pupil on the subject, who candidly avowed his love. The integrity of the old man induced him to communicate the affair to the father of his pupil, and the youth being recalled to the paternal tower, was threatened with a parent's bitterest malediction, should he persevere in his suit.

Young Elliott, however, had contrived to open a correspondence with the object of his love.

It was a hot sultry evening in June; the master had sauntered out to take his usual walk, the hostess and her daughter Bet were also absent, when I was aroused from my book by a loud scream from Hewy; and looking

up, beheld her standing in the middle of the floor, in a paroxysm of grief, and Corby strutting about the sill of one of the open windows.

"For mercy's sake, catch that demon!" she cried, bursting into tears, "or I am ruined; he has stolen my letter—my father will discover all!"

I rushed forward to seize the culprit, but as if aware of my design, he flew from window to window, holding the letter, as if in triumph, in his bill; till, wearied with his pertinacity, I attempted to strike him down, when he sought refuge on the top of his master's house, and, sidling up the *cat-steps*, disappeared with his prize.

I darted across the street, and accosting Winter, who stood at his door, seemingly much delighted with the trick of his favourite, entreated him to rescue the paper from his grasp.

He motioned me to follow him to the garden, and giving a cry through his fingers which Corby seemed to understand, the bird hopped down the roof of the barn, stalked proudly towards us, and laid the trophy at his master's feet.

"So, so!" apostrophised Winter, glancing at the superscription of the letter, "young Elliott has persuaded the poor simple girl to correspond with him, in opposition to parental injunctions on both sides! The infernal reiver! he well knows that no good can result from it; for sooner would the proud laird of the Peel behold his heir suspended "from Harebee tree," than that his blood should commingle with the obscure puddle of a clerkly dominie."

The affrighted maiden, when I restored her epistle, expressed the utmost gratitude by her looks, though her tongue refused its office; and I retreated to my own closet to relieve her embarrassment. How James Winter managed matters with her father I never knew, but she was soon after sent to reside with a relative in Fife.

My intercourse with my own family and that of John Mein was frequent; and young Winter, since the affair of the letter, frequently became the companion of our walks. An architect by profession, and a mathematician of no mean powers, his conversation tended greatly to cure that dogmatising spirit in which I was too prone to indulge. "What makes you think so? what proof can you produce of the truth of this assertion?" uttered in his peculiar dry tone, often stopped short my volubility, and generated a habit of reflection which powerfully tended to correct the crude and hasty opinions of my youth.

James Winter was no particular favourite with either of my parents, but with the elder Mr. Mein he was a jewel of inestimable price. His contempt for prejudices, however sanctioned by time and great names—his love of research and experiment—and his sententious humour, all rendered him an associate according to the gudeman's ain heart; and never did John and myself receive so bright a welcome as when accompanied by Totchy and his master.

At the period of which I write, political knowledge was by no means general amongst the great body of the Scottish people. After the rancour occasioned by the rising of forty-five had subsided, they seemed in general contented to rest in quiet, each under his own vine and under his own fig-tree; or if some enthusiastic Jacobites still looked forward to the coming of a political millennium, when their hereditary princes should be restored in the plenitude of their power, they were either too few or too insignificant to disturb the public tranquillity, or alarm the jealousy of their rulers.

The court and the country party were the denominations by which the ministerialists and oppositionists were distinguished; but the majority of the voters attached little importance to this distinction, and the county elections were merely a struggle between two powerful families, wholly unconnected with public principle.

In like manner, the boroughs were swayed by some individual of consequence; and that in which I was then resident had, for many years, been under the control of the Marquess of L——.

Such a mode of representation afforded a prolific theme for the keen irony of Winter, who warmly exerted himself to free his native town from the thraldom of the peer. Soon, however, he perceived, that the spirit he had evoked was not from above; the narrowest self-interest was the motive-power of his co-associates: the petty trader already felt in his palm the price of his suffrage—the publican looked to the jovial doings of a con-

tested election—and the spruce writer, just returned from copying at a penny a-page in the office of a Writer to the Signet, in the northern metropolis, anticipated his elevation to the office of procurator-fiscal, or town-clerk to the royal borough.

"Once in power, I shall throw all my interest into the scale of the court candidate," pondered the man of law one morning, as he sat in his little dark office, watching for the entrance of a client; "by which means I shall become the recipient and dispenser of ministerial patronage—the organ of communication between the member and his constituents. The indentures of brother Will to the Berwick skipper shall be taken up, and I will procure him a midshipman's place; Tam shall go out to Jamaica as a book-keeper—rare sport it will be for Tam to hunt the black boys! and my cousin, crooked Sandy, the dominie, shall get a kirk, after he has passed his trials—ay, he may even, perhaps, stand in the shoes of the marquess's favourite minister."

How much further this mental castle-building might have proceeded, it is impossible to determine; but at this moment the door opened, and instead of the expected client, James Winter entered. Had the intruder been gifted with the faculty of deciphering the thoughts of those he approached, the scribe could not have been more dismayed. His visitor guessed the subject of his cogitations, and a few searching questions revealed to him that his surmises were just.

With a bitter smile of contempt he left the office, and with his four-footed companion sauntered through the kirk-yard.

"Ay, Totchy, my honest fellow," he said, "is it not better, after all, to be ruled by a wise man and a good, though his sway be not strictly constitutional, than to be sold to the highest bidder by a parcel of ignorant, self-interested fools?" And from this day he took no farther part in the borough politics. But though the master-spirit had thus withdrawn, the cabal against the marquess continued. This venerable nobleman had long been the main-spring of the prosperity of the good town—had mixed familiarly with the meanest of the burghers—had sympathised with their distresses, and rejoiced in their good fortune—had spared neither his purse nor his advice when occasion required—and in general exerted himself to promote industry and sobriety amongst the inhabitants. But except attending the Michaelmas dinner on the annual election of magistrates, and giving one in return on the following Sunday after they returned in procession from the kirk, he never mixed in the jovial doings of the burghers, nor suffered the younger members of his family to amuse themselves with the *gaucheries* of their wives and daughters. Now, however, a spirit was abroad that required to be met in a far different manner; and a gay party, then assembled at Ferniherst, held various consultations how best to extract amusement from the canvass.

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The parlour-door of Mrs. R——, the widow of a nonjuring laird, whose estate was forfeited in the forty-five, was one morning unceremoniously thrown open, and Mrs. Lookup, the landlady of a change-house in the vicinity, stood before her. As the venerable lady raised her eyes from the sacred volume she was perusing, a smile took place of the gravity which had before pervaded her features. Mrs. Lookup was arrayed in a flaming red and blue striped bishop's satin gown and petticoat; her hair, rolled back over a *pudding*, was surmounted by a fly-cap; on the top of which was stuck a Kitty Fisher bonnet of crimson velvet, which imparted a heightened colour to her naturally coarse, blowsy complexion. Blue stockings, with scarlet clocks and calamanco shoes, with enormous high heels, fastened with Bristow buckles, were not hidden by any uncommon length of petticoat; and though it was an oppressively hot morning, a scarlet frieze cardinal, trimmed with gimp, completed her attire.

"No seeing Effie i' the kitchen, my leddy, I made bould to come ben, just to ax how to behave mysel the day; for ye'll hae heard we're a' invited to Ferniherst, and I should just like to have an inkling how to ca' his lordship's leddy, and what I'm to say till her."

"Your best way," said her astonished auditor, "will be to speak little; and when you do address the marchioness, to say madam or my lady."

"Madam or my leddy, indeed!" quoth the angry change-wife; "I'll sae

nae sic thing. The like o' you gets bare my leddy: I'll ca' her my grace, or my worship." And before Mrs. R—— had recovered from her surprise, the offended dame bounced out of the room.

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Tinkle, tinkle, went the little silver bell of Mrs. R——; which brought Effie into the presence of her mistress. "I hope you did not ring before," she said; "for I stept out to see the branksome set that's gaen to Ferniherst. Our neighbour, Luckie Lookup, deckit out like a bubbly Jock, and the auld beau her gudeman, wi' his tye-wig and the gold-headed cane that belonged to his billy the Lun'on gambler glancing in his hand, is at the head of them; and there's Bailie Douglas, and his daughter Mallie, and Provost Anderson, and Convener Waugh the flesher; and I ken na how mony mair. They're gane round by the back o' the Bountrees. And that birky Winter, and twa o' the *Latiners*, are off by the Waulk Mill as fast as they can rin,—nae doubt to blaw in the vain stupid bodies' lugs, till they'll gang and make even down gowks o' theirsels."

Mrs. R—— informed her attendant of the visitation with which she had been favoured.

"The gude forgie us!" said Effie; "if ever I heard the like o' sic impudence. The warld is surely turned upside down sin the Hanoverians cam amang us. I'se warrant the marquess's purse-strings are drawn to pay for that and muckle mair. But lightly come lightly goes. Gif him, and sic as him, had na robbit others o' their braid lands, he wad hae blawn mair lown."

"Effie," said her mistress, while a tear of bitter recollection fell over her wan cheek, "speak not thus of the venerable marquess. It is true he received the lands of him that is gone, and many other forfeited estates, as the reward of his adherence to the house of Hanover; nevertheless he has dealt mercifully with the widow and fatherless. But for his kindness I should in my old age have lacked bread, and my son been a beggar."

"There's not much to boast of in giving a small pittance out of his abundant robberies," retorted Effie; "and as to providing for young master, I wish he had rather gane to France with his equals. However, I hope he will return from Jamaica in time to help him to his ain again, who shall be nameless."

Mrs. R—— gave a sigh to the baseless illusion; but knowing the pertinacity of her devoted handmaiden on such subjects, she dismissed her to her domestic avocations without a reply.

At Ferniherst the dinner passed over as such ill-assorted meetings generally do. The efforts on both sides to assimilate their manners and conversation to each other terminated in wearisomeness long before the day was half over; though the civilities of their noble host and hostess, and the novelties they witnessed, long afforded the burghers matter of boasting to their less favoured townsmen.

Michaelmas-day arrived; the contest was warm; but the L—— party triumphed, and the marquess was elected provost.

On the following Sunday the new magistrates went in procession to the kirk as usual; but as the marquess was about to take his seat, Convener Waugh, giving his lordship a tug by the shoulder, exclaimed, "His presence be about us! what's that?" The marquess, following with his eye the wildered looks of the convener, noticed something glittering beneath the edge of the cushion on which he was about to place himself; and pulling it aside, beheld with horror the seat bristling with cantrips!

Instantly recovering from the momentary surprise the sight occasioned, he grasped the rough hand of the honest convener, and, turning to his colleagues, said something in a low voice, when they took their places, leaving the seat of honour unoccupied. The news flew like wildfire through the town. Winter, who regarded himself as the first cause of an opposition which had terminated in the present atrocious attempt, by propagating abstract political doctrines above the standard of the public comprehension, exerted himself to detect the offenders. But though a precognition was taken on the following day, and large rewards offered for the discovery of the offender, no light was then, or ever afterwards, thrown on the mysterious affair. One effect, however, resulted from this abortive attempt: the L—— interest became more firmly fixed than before, and the sitting member was re-elected.

However mortifying to human vanity and to the pride of systems, it must be

admitted that religious reformation, in all ages, has more frequently resulted from the pride and evil passions of man, than from the calm and dispassionate conviction of reason. Nor did the *stramash* Mr. Mein prophesied during my first visit to Langton, either in its commencement or results, belie this general proposition. On the death of their aged minister, the parishioners turned their eyes towards the grandson of Mr. Boston, of Ettrick, a name dear to the religious controversialists of Scotland, as his successor; but in this it appeared they could not be gratified. The cavalier conduct of this popular preacher towards the marquess, respecting the settlement of a neighbouring kirk some time before, had given so much offence to that nobleman, that he refused to comply with the unanimous wish of the parish.

From the first establishment of the Scotch kirk, patronage had proven a bitter pill; but it had been, except in a few instances, exercised by the crown, or the individuals to whom it was delegated, with a delicacy and forbearance which in some measure veiled its most revolting features. One or more candidates were invited to preach in the vacant kirk; a call was moderated; and rarely was the presentation refused to him who possessed the majority of suffrages.

In the present instance these preliminary steps were superseded by the patron, who conferred the presentation, unsolicited, on a total stranger, without regard to the wishes of the parishioners. The young aspirant for the legal honours of the borough, already mentioned in no favourable terms, frequented the change-house clubs, insinuated himself into the fellowship meetings, and in fact, under the pharisaical cloak of holiness, stimulated that zeal without knowledge, which, in religious controversies more especially, is productive of effects the most baneful; and the discontent, thus industriously fostered, in no long time burst out with astounding violence.

On a beautiful Sabbath morning, towards the end of May, John Mein and myself strolled out after breakfast, and crossing the stepping-stanes, sauntered up by the glebe side. The scene and the season were in unison with the holy stillness of the day. No sounds of rural labour or rustic merriment were heard; but the fervent prayer, or the "sweet psalm tune," of the peasant, fell on the ear from the scattered cottages on the opposite side of the Jed. The second bell soon, however, warned us that we must not linger amidst the quietude of nature; and scrambling round by the glebe head, we turned our steps homewards by the beaten track.

Here and there, on the unenclosed space between the road and the fields, were tethered a doddered cow, a shelty, or a pet lamb, belonging to the cadgers or little gardeners inhabiting the outskirts of the town. The animals were tended either by some gray-headed grandsire, reclining on a sunny spot, reverently perusing the Bible, or by little urchins of both sexes; some of them poring over their *caritches* or proverbs, while others, less strictly reared, were covertly selecting sets of chucks from the heaps of cow-lady-stanes they had collected by the water-side, playing at nevy-nevy-nick-nack, or other profane games.

The day was uncommonly mild; the odour from the birken-shaw above Inch-bonny, wafted along our path by the westlin breeze, mingled with the scent of the hawthorn, the wild brier, and the honeysuckle, which skirted the road; the lark soared high in the air, the voice of the cuckoo came from afar, the first faint notes of the blackbird mingled at intervals with the mellow song of the mavis—while the lintwhite, the goldfinch, and the wren, strained their little throats in choral emulation. The flowers were pendant with bees, culling their odoriferous sweets; while gaudy butterflies pursued their devious flight in every direction. The cool and pellucid water of the Allerly-well poppled invitingly through the soil, marked by the lively and fresh green of the cress and the water purple. We approached and slaked our thirst from the hollow of our hands; and often in after-life, when panting and exhausted beneath the scorching heat of a tropical sun, have I thought of that morning's walk, and longed for the refreshing beverage afforded by this delicious spring.

On reaching the back of the Boun-trees, our steps were simultaneously arrested by the prospect which burst on our view. At our feet lay the Ladies-yards, gorgeous in the rich and variegated blossoms of the pear, the plum, and the *guin* trees, gilded by

the rays of a brilliant morning sun. The Jed, rippling over its pebbly bed, swept round the base of the grounds; while, in the distance, the romantic vale in which the town is built appeared like a smiling garden. To the left towered the venerable abbey, its solemn grandeur strikingly contrasting with the cheerful airy landscape around. We spoke not—nor could words, perhaps, have expressed our feelings. Undisturbed by passion, our minds elevated by the peaceful scene, we revelled in the calm fresh joy of early existence, when the sound of the last bell recalled our attention to the more immediate duties of the day.

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Scarcely were we seated when Mr. Gilchrist and a reverend brother entered the kirk. The former proceeded to the minister's pew, while the latter ascended to the pulpit. The pale, interesting countenance of the stranger was highly expressive of mildness and benevolence, and the deep tones of his finely modulated voice breathed the most fervent piety. His opening prayer was listened to with profound attention. The Sermon on the Mount was the subject of his lecture. But scarcely had he begun his commentary on this beautiful portion of Scripture, when a slight commotion near the great door attracted the notice of the hearers. By degrees the low suppressed sound of many voices increased to audible whispers, when Mr. Gilchrist and two of the elders went out to ascertain the cause; but the clamour, instead of being appeased, seemed to gather strength from their presence. The preacher paused. He had been told of dissensions in the parish, and seemed deeply affected as the truth of the report flashed on his mind; but quickly resuming his self-possession, he abruptly terminated the remaining part of the service, and left the kirk.

A session hastily met, and in presence of the elders and his noble patron, Mr. Bonnar unhesitatingly declined the presentation.

"*Sour grapes!*" exclaimed the spruce writer, with a malicious grin, as he stood leaning against a head-stane, expounding the law and the gospel to a parcel of gaping women and 'prentice boys.

"Ay, ye say right, Mr. A——," responded Luckie Rutherford, the change-wife; "it sets him weel, indeed, to yoke a plough where Tommy Boston thaught to till."

"But I say, gudewife," quoth Effie Bunyan, the landlady of a rival *public*, "it wad ha been but fair play to have heard what he had to say for himsel."

"I'm sure and certain," interposed Plumper Wood, the smith, "if he wasna a gude man, and a sound preacher, worthy Mr. Gilchrist wadna hae taen him by the hand."

Mr. A—— was too expert a tactician to suffer this observation to pass unchecked; with a knowing shake of the head, he therefore replied, "You speak wisely, Mr. Wood, so far as you know; but there is a wheel within a wheel even there." And so saying, the man of law moved off, leaving the leaven of discord he had diffused among the group to ferment at leisure.

Mr. Gilchrist officiated in the afternoon. "This is the commandment which I give unto you, that ye love one another," was the text chosen by the aged preacher; and the fervent breathings of his pious spirit were listened to with deep attention, whilst he enforced the duty of brotherly love and Christian charity, in general; but when he made the application to the peculiar situation of the parish, an ominous movement took place among the hearers; and no sooner was the blessing pronounced, than they rushed forth to join the crowds without.

In vain some of the elders assured them the presentation had been rejected; their voices were drowned amidst the uproar.

"It is not to the minister of Cockpen, as an individual, but to the illegal stretch of the right of patronage, that we object," insidiously observed Mr. A——. "Will the marquess, after the parish has exerted their right of moderating a call, give the presentation to him who possesses a majority of votes? That is the point at issue, as I understand the matter."

"We all know on whom the choice would fall," replied the elder, to whom the question was addressed; "but after the affair of Crailing, it's no very likely sic a thing could be brought about."

"Then I see no end to the present dissensions," rejoined the writer.

"Ye but speak the truth, Mr. A——," said Baillie Douglas, erst one of the most servile supporters of the marquess; "and gif it was off the day it's on, I

wad open the council-house doors mysel, and hae ye electit spokesman."

This was exactly the point at which the wily agitator aimed; but he was too subtle to notice the remark. In the mean while, a cluster of the most violent spirits had collected round the west door of the kirk, and, on the appearance of the marquess, with his family and Mr. Bonnar, assailed them with a torrent of abuse.

The evening of this memorable day exhibited none of that quietude which, at this period, characterised a Scottish Sabbath. Voices in deep deliberation or angry contention issued from almost every house, where formerly at such an hour the sound of family worship was heard.

The pattering of feet to and fro through the Dean's Close awoke me, on the following morning, from a sound sleep; and springing from my bed, I found John Mein already astir. We sallied out, and being joined by Winter, proceeded to see what was going forward, and at the Cross met Will Kerr, the Cameronian. This man had suffered much persecution from the incorporated trades of the royal burgh, who prevented him exercising his calling as a tailor, because his conscience would not suffer him to gulp down the burgess oath; but, like every species of persecution, it had only made him adhere more firmly to his own opinion. He was a living chronicle of the cruelties of Claverhouse, Dalziel, and other persecutors, and possessed a fund of dry humour, which rendered him a great favourite with Winter.

"Good morrow, Kerr," he said; "what may be your opinion of this squabble?"

"It's only ane of the spurts afore the great storm, that, gif I'm no mistane, will soon overwhelm this sinful, self-righteous Erastian generation. But, 'overturn, overturn, until it come to him whose right it is,' saith the prophet; and until we have a *covenanted king*, we canna look for a *sanctified ministry*. But it wadna be a bad joke to gie the *bout-fitted* writer a fleg this morning;" and he gave two or three hearty tugs at the rope of the fire-bell, which hung outside the old prison, when instantly the whole population poured toward the Cross, all crying out, "Where's the fire? Gude Lord! where's the fire?"

We mingled with the crowd, when Kerr, with a face of the most imperturbable gravity, replied to some of the questioners, "It's at Sandy A——'s, they say; but will none of ye gie the bell another joul?" At this several stout hands plied at the rope, while the cry, "It's at Mr. A——'s, the writer," directed the multitude towards his house.

Fire-engines there were none at that period; but their want was more than supplied by the daring hardihood and activity of the towns-folk on such occasions. The door of the man of law was burst open, the crowd vociferating, "For God's sake, rise, sirs, or ye'll be burnt to death!" and as the terrified master issued from his chamber, he was overwhelmed with the deluges of water which the people were throwing about in every direction. Meanwhile, Tam Hope, the *wright*, having mounted the stairs, cried out, that it was a false alarm; on which the multitude dispersed, wondering how the mistake could have originated.

Whatever might be the writer's thoughts, or however mortified at the *délabrement* of his domicile, he attended a meeting in the kirk with smiles on his face and gratitude on his lips, for the prompt aid of his townsmen in a time of supposed need. At this meeting a call was moderated, and the choice unanimously fell on Mr. Boston. A deputation of two elders was appointed to present it to the patron, with Mr. A—— as their spokesman, and it was left with him for the subscription of the country parishioners. Tuesday being market-day, the office of this hitherto obscure pettifogger was crammed to overflowing; and, if popular rumour might be credited, many a *plea* was entered into by his advice, which the credulous client found bitter cause to regret.

The deputation was received with much urbanity by the noble patron, who expressed his regret that he could not comply with the wishes of the parish; "but let them choose any other man," he said, "in or out of the presbytery, and the presentation shall be his. When unsolicited," he added, "I presented Mr. Boston to his present kirk, I voluntarily said, that when a better was in my gift, he should not be forgotten. Of this he reminded me when Crailing became vacant; and I instantly informed him that the kirk in question had been promised to a pre-

ceptor in my family, long previous to his settlement at Oxnam, and assuring him the promise to which he alluded should not be unthought of, whenever I had the power to fulfil it."

"'You have acted in this affair, neither with the honour of a nobleman nor the faith of a Christian,' he wrote in reply; and, from that day to this, never has he ceased to thwart every measure I have proposed for the benefit of his parish."

The calm dignity of the venerable nobleman rendered dumb their pert spokesman; but on the way back he contrived to mystify his simple companions, so that a very garbled report of the interview was given to the meeting.

It was in vain that some of the more moderate endeavoured to stem the torrent; the small still voice of reason was unheard amidst the popular clamour; and, as it was wholly impossible to obtain the kirk for their favourite, it was resolved to build one for his reception.

Led away by vanity and a love of popular applause, Mr. Boston, in opposition to the advice of his best and truest friends, gave up his charge, and threw himself into the arms of the malcontents. The day this resolution was made known might be termed, literally, a day of madness in the royal burgh.

The bells rung a merry peal, and parties paraded the streets, preceded by the town piper, with favours in their hats.

"Walk in, gentlemen, and partake of the cup of joy in my puir dwalling," quoth Kitty Rutherford, as they came down the Burn-wynd; "the bairns that are unborn will rise up to ca' ye blessed for this day's wark. Cum in, Watty Boyd, cum in, Rob Hastie, to the kitchen; ye're fighting the Lord's battles, and there's nane sic shall gang by my door this blessed day. His presence be wi' us! is na that the dead bell?" she exclaimed. "Wha wad hae sent sic a clink through the town on this day o' rejoicing? I hope it 'ill no turn out an uncanny omen for the holy man that's coming amang us." While she was yet speaking, Johnny Preston, the bedlar, took one of his stated stands nearly opposite the door."

Tinkle, tinkle, went the death-announcing bell; and as it ceased, John began, in his accustomed lugubrious tone, to repeat the usual formula, which then, and for many years afterwards, superseded written invitations to burials.

"A' our brethren and sisters, we let ye to wit that we hae a brother departed (at the pleasure o' Almighty God), yestreen at ten o'clock, called *kingly patronage*, and ye're invited to attend the funeral, this forenoon, at eleven o'clock!"

"Weel, that's the best of a'," exclaimed Luckie Rutherford; "bring out a glass o' Nantz, gudeman, to auld Johnny;" who at the welcome sound stotted forward, scarcely able to preserve his perpendicularity, and his little gray eyes twinkling with the potations he had already swallowed.

This additional glass, which he drained to the very bottom, completed the disorder of his senses; and, on reaching the next allotted station, the bell merely shook in his nerveless hand, as he snivelled out,—

"A' our brethren and sisters, we let ye to wit there's ait strae to be sauld in Mr. Crombie's barn, in the Laigh kirkyard, at fivepence a threave (at the pleasure o' Almighty God), buy wha wull!"

A shout from a parcel of idle boys who surrounded the bedlar, followed this profane and disgusting exhibition, as Mr. Byers, the sheriff's substitute, was passing, who ordered an officer to disperse the crowd, and place the inebriated sot in confinement.

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A meeting was convened, the letter of acceptance from Mr. Boston was read amidst shouts of applause, and a subscription opened to defray the expense of building a suitable place of worship.

Nor did the work lag; ground was purchased, and, besides the money received, several opulent farmers sent their servants and horses for the lime and tiles, others carted the stones; some presented offerings of wood and others of iron, and an ancient Cameronian in the good town of Edinburgh, who rejoiced at the pulling down of patronage, even though not achieved by covenanted hands, transmitted a package of crown-glass for the windows; many, who had nothing else to give, proffered a day's labour every week, and the work proceeded with almost incredible rapidity.

At length the Marquess of L——

found in the minister of Breadalbine a man willing to accept the presentation, in opposition to the will of the parishioners; but their minds being now directed into a new channel, he was placed without tumult, and soon sunk into an object of complete indifference.

The day which beheld the cope-stone placed on the new meeting was truly a day of jubilee. The political intriguer and the conscientious opponent of kingly supremacy in matters of religion alike rejoiced in the consummation of their labours; whilst the multitude hailed with loud hosannas the man whose popular eloquence was so well suited to awaken enthusiasm and lead captive the senses.

"By what appellation are you to be distinguished?" inquired young Winter, the next morning, at Beau Lookup, now one of the leaders of the new sect.

"We ca' this the Relief Meeting at present," he answered; "but when other oppressed parishes follow our example, the union will assume the title of the Presbytery of Relief."

"The Presbytery of Mischief would be a more fitting appellation," replied Winter, in his usual dry sarcastic tone; and a few years too surely confirmed the accuracy of this judgment, in so far as the prosperity of the burgh was concerned. Whether the vital interests of religion were benefited or injured by this secession, must be left to polemical casuists to determine.

Every succeeding Sunday the Relief Meeting was crowded to excess; and, to accommodate the multitudes that might be expected, it was judged expedient to celebrate the first sacrament in the open air, a practice at that period not uncommon even with the Establishment.

On the Saturday, and long before day-dawn on the Sabbath morning, every avenue to the town teemed with passengers. From the northern metropolis—even from several places beyond the Forth—from the extremity of the Merse to the confines of the western sea, crowds of strangers, of various ranks and degrees, hurried onwards, eager to witness the solemnity, and listen to the far-famed martyr of patronage.

To those unacquainted with the ground, vain would be the attempt to convey an adequate idea of the spectacle which presented itself to our view as we reached the spot. Of an oblong, irregular figure, the Ana is bounded on the one side by gardens and orchards, forming a leafy screen which excludes a view of the town and public road, and on the other by the Jed, which, after washing its flat indented margin, is turned from its direct course by an almost perpendicular scaur, and, making a sweep to the right, flows through a fertile dale till it unites with the Teviot.

At the base of this scaur a temporary pulpit had been erected for the occasion, in front of which stood the sacramental elements on a table covered with snow-white linen; while at right angles, extended in parallel lines, the two communion tables, more than forty feet in length, covered in the same manner.

Before the clock struck ten, this secluded hollow was covered to the water's edge, as well as a green bank on the opposite side of the Jed. Many who were forced to turn back took the way to the path-head, and seated themselves on the very brink of the scaur; whilst others, more adventurous, found a station on its rocky projections, or on the gnarled trees which grew from numerous fissures in its beetling front.

The sun shone out with unclouded splendour, exhibiting in strong relief the numerous assemblage, awaiting, in breathless expectation, the appearance of the popular idol. He ascended the pulpit; not a sound was heard, save the gentle rippling of the water and the low rustling of the tall trees which skirted one side of the ground, as they were moved by the morning breeze. Soon, however, was the stillness interrupted by the voices of this vast multitude, raised in one simultaneous song of praise to Him whose temple is earth, sea, and sky.

I was then in the first fresh spring-tide of existence—I am now descending into the vale of years; yet never, during my long pilgrimage through life, have I witnessed beneath the consecrated dome, decorated by sacerdotal pride, nor in the more simple temples of my native land, a scene more august, or devotion more impressive.

The action-sermon was listened to with deep attention; and after the objurgation, or fencing the tables, was concluded, the youthful pastor descended from the pulpit, and placed

himself by the side of the elements, surrounded by his elders. In a voice tremulous from exertion he read a portion of the psalm usually sung as the communion tables are filling.

"Who is the man who shall ascend
Unto the hill of God?
Or who within his holy place
Shall have a firm abode?
Whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure,
And unto vanity
Who hath not lifted up his soul,
Nor sworn deceitfully."

The last line had been read out by the precentor as Mr. A—— approached the table, when a female, starting from the ground, seized the skirt of his coat, and in wild accents implored him to desist.

"Come back, Saunders, dinna gang forit, as ye value ye'r immortal soul; didna ye hear the minister debar ye frae the table? dinna ye hear the last line o' the psalm? ye'll only eat and drink damnation to yersel!"

The scribe turned round, and, with a withering scowl, shook off the poor scared creature, who sunk to the earth, as he proceeded, regardless of her warning voice, though many marked his fluctuating colour, and the shuddering trepidation with which he raised the consecrated cup to his lips.

Two years before, this poor half-witted creature had accused him as her seducer, from which charge he freed himself by oath—a mode of purgation recognised by the Scotch law.

Soon afterwards the infant died, and the unfortunate mother had since preserved existence by carrying *burdens* from the woods in the vicinity, which were bought by the townsfolk for fuel.

By the active exertions of James Winter, she was removed from the crowd; but never again did poor daft Jean go to the wood. Supported during the few remaining days of her existence by the hand of charity, she sunk into an unhonoured grave; whilst her seducer—if seducer he really was—continued to pursue the career of worldly prosperity with unabated speed. True the occurrence was whispered from mouth to mouth, not much to the credit of the young lawyer; but he had rendered himself necessary to his party,—and when was ever party exigent of the moral purity of its agents?

On the autumn following this memorable day, John Mein left school, to attend the medical classes in Edinburgh; and so much had recent events lessened my zeal for the ministry, that I determined to solicit my parents' consent to share in his studies, when an event occurred which materially altered my destination in life.

An uncle of my mother's, a wealthy West India proprietor, having successively lost his wife and a numerous family of children, found himself at an advanced period of life alone in the world. The bereaved old man thought of his nephew; and the solemn promise of constituting me the heir to his vast wealth was the temptation held out to my parents to resign their son. The struggle was long and painful; but, on being made acquainted with my aversion to the ministry, their consent was no longer withheld.

Even now I cannot linger on the agony of the parting scene, nor ever forget the bitterness of that moment, when, turning my horse's head after fording the Jed, I took the last mournful look of my happy home. The stirrings of ambition, the thirst for knowledge, the longings after foreign travel,—all faded before the agony I endured, and, but for very shame, I would have thrown myself at my father's feet, and entreated to remain, if but as a bondsman, in his house. My destiny was, however, sealed, and the depth of my despair began to yield before the influence of new scenes. Posting, as now understood, was then unknown in Scotland; and, jogging leisurely forward, we did not reach the White Horse in the Cannongate of Edinburgh until the third day from our leaving home.

John Mein, who had been some weeks matriculated in the University, hastened to meet us; but this reunion, so delightful to both, was interrupted by an intimation from the master of the vessel that he was to sail on the following day. No time was therefore to be lost, and immediately after breakfast we proceeded to Leith.

My father caught a view of the boat of the Mary Anne, as she put off for the shore; and taking my arm, he walked a few paces apart. I could hear the beating of his heart, and his manly features were for a moment convulsed with agony. After a brief space, however, he resumed his usual composure; and seizing my hand, he said, in a solemn, impressive voice—

"Reuben! Reuben! my son, my youngest hope! seas and mountains will soon divide us; but, oh! remember that *sin* only can separate us from our God. Never again may we meet in this world; but may the good-will of Him that dwelt in the bush be your portion through life, and at the hour of death may we be re-united in that world where sorrow and weeping hath no place."

So saying, he wrung my hand, and walked slowly away, motioning me not to follow; and, with a bursting heart, I rejoined John Mein. The boat in a few minutes grated on the sands: "Be a friend to my parents," I said; "comfort my sweet sister, and may God be with you all!"

"Doubt not. I will prove a son to your parents, and watch over your sister with the affection — nay, with a fonder feeling than even the affection of a brother." * * *

Favouring breezes wafted me in due time towards the spicy shores of Jamaica; and, on debarking at Port Royal, my uncle, who had been daily on the look-out for the Mary Anne, received me on the beach. Though bending under the weight of years, and the debility occasioned by a long residence in a tropical climate, I could nevertheless trace a strong resemblance between Reuben Turnbull and my beloved mother; and the intimate association of more than a quarter of a century convinced me that the same mild and benevolent temper characterised each. His residence was embowered in a thick grove of acacia and orange-trees; but amidst all the appliances of luxury and wealth, my uncle had preserved the simple tastes and temperate habits of his early years. Sauntering out one morning before sunrise, a few weeks after my arrival in the island, I passed the office as the slaves were mustering for their daily labour in the fields.

"How now, dogs!" exclaimed the overseer, coming up and brandishing the symbol of his power; "still loitering — off to your tasks;" and a yell followed the application of the lash. This exhibition, so unlike the joyous harvest bands or merry haymakers of my native Scotland, was so revolting to my feelings, that I turned away in disgust.

The hope of being remembered beyond the grave as the friend of the poor, I have already recorded as the earliest and dearest wish of my heart; why should I not become the friend of the enslaved African? At this period, neither saint nor sinner, neither philosopher nor political economist, had sent forth a formula for transmuting at once in the alembic of emancipation, our sable brethren into enlightened citizens and industrious cultivators of the soil. But though this *new light* had not yet shone forth to dazzle and deceive, reflection and the casual observations I had made, alike convinced me that neither moral nor physical impossibilities were opposed to the attempt of ameliorating the condition of those hapless victims of an unjust traffic, and gradually exalting them in the scale of existence. The various means I employed for this end it is foreign to my present purpose to detail; suffice it to say that my expectations were not ultimately disappointed. But when I look back to the toil of combating long-rooted habits and prejudices, of softening obstinacy and overcoming awkwardness, of creating confidence where suspicion had taken deep root, I could smile at the dreams of the theorist — at my own early glowing visions of the perfectibility of man.

The next five years glided smoothly on, amidst an alternation of business, study, and social pleasure. Each day drew more closely the bonds of affection which united me and my venerated uncle. During this period no material change had taken place in the home of my youth. John Mein, after finishing his medical studies with credit to himself, settled in the country, and received the hand of my sister: to say that I rejoiced in their union, would be a feeble expression of my feelings.

The *stramash*, to use Mr. Mein's expressive phrase, which finally wrested from Great Britain the choicest jewel in her crown, now began violently to agitate our North American colonies. My uncle had some weighty concerns with a house in New York, which the posture of affairs rendered it prudent should be speedily adjusted; and, furnished with ample powers for this purpose, I sailed for the continent of America.

The establishment of Mr. Barton, my uncle's correspondent, bespoke wealth; but his ostentatious manners and violent principles made me almost repent having accepted his invitation, and re-

linquished the ease and comfort of my hotel.

Young Barton I had already seen in Jamaica; but the introduction to his sister produced an instantaneous revolution in my feelings. The ostentation of the father—the inanity of the son, were no longer regarded; yet it was neither the elegant figure, nor the beauteous features of Edith Barton which rivetted my regards. But there was an indescribable fascination in her manner, and in the low rich mellow tones of her voice, which entranced my whole soul in a dream of bliss. She received me with the easy self-possession of good breeding; but methought a shade of uneasiness passed over her fine features whenever I addressed her.

The business which brought me to New York was finally arranged, yet I still lingered, till awakened from this dream of bliss by letters from my uncle, when I sought Miss Barton, and poured into her ear the hopes, the fears, and the wishes of my heart.

"I dreaded this," she said, in a tremulous voice, struggling to appear calm; "but it cannot be. We are but the acquaintances of yesterday—yet, if I judge your character aright, you will not betray my confidence." She paused, then raising her tearful eyes to my face, continued: "for years I have been the chosen of Silas Barton's heart. At the death-bed of my mother, and sanctioned by the approbation of my other parent, we pledged our vows to each other. Politics, however, too often the bane of domestic peace, divided the uncle and nephew; Silas was driven from our house, and I was sternly commanded to think of him no more; but before his departure to your island I became his *wife*."

The mental struggle which followed this communication I cannot recall without shuddering; suffice it to say, that reason at length triumphed. I once more met Edith Barton; our conversation was long and confidential; and the following day I embarked on my return.

My first care, on reaching Jamaica, was to communicate to my uncle the little history of Edith; together we sought out Silas Barton, whom we found drudging in a counting-house at Port Royal.

"It was unkind, Silas," said the good old man, "not to think of me; I might have proven a successful mediator between you and Mr. Barton."

"I thank you," he replied, rather proudly; "but my uncle requires a compromise of principle to which I cannot submit."

"But your wife?"

"My wife! Edith Barton?" exclaimed Silas, completely aroused from his assumed apathy; "what know you of her?"

"That she is on her way to join you," he replied; and I placed the letter with which I was intrusted before the agitated husband, and left the counting-room to relieve the painful feelings which arose in my bosom.

At the termination of two weeks Mrs. Barton joined her husband. I witnessed their meeting, if not without emotion, at least without any selfish repinings; and every succeeding year more closely cemented the friendship we felt for each other. The old merchant proved alike inexorable to the pleadings of his daughter, and the mediation of Reuben Turnbull; whose firmness, however, compelled him to yield up the property of his nephew. At my departure from the island, on the death of my lamented uncle, I found in Silas Barton a purchaser of my plantations, and a kind master to my sable friends.

The decline of Reuben Turnbull was gradual, and his last moments placid as those of an infant sinking to repose. Scarcely had the last duties been paid to his honoured remains, before letters from home announced the death of my beloved mother; as also of John Mein, who had caught a fever in the exercise of his professional duties, which terminated his valuable life in a few days.

This double stroke hastened my departure; and, after a short passage, I once more trod the pier of Leith, where thirty years before I parted with the friend who now slept in the silent tomb. The hopes, the fears, the joys, and the sorrows of this long period at once assailed my bosom with the vividness of present impressions, and, heedless of passing gazers, I groaned aloud. The following morning I proceeded to Edinburgh, and procuring a post-chaise, set off without delay for the south. On reaching the confines of Roxburghshire, which was to me known land, the first glance convinced me that man had not alone been subject to mutation during the long years of my absence.

The face of the country was completely changed; the roads were excellent; the *cat-and-clay* hovels, lighted by a single square of green glass or horn, had given place to neat thatched, and in some places slated, cottages; farm-houses had risen up of considerable magnitude, supplied with convenient offices; thriving plantations met the eye in various directions, and fields of waving corn had usurped the place of moorland and wild. To those who had not been for years a stranger to the home of their youth, the change must have been almost imperceptible; but to me it was like the rapidly shifting scene of a phantasmagoria, snapping at once all my earliest and kindliest associations.

I did not linger in the borough-town; but here also the hand of change was visible. The old prison and the *Tongue* were both razed to the ground, leaving an open area for a market-place. The most fastidious stickler for things as they were, must have admitted the magnitude of these improvements; yet I could not behold without pain the demolition of the low domicile of merry King Crispin, or that of his next-door neighbour, Luckie Cairncross, whose store of multifarious wares, suited to schoolboy wants, rendered it the general resort of our fraternity. A commodious bridge had been thrown across the Jed; and on the opposite bank stood a clumsy edifice, on the front of which was blazoned "County Bridewell." Is it ever thus, I pondered, that vice treads on the heels of civilisation? And throwing myself back in the chaise, I closed my eyes, to shut out a succession of objects which painfully affected my feelings.

But the sudden halting of the carriage made me once more look abroad. Our progress was impeded by a toll-bar,—another token of civilisation; while one at right angles also barred the approach to the back of the Bountrees. The tall trees which formerly covered the Pipleheugh brae had fallen a sacrifice to the axe; and the site of the cottage and garden formerly belonging to Will Kerr, the Cameronian, was now occupied by a bleach-field. Overturn, overturn! the maxim of the fanatical tailor, seems to have been every where acted upon, as far at least as regards inanimate objects, methought, as looking to the right I beheld the glebe covered with a luxuriant crop of tobacco. One familiar object, however, met my eye. The Allerly-well still poppled through the soil; the rude wooden spout stuck into the brae, with the fresh green docken leaf, retained at the point by the weight of a chucky stane, to direct the water into a stream, I could have fancied the same as when I had last slaked my thirst in the hey-day of joyous adolescence; and I gazed on this well-remembered object as on the face of an old friend.

After passing Inchbonny, we crossed bridge after bridge, thrown over the Jed in the space of a few miles; and but for some familiar landmarks,—such as the capon-tree, the king of the wood, the Hundalee and Linthaughlee caves, —I could not have recognised the land of my birth.

After crossing the Jed, I dismissed the carriage; and Juba throwing my small portmanteau over his shoulder, we ascended the winding path which led to my paternal home. Night had now shrouded surrounding objects in gloom, lights twinkled in the windows, and, as I paused to still the beatings of my heart, the sound of merriment within jarred painfully on my excited feelings, and I hastily approached the door. An awkward lout replied to my inquiries, that the auld master was gaen to bed; "but if ye'll gae round to the other door," he said, "I'll tell the young laird ye want him;" and he held up a light to shew me the way, when accidentally glancing at my sable attendant, he dropped the candle, and darting off with a scream, left us to find our way as we best could.

A considerable addition had been made to the Ha'; and as I hurried round to the front of the house, I heard the voice of my brother exclaiming, in angry tones, "The muckle deil, ye idiot! how dare ye talk such nonsense?—shew me instantly where you left the strangers." But, as if a sudden thought had entered his mind, he darted past the trembling lad, exclaiming, "Oh, should it be my brother!" These words, uttered in the tremulous voice of affection, produced a sudden revulsion in my feelings; and the next moment I threw myself on his neck, and shed tears of mingled joy and sadness. By a mighty effort I resumed my self-possession, and followed James into the house. In a parlour, furnished in a style of luxury unknown amongst the agriculturists of my younger days,

sat three gentlemen round a tea-table, at which presided a comely dame, whom my brother introduced as his wife. She welcomed me to the Ha' with much cordiality. I might be fastidious, yet there was something in the manners of my sister-in-law, and the whole economy of the household, discordant to my feelings. Perhaps I unconsciously compared her with the lovely, the fascinating Edith Barton, or missed the lady-like quietude of my beloved mother.

In the first tumult of my feelings, I had been selfishly neglectful of poor Juba, and now left the room to see after him, followed by my sister-in-law. A brilliant harvest-moon had burst forth with unusual splendour, and the tall stately figure of the African was perceived, in strong relief, leaning against a ring fence which enclosed a small lawn in front of the house. On pronouncing his name, he came forward, but again hung back as he perceived my companion. "Come in," said my sister, kindly; and opening the door of an opposite parlour, she stirred the fire into a blaze, desiring him to sit down, and supper should be brought to him. Juba's honest countenance brightened up at this reception; and returning to the company, I was introduced to the visitors by my brother, whose agitation on our meeting had made him neglect that ceremony. One was the parish minister—the others two neighbouring farmers; and a short period convinced me that not greater were the changes produced by time in the external appearance of my native land, than were those which had taken place in the moral constitution of society.

During tea an animated discussion was carried on respecting several agricultural theories, in which the divine took a principal part. He was a shrewd, sensible man, wholly secular in his manners and conversation, which afforded a striking contrast to the spiritualised discourse, and sedate, though cheerful manners, of the simple-minded pastors of my younger years. Tea was no sooner over, than they took leave, when my sister led the way to a bed-room prepared for my reception. A fire blazed in the grate, by the light of which I recognised the well-remembered dormitory of my youth. At this moment, rap, rap, went my father's stick on the floor; and my sister, motioning me to be silent, entered his room.

"Is Reuben arrived?" asked the old man, in a voice which he vainly endeavoured to render steady; "don't hesitate, for I heard his voice in the next room." Rushing forward, I threw myself on my knees before the author of my being, and sobbed aloud. Time had not passed so lightly over his head as to leave no traces behind; but his eye still retained its wonted devotional fire, as with clasped hands he uttered a fervent thanksgiving for my safe return. A tear stole down his wan cheek as he murmured the name of his lost wife; but, instantly checking what he termed the rebellious workings of the natural man, he assumed a cheerful though sedate composure, which long habits of self-control, and a firm reliance on the wisdom of Providence in its most severe inflictions, had rendered a comparatively easy task.

"Ye came in by Langton, nae doubt; were they a' weel, and what thought ye o' yer namesake? Isna Reuben a fine lad?" said my father.

"My first duty was here," I replied, taking his hand; "though I confess I cast a longing look in that direction as I passed."

"Ye were aye a good and dutiful bairn," rejoined my father; "and I hope it's no a sinful prayer, that I may be spared to see ye happily settled wi' a wife o' ye'r ain."

"Oh, cease to talk on such a subject," I replied, with an uncontrollable burst of feeling; for at that moment the image of Edith Barton, and all I had suffered in stifling my early love, arose to memory.

A pause ensued, when my father resumed, in a stern voice,—"Reuben, Reuben, ye must have connected yourself with some of the Moabitish women among whom ye dwelt. O, my God! thou knowest it has been my evening and my morning prayer, that this cup might pass from me, but ———"

"Stop!" I said; "the being I loved was worthy to have been your daughter; but ere I knew her, she was the wife of another. Trusting to my honour, she confided to me her sad story; and the generosity of Reuben Turnbull protected the youthful pair from the persecution of an avaricious father; and they are now my dearest friends. This much I have said to satisfy your paternal fears; but never let the subject be revived; I have objects enow on whom to lavish my whole

hoard of affection." A heavenly smile played over the features of the old man, as, clasping his hands, he uttered a fervent thanksgiving that this heavy affliction had been sanctified to me. "Now, go," he said; "I have need to commune with my own heart."

* * * * *

The next morning I departed for Langton; and the observations of Juba on all he had seen and heard beguiled the way, till we reached Mr. Mein's dwelling.

After our first painful feelings subsided, the society of my sister was to me a source of the purest felicity, whilst each succeeding hour more endeared to me her interesting sons. In two days I returned to the Ha', accompanied by the whole family, as well as my youngest brother, who resided at a short distance from Langton, on a farm of his own.

The fatted calf had been killed, and Ringan Cranstown came forth to meet me. He was still a probationer, and had succeeded, on the death of Dominie Cleugh, to the village school. The times had changed; but Ringan had not changed with them; he remained the same pedantic being, both in his walk and conversation, as when I last saw him.

My first visit beyond the circle of my own family was to James Winter, whom I found sunk into a splenetic old bachelor. With a mind originally superior to his contemporaries, he might be said to have walked through life solitary and alone. Corbie and his canine friend Totchy had both died at a good old age, and the place they held in his affection had never been supplied by new favourites. Many of those who had been the objects of his satire or his friendship had also passed away; and, with few causes of excitement, bodily indolence and mental apathy had become habitual to him.

Aroused from this state of indifference by the presence of one who could appreciate his talents and comprehend his feelings, somewhat of his pristine humour burst forth; and some of the *great men* who had by turns governed the royal borough in my absence, as sketched in the rich humorous style of my friend, would form no unworthy pendants to the provost; and some time hence I may perhaps—but no, old age ought to make no promises for the future.

The founder of the Relief Kirk lived to experience the ebb-tide of his fortune, and the ingratitude of many of those who from self-interested motives tempted him to relinquish a station of respectability and usefulness, for the empty, uncertain breath of popular applause. Rivals also in no long time started up in the bosom of this new church; one in particular, in the northern metropolis, who, if not possessing the commanding eloquence of Mr. Boston in the pulpit, was by far his superior in the gift of worldly prudence, and in the talents which fitted him to become the coryphæus of a party. Under his auspices the new sect had, like the goodly tree in the Scripture, flourished and spread to the remotest corners of Scotland.

After a few years' residence in my native land, Mr. Mein and my venerable parent successively paid the debt of nature; and not long afterwards I was called upon to soothe the last days of my eccentric friend. James Winter had outlived every member of his own family; and after following his remains to their last resting-place in the churchyard of the royal borough, I caused a stone to be placed over them with the following inscription, in conformity with a solemn promise he exacted from me in his dying hour:

"MAY HE THAT REMOVES THIS STONE, OR CAUSES IT TO BE REMOVED, DIE THE LAST OF HIS RACE!"

* * *

In the prosperity of my brothers, and the good-natured help-mate of James, I feel much pleasure; but it is the society of my gentle sister, and the affectionate cares of her promising boys, that shed a mild and steady light over the evening of my days. H.

ON THE FRENCH PEERAGE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

The memoirs of Saint-Simon contain a most minute and most lively picture of the last twenty-five years of the reign of Louis XIV., viz. from 1691 to 1715, and of the regency till the death of the Duke of Orleans, in 1723, a space of thirty-three years; the most important (except those from the French revolution to the present time) in the annals of Europe. A more interesting and more valuable publication than the present complete edition of these memoirs, printed from the author's autograph original, has seldom appeared. Unfortunately, garbled extracts and imperfect impressions of only a part of this copious work have been brought before the public, at intervals, during the last forty years; and even before that time, the MS., of which copies were in circulation, had been pillaged by former compilers, as may be seen in the posthumous sketch of this reign by Duclos, an historian of eminence, who acknowledges his obligations to Saint-Simon, while he shews a disposition to undervalue him, on account of what he calls his *ducal mania* and his *party prejudices* — charges which, it must be admitted, are not altogether unfounded; while Bausset, in his *Life of Fenelon*, calls him "the greatest observer of courtiers, and the most bitter of historians."

Before we enter on the particulars of this rich work, we cannot refrain from making a few general observations which it suggests, and which may not be altogether uninteresting to the reader, into whose hands these volumes may not have fallen. No educated person can be supposed to be altogether ignorant of the period of which they treat. Many of the names which occur in almost every page are familiar to every ear; but they are known indistinctly: and even they who have known all that books could tell them, have hitherto seen them only in false colours. Saint-Simon has torn off the veil, and shewn them as they were, internally as well as externally. Perhaps his power of penetration and analysis, by decomposing them into particles, sometimes distracts the attention, and renders it difficult so to recombine them into a whole as to convey to the mind an entire picture. Most of the persons brought on the stage are drawn with features and tints in which vice, intrigue, and folly, are prevalent: this was partly the effect of the age, and of the extreme corruption and tyranny of the government. The memoir-writer himself, sagacious, severe, virtuous, and wise, was not free from prejudices; but then those prejudices were merely political, and never touched his moral principles or feelings. He had a passion for aristocracy, for the ducal ranks, and for the honours and privileges of birth; which certainly did, on these points, blind his powerful understanding, and sometimes pervert his knowledge. The general reader will certainly be indisposed to encounter his perpetual reference to the test of honourable descent, and will feel a mixture of anger and gratification at seeing those families drawn down from their heights, to whom he has been most accustomed to look up for the lustre of their ancestry. The Lorraines, Rohans, Tour d'Auvergnes, Montmorency, Luxembourgs, De Crussols, Trémouilles, De Cosses, Noailles, Rochefoucaulds, Grammonts, De Gontauds, &c. pervade all the volumes; and the characters of every member of them who took a public part are minutely dissected, with a talent and sharpness of sight which never tires, and leaves no peculiarity, political, moral, or intellectual, undeveloped. Then come Madame de la Vallière, Madame de Montespan, and Madame de Maintenon, with all the members of the royal family, the virtuous Duke of Burgundy, the Prince of Condé, the house of Orleans, the profligate regent, and his unspeakably wicked and diabolical daughter, the Duchesse de Berry; with ministers, marshals, chancellors, presidents of parliament, and favourites, male and female — all who have made their names familiar by their splendid qualities; and all, even, who had their little day within the pre-

* Mémoires complètes et authentiques du Duc de Saint-Simon, sur le siècle de Louis XIV et la Régence. Publiés pour la première fois sur le manuscrit original, entièrement écrit de la main de l'auteur. Par M. le Marquis de Saint-Simon, Pair de France, etc. etc. 20 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1829–1830.

cincts of the French court. Of all that were already known beyond the kingdom, it may be supposed that nothing new can have been said; but much new is said of all of them — much utterly contradictory of received opinions: while that which confirms former accounts gives them a validity which they did not hitherto possess, because it is the stamp of a man of consummate sense and high integrity, who speaks from personal knowledge. With these aids, we have an insight into the characters and manners of the upper classes of society in France at this crisis, far beyond any thing to be found in the history of any other time or country.

The usurped precedence of the Lorraines, Rohans, and Bouillons, over the dukes and peers, is the subject of perpetual discussion. It was, undoubtedly, a strange privilege, even if the grounds stated for the demand had been all true. If they had been the true descendants and heirs of sovereign princes, what title could that give them to precedence at the court of France? The descent of the Dukes de Guise and Elbœuf from the house of Lorraine, is not questioned; but Saint-Simon violently denies the derivation of the Bouillons from the princes d'Auvergne, who were cadets of the Dukes de Guienne; and he details at length, with great indignation, the practices of the Cardinal de Bouillon to fabricate evidence to this purpose, in conspiracy with Baluse, who was now employed to write the genealogical history of that house — a work which retains its place in libraries to this day. The tale is full of curiosity, and contains numerous striking particulars. The rest of the story which Saint-Simon gives of this family — the ambition, the encroachments, the arrogance, and the intrigues, of the first Duke de Bouillon — with the full and lively portrait of the great but mixed character of Marshal Turenne, his military talents, his important services, his weaknesses, and his vanities, must be read by those who are accustomed to the vague and indiscriminate relations of common historians and biographers, with delight and admiration. The Rohans appear to have descended from former times with more lustre; their ramification from the Dukes de Bretagne is not (if we understand the memoir-writer) contested, and their alliances were always of the very first order. But it is argued, that they never themselves held a rank in their province beyond that of nobles of the upper order.

A branch of the Montmorencies, who attained the rank of one of the first marshals of France, and executed many important commands, married the heiress of the Dukes of Luxemburg, whose peerage was a male fief, created in the preceding century. The marshal obtained a new creation; but not content with that, entered a process, and used all his interest at court, which was considerable, to obtain the precedence of the old dukedom. This Saint-Simon opposed with all his talents, knowledge, and might; and finally, after long litigations (of which he gives relations, sufficiently long to weary the generality of readers), succeeded in defeating. It was a process which made a great noise in the day.

But the great struggle of the duke's life was his opposition to the legitimation of the king's bastards — the Duke de Maine and the Count de Thoulouse, the sons of Madame de Montespan — and the intrigues of Madame de Maintenon.

The Duke de Saint-Simon had the full confidence of the regent, and much influence over his conduct; in which, however, his intemperate and vicious passions, the seductions of profligate companions, and a sad indecision of intellect, too often prevailed.

It seems that almost all the new peers and principal officers of state sprung from the robe; and it will be thought that the memoir-writer digs up these things with the utmost anxiety and bitterness, and dwells on them with too much weight. The chimeras of varnished pedigrees he delights to expose with a merciless hand; and no kind of vanity or false pretensions escapes his searching eye. These raised him envenomed enemies, open or secret, in every quarter, against whom he supported himself with courage, firmness, and unconquerable skill. The monarch feared and admired, rather than loved him; but though a tyrant when unresisted, and willing in his first transports to indulge his impulse to any extent, this prince, whom circumstances had put in possession of uncontrolled power, was brought back to reason, and a sense of his own personal mediocrity, by the complacent

resolution of a high-minded subject supporting his own dignity.

This is the first complete edition of the Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon, taken from the original autograph MS. The whole forms a continued narrative, in chronological order, from the duke's birth. Partial extracts, classed under the heads of the persons whose characters were selected, were first given in 1788, in 3 vols. 12mo; which was followed by Soulevie's garbled edition, Strasburg, 1791, 13 vols. 8vo; and these by an edition, accompanied by the notes of M. F. Laurent, Paris, 1818, 6 vols. 8vo.* Hence it may be guessed how small a part of the text of these twenty volumes has hitherto appeared in print.

The twelfth volume ends with the death of Louis XIV. The commencement of the regency is not only filled with the most important facts, but most abounds in curious relations of intrigues, corruptions, and vices. This is the part which has been least pillaged by chroniclers, and hence almost all is new.

LOUIS DE ROUVROY, DUKE DE SAINT-SIMON,

Was born 16th January, 1675, the son of Claude de Saint-Simon, Duke de Saint-Simon, by his second wife, Charlotte de l'Aubepine, daughter of the Marquis d'Hauterive, lieutenant-general of the king's army, and in the service of the states-general of the United Provinces; having passed great part of his life in Holland, where he died, 1670, the same year in which his daughter's marriage took place. This Claude de Rouvroy was born in 1604. He had an elder brother, eight years older, who died in 1690, at the age of ninety-four. Their father had been a soldier, and a passionate royalist; he was descended from the Chevalier Mathew de Rouvroy, lord of Plessis, who in 1332 married Margaret de Saint-Simon, daughter and heir of Jacques, lord of Saint-Simon, a branch of the house of the Counts of Vermandois, sprung from one of the sons of Charlemagne. But war and family misfortune had ruined this branch of the house of Saint-Simon. He brought up his two eldest sons pages to Louis XIII., and died in 1643, the same year with that monarch. Claude became a great favourite with king Louis, who made him a duke and peer in 1633,† at the age of twenty-seven. He sold his charge of first-gentleman of the chamber to the Duke de Lesdeguères, and with the money bought of the elder branch of his house the estate of Saint-Simon, which had never been out of the family since it came by marriage as a part of the inheritance of Vermandois. His second marriage took place in his old age, and from the death of Louis XIII. he lived in retirement. He never could console himself for the death of that monarch, nor could speak of him without tenderness and veneration for his virtues. He died 3d May, 1693, aged eighty-seven, leaving the author of these memoirs, then at the age of eighteen. The author died at the age of eighty, but these memoirs are only carried down to the death of the regent, in 1723, who survived Louis XIV. eight years. It is complained that this extraordinary work is almost exclusively occupied with the characters and manners of a dissolute court, with trifling etiquettes, and quarrels for precedence, rather than with the more important subject of politics and affairs of state. It cannot be denied, that the delineation of character of the gay people who trod the stage at that lively era is more brilliant, more able, and more diversified, than is to be found in any other work of the kind. Even where what is told is not new, it is valuable, as a picture drawn from personal knowledge by an acute and faithful observer. These volumes are inexhaustible in their exhibitions of human nature in its most concealed movements.

But they who charge Saint-Simon with an addiction to the record of trifles, with a mind occupied by discussions of matters on which an elevated spirit would scorn to dwell, forget the nature of the reign and the government under which he lived.

* All these editions were not only incomplete, but inaccurate. The editors not only abridged the text, but altered the facts, substituted their own opinions for those of the author, took away the characteristics of the style, and committed grave errors in the proper names and dates. See *La Collection des Mémoires de l'Histoire de France*, tome lxxv.

† See Le Vassor, *Histoire de Louis XIII*, 1707, vol. viii. p. 432, an 1636.

The absolute power of Louis XIV. had the effect of producing a servility which the strongest faculties could not entirely resist. A duke and peer of France of that day was a creature who had no functions in common with the ideas we attach to such a station in England. As almost every thing in these volumes regards the French peers of that day, we cannot think it will be uninstructive to give some account of what they then were, and by what means they had been brought to that condition. We must go high up into the French history; but this will not be lost time.

The original peers of France were, undoubtedly, identical with those of England. They resulted from the feudal system of tenures, supposed to have been founded by Charlemagne, which gave to tenants in chief of the crown, who had lands of a certain size and quality, a share in the government, as hereditary members of the assembly of the states, or parliament, without whose concurrence Charlemagne took no step, either political or judicial; and who, in their several districts, governed their own vassals in the same way. These were the only nobles; and they were called peers, because, in their meetings (whether dukes, counts, or barons) they had all an equality of privileges and functions. As folly and crime diminished the power of the posterity of Charlemagne, the greater vassals of the crown became their rivals rather than their subjects, and established separate sovereignties; so that it is probable they withdrew themselves, and the barons who held under them, from attendance on the states-general of the French monarchs. This at least got rid of one inconvenience — the excessive multitudes with which the parliaments would otherwise have been crowded, and the journeys twice a-year which they would otherwise have had to make, at a most serious loss of time and expense. But as soon as the CAPETS attained the throne, it was their policy to resume as many of their petty sovereignties as they could contrive, by intrigue or violence, to re-annex to the crown. Hence the great numbers of which the states-general were composed again was felt as a great inconvenience. But Philip IV. called *Le Bel*, who ascended the throne 1285, and died 1314, was the first French monarch who stretched his power beyond the laws, and subdued his subjects to his simple will.* He was full of intrigue and *ruse*, and completely duped his people. This monarch, under pretence of *accommodating* the members of the general assembly, was the founder of the institution, for which from that time he usurped the name of the *parliament* — an institution of which the members were nominated by the crown, and to which he removed the judicial part of the functions of the assembly of the states. To this he nominated six or twelve lay peers, and the same number of ecclesiastical peers; and to these exclusively, from that time, the name of *peers* was applied.

But the assembly of the states (which was the true parliament) was not extinguished,—it was only less frequently called together, and its functions abridged. All the tenants of the crown by *barony*, *earldom*, or *dukedom*, who had still a right to a seat in the states, and consequently a title to a share in the government, still continued to be the real peers. But from this day, their consequence and political power greatly declined; and it was now that the foundation was laid of that *false nobility*, of which the abuses continued to increase till the revolution of 1789. It was Philip le Bel who first called the deputies from the cities and towns, or *third estate*, to the grand national council. Boulainvilliers says, that this monarch was the first who took on himself the power of ennobling plebians ("*roturiers*"), by an abuse similar to that by which he created new peers. When nobility resulted from certain tenures, high in quality and quantity, which had descended from the conquerors of the Gauls to their posterity, it carried with it exemption from certain taxes, because the holders of those lands were burdened with military duties at their own expense. When Philip granted this nobility, as a personal favour, the exemption became odious, and not justified by any reason.†

* He was father of Isabel, wife of our Edward II., whom Gray calls—
"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate."

† The words of Boulainvilliers, vol. ii. pp. 37, 40, are remarkable:—"On croit que les anoblissemens ont été nécessaires pour deux fins principales: la première,

In England it was quite otherwise. There was no nobility unaccompanied by political functions. In France, all the titles of nobility, to which *there*, as well as in England, *peerage* had hitherto been annexed, were now lavished on these multitudes of *parvenus*. They were made as extensive as the rank of *gentry* in England; to that rank in England no offensive privilege was appended, though even in England the strictness of the principle on which this division of society was based was not very strictly observed. The qualification of a *gentleman* was a right to bear arms by descent; was it, then, consistent that a herald should be authorised to make a gentleman of a *roturier*, by selling him a coat of arms for money?

Under these circumstances, the ancient nobility of France every year decayed in power and importance. They met but seldom, and at every meeting the crown obtained more and more influence over the assembly. It is probable that many of the new nobles found means to gain admission, and *these* were always at the beck of the sovereign. The crusades, the wars with the English on their own ground, contributed to break down and annihilate the feudal chiefs, and to disperse their property.

Much is said of the antiquity of the Trémouilles, Noailles, Grammonts, Rochefoucaulds, De Durforts, &c.; but of the peers of Saint-Simon's time, not one, perhaps, was of a male branch of any of the ancient and legitimate peers before Philip le Bel's time, unless the Rohans and the Montmorencies, and possibly Greilly, Duke de Foix, who died without issue in 1769. (See vol. xi. p. 125.) What had become of these relics of the ancient peerage? Some of them might, perhaps, be remaining in the provinces — their functions obsolete, their ancient glory forgot. In the account which Saint-Simon has given of the parliament (vol. xi.), he takes no notice of the meeting of the states-general, which still took place occasionally, as in 1316, 1317, 1322, 1328, 1338, 1349, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1467, &c. &c., till the last was held in 1614; nor does he mention the assembly of the *Notables*, who were called together in the reign of Charles VI., in the reign of Louis XI., at Tours, 1467, &c. It is not explained, whether all such ancient barons or peers as still existed were summoned. As the usurpations of the crown advanced, it is probable that many of them were omitted, and *parvenus*, possessed of the favour of the crown, substituted for them. Genealogists and historians seem to think it sufficient to trace a family up, for two or three centuries, to some castle or lands of their own name, of which they were the possessors. In this way, Duclos, in his history of Louis XI., endeavours to shew the lustre of the house of Noailles; but this does not join them to the ancient baronage or peerage of the realm, which required a fief of a certain large size, held of the crown *in capite*. Such was the barony of the Montmorencies, who were in truth, therefore, ancient peers long before Henry II. made the Constable Anne, Duke de Montmorency, a peer of parliament, in 1552. The historical importance attempted to be thrown back on the houses of De Crussol, De Cossé, De Gontaud, &c. &c. seems to be very problematical. The family of De Potier, created Duke

la nécessité de remplacer les familles nobles qui se sont éteintes successivement dans une longue continuité de siècles; la deuxième, la justice de récompenser les grands hommes qui se sont formés dans la condition des anciens affranchis: on y peut joindre encore l'utilité que l'état a tiré des anoblissemens banaux dans certaines nécessités. Le mal est, que ces causes n'ont jamais été les véritables motifs des anoblissemens qui se sont faits; la recommandation des favoris ou des ministres, ou leur profit particulier, ayant produit la plupart de ceux que nous voyons inscrits dans les regîtres. Un autre inconvénient qui a suivi cet usage d'anoblir, a été l'exemption des charges publiques dans le temps qu'on les a le plus augmentées, quoique ce n'ait jamais été, ni dû être, l'objet du privilège de la noblesse, qui, s'étant réservé la défense de l'état, avoit certainement choisi la charge la plus difficile. Mais le dernier abus de cet usage a été l'idée que les anoblis se sont formés d'être *parvenus* à une véritable égalité avec les anciens nobles dans le droit des armes, égalité dans la possession des dignités, égalité dans l'espérance de la faveur et des emplois, sans qu'aucun ait voulu se souvenir de ce que la nature même nous enseigne, qu'il n'est pas possible aux rois, quelqu'autorité qu'on leur accorde, *de changer la source du sang dans laquelle les anobles ont pris leur origine*."

de Gêvres 1669, was descended from a set of furriers of Paris, of whom Nicholas was prévôt of the merchants of Paris 1501. Potier de Novion, one of this family, son of Potier de Novion, born 1618, who supported the parliament against the court in the war of the Fronde, and himself president of the parliament, was the principal author of the memoir against the dukes and peers presented to the regent. Saint-Simon* says that the Duke and Duchesse de Maine were at the bottom of this. The offence was, that the dukes made themselves a separate body from the rest of the nobility.

In this state of things, and with a parliament thus constituted, the peers were in a perpetual struggle to support equivocal rights. They were the mere creatures of the crown; but the name of their dignity gave them an imaginary independence, which they among them who had a high spirit were perpetually exerting themselves to support. The parliament, abridged as it was in its powers, was sometimes troublesome to the monarch. Both Mary de Medici and Anne of Austria had found it so. The success and splendour which long attended the first years of Louis XIV. after the reins of government came into his possession, had, by flattering the national vanity, given him an absolute command over his people, which there were no remains of constitutional feeling to resist. In 1663 the monarch made fourteen dukes and peers at once, of whom Saint-Simon often speaks incidentally with great bitterness.

Among these were the Noailles, the Rochefoucaulds, and the Grammonts. The mere force of ancient blood prevailed to insert the Duke de Foix among the number. But it must be confessed, in candour, that the Duke de Saint-Simon laboured under some degree of self-delusion when he indulged these feelings of antipathy to the new peers so strongly. He forgot that his own father, at the early age of twenty-seven—a younger brother of a younger and decayed branch, a page to Louis XIII., without private fortune, and before he had an opportunity of performing any public services—was raised at once to a dukedom and peerage by the mere prince's favour. It is true that his remote ancestor (to take no notice of the lying memoir against the peers) had married the heiress of a branch of the princely house of Vermandois; but the new duke was not the representative of that blood. This delusion it was which Duclos, the historian, calls the *ducal mania* of the memoir-writer. His passion against *parvenus* certainly exceeds the due limits, and probably drew on him much ridicule, though it was suppressed by his undaunted spirit, and the irresistible penetration of his eye. As he saw through the deepest disguises, into all the internal movements of the head and heart of others, and detected all secret enmities, as well as political and personal intrigues, nothing could abate the great influence he held at court, nor remove the force of the thorn which he applied to the sides of the corrupt and the foolish. The king had reigned in full power for thirty years when Saint-Simon came of age: the tide of glory had turned against him, and he began to feel the gloom of mortification, as well as the decay of age. All the luxuries and vices of the court had settled into a system so complicated, so audacious, so utterly regardless of moral decencies, that he who could enter into it without defilement or abasement of spirit, must have been endowed with some extraordinary sublimity of virtue and understanding. But such was Saint-Simon. Louis had able generals in Condé and Turenne, able ministers in Louvois and Colbert, and an able chancellor in D'Aguesseau; he had a most virtuous and patriotic grandson in the Duke of Burgundy, whose admirable and almost angelic tutor, Fénélon, was the star of the reign; and his three mistresses, Madame de la Vallière, Madame de Montespan, and Madame de Maintenon, were all extraordinary women in natural and acquired endowments. Saint-Simon's hatred to the last, as one who, under an extreme hypocrisy, was the essence of incessant and mischievous intrigue, especially in favour of the king's bastards, to whom the duke was an implacable enemy, pervades the whole of his copious memoirs. The marriage of one of these bastards, the daughter of Madame de Montespan, to the Duke of Orleans, and of her daughter to the Duke de Berry, the king's younger grandson, are related with so many curious circumstances, as to

* Vol. xiv. p. 462. Saint-Simon does not himself name him as the author.

form a most afflicting feature in history; which, however, are far exceeded by the tale of the death of the young duke by poison, and the inconceivable and literally infernal wickedness of his abandoned widow, who soon fell a victim to her inexpressible excess of all sorts of the worst passions.

To have the veil of time uplifted, and the actors on the public stage of a great nation shewn to us in the colours of life, with all their passions, weaknesses, intrigues, virtues, and fates,—to have the false lights, with which imperfect annals had hitherto varnished their memories, dissipated, and to see their characters by the aid of an enlightened and elegant mind, whose access behind the curtain was the result of peculiar opportunities,—is a sort of accidental gratification which can rarely occur, and which is intense both in its nature and in its degree. The duke lived at a singular crisis — a crisis of equal activity and ambition, —when the liberties of France were entirely destroyed, and the government had become positively arbitrary and without check. In every former reign there had been some remaining fragments of the ancient constitution, and some remaining struggles for liberty. The accession of Henry IV., the strength of the two great religious parties, and the personal character of the magnanimous and generous monarch, had secured many occasional authorities, both to the great ones of the realm and to the people. The minority of Louis XIII. had caused the last occasion of the meeting of the states-general in 1614; of which, however, the good effects were defeated by the intrigues of the queen-mother and the regency. To the corrupt ministers of that regency are to be ascribed innumerable evils, which long continued to afflict the nation. Such was the state of the government and the aristocracy, which had gradually grown out of the substitution of the parliament for the assembly of the states-general, giving rise to an illegitimate peerage, invested with the titles of the ancient grand council of the realm, without any of their functions, privileges, and uses.

These titular peers became a set of hungry, dependent, intriguing, servile courtiers; not poises between the crown and the people, but thrown into the scale of the monarch's power. Such a class cannot be otherwise than hateful to the people, and positively injurious to their interests; and therefore contain the seeds of revolution, which will be violent in proportion as it is delayed.

Such preliminary considerations as these seem absolutely necessary to an impartial estimate of the contents of Saint-Simon's memoirs. The sagacious duke could not alter the nature of the matter of which he had to treat. He had to deal with the description of a body whose whole faculties and passions were absorbed in court intrigue and court favour,—men whom the force of government had made selfish, and frivolous, and faithless. But because they were so, is there less instruction or delight in a portrait of them drawn by the hand of brilliant genius? Innumerable moral and political lessons are to be learned from a display of human nature under such irresistible influences. It cannot be denied that, on the principles of philosophy and of the true ends of all civil institutions, such a state of things is utterly indefensible; yet it exhibits many splendid displays of character, and many gorgeous pictures of society and manners, which are full of interest and intelligence.

Of all endowments, the eye which can see and the hand which can lay open the internal movements of the human character—which can distinguish the nice boundaries of virtue and vice, of wisdom and folly—possesses those which delight the most. It is like the dispersion, by the sun, of the mist which had covered a rich landscape. We see with the eyes of others, but we congratulate ourselves on our own force of sight. We meet at every step with names which had hitherto stood inanimate and colourless in history; and we see them invested in strong hues, and standing before us in full life. We feel a secret satisfaction at the triumph of truth and justice, when we find that the disguises worn by worldly characters, and the false fame which had extended beyond the grave, are at length withdrawn, and charlatanism stands forth in its naked and disgusting form. The human character, even in the best natures, is so mixed and so complex, that it is among the most brilliant works of genius to seize on its leading features, to distinguish the nice tints of light and shade, and to bring forward living pic-

tures, of which the truth as well as the force is at once acknowledged. One is astonished at the never-ending variety in the profound sketches of Saint-Simon's pen. Every portrait has a character of its own; and he exhibits the strange workings in the strange constitution of society in a manner which fills one with reflection to what an extent the morals, conduct, and habits of mankind, are the creatures of accident, and of the governments under which they live.

To a sound and severe politician the question here arises, How far the people were affected by these follies and abuses and corrupt favours of the court? Were the people oppressed? Was taxation rendered more grinding by the wasteful expenditure of the monarch? Were useless wars carried on to gratify individual interests, or individual passions? Did the profligacy of the court corrupt the principles and conduct of the other classes? All these must probably be answered in the affirmative; and to these causes must be traced that mighty explosion which took place in 1789. Saint-Simon foretold in express terms, in his character of Dangeau (vol. xii.), that *they would be the downfal of the monarchy!* But it was not all unmixed darkness: literature, and the arts, and military glory, all flourished; individual characters shone forth of hospitality, charity, piety, and every virtue; genius and learning were to be found, exhibiting the utmost faculties of the human intellect. A luminous memorial of such an era supplies endless topics of thought and instruction, and a most awful lesson of the vanity of human ambition, and of the weakness of the defence which unbounded splendour and unbounded power oppose to human misery.

The temptations furnished by the absolute possession of despotic power appear to be irresistible in the corruption of the human heart and human understanding. How much, therefore, it is to be regretted that the French people lost, by apathy and want of foresight, the admirable constitution which had been bequeathed to them by Charlemagne! It is singular, that so generous and lively a nation should have submitted to a regular gradation of usurpations on their liberties, through a series of ages.

A list of the dukes and peers of France existing at the time of Saint-Simon's birth, will aid much in elucidating these invaluable memoirs, of which so large a portion regards this order of the state. Charles IX. created seven dukes and peers; Henry III. five; Henry IV. three; Louis XIII. twenty; Louis XIV. twenty-two, to 1675, when Saint-Simon was born.

CREATIONS BY FRANÇOIS I.

1. Charles de Bourbon, Duc de Vendôme, 1514.
2. ——— Duc de Châteleraud, 1514.
3. ——— Duc d'Angoulême, 1515.
4. De Lorraine, Duc de Guise, 1528.
5. ——— Duc de Montpensier, 15[illegible]

HEN. II.

6. ——— Duc d'Aumale, 1548.
7. *Henry de Montmorency, Duc de Montmorency, 1551.
8. Henry d'Albret, Duc d'Albret, 1556.

CHARLES IX.

9. Henry d'Albret, Duc de Penthièvre, 1569.
10. *Henry de Crussol, Duc d'Usés, 1566.
11. Henry de Lorraine, Duc de Mayenne, 1573.
12. ——— Duc de Mercœur, 1576.
13. ——— Duc de S. Fargeau, 1569.

HEN. III.

14. ——— Duc de Joyeuse, 1581.
15. ——— Duc d'Espernon, 1581.
16. ——— Duc de Luxembourg, 1581.
17. *Henry de Rohan, Duc de Montbazon, 1585.
18. Henry de Levis, Duc de Ventadour, 1578.

HEN. IV.

19. ——— Duc de Beaufort, 1597.
20. Cæsar de Vendôme, Duc de Vendôme, 1598.
21. De la Tremouille, Duc de Thouars.
22. Claude de Gontaut, Duc de Biron.
23. Henry de Rohan, Duc de Rohan, 1603.
24. Maximilian de Bêthune, Duc de Sully, 1606.

LOUIS XIII.

25. ——— Duc de Damville, 1610.
26. *Henry de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, Duc de Châteauroux, 1616.
27. *Louis Charles d'Albert, Duc de Luynes, 1619.
28. Charles de Bonne de Crequy, Duc de Lesdeguières, 1620.
29. ——— Duc de Seuire Bellegarde, 1620.
30. *Henry Albert de Cossé, Duc de Brissac, 1620.
31. Charles de Schomberg, Duc d'Halwyn.
32. Charles d'Albert, Duc de Chaulnes, 1621.
33. *Jean Armand du Plessis de Wignerod, Duc de Richelieu.

34. Pierre de Gondi, Duc de Retz, 1634.
35. Claude de Rouveroy, Duc de Saint-Simon, 1633.
36. ——— Duc de la Valette, 1631.
37. François de la Rochefoucauld, Duc de la Rochefoucauld, 1637.
38.*Armand Nompar de Caumont, Duc de la Force, 1637.
39. Marie de Wignerod, Duchesse d'Aiguillon, 1638.
40.*Marie de Monaco, Duc de Valentinois, 1642.
41.*Louis de Rohan Chabot, Duc de Rohan, 1645.
42.*François Henry de Montmorency, Duc de Piney-Luxembourg, 1662.
43. Gaston de Foix, Duc de Verneuil.
44. Louis François de Brancas, Duc de Villars, 1657.
45. François Hannibal d'Etrées, Duc d'Etrées, 1663.
46.*Antoine de Grammont, Duc de Grammont, 1663.
47. Armand Charles de la Porte de Mazarin, Duc de la Meilleraye et de Rethelois-Mazarini, 1663.
48.*Nicolas de Neuville, Duc de Villeroi, 1663.
49.*Louis Victor de Rochechouart, Duc de Mortemart, 1663.
50.*Charles de Crequy, Duc de Crequy, 1663.
51.*François de Beauvilliers, Duc de S. Aignan, 1663.
52. Henry Charles de Foix, Duc de Rendan, 1663.
53. Leon Potier, Duc de Trêmes et Gêvres, 1663.
54.*Anne de Noailles, Duc de Noailles, 1663.
55. Armand du Cambout de Coislin, Duc de Coislin, 1663.
56.*N. de Choiseul du Plessis Praslin, Duc de Choiseul, 1663.
57.*Louis Marie d'Aumont de Rochebaron, Duc d'Aumont, 1665.
58. Henry de Santerre, Duc de la Ferté, 1665.
59. Charles de Sainte-Maure,* Duc de Montausier, 1665.
60. Louise Françoise de la Baume le Blanc de la Vallière, Duchesse de Vaujour, 1667.

These peerages were not perfect till they had been verified by the parliament of Paris; but, without that verification, they enjoyed during life the honours due to the quality of a duke. Some were verified in the provincial parliaments. Certain lands were also erected into simple dukedoms, without the addition of the peerage. The dukes whose letters of creation were not completed by a verification in parliament, were—

1. Bournonville, 1600.
2. Marshal de la Mothe Houdancourt, Duc de Cardonne, 1642.
3. François Marie de l'Hôpital, Duc de Vitry-Château-Vilain, 1643.
4. Louis de la Tremouille, Duc de Noirmoutier, 1650.
5. Philippe de Montaut de Berne, Duc de Navailles, 1650.
6. Louis d'Arpajon, Duc d'Arpajon, 1651.
7. Charles de la Vieville, Duc de Vieville, 1652.
8. François de Bêthune, Duc de Bêthune d'Orval, 1652.
9. Gaston Jean Bâtiste de Roquelaure, Duc de Roquelaure, 1652.
10. Jacques Henry de Duras, Duc de Duras, 1668.
11. Louis de Bèthune, Duc de Bèthune-Charrots, 1673.
12. L'Archevechê de Paris erected into a Dukedom and Peerage, 1674.
13. Henri de Bouillon, Duc de Lude, 1675.

The simple dukedoms, unaccompanied by a peerage, were the following:

Bourbon, 1329.
Bas-le-duc, 1357.
Berry, 1360.
Touraine, 1360.
Auvergne, 1360.
Longueville, 1505; descended from John, natural son of Louis of France, Duc d'Orleans, brother of Charles VI. This person distinguished himself in the reign of Charles VII. as the *Bastard of Orleans*, Comte de Dunois. The Duke de Longueville died in 1663, aged sixty-four, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Jean Louis. Charles d'Orleans de Longueville succeeded him.
7. Chartres, 1528.
8. Estouteville, 1536.
9. Beaumont le Sonnois, 1543.
10. Albret, 1556.
11. Beaupreau, 1562.
12. Château Thierry, 1566.
13. Evreux, 1569.

* We cannot refrain from remarking, that it seems a strange and capricious whim in the *Somerset* branch of the great and historical family of *Seymour*, to wish to attach themselves to the French family of Sainte-Maure, who were of no lustre, or antiquity of descent. It betrays in them a vulgar ignorance and petty vanity, which they should be above and ashamed of. Had Saint-Simon lived in our days, how he would have sneered and laughed at such an absurd and capricious pretension!

14. Loudun, 1579.
15. Brienne, 1587.
16. Croy, 1598.
17. Philippe Eugène de Gorrevod, Duc de Pondevaux, 1632.
18. Carignan, 1662.
19. Chevreuse, 1668.*

This list will shew, that when Saint-Simon insisted so warmly on the privileges and respect unjustly withheld from his order, as the ancient nobles of the realm, he went a little beyond the ground which belonged to him. Only one of the existing peerages of his time was an hundred years old, and only eight were more than sixty years old; nor were those peers (except Rohan and Montmorency) the descendants of illustrious historic families, whose ancestors had a share in the government of the state. They had been elevated principally either during the disturbed reign of Louis XIII., or the days when Louis XIV. first took the reins into his own hands. The great and virtuous Sully only was of brilliant fame. Peerages were always strictly entailed on the male heirs of the body of the grantee, so that when they became extinct, and the female heir carried the pretensions of the blood into another house, which obtained a grant of a revival of the honour, it was too gross an encroachment to claim the precedence of the old creation, as in the case of the dukedom of Piney-Luxembourg, which was long carried on with great earnestness by Marshal Montmorency-Luxembourg, and which Saint-Simon opposed with all his talent, knowledge, and industry, and with final success. The relation of this suit fills up not a small space in these memoirs. The marshal had great power at court, and stood next in military reputation to Condé and Turenne. The numerous Luxembourgs had at all times held a splendid roll in the annals, not only of France, but of Europe. The precedence claimed by certain dukes as foreign princes, viz. as having the blood and name of certain ancient houses, once possessed of a foreign principality, was still more unreasonable; but the royal prerogative had been exercised in granting it, and therefore was more difficult to be resisted. These were, as we have already said, the houses of Lorraine, Rohan, La Tour d'Auvergne, Dukes de Bouillon; to which may be added, Trémouille and Savoy—Carignan. Saint-Simon fought the battle against them long and had all his passions engaged in it. The Bouillons, especially, roused all his bitterness and genealogical acumen. Many will think the discussions of this kind, into which the memoir-writer has entered with deep research, long and tedious. But this must be said, that though a mere genealogist may be the weakest and most barren of historians, yet no one can understand history without an ample and clear knowledge of genealogy. It is true that the character and conduct of the principal actors in the government and society of this great kingdom is much more important; and of these Saint-Simon has given us a most strongly-sketched, and, we may add, deep-coloured and melancholy picture. A few, but very few, brilliant, virtuous, and grand portraits, exhibit themselves —such as the Duke of Burgundy (the young dauphin), Beauvilliers, Fénélon, Vauban; but what horrors strike our eyes in the Duchesse de Berry, the Duke de Noailles, Vendôme, and a long catalogue of corrupt, profligate, false, servile, and intriguing courtiers! They are relieved by numerous delineations of such mingled virtue and vice as excites all our sympathies—such as Madame de Montespan, Madame de la Vallière, Ninon de l'Enclos, &c.; and such imperfections of high intellect as D'Aguesseau, Boulainvilliers, &c. As to Madame de

* Where are the Talleyrands in this list? many of our readers may ask. Indeed, where are they? They were scarce known in the days of Saint-Simon; the splendour and antiquity of their descent had not then shone forth: the story of their being descended from the ancient Princes de Perigord is a pure romance, which, to be sure, has more aim and end in it than Mrs. Sheridan's clever and charming novel of *Aims and Ends*. Their fortune was made by the ambitious Princesse des Ursins, by whom they were patronised, and to whom they were distantly related; and through her they became enriched, and rose into some little importance. It was not until the middle of the last century that they became simple and unregistered dukes!! The grandfather of the shrewd and astute Prince Talleyrand was a sort of *courrier de cabinet*, incessantly employed in carrying despatches between the courts of France and the Escurial, during the period that his intriguing patroness the Princesse des Ursins ruled the feeble Philip V. and Spain.

Maintenon, it may be reasonably doubted whether Saint-Simon's hatred is not carried far beyond the bounds of all charity and truth. In the very outset he shews his strong prejudices by speaking of her father as a sort of *parvenu*, without taking any notice of her grandfather, the very celebrated D'Aubigni, the friend of Henry IV., a man of ancient descent. Saint-Simon has been accused of vanity, and an overweening opinion of himself, which is not, perhaps, entirely unfounded; and there are many traces of the keenness of his resentments. He has not done justice to Fénélon, because he was angry that that angelic being had any intercourse with Mad. de Maintenon.

The character of Louis XIV. is admirably drawn by Saint-Simon (vol. xiii. p. 1—28); but as it extends to twenty-eight pages, it is impossible to find room for it here: a few extracts must suffice.

"Louis, born with a capacity below mediocrity, but capable of forming itself, of polishing itself, of refining itself, and of borrowing from others without imitation and without pain, profited infinitively of having lived all his life with persons of the world, who had most of these qualities; and of all sorts, men and women of every age, of every kind and character.

"If one may speak of a king of twenty-three years old, his first entry into the world was happy in distinguished characters of every class. His ministers, both at home and abroad, were the most distinguished in Europe; his generals, the greatest; their seconds, the best, and who had been brought up in their school; and their names have passed as such to all posterity, by common consent. The movements with which the state had been so furiously agitated since the death of Louis XIII. had formed a multitude of men, who composed a court of able and illustrious persons and refined courtiers.

"The house of the Countess de Soissons (who, as superintendent of the queen's household, lodged at the Tuilleries, where the court was, and who ruled by the relics of the splendour of the late Cardinal Mazarin, her uncle, and still more by her wit and address) had become the chosen place of resort of the most select society. There every day met all that was most distinguished, both of men and women; which rendered this house the centre of all the gallantry of the court, and of the intrigues and plots of ambition, among which alliances of blood had much influence—as much then regarded and respected as it is now forgotten. It was into this important and brilliant vortex that the king threw himself, and where he learned that air of politeness and gallantry which he preserved all his life. One may say that he was made for it; and that in the midst of all other men, his height, his port, his graces, his beauty, and his majestic mien, even to the sound of his voice, and the address and natural and majestic grace of his person, made him distinguished, even to his death, as the King of the Bees; and that, if he had been only born in private life, he would equally have had the talent for *fêtes*, pleasures, gallantry, and to create the greatest disturbances in love. Happy if he had only mistresses like Madame de la Vallière; withdrawn from herself by her own convictions, ashamed of herself, and still more of the fruits of her love, acknowledged and elevated in spite of her; modest, disinterested, gentle, good to the last degree, combating incessantly against herself, victorious at least over her faults, by the most cruel efforts of love and jealousy, which were at the same time her torment and resource—a resource which she knew how to embrace in the midst of her griefs; to draw herself away, and to consecrate herself to the most hard and holy penitence. It ought, therefore, to be acknowledged, that the king was more to be pitied than blamed in abandoning himself to love; and that he deserves praise for having withdrawn himself by intervals in favour of glory.

"The intrigues and adventures which, all king as he was, he endured in this vortex of the Countess de Soissons, made impressions on him which became fatal; because they were stronger than he was. Intellect, nobility of sentiment, to be sensible of one's-self, to respect one's-self, to have an elevated heart, to be well instructed—all this became suspected by him, and soon hateful to him. He even carried this towards his generals and ministers, which was not counterbalanced in them, except by his necessity for the use of them. His jealousy on this point was carried incessantly to weakness. In effect, he reigned in littleness; to the great he could not attain; and even in the little he was governed. His first assumption of the reins of government was marked by extreme hardness and extreme dupery. Fouquet was the minister on whom he first broke out; Colbert was the minister on the other side, in seizing solely all the authority over the finances, and causing it to pass entirely through his hands, by the signatures with which he covered it, in lieu of those of the superintendent, of which

Colbert suppressed the charge to which he could not aspire," &c. &c.

His success in the war with Spain, and the cession of precedence by the Spanish ambassador, was the commencement of his pride, vanity, and self-confidence. The death of the King of Spain gave an occasion of a new war in Flanders to a young prince so thirsting for glory.

* * *

" All was flourishing in the state—all was rich. Colbert had carried the finances, the marine, the commerce and manufactures, even letters, to the highest point; and the age, like that of Augustus, produced, even to wonder, men illustrious in every way, even to those who are good for nothing but for pleasures.

" Le Tellier, and Louvois his son, who had the war-department, raged at the success and credit of Colbert, and had no difficulty in putting into the king's head a new war, and which would cause such a terror to Europe, that France could not retreat, and of which, after having been on the verge of ruin, it would long feel the weight and the misfortunes. Such was the true cause of the famous war with Holland, to which the king suffered himself to be irritated, and which his love for Madame de Montespan rendered so fatal to his state and his glory."

In vol. xx. p. 213, Saint-Simon gives the following account of the death of Boulainvilliers:

" In the commencement of this year (1722) died Count de Boulainvilliers, at the age of sixty, who had predicted so many things true and false, but who did not deceive himself as to the year, month, day, and hour of his own death; as was the case also with that of his son. He prepared himself with courage, received the visit of the curé of St. Eustache (in which parish he lived), and received the sacraments. It was a misfortune that so learned a man had infatuated himself with those forbidden curiosities, which rendered his conversation suspected, and which was the most gentle, the most easy, and the most agreeable in the world; sure, and so modest, that he seemed to know nothing, yet with knowledge the most enlarged, and most full of research on all history; and much profundity, enlightenment, and sound criticism on that of France, and on its primitive government, ancient and modern. His great defect was *to labour on too many things at once, and to quit or interrupt one work begun, sometimes far advanced, to dedicate himself to another.* I had visited him much for instruction. Without ever seeming to obtrude any thing he knew on others, he had the talent, when he was asked, to do it with a simplicity, a neatness, and a grace, which was infinitely delightful. But the fear to raise a belief that he was sought to give intelligence of the future, hindered me and many others from frequenting him as I would. He was always very poor, an honourable man, unhappy in his family, and left no male posterity. He was a man of quality, and claimed to be of the house of Croi, by the conformity of arms, without ever being more vain."*

* Saint-Simon has not given more credit to the historical knowledge of Boulainvilliers than it deserves. His three little posthumous volumes, entitled *Histoire de l'Ancien Gouvernement de la France, avec XIV Lettres Historiques sur les Parlemens, ou Etats Généraux* (à la Haye, 1727, 3 vols. 12mo), are full of information and talent; and much of the statements on the ancient peers of parliament of France, advanced in the first part of this article, is borne out by the authorities contained in this excellent little work. The statistical work, entitled *Etat de la France, dans lequel on voit tout ce qui regarde le Gouvernement Ecclésiastique, le Militaire, la Justice, les Finances, le Commerce, les Manufactures, le Nombre des Habitans, et, en général, tout ce qui peut faire connoître à fond cette Monarchie. Extrait des Mémoires dressés par les Intendans du Royaume, par ordre du Roi Louis XIV, à la sollicitation de Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne, père de Louis XV à présent regnant. Avec des Mémoires Historiques de l'Ancien Gouvernement de cette Monarchie jusqu'à Hugues Capet. Par Monsieur le Comte de Boulainvilliers. Nouvelle édition*, 1752, 8vo. This work is sharply criticised by the Abbé Proyart, in his *Life of the Dauphin*, vol. i. p. 359; evidently because the historian's principles are too constitutional for the biographer.

But as to the ancient government of France, there is an anonymous tract, of great rarity, entitled *Les Soupirs de la France Esclave*, containing thirteen *mémoires*, 1689, 1690, ascribed to Le Vassor, author of the *Reign of Louis XIII.*, a work of great merit. These memoirs were so scarce, that a copy was, many years ago, sold for ten livres; and when, at the commencement of the revolution, they were reprinted, no perfect copy could be found. They contain much very curious research, and some things not noticed by Boulainvilliers. Saint-Simon praises Le Vassor, who retired to England, and was tutor to the Duke of Gloucester, Queen Anne's son, and patronised by Burnet.

Among the most striking parts of these memoirs are the death of the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., in 1711 (vol. ix. p. 156); of his son, the Duke of Burgundy (vol. x. p. 191); and of the Duchess, in 1712 (vol. x. pp. 176, 237); and of the Duke de Berry, in 1714 (vol. xi. p. 163): the three last by poison. The account of the Dauphin's decease, with the description which Saint-Simon gives of his scrutinising observation of the different countenances, exhibiting the various feelings of the persons assembled at the court of Versailles, on the arrival of the intelligence of this sudden event, gives a picture so lively and so discriminative as history has no where else, perhaps, exhibited. The prince himself had no distinguished qualities, but was a mere cipher in the state; yet his death changed the interests and prospects of almost the whole court. The Duke of Burgundy, who now became heir-apparent, was one of the most extraordinary and most brilliant characters, as must generally be known, that any nation has brought forth; so extraordinary, that any relation of it less certain than that of Saint-Simon, who speaks from personal knowledge, and from the testimony of the prince's governor, the excellent Duke de Beauvilliers, must always have been liable to be suspected of exaggerations. But Saint-Simon's record of the violent and evil disposition with which this most virtuous, most able, most accomplished, most intelligent, and most patriotic prince was born, even exceeds any former account.*

Never did tutor obtain such a glory as the excellent Fénélon in this incomparable pupil, between whom the correspondence on both sides is equally exalted, pure, eloquent, and wise.

"This prince, heir to the crown, was born with such a violent temper as to make every one tremble; hard and passionate to the last excess, and even against things inanimate; impetuous with rage; incapable of suffering the least resistance, even of the hours and the elements, without entering into furies that made him, or feared he would, tear himself to pieces; opinionated to the last degree; passionate for every sort of pleasure—for women, and for worse. He equally loved wine, good living, and the chase, with a rage; music, with a sort of ravishment; and play, at which he could not bear to be conquered, and where the danger with him was extreme: in short, given up to all passions, and transported with all pleasures; fierce, naturally tending to cruelty; barbarous in raillery and ridicule, with a justice which overwhelmed. He seemed

Having made much use of the *Histoire de l'Ancien Gouvernement de France*, by Boulainvilliers, this is the place to give St. Simon's character of him.

"The Duke de Noailles was very intimate with Boulainvilliers, and had made me acquainted with him. He was a man of quality, who pretended to be of the house of Croi, who was not very well off, who had served a little, and who had talent and much literature. He was a master of history, especially of France, to which he had much applied, particularly to its ancient genius and ancient government, and to its various degrees of decline to its present form. He had also searched into the genealogies of the kingdom; and nobody disputed his capacity, and very few his superiority, in these two departments, sustained by a memory perfect, exact, and clear. He was a man simple, gentle, humble by nature, although he knew his own strength; far from arrogance, telling voluntarily all he knew without display, and of a rare modesty in every thing. But he was curious to excess; and he had such a freedom of spirit, that nothing could limit his curiosity. He therefore abandoned himself to astrology, and had the reputation of having succeeded. He was much reserved on this subject, and there were only a few particular friends who could speak to him on it, or whom he was willing to answer. The Duke de Noailles was eager in this sort of knowledge, and indulged it as far as he could find any persons who had the credit of being able to satisfy him.

"Boulainvilliers, whose family and affairs were greatly deranged, kept himself much retired within his estate of Saint Cere, near the sea, in the country of Caux, which is not far from Fouyes. He visited his acquaintance, and I believe for the purpose of extracting news, of which his calculations rendered him curious. He came to see Mad. de Saint-Simon, and pressed her so much to give him news of the king, that she had no difficulty in comprehending that he believed he knew better than what was reported. She gave him her opinion; he kept himself some time on the reserve, but at last opened."

* See *Vie du Dauphin, Père de Louis XV, par l'Abbé Proyart.* Lyon, 1782. 2 vols. 12mo. It is strange that the biographer never once mentions Saint-Simon or his Memoirs.

to look down from above on men as atoms, to whom he bore no resemblance. Scarcely did his brothers appear intermediate between him and the human race, although all the three had always been brought up in a perfect equality: talent and penetration shone in him on every side. His reasonings always tended to the just and profound, even in his passions. He delighted to occupy himself with the most abstract subjects. The extent and vivacity of his understanding were prodigious, and prevented his applying to one subject at a time, almost so far as to render him incapable. The necessity of permitting him to design in his studies, for which he had much taste and skill, and without which his studies had been fruitless, perhaps prevented his height."

Then follows a description of his person:

"So vast an intellect, and of such a sort, joined to so much vivacity, so much sensibility, such passions, and all so ardent, was not an easy subject for education. The Duke de Beauvilliers, who equally perceived the difficulties and the consequences, surpassed himself by his application, his patience, and the variety of his remedies. Little aided by his sub-governors, he availed himself of every thing in his power. Fénélon, Fleury (the sub-preceptor, author of the *Ecclesiastical History*), &c. &c., all laboured under the direction of the governor, whose art on this occasion would, if related, make a work equally curious and instructive. But God, who is the master of our hearts, and whose divine Spirit blows where it will, made of this prince a work of his favour, and between the eighteenth and twentieth year he accomplished the task. From this abyss came forth a prince, affable, gentle, humane, moderate, patient, modest, penitent, and, sometimes even beyond what became his station, humble, and austere to himself. Entirely devoted to his duties, and comprehending how immense they were, he thought of nothing but to join the duties of a son and a subject with those to which he saw himself destined. The shortness of the days caused all his regret. He placed all his strength and his consolation in prayer, and his preservation in pious lectures. His taste for the abstract sciences, his facility to penetrate them, robbed him of time which he thought due to the study of affairs of state, and to the knowledge of a station destined for the throne and the government of a court."

Here follow eight more pages of eulogy. Saint-Simon then relates the confidential conversations which the prince held with him, through the good word of the Duke de Beauvilliers; who, when the memoir-writer repeated to him those conversations, was surprised to find that many of them had never been opened to himself.

"A volume," says he, "would not sufficiently describe the various *tête-à-têtes* I had with him. What a love of virtue! what a forgetfulness of self! what researches! what fruits! what purity of objects! what a reflection of the Divinity on this soul! so candid, so simple, so powerful! Traits broke out of an education equally laborious and industrious, equally intelligent, wise, Christian; and reflections of an enlightened disciple, born for command," &c.

"Never was a man more fond of order, nor understood it better, nor so desirous to re-establish it altogether, to remove confusion, and to put persons and things in their places. Instructed in the highest degree in all that ought to regulate this order, by maxims, by justice, and by reason; and attentive, even before he had the rule, to render to age, to merit, to birth, to rank, the distinction proper to each, and to mark it on all occasions," &c.

"The extinction of the nobility was odious to him, and its equality among itself insupportable. This last novelty, which yielded only to titles, and which confounded the noble with the gentleman, and those with the chiefs, appeared to him in the last degree unjust; and this defect of gradation an approaching cause of ruin, and destructive of a kingdom altogether military. He reminded himself that the monarchy only owed its safety, in the greatest perils under Philip de Valois, Charles V., Charles VII., Louis XII., and Francis I.—under his grandsons—under Henry IV., to that nobility which knew itself within its respective bounds, which had the will and the means to march to the aid of the estate by bands and by provinces, without embarrassment or confusion; because no one went out of hesitation, nor made a difficulty in obeying those who were greater than himself. He saw those succours destroyed by contrary habits—every one pretending an equality to another, and, consequently, nothing organised; no command, no obedience.

"As to the means, he was touched to the bottom of his heart at the ruin of the nobility, at the ways taken to reduce them, at the corruption which misery, at the mixture of blood by continual misalliances, necessary to procure bread, had caused on courage, virtue, and sentiment. He was indignant to see this French no-

bility, so celebrated, so illustrious, become a people almost of the same sort as the people themselves; and only distinguished by this, that the people had the liberty of labour, of trading, of arms themselves, while the nobility had become another people, who had no other choice than a mortal and ruinous idleness, which by its inutility had made them despised as a burden, or drove them to the wars to be slain, amid the insults of the agents of the secretaries of state and the secretaries of intendants: insomuch that the greatest of this nobility, in point of birth and dignity, could not avoid this sort of inactivity, nor the disgust from the exposure to these penmen when they served in the armies. Above all, he could not contain himself at the injury done to the military service, on which this monarchy is founded, and by which it is maintained, when a military officer covered with wounds—even a lieutenant-general, when retired with esteem, reputation, pensions—is put on a rank with all the other peasants of the parish, if he is not noble; and as I have often seen happen to many captains of the order of St. Louis, and pensioned, without the remedy of exemption; while those exemptions are possessed without number by the most vile hirelings of the inferior robe and of finance, even when bought, and sometimes derived by inheritance," &c. &c.

The grand principle of this excellent prince was, that *the king was made for the people, and not the people for the king.*

The following character of Dangeau is curious (vol. xviii. p. 260).

"Philip de Courcillon, Marquis of Dangeau, died at Paris, aged eighty-four years, the 7th September, 1720. This was a sort of person in water-colours, on whom, from the publication of his singular memoirs, curiosity engages us to enlarge a little. His nobility was very new—of the *pays Chartrain;* and his family Huguenots. Early in life he became Catholic, and occupied himself very much in making his fortune. Among other profound troubles which the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin had caused and left in France, high play and its trickeries was one to which he accustomed every one, high and low. It was one of the sources on which he drew largely, and one of the best means to ruin the French nobles, whom he hated and despised, as well as all the French nation; of which he wished to overthrow every thing which was great in itself, and of which the example has been followed ever since his death, even to *the perfect success which one sees at this day,* AND WHICH FORETELLS SO SURELY THE APPROACHING END AND DISSOLUTION OF THIS MONARCHY!! Play was therefore very much *à la mode* at court, in town, and every where, when Dangeau began to appear.

"He was a tall man, very well made, became stout with age, having still an agreeable face, but which promised what it was—insipidity enough to make one sick. He had nothing, or very little; he applied himself to learn all the games that were then played, and to examine all the combinations of the games, and those of the cards; the possession of which he attained so as seldom to mistake them, even at *basset* and at *lansquenet;* to judge with correctness, and to bet on those which he calculated ought to gain. To this science he owed a great deal; and his gains enabled him to introduce himself into good society. He was mild, obliging, flattering; had the air, the spirit, the manners of the world; a prompt and excellent calculator at play, at which, whatever large gains he had (and which made his great riches, and the foundation and means of his fortune), he never was suspected, and his reputation was always entire and pure. The necessity of finding high players for the play of the king and Madame de Montespan, procured him admission; and it was of him, when he was quite initiated, that Madame de Montespan laughably said, 'That one could not help liking him, nor laughing at him:' and that was perfectly true. He was liked, because nothing ever escaped him again to any body; he was mild, civil, trusty in his intercourse, courteous, obliging, honourable; but otherwise so flat, so insipid, such a great admirer of nothings, provided that these nothings were connected with the king, or with people in place or in favour; such a base adulator of the same, and, after his elevation, so puffed up with pride and foolery, though without ever failing in civility to any one, or, without being less low, so occupied in shewing off, and making his pretended distinctions valued, that one could not prevent one's-self laughing at him.

"Established in the games of the king and his mistresses, he profited of it to decorate himself; and understood that he could only do so by the force of money. He gave then to M. de Vivonne, as it appears to me (for this is a fact of 1670), all he wished of the government of Tours and of Touraine; and he bought, a few months after, one of the two charges of reader to the king, because they gave the *entrées,* which were so rare and so useful under Louis XIV. His money then began to make him a man of the private circle, a governor of a province, and a

familiar in the parties of the king and Madame de Montespan, who played almost every day. With little sense but that of the world, and of knowing always how to be good company, he did not fail to make bad verses. The king amused himself sometimes with giving *bouts rimés* to be filled up. Dangeau ardently wished for an apartment, which was rare when the king first established himself at Versailles.

"One day that he was at play with Madame de Montespan, Dangeau sighed sillily, in talking to some one of the desire he had to have an apartment, loud enough to be heard by the king and Madame de Montespan; effectively they heard him, and were diverted by it; and thought it amusing to put Dangeau on thorns, in composing directly for him some *bouts rimés*, the most singular they could imagine. They gave them to Dangeau, supposing that he never would complete them; they promised him an apartment if he filled them up without leaving the game, and before it finished. The muses favoured Dangeau: the king and Madame de Montespan were the dupes; he gained an apartment, and had one instantly," &c. &c.

Here follow five more pages, full of curious particulars, but for which it is impossible to find room here.

"From the beginning of his coming to the court, that is to say, about the time of the death of the queen-mother, he applied himself to write every night the news of the day; and he was faithful to this work until his death. It was his plan to write them like a newspaper, without any reasoning; so that one sees only the events with their exact state, without a word of their causes, and still less of any intrigue, nor of any sort of movement of the court, nor among private people. The lowness of an humble courtier, the worship of the master, and of every thing that was enjoyed or approached to favour — the prodigality of the most insipid and the most miserable praises — the eternal and suffocating incense of the king's most indifferent actions — the never-ceasing fear and insipidity not to wound any one — to excuse every thing, principally for the generals and other persons favoured by the king, or Madame de Maintenon, or the ministers — all these things appear in every page, of which it is rare that each day fills more than one. They disgust one marvellously. Every thing, even the most indifferent, which the king has done each day (and often the first princes and the most credited ministers, sometimes other kind of people), are there, with dryness as to the facts, but, as much as possible, with the most servile praises, and for things which no other but he would dream of praising.

"It is difficult to understand how a man could have the patience and the perseverance to write such a work, every day, during more than fifty years — so meagre, so dry, so constrained, so cautious, so literal; being nothing but surfaces of the most repulsive aridity.

"But it must also be said, that it would have been difficult for Dangeau to have written true memoirs, which require to be *au fait* of the interior and of the diverse machines of a court. Though he hardly ever left it, and then only for moments — though he was there with distinction, and in the good societies — though he was liked, and ever esteemed on the score of honour and secrecy; still it is true that he was never *au fait* of any thing, nor initiated in any affair whatever. His frivolous and superficial life was such as his memoirs: he knew nothing beyond what all the world saw; he contented himself with being at the *fêtes* and feasts — his vanity has taken care to shew it in his memoirs; but he was never at any thing private. It was not that he was not informed sometimes of what concerned his friends by themselves, who, being considerable people, could give him some relative knowledge; but this was rare and short. Those who were his friends of this sort were in small number, and knew too well the lightness of his stuff to lose their time with him.

"Dangeau had a mind below mediocrity — very futile, very incapable in every way; taking voluntarily shadow for substance, which only filled itself with wind, and was perfectly contented with it. All his capacity extended no further than to conduct himself — to wound no one — to multiply the gusts of wind which flattered him — to acquire, preserve, and enjoy a sort of consideration, without perceiving that, to begin with the king, his vanities and absurdities diverted his company, nor the snares into which they often caused him to fall. With all this, his memoirs are filled with facts on which the newspapers are silent. They will gain a great deal as they grow older, and will be of much service to whoever wishes to write more solidly, on account of the exactness of the chronology, which will guard against confusion. In short, they represent, with the most desirable precision, the picture of the court, of the days, of every thing that filled them up — the occupations, the amusements, the way of life of the king and all the world; so that nothing would be more desirable for history than to have such memoirs of every reign, if it were possible, since Charles V.; which,

among all this futility, would throw an astonishing light upon every thing, in the midst of those empty things which have been written about these reigns.

"Two words more on this singular author. He did not conceal that he made this journal, because he had nothing to fear from the manner in which he made it; but he did not shew it: it was never seen till after his death. Till now it has not been printed, and it is in the hands of the Duke de Luynes, his grandson, who allowed two or three copies to be taken. Dangeau, who despised nothing, and wished to be of every thing, had aspired to, and obtained early, a place in the French Academy of Sciences, though he knew nothing at all; but he prided himself in being of these societies, and of frequenting the illustrious people who were of it. There is to be found in these memoirs gross ignorance on the dukedoms and the dignities of the court of Spain, which are surprising to the last degree.

"He went through the dreadful operation of the fistula, and was cut for a large stone; he lived after it many years, without any inconvenience from the first, perfectly cured, and without any effect from the other. Two years before his death, he was cut a second time: the stone was not large, and he had hardly a few hours' fever from it; he was cured in a month, and had good health afterwards. At last, great age, and perhaps the *ennui* of not seeing any longer the court and the world, terminated his life, by an illness of a few days." Vol. xviii. p. 271.

There is something, on many accounts, very striking in the following character of the Chancellor d'Agnesseau.

"D'Agnesseau was born 26th November, 1668; advocate-general, 12th January, 1691, at the age of twenty-six and a half; procureur-general, 19th November, 1700, at thirty-two; chancellor and keeper of the seals of France, 2d Feb. 1717, at forty-three. His grandfather was master of the accounts: we had better go no higher. The master of the accounts married his daughter to the father of Messrs. d'Armentières et de Conflans, both sons-in-law of Madame de Jussac (of whom I have spoken elsewhere) and of the Bailey de Conflans, with the little estate of Puysieux, which they yet have; and the sisters of the chancellor were married long before him, the youngest to M. la Guerchois, who died a counsellor-of-state, without children; the other to M. de Tavannes, father and mother of M. de Tavannes, lieutenant-general, commandant in Burgundy, and knight of the order, and of the Archbishop of Rouen, grand-almoner to the queen — heretofore Bishop of Châlons, of which he has preserved the rank.

"D'Agnesseau, of middle height, was large, with a countenance open and agreeable, even to his last disgrace, and a physiognomy wise and intelligent; but one eye much smaller than the other. It is remarkable that he never had a decisive voice before he was chancellor, and that people piqued themselves in parliament never to follow his opinion, through a jealousy of the reputation he had acquired, which prevailed over esteem and friendship. Much genius, application, penetration, knowledge of every kind, gravity, majesty, equity, piety, and innocence of manners, made the foundation of his character. One may say that he had a beautiful mind, and was incorruptible, if we may except the affair of the Bouillons; and, with this, gentle, good, humane, and of an easy and agreeable access; gay, and of a witty pleasantry, but never wounding any one; extremely sober, polished without pride, and noble without the least avarice; naturally indolent, which made him slow. Who would not believe that a magistrate, endowed with so many virtues and talents — with memory, vast reading, eloquence in speaking and writing, justice even in the least expressions, in the most common conversations, with the graces of ease, had not been the greatest chancellor we had seen for many years? It is true that he had been a sublime first-president; it is not less true that he became chancellor — we regretted even Haligre and Bouchard. This paradox is difficult to comprehend: we have seen it, however, for thirty years that he has been chancellor; but it is so evident, that a fact so strange deserves to be investigated. So happy an assemblage was spoiled by many defects, which remained concealed in his early life, and which broke out the moment he came to this elevation. His long and only breeding in the parliament had grafted on him all its maxims and pretensions."

* * *

"The long usage of the bar had cramped his understanding. He was enlarged and enlightened, and adorned with great reading and profound knowledge. The state of the bar is to collect, examine, weigh, and compare the reasons of the two or several parties (for there are often many in the same suit); and to display this sort of account, if I may so express myself, with all the graces and flowers of eloquence, before the judges, with so much art and exactness that nothing is forgot in any part; and that none of the numerous auditors can augur of what opinion the advocate-general will be before he has begun his

conclusion. Although the procureur-general, who does not give his conclusion except in writing, is not obliged to make the same display, he is bound to the same examination, the same comparison, the same account in his chamber, before he can come to a conclusion. This continual habit, for twenty-four years, of a spirit scrupulous in equity and in forms, fertile in views, skilful in right, in decrees, and different customs, had accustomed him to an uncertainty of which he could not cure himself; and, when he was not necessarily bound to any fixed time, prolonged business to an infinity. He was the greatest sufferer: to him to determine was a delivery, *but woe to him who had the lot to wait!* If he was pressed, for instance, by the council of the regency, where a business required to be adjudged on a fixed day, he wavered to the last moment in forming his opinion; being, with the most perfect good faith, sometimes of one advice, sometimes of another, and decided at last, when the time arrived, as if it had come upon him at the instant.

"His slowness and irresolution were marvellously fitted to finish nothing. Another great fault contributed to this, *that he was the father of difficulties:* so many different things presented themselves to his mind that they overcame it. I have said it of the Duke de Chevreuse, I repeat it of the chancellor—he cut a hair into four: so they were great friends. It was not that he had not a very sound understanding, but the least difficulty embarrassed him; and he did not take the same pains as others to get rid of them. His best friends, the affairs he had most at heart, were not more exempt than others; and this love of difficulties became a sore for all those who had to pass through his hands. The old Duchess d'Etrées-Vaubrun, who sparkled with wit, and who was one of his intimate friends, was one day pressed to speak to him for some one. She excused herself, from the knowledge she had of his disposition. 'But, madam,' said the applicant, 'he is your intimate friend.' 'It is true,' she answered, 'he is a friend turned into an enemy.' The definition was very just. With so many essential faults, which, notwithstanding, came from too much light and too many views—from too much of the habits of the bar, of the nursing which he had solely received in the parliament, and which, far from attacking his honour and his probity, were only augmented by the delicacy of his conscience, he joined others, which only came from his natural slowness, and his too much attachment to do well. He could not finish a declaration, a rule, a letter of business, however little important; he polished and retouched them without end. He was the slave of the most exact purity of diction;* and did not perceive that this slavery rendered him often obscure, and sometimes unintelligible. His taste for the sciences crowned all these inconveniences. He loved the languages, above all, the learned tongues, and pleased infinitely with every part of natural history and mathematics; nor did he neglect to be a metaphysician. He had much taste and talent for all the sciences; he loved to dig into them, and to join in exercises on these different sciences with his children and some obscure *savans*. He chose points of research for exercise, and this sort of study made him lose infinite time, and threw into despair those who had business with him, who went ten times to him, without being able to make him change the amusements of his taste for the functions of his office. It is true that he would have been an excellent first-president, but that for which he was most proper was to be only at the head of all the literature, of the academies, of the observatory, of the royal college, and of the library; and it was these in which he could have excelled. His slowness, without incommoding any one, and his easy difficulties, had only served to clear up matters; and his uncertainty, independent of his conscience, had only served to the same end. He would have had intercourse only with men of letters, and not with the world; of which he knew nothing, and of which, almost to politeness, he had no use. He should have remained detached from government and affairs of state, where he was always a stranger, even so as to raise surprise, by a folly so little compatible with so much understanding and enlightenment. Here is much—but behold another touch of the pencil. The Duc de Grammont the elder, who had much sense, finding himself one morning in the cabinet of the king at Versailles, while the king was at mass, and *tête-à-tête* with the chancellor, asked him in conversation, how, since he was chancellor, with the great experience he had of chicanery and the length of process, he had never thought to make a rule which might abridge and stop these tricks? The chancellor answered him, that he had thought so much of it, that he had commenced to put a rule upon paper; but as he advanced, he reflected on the great number of advocates, procureurs, bailiffs, which this rule would ruin, and that compassion had made him drop the pen from his hand. For the

* This puts one in mind of Addison.

same reason there would be no need of policemen to arrest thieves, and bring them to certain punishments; for whom, for this reason, the compassion ought to be much greater. In two words, it is because the hardship and the number of the processes make all the riches and the authority of the robe, and by consequence, they ought to multiply and become eternal. Behold a long article; but I have thought it so much the more curious, because it plainly shews how much a man of so much rectitude, talents, and reputation, became by little and little, by having gone out of his path to render his rectitude equivocal, his talents worse than useless; to lose his reputation, and become the sport of fortune."

We regret that we have not room for more of these admirable characters —such as Louvois, Colbert,* the Duke de Noailles; the Grammonts, the La Rochefoucaulds, the Brissacs, the Lauzuns, the Duke de Beauvilliers, Villars, Villeroy, Ninon de l'Enclos, and innumerable others, among which the Duke de Vendôme makes a frightful figure; and the intrigues and dissimulations of the Duke de Maine, and Madame de Maintenon, with the minute account of the last days of the latter, are of intense interest. Voltaire's *Age of Louis XIV.* continues, perhaps, as popular a book as ever; and many think that its accuracy is not much brought into question by these copious and minute memoirs of Saint-Simon. It is, no doubt, written with all clearness, elegance, and universal talent, which no one can deny to the mischievous author—and to those who bring to the perusal of it a full knowledge of details, it forms a spirited and useful summary; but without this preparatory intelligence, it teaches nothing distinct; its vagueness and apparent superficiality render it a most deceitful lesson.† The fault of Saint-Simon's characters is, that they are too long, and that he repeats his touches too often. He draws, with the endless labour of a Dutch painter, every wrinkle, pustule, and wart. But there is something in all this which gives intrinsic evidence of extreme accuracy; the minutiæ are of a kind which could never spring from imagination. Inexhaustible observance and relentless severity were the fortes of Saint-Simon. He was an aristocrat, of a temperament which in these days will meet with little favour. He thought that ministers, generals, the upper class of lawyers, and all great functionaries, were to be taken from the high-born. That such a body are a necessary counterbalance to the capricious power of the monarchy, cannot be doubted; nor is it less certain, that *parvenus* are apt either to retain the servility of spirit imposed by the circumstances of their first entry into life, or to be inebriated by their sudden elevation. All this is exemplified by Saint-Simon in the most striking manner. It must be admitted, the principles, the morals, the manners, and the conduct, both internal and external, of this reign had an influence on all Europe, which all countries, and espe-

* Saint-Simon tells a curious story of Colbert's absurd pretensions to birth. He imagined himself to be sprung from a great Scotch family, descended from the kings of that nation. He worried Louis XIV. to apply to the King of England to obtain proofs of this allegation; the latter was tardy in his answer. Colbert would not let his monarch rest till he applied again. At length the answer came, and put the monarch in a rage at having exposed himself to so ridiculous an application. The English sovereign could find no traces of Colbert's Scotch descent; he found a Scotch family of obscurity, of a name bearing some remote resemblance, but no evidence of Colbert's alliance to it. This name was *Cuthbert*. Notwithstanding this, Colbert's descent from this family is pompously set forth in the *Dictionnaire Véridique*.

† Le Montey gives the character of this work, though Le Montey was not a profound judge; witness his ignorance of Saint-Simon's pen in the notes appended to the MS. of Dangeau. "Voltaire has most contributed to preserve the evidence of the laurels of Louis XIV. The delineation he has given of the reign of this monarch is a *chef-d'œuvre* of grace and reason, rendered popular by an inimitable talent. It would be perfect if it was complete. The author praises much, and always with sense and measure; but one can well perceive, that in this painting some parties are disguised, and others not deeply examined. Voltaire suffered himself to be too much dazzled by literary glory, to be perfectly just. He has treated a king who founded academies, as the monks treated princes who endowed churches. In passing from the hands of the monks to that of the academicians, the pencil of history has only changed prejudices. This partiality, or, if one will, this recognition of men of letters, is yet more remarkable in the panegyric pronounced on Francis I., whose reign, full of violence, corruptions, and merited disasters, was a little less odious, but far more fatal, than the tyranny of Louis XI."

cially England, deeply feel at this critical moment! Richelieu and Mazarin gave the fatal blow to the remaining liberties of the French monarchy. The absolute power of Louis XIV. raises disgust and indignation; and his utter want of heart, and the extreme littleness of his mind in all his pursuits and pleasures, and in the regulations of his court, however splendid it might make the outward appearance of that court, leave us abased in spirit at the contemplation of the frailties and follies of mankind! The lesson taught us ought to increase our esteem and love of the British constitution, such as it has been in its three estates for so many centuries, and such as, we trust, it will ever be, in defiance of the alterations of society, of the predominance of the manufacturing interest, of the weight of taxation, of the multiplication of the peerage, and of the rapid changes of property! But if we are such optimists as to be blind to the brink of the precipice on which we stand, we are lost.

We have not space here for any notice of the Orleans regency, and we are not willing to touch upon the fatal and most uncalled-for revolution of 1830; about which so much has been already written. Yet we cannot close our remarks without alluding to the abolition of the French hereditary peerage.

It is quite impossible that the constitutional purpose of a Chamber of Peers should be answered, unless it be hereditary, because when it is for life, it must be dependent on the crown. If hereditary, all the objections that lie to an alleged want of merit apply as much to the son of a *parvenu* raised by his own personal qualities, as to the son of a noble of ancient descent, while the respect which it is the nature of the human mind to pay to old nobility is wanting. They who consider the privilege of peerage a feather, either as it affects the individual on whom it is conferred, or those over whom it gives jurisdiction and political power, must be profoundly ignorant. It is a most essential part of the constitution as to its practical results. It is almost too trite to mention that it is intended as a poise between the king and the people. The quality and source of this poise is, that it is born and nursed in a more elevated sphere than the people, and is placed above their vapours. High personal qualities may, by a sparing intermixture, produce the same effect. It is not a speculative whim to assume that high birth gives opinion and feelings above *arbitrium popularis auræ*. And the experience of all ages proves that illustrious descent operates strongly on the human mind in producing respect and confirming authority. As it is of the essence of the independence of a house of peers that it should be hereditary, it follows of course that the greater part of the living peerage should not have attained that station as a reward for their own individual merits. Now if personal worth does not descend, where is the personal worth of a new man's son?

The ancient historic names and blood are rapidly wearing out in all Europe. But still there are very striking instances of splendid descent to be found. It requires a mind exercised in genealogical researches, to be conversant with the innumerable streams that concentre in the veins of a few distinguished families. There is supposed to be so much charlatanism and false colouring in pedigree, that vulgar and base minds take the advantage to decry these topics. The history of the peerage, both of France and England, is not a light matter in the public opinion; and therefore names and alliances interwoven with annals of the nation have a very strong influence. In these days, if our constitution shall survive democratic rage, it must be by the respectability and power of the upper house of parliament. If it could be established that there is no intrinsic recommendation in honourable birth, we think it would follow that there ought to be no house of peers. The *fond* of a house of peers must, as we have said, be birth; and revolutionists and radicals may argue as they will, birth will always have great influence on the minds of the people.

Politicians and genealogists may differ a little as to what constitutes the most distinguished birth; some may require a little more than others. But the ground-work of nobility and the peerage lies in the institutions of Charlemagne; and none can be called positively great and venerable, that cannot fairly and reasonably trace itself to that source. This will be called a severe and extravagant test; but all else is comparatively indefinite, if not trifling. Taken thus, it connects itself with the history of all Europe: all seems thus to become as it were one family. And thus the greatest houses begin with modern history.



AUTHOR OF ROMANCE AND

GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XLI.

MISS LANDON.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon! Burke said, that ten thousand swords ought to have leaped out of their scabbards at the mention of the name of Marie Antoinette; and in like manner we maintain, that ten thousand pens should leap out of their inkbottles to pay homage to L. E. L. In Burke's time, Jacobinism had banished chivalry—at least, out of France—and the swords remained unbared for the queen; we shall prove, that our pens shall be uninked for the poetess.

As to writing the history of her birth, education, and all other such particulars, we must decline so doing for many reasons; of which we may specify one, viz. that we look upon it as the most indefensible of all things to inquire into the chronological history of any lady—in which sentiment, it will be seen on examination, that all the compilers of all the peerages agree with us. Nor shall we detain ourselves by long details of her works. *Quæ regio in terris?* says Virgil: but we forget; we are writing about a lady, and must abjure Latinising, and content ourselves by paraphrasing Virgil's question in English, and ask, In which quarter of our literary world is not L. E. L. known and admired? From her *Improvvisatrice* (a word puzzling to pronounce to the average natives of Cockney-land, and which she, not having the fear of Della Crusca before her eyes, spelt with a single *v*, thereby deluding into that practice many ingenious young gentlemen and ladies), which, we believe, was her first work published in the substantive shape of a volume, to her last illustrations of the gatherings of Fisher or Heath, through the verse of her *Golden Violet* and the prose of her *Romance and Reality*, all her works have been favourites with every body, but especial pets of the press. We do not doubt that the forthcoming *Francesca Carrara* will receive an *accueil* equally favourable.

There is too much about love in them, some cross-grained critic will say. How, Squaretoes, can there be too much of love in a young lady's writings? we reply in a question. Is she to write of politics, or political economy, or pugilism, or punch? Certainly not. We feel a determined dislike of women who wander into these unfeminine paths; they should immediately hoist a mustache—and, to do them justice, they in general do exhibit no inconsiderable specimen of the hair-lip. We think Miss L. E. L. has chosen the better part. She shews every now and then that she is possessed of information, feeling, and genius, to enable her to shine in other departments of poetry; but she does right in thinking that Sappho knew what she was about when she chose the tender passion as the theme for woman.

Whether she merely writes on this theme as a matter of abstract poetry, or whether there is any thing less unsubstantial to inspire the sentiments of her flowing verses, is a question which we have no right to ask; but this we shall say, that she is a very nice, unbluestockingish, well-dressed, and trim-looking young lady, fond of sitting pretty much as Croquis (who has hit her likeness admirably) has depicted her, in neat and carefully-arrayed costume, at her table, chatting, in pleasant and cheering style, with all and sundry who approach her. The only verses of which we ever knew Archibald Constable, the bookseller, to be guilty—and these, the erudite reader will perceive, are not altogether original—were in praise of Miss Landon, whom he met while travelling to Yorkshire:

> "I truly like thee, L. E. L.;
> The reason why I cannot tell:
> But this is fact, I know full well,
> That I do like thee, L. E. L."

And the quatrain of the bibliopole will be cheerfully agreed to by all who know her; though they, not being under the necessity of parodying the epigram of Dr. Fell, will probably be afforded sufficient reasons.

But why is she Miss Landon?

"A fault like this should be corrected," as Whistlecraft says.

PERSIAN WOMEN.*

Sir John Malcolm has done much to do away with the vulgar superstition we entertained, that the women of the eastern world were not only slaves, but strictly watched captives—that our boasted freedom of women in England was quite a farce when compared with the Persians; but Mr. Atkinson unhesitatingly proves, that the moon-faced beauties of the East are not only more indulged, but are by custom and law allowed to be domestic tyrants. The Koran, likewise, ranks women as true believers, and has put it out of the power of a husband to injure his wife, unless he can procure four witnesses of her guilt, or swear four times to the fact himself; and even then her whole dower must be paid her. The Persian poets certainly give women an exalted station in the scale of creation, and shew that they may be masters:

> "Women are ever masters when they please,
> And cozen with their kindness; they have spells,
> Superior to the wand of the magician;
> And from their lips the words of wisdom fall
> Like softest music on the listening ear—
> O, they are matchless in supremacy!"

So sang Firdausi; and a more appropriate motto could not be found for the book of wisdom before us. This book purposes to be a "learned treatise, not written for the use of the lords of the creation, but for the instruction and edification of the female sex. Should any woman, therefore, remain in doubt as to the true mode of proceeding in household affairs, she has only to refer to the grave expounders of those laws and observances which are deemed so highly important and necessary among women who aspire to conduct themselves with propriety, prudence, and decorum." These laws are made and expounded by five of the most accomplished and wisest women in the land, who, from deep study and perfect knowledge of the pursuits and habits of the sex, are competent to settle every difficulty that could possibly arise in the course of domestic life: their names are,

> Kulsúm Naneh, the senior matron,
> Shahr-Bánú Dadeh,
> Dadeh-Bazm Ará,
> Bájí Yásmin, and
> Khála Gul-barí;

and two other functionaries, whose chief employment seems to be to support and enforce the decrees of the five. All the maxims are not of the same degree of obligation, but are divided into four, viz. *wájib*, necessary, expedient; *mustahab*, desirable; *sunnat*, according to the law and traditions of Mohammed; and *sunnat mu'akkad*, imperative, or absolutely necessary. The book opens, with all due propriety, with those laws and observances which are deemed imperative.

> "It is highly essential to urge that the institutions and ordinances described and explained, under the authority and sanction of matrons of deep learning, equally versed in the mystery of averting misfortune, and the means of making mankind subservient to the will of the softer sex, should be most strictly attended to and enforced in every respect. Human life and human affairs only hang by a thread; success or failure depends on the nicest movement; and, therefore, to avoid the approach and pressure of calamity, no ceremony or prescribed observance ought to be, under any circumstances, omitted:
>
> 'For what is life? a breath, a vapour,
> A bubble, a still wasting taper;
> Now scarcely seen, now dull—now bright,
> And now it sheds a quivering light,
> Then quickly fades away in night.'
>
> Above all, the heavenly bodies, the sun and moon, and stars, must be invariably consulted on every important occasion."

Some of the superstitions are highly amusing; and had the infallible cure set forth by these learned ladies for stopping the progress of an epidemic, but been known during the prevalence of the cholera, the Board of Health would have found their labours and researches considerably abridged, and would have blessed the wisdom of Kulsúm Naneh and her colleagues.

> "Whenever a person pays the debt of nature on a Wednesday, and on the following Wednesday another person of the same house dies, it is necessary to put one of the dead man's shoes into the grave with him, to check the mortality which might without that precaution continue in the family. When one of the shoes of the deceased cannot be

* Customs and Manners of the Women of Persia, and their Domestic Superstitions. Translated from the original Persian MSS. By James Atkinson, Esq. 8vo. London, 1832. Murray.

found, Bájí Yásmin and Shahr Bánú Dadeh concur in the old saying—

'If you cannot find a shoe,
Take an egg, and that will do.'"

Surely this volume throws quite a new light upon the conduct allowed in eastern climes to the fairer part of the creation; for we find the seven not only approving, but actually inculcating the most determined coquetry. For instance, among other customs known to be of great efficacy and power is the following:

"On the last Friday of the blessed month of Ramazán the women ought to dress superbly and perfume themselves, and put on their best ornaments, and go to the porticos of the mosques, because young men of cypress forms, with tulip cheeks and amorous demeanour, assemble there in greater numbers than at other places. There they must sit down, and stretch out their feet, and every one must light twelve tapers; and in doing this care must be taken to lift the hand high above the head, so as to raise up the veil, as if by accident, and thus display their beautiful faces. Their crimson-tinted toes must also be exposed, in order that the young men may see and admire them with wounded hearts. But it would be an unlucky omen if one of the tapers were left unlighted. Bíbí Ján Aghá and the rest of the learned conclave are unanimous in this opinion. Further, it is not at all necessary that in lighting the tapers silence should be observed; on the contrary, lovely women should always let their sweet voices be heard,—

'For there is nothing in the world more pleasing,
Than hearing strains of melting melody
From lips that shame the ruby.'

And on that day, the last Friday of Ramazán, prayers should be twice performed kneeling, to secure the speedy accomplishment of their wishes and desires. Kulsúm Naneh and her colleagues agree, that the efficacy of these observances is much increased when attended to in those mosques which are mostly frequented by the poor and afflicted; for,

'Wherever the wretched assemble in prayer,
Most surely the blessing of Heaven will be there.'"

That the Persian women have most absolute sway, and that husbands who should attempt to control them in any way would have but a poor chance of success, is clearly set forth in this book of instruction. This is certainly an invaluable volume; and all our unmarried young ladies would do well to study it beforehand, that they may with all propriety withstand any attempt of their husbands to interfere with their amusement. Kulsúm Naneh, the senior of the learned conclave, is particularly decided on this head. For instance:

"No woman can entertain the least hope of heaven whose husband forbids the things that are herein commanded, and considered proper for her pleasure and happiness in this world. For with what comfort can a woman remain in the house of her husband, who is continually opposed to those recreations to which her whole soul is devoted? Dadeh-Bazm Ará says, I have proved, from the instructions of my master Iblis, that the man who does not allow his wife to visit holy places and mosques, and the houses of her friends, male and female, with whom interviews may have been concerted, and who prohibits other innocent and agreeable proceedings, such as we have deemed proper and expedient for her own satisfaction and comfort,—that man, I say, will be condemned hereafter to severe and merited punishment. And in such case it is wájab that the relations of the wife should carry the husband before the Kází and claim a divorce, or deed of separation, to the end that the wife may be released from her misery, and be furnished with a separate maintenance. If the husband should refuse to be divorced, and the wife die of a broken heart, he and his relations are deservedly liable to pay the expiatory mulct, as in cases of murder."

It appears from most of the travellers who have written on eastern customs, that suits for separation almost invariably are caused by badness of temper or disagreement, not from ill conduct. If the complaint comes from the woman, she can claim nothing from her husband. In consequence of which law, it appears that it not unfrequently happens amongst the lower orders, that a man, wishing to get rid of his wife, maltreats her in every way, so that in self-defence she is at last obliged to beg for a divorce; thus ridding him of his care, whilst he retains her fortune. The ladies of Europe, even of France, cannot be fonder of dress and new fashions than the beauties of Persia: it is inculcated from their tenderest age, and forms an essential part of the education laid down as essential by the seven female lawgivers, who say,

"A woman should never on any occasion neglect to show her predilection for rich apparel and scenes of gaiety. For, as Gholám Nabí the poet says:

'Soft speech, and languid looks, and gay attire,
Beauty improve, and joyous thoughts inspire:
Perfum'd with musk, in silk and gems arrayed,
Resistless are the charms of wife or maid;
Since, richly dressed, with smiles that ever please,
A lovely woman wins the heart with ease.'"

There are many amusing laws detailed, and observances by which good and evil fortune may be ascertained, health restored, and happiness insured. The whole of the maxims are original and amusing. The observances of the bath, which forms so material a part of eastern luxury, are minutely laid down, and contain most excellent rules for comfort, and many injunctions, how, by coquettish demeanour, to attract the attention of the youths of cypress form and tulip cheeks. The ladies, after the use of the bath, make it a sort of *conversazione*, where every species of gossip is allowed; and women who have spirit and care for their reputation are careful to have a collation provided, and entertain their friends. It would seem that the baths were almost held sacred, and that by the use of it they were entitled to plenary indulgence for any sins they might commit; for the translator makes Shahr Bánú Dadeh say, in her golden maxims,—"It is wrong in men, when they see a woman coming out of the bath, or any private retreat, to ask her where she has been." This, surely we must allow, is liberty which, with all the boasted freedom granted to the women of England, we should fear is not equalled here. The conclave class men into three tribes; their distinctions are so amusing, that they must be given in the words of female sages:—

"There are three sorts of men: 1. A proper man; 2. Half a man; 3. A Hupulhupla. A proper man at once supplies whatever necessaries or indulgences his wife may require; he never presumes to go out without his wife's permission, or do any thing contrary to her wish."

After this, we must recant our old notions of the slavery and subjection in which the Persians keep their women; instead of slaves, they are domestic tyrants: indeed, it would seem that they, like kings, were inviolable, and could do no wrong. The present "heroes of chivalry" of civilised Europe would hardly win a reputation for deference and courteous demeanour, were they to be judged by Shahr Bánú Dadeh; and few would be deemed proper men.

"Your half man, of the second class, is a very poor snivelling wretch, always meddling, with but little furniture in his house, and just bread and salt enough for bare subsistence, never on any occasion enjoying the least degree of comfort. The wife sits in his house and works, and all she earns is applied to procure food and lights. It is therefore wájib in that industrious woman to reply harshly to whatever he says; and if he beats her, it is wájib for her to bite and scratch him, and pull his beard, and do every thing in her power to annoy him. If his severity exceeds all bounds, let her petition the Kází and get a divorce."

This is good advice of the learned seven, enough to make a man of moderate means tremble. Luckily, in our part of the world scratching and fighting are not considered lady-like accomplishments, much less wájib.

"The third class, or Hupul-hupla, has nothing, no friends. He wants to dress and live luxuriously, but is totally destitute of means. If the wife of such a man absents herself from his house, even for ten days and ten nights, he must not on her return ask her where she has been; and if he sees a stranger in the house, he must not ask who it is, or what he wants. Whenever he comes home and finds the street-door shut, he must not knock, but retire, and not presume to enter till he sees it thrown open. Should he act contrary to this, the wife must immediately demand a divorce. Kulsúm Naneh says, that if such a husband should afterwards even beg to be pardoned and allowed to resume his former domestic habits, it would be wrong in the wife to remain a single day longer under his roof."

The first part of the description of the hupul-hupla is exactly that class of beings whom the French so happily denominate *chevaliers d'industrie*, who so admirably contrive to live without any ostensible means of living. If they do marry, however, it is to be doubted if they would like their wives to follow the directions laid down in the book of wisdom; indeed, the whole spirit of the laws set forth breathes a spirit most inimical to our creed of matrimonial deference and obedience; and it would not be unwise in the young men to rise *en masse*, and prohibit a book that inculcates

such downright subversion of propriety. For instance, would not a young lady of spirit, when denied something she wanted, feel it incumbent on her to support her dignity at least in as great a degree as the *reputed* Persian slaves, and follow the advice of Kulsúm Naneh?

"It is wájib that she should scold and fight with her husband, at least once or twice a day, till she obtains from him the amount required. And since there is no constancy in the disposition, nor certainty in the life of a husband, who may repudiate his wife from caprice, or chance to die suddenly, it is necessary and wájib, whilst she does remain in his house, to scrape together, by little and little, all in her power, that when the hour of separation arrives she may be able to dress elegantly, and enjoy herself, until (if alive) he repents and becomes obedient to her will."

The female sages, not content with inculcating the most severe domestic tyranny, boldly prescribe pillage. It is impossible to blame prudent foresight, and a purse in time of need is a blessing; but really this household pilfering is rather too bad, and the men of Persia must not only be the most obedient but the most enduring and forbearing men in nature; for it must be any thing but agreeable, the knowledge that your wife is daily appropriating a portion of your goods, in the expectation either of separation or your death. It appears that, though the moon-faced beauties are allowed so many privileges, and are to pass unquestioned, the same does not apply to the men; and the wife is instructed to discover and prevent her husband from conversing with another. The bath and prayer, though so essential, may both be dispensed with, rather than leave the husband in the house with a slave. Shahr Bánú Dadeh says,—

"Should a woman, whilst engaged in prayer, happen to discover her husband speaking to a strange damsel, it is wájib for her to pause and listen attentively to what passes between them, and if necessary to put an end to their conversation.'"

Music and singing, ever so charming in pretty women, are considered accomplishments of primary importance by the lawgivers; their instructions are imperative on this head.

"A musical instrument of one kind or other should always be kept in the house, that neighbours, whilst visiting each other, may never be without the means of adding to the pleasure and sociability of their parties. If it so happen that neither a *dyra hulkadár* (a large tambourine with rings) nor a *síkdár* is provided, the house ought at any rate to possess a brass dish and a mallet for that purpose. Every woman should be instructed in the art of playing upon the dyra, or tambourine, and she in turn must teach her daughters, that their time may be passed in joy and mirth; and the songs of Háfiz, above all others, must be remembered."

Music likewise entered into their games, and formed a material and fortunate part of them. The game of the swing, so simple with us, is most curiously described.*

"In the swing it is both mustahab and wájib for two persons to sit together, one passing a leg round the waist of the other. If one is a youth, his companion a girl, so much the better. Kulsúm Naneh says, when they are thus sitting in the swing-rope, mutually embracing and vibrating to and fro, nothing can be more graceful and charming, and free from blame. Bájí Yásmin is of opinion that, whilst enjoying the swing, it is also wájib to repeat the following lines:"

"Swing, swing from the tree - see how quickly we go!
Now high as the branches, now sweeping below.
Does a rival presume to supplant me? O, no!
If he did, in a moment his life-blood should flow.
Now we cut through the wind, up and down is our flight,
My soul it drinks wine, and is wild with delight;
My heart's crimson current rolls only for thee—
Therefore be thou compassionate, sweet one, to me.
Swing, swing from the tree — swing, swing from the tree;
I am thine, thine for ever — then cling fast to me!"

Notwithstanding all this swinging and entwining, the matrons of Persia who make these ordinances most clearly explain to their pupils, that they on no account sanction any thing but the purest platonic affection. The dyra seems the most valued of instruments, though the cultivation of others is recommended in strong terms.

"It is mustahab for every person who

has any taste for pleasure and luxurious indulgence to play on the drum, the lyra, and other instruments. Every house that can boast of music is blessed, and blesses others; and it is a great sin ever to be without the charm of harmonious sounds.'"

We are almost led to believe that music ranks before devotion; for, strange as it may seem, they are bidden to leave off prayer to listen to sweet sounds. The women of Shíráz, the native city of their much-prized Háfíz, whose tomb is not far from the town, assemble round the spot, and sing praises to his memory: the translator gives us one.

"Hail to the bard, whose picturings warm,
Derived from love-inspiring wine,
Through every heart diffuse a charm,
And prove the poet's powers divine!

Here jocund crowds were wont to meet,
And round his sacred ashes throng;
And quaffing wine, would oft repeat
Mutribā Kúsh, his sweetest song.

Each maid an offering loved to pay
Upon her favourite poet's bier;
For still his sweetly melting lay
Breathes joy in every Persian ear."

Háfíz is almost idolised by all Persia, but more especially by the inhabitants of Shíráz, "which is indeed a city very much celebrated for its beautiful women, and equally remarkable for its gaiety and magnificence.

"The lovely damsels of Shíráz
Are skilled in Kulsúm Naneh's laws,
Adding to charms that wisdom blind
The richer treasures of the mind.

Their glowing cheeks have tints that cast
A shadow o'er the rose's bloom;
Their eyes, by Lailí's unsurpassed,
Give splendour to the deepest gloom.

Black brows, just like the bended bow,
O'erarch those stars of living light;
And, mingling with each other, shew
The glance of beauty still more bright.

Their musky locks have each a spell;
Each hair itself ensnares the heart;
Their moles are irresistible,
And rapture to the soul impart.

And what is better, wise and fair,
And more discreet than others are,
The lovely damsels of Shíráz
Are skilled in Kulsúm Naneh's laws.

But Georgia is a garden sweet,
And Beauty's own romantic seat;
The dark-browed maidens there possess
The boon of perfect loveliness.
Stag's eyes in sleepy languor roll,
And captivate the softened soul;
Long silken lashes shade the ball,
And tresses o'er the shoulders fall
In many a heart-bewildering ring,
Glossy and black as raven's wing;
Their forms with fine proportion graced,
Full-bosomed, slender round the waist,
With tapering limbs of snowy whiteness,
Eclipsing even the moon in brightness.

Circassian damsels, too, display
Superior charms, and, ever gay,
Chase sorrow from the heart away.
Though often they are bought and sold,
By mothers given for paltry gold,
Yet is not theirs a slavish part;
Beauty still holds in chains the heart.
And they, in princely hall or bower,
With wedded dames have equal power;
For they have never failed to look
In Kulsúm Naneh's matchless book,
And studying there obtained that blessing,
More than all others worth possessing.

Daughters of Persia! still is yours
The art to charm, while life endures;
But search Búshír to Khorassán,
There's none like those of Isfahán,
For wit and pleasantry and loving,
Even the joys of life improving.
But they are jealous, and make man
Know who's supreme at Isfahán;
Since they, upholding woman's cause,
Her rights, and Kulsúm Naneh's laws,
Have, heroine-like, the resolution
To put them well in execution.

What are the women of Tabríz?
Not beautiful, and yet they please.
Please? yes, by heavens! and they command,
And always keep the upper hand;
Their tempers, sharp as Damask sword,
Throw bitterness in every word:
Yet man, obsequious to their will,
Controlled, and unresisting still,
Bends patiently beneath their sway,
Anxious to live as best he may.
Thus, whether beautiful or plain,
Woman asserts her lordly reign;
Which proves her intellectual power,
For wisdom is the sex's dower!"

The name of Lailí, that occurs in these verses, has become celebrated by Lord Byron's mention of her in his *Bryde of Abydos*; her story forms the subject of innumerable songs, and is one of the most popular amongst the Persian tales of love and romance, and has also the charm of truth to recommend it. Kais, better known under the name of Majnún, which appellation he acquired by going mad from unhappy love, was a beautiful poet. Fragments of his exquisite songs are still found, and form the pride and

boast of the Arabs of Hijáz: he was the only son of their chief. He became enamoured of Lailí, the daughter of another Arab chief, who, though boasting all the accomplishments of a highly-educated eastern girl, strange as it may seem, was not thought beautiful by any one but her infatuated lover. We are told she was short, and of a swarthy complexion; yet Majnún lost his senses by her beauty. How differently he saw from others is well told in an anecdote related by Sir William Jones. The kalífeh said to Lailí, "Art thou the damsel for whom the lost Majnún has become a wanderer in the desert? thou surpassest not other girls in beauty." She said, "Be silent, for thou art not Majnún." Majnún, in his frensied wanderings, fancied that the cypress, or poplar, was Lailí, or resembled her, and, like Orlando, poured out his passionate lamentations to it. This tree has since acquired the name of the free tree, or ázád derakht; for Majnún, seeing a gardener about to cut one down, saved it from destruction, by addressing the gardener on the fancied resemblance.

"'Gardener! did ever love thy heart control?
Was ever woman mistress of thy soul?
When joy has thrilled through every glowing nerve,
Hadst thou no wish that feeling to preserve?
Does not a woman's love delight, entrance,
And every blessing fortune yields enhance?
Then stop thy lifted hand, the stroke suspend —
Spare, spare the cypress-tree, if thou'rt my friend!
And why? — look there, and be forewarned by me,
'Tis Lailí's form, all grace, all majesty.
Would'st thou root up resemblance so complete,
And lay its branches withering at thy feet?
What, Lailí's form! no, spare the cypress tree;
Let it remain, still beautiful and free.
Yes, let my prayers thy kindliest feelings move,
And save the graceful shape of her I love.'
The gardener dropped his axe, o'ercome with shame,
And left the tree to bloom, and speak of Lailí's fame."

It is strange, though in a land where beauty is so much prized, that one so devoid of personal attractions should inspire so unfortunate a passion. Old Sir John Charden, the eastern traveller, dwells at length upon the distinguishing beauty of the different Persian tribes; to the Georgians he gives the pre-eminence, especially in complexion. He says, "In all Georgia, I can safely say, I never saw an ill-favoured countenance, either of one sex or the other." Was Sir John but young, we might be inclined to doubt his rhapsodies; for he tells us, he saw those that had angels' faces, nature having bestowed upon the women of that country graces and features which cannot be seen elsewhere, so that it is impossible to see them without falling in love with them. Imagination could not fancy or art portray such beauty and grace. We are told by him, that they are tall, clean-limbed (one would fancy that the traveller was describing a horse), plump and full, but not over fat, and extremely slender in the waist. Let them have ever so few clothes on, you shall not see their lips. But all their beauty is destroyed by the immoderate use of paint with which they bedaub themselves, instead of ornaments. The *fair* amongst the eastern women are natives of Georgia, Poland, Moscow, Circassia, the borders of Great Tartary, and Mingulia; the tawny come from the dominions of the great mogul, Golconda, and Ksapúr; and the dark damsels from the borders of the Red Sea. Kulsúm Naneh and her colleagues lay down many rules and customs to be observed in the celebration of marriages; they advise the young couple to eat aromatic seeds, that they may be sweet to each other. Music and songs are indispensable, and congratulatory verses are wájib for a happy marriage, which should be repeated after the ceremony thus:

"This house is resplendent and joyous to-night;
The beautiful lamps give a dazzling light:
O, this night! this night! it is fit to inspire
Every heart with the passion of love and desire.

> May these joys never cease to entrance them, O never!
> What a night! what a night! — be it blessed and for ever.
> Though the lamps are all burning the guests are now gone,
> And the bride and the bridegroom left happy alone."

A bride is allowed many privileges, especially an exemption from prayer and fasts, if they occur at inconvenient times; and if she is married in the blessed month of Ramazán, she may be excused praying or fasting the whole time. The Persians have a peculiar aversion to the colour scarlet, which they designate as "al," or a slight girl with flaming hair. If a person mentions the name of "al" in a sick room, the sufferer will infallibly die. After the birth of a child, the mother must cease to be called by her own name, but assume that of Marian for seven days. Great care and attention to these superstitions are commanded, or the consequences might be fatal; for

> "Life is too sweet a boon,
> Not to be kept with fondest care;
> Neglect the lamp, and soon
> It ceases to illume the air.
> Cherish we must that flower,
> Whose bud is opening to the day,
> And stay the fatal hour,
> And brighten life's uncertain ray."

An infant goes through various ceremonies, set forth in the book; and, after being handed to seven people, who say, "Take it, what is it?" it is put into a cradle, when they crack walnuts, to render him brave, addressing an incantation to the insensible being:

> "Fear not croak of loathsome frog,
> Nor the bark of wolf or dog,
> Nor the crowing of a cock,
> Nor the winter-tempest's shock;
> Fear not raven, nor sink under
> Lightning's flash or deafening thunder;
> Fear not screeching owl or rat,
> Snake or scorpion, fowl or bat."

The relative duties of husbands and wives, and other relations, are detailed with a great deal of wisdom; though the wise matrons are so terribly partial to their own sex, that if any husband were to be judged by them, the poor wight would stand a small chance of approval. The learned dames insist on a perfectly moral life, and deprecate the idea of any man having more than one wife, thinking, wisely enough, that one is as much as any reasonable man can manage. Perhaps they agree with Mirza Abu Taleb Khán—it is easier to live with two tigresses than with two wives. They condemn the man to misery who breaks through their rules:

> "Be that man's life immersed in gloom
> Who weds more wives than one;
> With one his cheeks retain their bloom,
> His voice a cheerful tone:
> These speak his honest heart at rest,
> And he and she are always blest.
> But when with two he seeks for joy,
> Together they his soul annoy;
> With two no sunbeam of delight
> Can make his day of misery bright."

The opinions of Kulsúm Naneh are confirmatory of the writings of the old poets.

> "Wretch! wouldst thou have another wedded slave?
> Another! what, another! At thy peril
> Presume to try th' experiment! Wouldst thou not
> For that unconscionable foul desire
> Be linked to misery? Sleepless nights, and days
> Of endless torment, still-recurring sorrow,
> Would be thy lot. Two wives! — O never, never!
> Thou hast not power to please two rival queens —
> Their tempers would destroy thee, sear thy brain:
> Thou canst not, sultan, manage more than one —
> Even one may be beyond thy government."

Unlimited indulgence on the part of the husband meets with great praise by the conclave; and if a woman should err in any way, the blame is immediately by them laid on the man; for instance:

"A man must possess an excellent disposition who never fails to comply with his wife's wishes, since the hearts of women are gentle and tender, and harshness to them would be cruel. If he be angry with her, so great is her sensibility, that she loses her health and becomes weak and delicate. A wife, indeed, is the mirror of her husband, and reflects his character; her joyous and agreeable looks being the best proofs of his temper and goodness of heart. She never of herself departs from the right

path, and the colour of her cheeks is like the full-blown rose; but if her husband is continually angry with her, her colour fades, and her complexion becomes yellow as saffron. He should give her money without limit."

That is really taxing the generosity and confidence of a man to its greatest extent. Well may the learned seven be the prototypes of all that is good with the ladies whose cause they so boldly advocate. "God forbid," says Kulsúm Naneh, "that she should die of disappointment and sorrow! in which case her blood would be on the head of her husband."

> "The parrot tears the rose with felon-beak,
> As sorrow preys on beauty's tempting cheek;
> The robber-worm destroys both fruit and flower,
> As grief cuts shorter life's fast-fleeting hour:
> If thou wouldst live and love, and joy impart,
> Vain fool! keep grief and sorrow from her heart."

The phrase, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," is most rigidly enforced, in its strictest sense, in this volume of instructions. Many instances are asserted to have occurred of women dying from the cruelty and barbarous neglect of their husbands. This is highly to be reprobated; and a man, if only a day-labourer, is desired to give all he earns to his wife, to be spent by her in amusements, or whatever she thinks fit. Every little delicate attention on the part of the husband, that can win and retain the affections of the moon-faced damsels, is pronounced praiseworthy and wájib. When a lady is resolved upon giving an entertainment, her husband is to supply her with whatever she may demand, and even anticipate her wishes, and present her with all sorts of things that he may fancy useful and acceptable on such occasions. She must on no account be interrupted or interfered with whilst she is welcoming or enjoying the society of her friends; on the contrary, he is expected to mix with them, and welcome them as hospitality requires. The woman whose husband fulfils all these duties may be considered as one of the fortunate; but if he neglects any of these ordinances, the woman becomes unhappy, and must, in support of her own dignity and character, sue for a divorce, or cause him faithfully to promise strict obedience and perfect submission for the future, and remorse for the past foolish and improper conduct. However, if he continue obstinate, she must ring in his ears the threat of a divorce, and redouble her vexations, which she knows will irritate him, and day and night add to the bitterness and misery of his condition. And whatever instances of obligingness and civility he may shew, she must return with disdain. Thus, if he hand her the loaf, she must cast it away with indignation.

Kulsúm Naneh is very nice in the distinctions laid down for the conduct and demeanour of the women of Persia. It is highly reprehensible, nay forbidden, to shew the features to any man who does not wear a turban; but if they are young and handsome, and possessed of soft and captivating manners, the veil may be drawn aside without fear or blame; but caution is strictly enjoined before common people. Witchcraft, the evil eye, &c. form a very principal part of the superstitions of the East; indeed, not only in the East, for Italy will vie with Persia in the dread of the evil eye, which they carry to an absurd excess. Every shop is full of charms against it. Stags' horns, the claws of the tiger and wolf, are considered particularly efficacious. Amulets against the powers of evil are religiously worn by the lower orders in both countries, and in Persia by the higher—near the heart or round the head. Fortune-telling is most popular in Persia; and Kulsúm Naneh and her colleagues give many quaint and amusing stories on the subject. Throwing seeds and looking at animals are very propitious means of ascertaining your fortune. Upon first seeing a new moon, a girl should look at a crow. If the girl's eyes and the crow's eyes meet each other at the same moment, it is a propitious omen. The old English superstition of rubbing the hand when it itches, to ensure good luck, prevails. The difference is, the learned volume desires the hand to be rubbed on the head of a boy whose father and mother are still living, whilst our old distich has it:

> "Rub it to wood—
> 'Twill come to good."

The seven women are capital hands

at drawing up marriage settlements, always remembering that they are decidedly in favour of the ladies. And, doubtless, when this translation is read and known, it will be very popular with them, and form a good model for the attorneys to make short work of the parchments, instead of the folios they are so fond of writing. On the very day a woman goes to the house of her husband, upon being married, Bíbí Ján Afróz insists that it is necessary that every thing of importance to her own interest and advantage should be first settled—all arrangements made to secure her own comfort and the uninterrupted exercise of her own will—so that she may be exonerated from the responsibility which might otherwise attach to her; for it is sunnat that all blame should be invariably laid upon the back of the husband; and whatever he does, she must require again of him, as if it had not been done at all. This is comfortable doctrine, and gives great latitude to the wives; for by this rule the unfortunate husband is responsible for all the ill-temper of his wife; and whatever disagreeable consequences may ensue from her want of amiability, still she is not to blame—it is the odious man, who by his tyranny provokes the innocent sufferer to retort, and "small blame to her," as Paddy says.

All household matters, journeys, &c. are dependent for their success on the days on which they are commenced. Thus we are told linen, cotton, and earthen vessels should not be brought into the house on Sundays and Tuesdays; on Wednesdays, the lamps should not be lighted. Friday is proverbially an unlucky day; neither bread nor wood should be purchased, nor clothes and furniture washed, on that day. It is unfortunate to visit the sick on Sundays and Tuesdays. Those who are in one place on Saturday night must be in the same place on the night of Sunday; and in this manner every person who passes Thursday night in one place, must pass Friday night there also; and he who passes Tuesday night in one place, must also be there on the night of Wednesday. There are also lucky and unlucky days for visiting. Tuesday is a fortunate day. The guest, on arriving, is given the kalyún and coffee; and if he is young, noble, and attractive, he is entitled to remain for three days, and after that for as long as he thinks proper; and during his visit it is wájib for the hostess, provided she is young and beautiful, to seek every opportunity to converse with him, and exchange vows of friendship, unknown to her husband: but to avoid any scandal resulting from this permission, it appears that the moon-faced beauty must repeat whatever passes between them to her particular friends without reserve. The conclave declare it to be wájib that every mother should teach her daughter, from the earliest age, how to conduct herself according to what is laid down in their book for her guidance.

"She must carefully and especially teach her the arts of endearment—how to dart amorous glances with effect—how to play off coquettish airs, blandishments, heart-ravishing smiles—and, in short, every characteristic of an accomplished beauty must be placed at her command. This is wájib and sunnat; since, when she is taken to her husband's house, she may perhaps have no opportunity of learning these important accomplishments."

They invoke good fortune and blessings on all who are wise enough to seek information from the seven wise women; and Kulsúm Naneh insists on the importance of every woman, before she goes to the bridegroom's house, being made to understand all the things that are wájib respecting herself, and that she may not err therein through ignorance on a subject so dear to her own interests and convenience. They are all recorded in this excellent book. These sage ladies hold it indispensable for a woman to have a circle of intimate friends, to whom she can unburden every thought: they go so far as to say a woman cannot be blessed if she die before she has acquired them. Women are directed to choose their residence near a place of prayer, because there the flower and strength of the land, the youths of the cypress form and tulip cheeks, assemble to regale on sherbet, fruits, and coffee. The tombs of Sa'dí and Háfíz are supposed to be frequented by persons of superior worth, who amuse themselves with reciting verses.

"There the clear sparkling streamlet of Roknábád flows,
There the love-bower of Háfíz once shed its perfume;
There the nightingale warbled his vows to the rose,
And the flowers of all dyes were accustomed to bloom.

But the summer is past, all is changed, and in vain
Do we look for the groves which resounded of yore
With the nightingale's song, and the minstrel's sweet strain,
For their music has ceased, and the groves are no more.

Only thy limpid current remains, Roknábád!
How thy desolate waters, unsheltered, roll on!
Like an orphan deserted, thy murmurs are sad,
Since thy friends and companions are withered and gone."

When women wish to be admired, they are directed to dress in all their ornaments, and perfume themselves with ottar of roses; and if any one offer them a cup of sherbet, they must accept it as a proof of friendship. Also, when two women have formed a particular attachment to each other, and one dies, the other should ever bear her in remembrance in all her pastimes and occupations, and never forget to pray for her welfare in the world to come. A vase filled with water on a Wednesday, and thrown out of a westerly room at daylight, will secure the inhabitants of the house from evil.

"This vessel I throw
In the street below,
That to-day we may know
Neither sorrow nor wo."

On Wednesday, also, a house should not be swept; and a filbert and almonds kept by you is a specific against the bite of a scorpion. It is very customary and highly commendable in Persia to make presents, and especially of favourite dishes: *semnú* is one of the most popular. The preparation is celebrated with songs and rejoicing, and prayers offered over it. It is thus described:

"Scatter some wheat on a board, and throw over the whole a cloth; water it once a day till green sprouts appear; upon which occasion you must call all your kindred and friends together; and it is complimentary to send every person so called a blue seed or green leaf, as a token of cordiality. When the women assemble, each with a pair of scissors clip off the stalk from the head of the grain; and at the moment of doing this she must express her wishes."

The stalks being cut off, bruise the fibres and pour the juice into a kettle. To 80 lbs. of wheat, add four times as much flour; walnuts and almonds must be added, and a lamp burnt by it at night. If a man says he will not give his wife money to make semnú, and says he cannot afford it, she being resolved to make it—

"It is wájib for her to sell any part of her husband's property, to enable her to carry into effect her fixed determination. Before God and his Prophet, such conduct would not be reprehensible. It is wájib and sunnat that she should collect the means, in every possible way, to pay the expenses of feasts to her inmates, going to the bath and other indulgences, without fear of being chastised or reproved by her parsimonious husband, who ought to be thus reminded of his duty."

The eastern nations generally employ symbols, and seldom express their feelings in words and letters, as we natives of the frozen climes. There, all partakes of the gaiety and pleasantry of the land of passion. There is something peculiarly bewitching in the idea of using symbols, and especially flowers. The most devoted lover will send a bouquet to the moon-faced damsel of his affections, the meaning of which she can never misunderstand. Our translator gives us an account of a curious fancy in which the women frequently indulge,

"In making puppets, or dolls, called little brides. And it is proper that each puppet should have a partner, or companion, that the object in view may be fulfilled. Every person who is blessed with gossiping friends and associates makes one, and dresses it in rich attire, and places it on a tray with sweetmeats and green leaves, and gives it to a confidential domestic to be presented to her dear favourite. And it is proper for the woman who carries the puppet to say, 'I have brought this offering for you from such a one.' If that woman or damsel who receives the offering is partial to the sender, she kisses the puppet and rejoices, and gives it a khilát, with a suitable present to the bearer; but if she has little or no regard for the party, the puppet is dressed in black and returned. The observance of this rule is sunnat mu'akkad."

If the offering is graciously accepted, a feast ensues, celebrated with music and dancing:

"Then does the sprightly heart rebound,
Arch smiles and laughing jokes go round;
The joyous dancers beat the ground,
And anklet-bells with tinkling sound.
Betoken their delight.

And nosegays sweet, of brightest hue,
The crimson rose and violet blue,
Which in the prophet's garden grow,
Refreshed by heaven's delicious dew,
Are interchanged by lovers true
On that inspiring night."

Lord Byron, in his poems, has made every one acquainted with

"Those token flowers that tell
What passion cannot speak as well;"

and all the Persian poets continually allude to them and their meaning.

"For lovers!—fruits and flowers possess
A charm, and joy or grief express;
Their influence heart can break or bless.
And as their various powers they try,
They hope, despair, rejoice, or die.
A youth, in passion's whirlpool tost,
His peace of mind for ever lost,
With eyes all tears, his colour gone,
Thus fondly, wildly, makes his moan:
'Since thou wert in an evil hour
Bestowed on me, thou regal flower;
Like Majnún mad thou mayst discern,
I in the fire of absence burn.
Unhappy flower! the curse of heaven
Had better far than thee been given;
And Hul too is a symbol true,
It tells of heart-wounds ever new,
And many a rending tale of grief,
How worm destroys the rose's leaf;
It tells how sorrow poisons sleep,
And how for thee I groan and weep;
With love my soul is void of light,
With love my hair is silver white;
Sweet idol; not one transient smile,
A lover's anguish to beguile!
Darchini cannot soothe my wo,
My tongue has almost turned my foe,
And fails to plead the cause of one
By thy resistless charms undone;
Fulful amidst the flames I've thrown
In hopes to make thee all my own;
But Fulful cannot cure the pain
Which tears my heart, and dries my brain;
It seems to drive thee farther hence,
And render keener every sense;
I stand remembering thee so much,
In thought thy glowing lips I touch,
But all in vain, these doating eyes
Behold how quick thy image flies;
It vanishes before my sight,
And leaves me dark as moonless night.
Saffron! thou tell'st a tale, as true,
My cheek presents a yellow hue;
O may'st thou feel misfortune never,
But smile in joy and gladness ever;
Absent from thee my wounds are deep
I sit and sigh, and wail and weep.
A prisoner in thy toils, alone,
The perfume of my heart is gone.
O, Peach! thou art for lovers meet,
For thou art soft, and moist, and sweet;
Thy cheek an orange tint displays,
And thou canst charm a thousand ways.
Anár! from thee removed I feel
Acuter sorrow through me steal;
Thy friendship is a source of pleasure,
Thou art my own, my darling treasure.
And thou sweet Tulip! when from thee,
What am I but a withered tree?
By cruel fortune disunited,
We meet not, and all hope is blighted,
What! does my anguish raise a smile?
Can scorn that beauteous brow defile?
I would not for the world that thou
Shouldst feel the torture I do now;
From morn till eve, and eve till morn,
I wander desolate, forlorn;
No eye to pity, voice to bless,
None to relieve my wretchedness.
O had I wings to thee I'd fly,
And at thy feet in rapture die.
As slender as a thread I'm grown,
'Misery has worn me to the bone;'
Yet is my heart capacious still,
It pants for thee, and ever will;
O give it then, in pity give
One soothing smile, and bid it live;
Since I have, faith and truth to prove,
Abandoned all for thee, my love!'"

Now we are come to the conclusion of the invaluable precepts of Kulsúm Naneh, which we would recommend to all those who wish to while away an hour pleasantly. And, doubtless, the ladies will agree that the translator, Mr. Atkinson, is deserving the thanks of all for so boldly vindicating their rights, and shewing our arrogant Englishmen that the moon-faced beauties of the East would think the liberty they allow their wives absolute slavery, and that they are no better than household drudges in comparison. To impress the golden rules of the female sages upon the minds of our readers, we will quote Kulsúm Naneh's own words:

"If any woman, regardless of her good fame and character, and any man, desirous of doing that which is praiseworthy, and just, and lawful, should neglect the golden rules contained in these ordinances, they will deviate from the path of rectitude, and forfeit the good opinion of the wise and good. And those who wilfully act in a manner contrary to the spirit of her laws must be looked upon as examples to be shunned. Thus it is that we learn goodness by avoiding the practices of the wicked. Accordingly, to illustrate this maxim, a passage from the poet Sa'dí is quoted, in which he says:

'Who, in Politeness, Lokmán, was thy guide?'
'The Unpolite,' the learned sage replied."

DON QUIXOTE'S LIBRARY.

No. III.

THE AUSTRIADA* OF JUAN RUFO GUTIERREZ (NO. 27).

"The Austirada [Austriada] of Juan Ruffo, a magistrate of Cordova." †

THE next work which we will notice is an epic poem, by Juan Rufo Gutierrez, celebrating the exploits of the great Don John of Austria. From Antonio we learn nothing about Rufo, except that he held, for some time, the office of a *jurado* (which, we believe, approaches more nearly to that of an alderman than of any other civic functionary,) in his native city of Cordova. From other scanty sources ‡ of information, he appears to have been sent, upon some occasion, by his fellow-citizens, to Don John, who patronised him, and furnished him those materials respecting himself from which the *Austriada* was composed. It is probable that Rufo was actually in Don John's service, and that, on quitting it, he returned to Cordova, where he obtained a place in the magistracy. He seems to have left his office, as well as his residence at Cordova, between the years 1578 and 1582; since in the former an application was made, by the city of Cordova to Philip II., for a license to Rufo to print his poem; and in the latter, we find that his dedication of the *Austriada* is dated at Madrid: besides, in another memorial for the royal privilege, he is spoken of as *late jurado*. Rufo spent seven years in writing this work, before proposing to publish it: and it did not come out till six years later; the king's license not having been granted till 1583. The portrait of Rufo, prefixed to the edition of the *Austriada* printed in 1584, bears to be taken in the thirty-seventh year of his age. We are, however, in total ignorance regarding his subsequent career, except the fact, that a volume of minor poems by him § appeared at Toledo in 1596; but whether or not it was a posthumous publication, we are unable to ascertain.

The hero of the *Austriada*, Don John of Austria, the first who bore that name,‖ was a natural son of the Emperor Charles V. Who had the glory or the shame of giving him birth, has been much contested; ¶ and it is said, that Don John himself could never clear up with certainty the mystery of his origin. Some have even supposed, that he was the fruit of an incestuous connexion with Maria of Austria, the sister of Charles V.; others have imagined him to be the son of Catherine de Cardona, a native of Naples, but perhaps of a Spanish family. The most probable account, however, makes his mother Barbe Blomberg, a lady of Ratisbon, of whom Charles V. became enamoured after the death of his first wife, Isabella of Portugal. At least, we know that Don John, in his latter years, considered her his parent; and, when dying, recommended her, as such, to the favour of Philip II., who did not neglect his half-brother's request. Don John was, very soon after his birth, intrusted to the care of Don Luis Quixada, an officer of the imperial household, who brought him up in his own family, at Villagarcia, as the orphan of a friend.** Charles V., on abdicating his power, confided the

* First printed in 1586, at Alcala de Henares (*Compluti*); but the edition we have before us is that of Gomez, printed at Madrid in 1584, sm. 4to. Whether Antonio refers to a totally different edition, or mistakes the date of this one, we are unable to say; but there is clearly an error in his account.

† Don Quixote, pt. 1, b. i. chap vi.

‡ The memorials, &c. respecting the license for the *Austriada*, prefixed to the work.

§ Antonio, Biblioth. Hisp.

‖ There is highly distinguished in Spanish history, as both a warrior and a politician, another Don John of Austria, who was the natural son of Philip IV. by Maria Calderona, an actress.

¶ The reader who wishes to see all the various conjectures on this subject, may consult Boyle, Dict., art. *Autriche* (*Don Juan d'*); and Moreri, Dict., art. *Juan d'Autriche* (*Don*).

** Strada (Bell. Belg. dec. 1, lib. x.) says, that during this period Magdalen Ulloa, the wife of Quixada, believed Don John to be a bastard of her husband's, and treated him the more kindly on that account!

secret to Philip II., and charged him to draw his brother from obscurity, and treat him as became his birth. Philip, after the death of his father, obeyed his injunctions, disclosed his real parentage to Don John, and, taking him to court, gave him the education of a prince.*

At an early age, Don John was appointed to suppress a formidable rebellion of the Moriscoes (or descendants of the Moors) in Granada.† Since the conquest of Granada by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1492, the descendants of the vanquished had, in some respects, become gradually assimilated to the posterity of their conquerors. Discontents, however, had occasionally arisen, and at last an open rebellion broke out, when the Spanish government endeavoured to force, at once, that compliance with the customs of the Roman Catholic Spaniards, which the Moriscoes had expected, from treaties, would not be peremptorily demanded of them, and which might be silently obtained by the influence of example. It is not likely, that the Spanish clergy entertained any serious apprehensions for the established church from the secret arts of the Moriscoes, who professed their adoption of the Christian creed; but some of the more bigoted ecclesiastics were impatient at what they fancied an insincere, or, at least, an imperfect conversion of those whose progenitors had been Mahometans. The name of religion came, therefore, to be used, and to produce its wonted effects, in kindling the zealous fury of those who regarded themselves as champions of the faith. For about two years, this internal war devastated the finest provinces of Spain; but it was brought to a close by the vigour and ability of Don John of Austria, who defeated the rebels in several bloody engagements, and secured the advantages those victories gained, by his humane policy towards the vanquished. The fame of his conduct in this war caused him afterwards to receive the distinction of being chosen generalissimo of the Catholic league against the Turks.‡

The successes of Selim II. had been such as to cause alarm to all the south of Europe; and the treacherous cruelty of his general, Mustapha, towards the venerable warrior Bragadino, who had made a gallant defence of Cyprus for the Venetians against him, tended perhaps to excite a desire for vengeance, in an age when chivalrous feelings were not unknown. The reigning pontiff, Pius V., the King of Spain, and the Duke of Savoy, with the republic of Venice, and the Order of Malta, besides a Genoese fleet in the pay of Spain, united their forces, which were joined by volunteers of name from various countries,§ in a new crusade against the infidels. The armament of the League was naval; being chiefly intended to recover Cyprus, and subdue the powerful fleet of the Turks, which then commanded all the eastern part of the Mediterranean. The hostile navies encountered each other much farther to the westward than had been at first anticipated. Ali, the Turkish admiral, after committing various ravages on the coasts of Corfu and Cephalonia, had sailed into the Gulf of Lepanto; and upon the 6th of October, 1571, the combined Christian fleet arriving off the mouth of that gulf, an engagement was, on both sides, judged inevitable.

The scene of the conflict was almost in the very waters where the battle of Actium had decided the mastery of the Roman world. Both the forces now about to contend were very imposing. Ali's fleet consisted of two hundred and sixty vessels, forty of which carried each a hundred soldiers, while the rest were of smaller size. The total number of fighting men on board is not precisely known, but appears to have been inferior to that under the standard of the League.|| The Christians had not more than about two hundred and

* Strada, *ut sup.*; Ferreras, Hist. Esp.

† For the details of this war, which lasted from 1568 to 1570, see Ferreras, Hist. Esp.; Cabrera, Istor. de D. Felipe II., lib. viii. ix; Thuani, Hist., lib. xlviii.

‡ For an account of this confederation, and of the battle of Lepanto, we may refer to Ferreras; Cabrera, lib. ix.; Thuan. Hist., lib. l.; Muratori, Ann. d'Ital.; Sagredo, Mem. Istor. de Monarchi Ottomani, lib. vii.; Salaberry, Hist. de l'Emp., liv. x.; Brantome, Vies des Hommes Illust. etc., disc. xli. art. iii. *Dom Juan d'Autriche.* In minor particulars there is some discrepancy between these different authorities, but the description we have given seems to be not far from the probable truth.

§ Amongst these was the "*brave* Crillon."

|| So we must conclude from the comparative size of the vessels; and it is so stated by some authorities.

five galleys, and six large galliasses; but the latter were better armed with great guns than any of the enemy's ships.* The soldiers of the allies amounted to twenty-three thousand: but the numbers of the sailors and rowers on either side cannot be estimated. On the morning of Sunday the 7th of October the allied fleet began to advance, and soon afterwards the wind, which had been against them, shifted round, and gave them the advantage in entering the Gulf of Lepanto. The Turkish vessels were disposed in the form of a crescent, Ali's ship being stationed in the centre; while the right division was commanded by Siloc (or Siroc), and the left by Uluzzali (or Occhiali). The Christians were obliged, in doubling the rocks of Curzolari on their left, to extend their line to a length of nearly three miles. The right squadron, under Doria, stood first into the gulf; but, whether from accident or design, passed the extremity of the Turkish position, and had little part in the battle. The van was led by Don John himself; and the left division was headed by the Venetian admiral, Barbarigo. The six galliasses were sent about half a mile in front, to break the enemy's line, and throw them into confusion, before the main fleet should come to a close attack. This disposition produced the expected result: the great size and height of these ships, with their heavy metal, better served than any in the lower vessels of the Turks, gave an immense advantage in the first encounter, by the general destruction they caused, and the disorder they produced, in that part of the line on which they bore down.† When the ships closed, a desperate and bloody conflict was maintained on both sides. Don John's vessel grappled with that of the Turkish admiral, which, after many efforts, was at last boarded by Don John in person, and taken. Ali having fallen by a musket-shot, his head was cut off, and hoisted on a lance, so as to be seen by his followers. The centre and the right division of the Turks were first defeated. Their left squadron, which was farthest out to sea, continued to fight for some time longer, and occasioned considerable loss to that part of the allied fleet to which it was opposed. At length the Christians' cry of victory resounded on all sides. A few of the Turkish galleys, under Occhiali, made for the mouth of the gulf; and evening beginning to close, they escaped the pursuit of Doria's squadron, which attempted to give them chase. Thus ended the battle, after it had raged during five hours. The success of the victors was beyond example; for, except the few which were saved by flight, all the enemy's vessels that had entered the engagement were either taken, sunk, or stranded. The Turkish admiral fell; about twenty thousand of his men are said to have been killed, and from three to five thousand made prisoners. One hundred and thirty vessels, and between three and four hundred pieces of ordnance, were captured: while among the most gratifying fruits of the victory was the deliverance of about thirty-five hundred Christian galley-slaves, who had been chained to the oar on board the ships of the infidels.‡ On the day after the battle of Lepanto was won, the power of the Turks by

* The relative bulk of the ships and smaller craft used at that period, is not easy to be defined; but we may refer our readers to the curious notices respecting the vessels of the age of Columbus, given by Washington Irving, in his life of that great discoverer, and which may not be wholly inapplicable to the shipping of the succeeding century.

† Let us deviate from our course for a moment. Mr. Clerk, in his well-known work on *Naval Tactics*, considers the battle of Lepanto as one fought entirely upon the principles of ancient maritime war. "The contest," he says, "notwithstanding this knowledge of gunpowder, was decided by the sword alone. The vessels engaged, if not precisely of the same construction, were still about the same size, and were, in like manner, propelled in their motions with oars, by the manual exertion of the men on board."—*Essay on Naval Tactics*, p. iii, beg. pp. 202, 203, 2d edit. 4to, 1804. How far we are right in doubting the perfect accuracy of this remark, considering the quantity of artillery used, the size of the galliasses (which were moved almost wholly by sails), and the manœuvre of breaking the enemy's line, we leave to be determined by such of our readers as have more knowledge on these matters than we can pretend to possess, and whose attention may have been called to the subject of Mr. Clerk's book, by the article in our March Number (XXXIX.), "On Naval Evolutions."

‡ For these numbers we have trusted most to Thuanus, Sagredo, and Muratori; the last, however, miscalculates the Christian slaves delivered.

sea seemed utterly annihilated, and the way laid open for assailing the heart of the Ottoman empire. Don John was desirous to proceed at once to the Dardanelles: but delay allowed the Porte to recover from the stunning blow it had received; and the most decisive naval engagement perhaps ever fought, between those of Actium and of Trafalgar, was followed by no important result. The greatest exultation, however, was felt throughout Christendom at the news of this glorious victory; and an annual day of thanksgiving was appointed by the church to be observed for ever,* in memory of the ascendant gained by the cross over the crescent. The gallant Colonna, who commanded the papal forces, was welcomed, on his return to Rome, with all the honours of an ancient triumph;† and Don John was justly regarded as one of the first leaders of the age.

Don John's next achievement was of great brilliancy, but no ultimate advantage. In 1573 he took Tunis and Goletta,‡ as his father Charles V. had done. He was anxious to be permitted to assume the title of King of Tunis, but Philip II. refused to gratify his wish; and the Ottoman empire making a vigorous effort to recover the conquest, Tunis was lost by the Spaniards in 1574,§ while Don John and his fleet were in another quarter.

Soon afterwards (1576), Philip sent his brother to govern the Low Countries, and to suppress a rebellion which threatened to break out there. Don John accepted the commission, and when civil war commenced he was not deserted by his good-fortune.‖ He overthrew the rebels in several pitched battles; among which, the victory of Gembloürs (or Gembloux) was particularly signal. Namur, and many other important fortresses, which had been occupied by the enemy, fell into his hands; but his career was cut short by sudden death, which overtook him near Namur, at the early age of about thirty-two years. The cause of his decease is not known, and there is some doubt as to the day of October 1578 on which it took place: some, with a love of remarking coincidences, point out the 7th as the day of his dissolution, being the anniversary of his victory at Lepanto;¶ but a more certain and more painful lesson of mortality is to be drawn from Strada's too-faithful detail of the revolting manner in which the last remains of the hero were transported to Spain.**

Rufo's poem does not embrace all the splendid deeds of Don John, but it is by no means confined to the battle of Lepanto, as might be supposed by persons trusting implicitly to the brief account of Antonio; while but a small part of the work is really devoted to that victory. The *Austriada*, which is much longer than the *Iliad*,†† is divided into twenty-four books: the first four are occupied with an introductory account of the Moriscoes of Granada, and their rebellion; the fifth details the birth and education of Don John,‡‡ and Philip II.'s resolution to send him against the rebels;§§ from the sixth to the eighteenth book the events of the war in Granada are narrated, with occasional excursive views of the suc-

* The first Sunday of October; Muratori, Ann. d'Ital. 1571.

† Muratori, ibid. The roof of the great gallery in the Colonna Palace, at Rome, is most appropriately adorned with paintings of the trophies of Lepanto.

‡ Muratori, An. 1573; Cabrera, lib. x. cap. xi.; Thuan. Hist. lib. lv.; Ferreras, Sagredo, Salaberry, *ut sup.*

§ Muratori, An. 1574; Cabrera, lib. x. cap. xviii–xx.; Thuan. Hist. lib. lviii.; Ferreras, *et al. ut sup.*

‖ For the history of Don John's government and military exploits in the Netherlands, see Strada, de Bell. Belg., dec. 1, lib. x; Bentivoglio della Guerra di Fiandra, pt. i. lib. x.; Thuan. Hist. lib. lxii–lxvi.

¶ Ferreras refers to Van der Hammen for the 7th being the day of Don John's decease; but we have never seen the work of this writer, whom we believe to be the most minute biographer of his hero.

** Strada, *ut supra.*

†† For the sake of those who wish to have precise information upon this point, we may state, that the *Austriada* has been computed to contain 2,610 octave stanzas, or 20,880 lines.

‡‡ No mention, however, is made of Don John's mother; but it is said he came into the world on the anniversary of his father's birth.

§§ At which time, Rufo says his hero was just twenty years of age.

cesses of the Turks in Cyprus; in the nineteenth, the Catholic League is formed, and Don John being named generalissimo, prepares to sail, after receiving at Naples the standard of the faith; in the twentieth, the fleet sails from Sicily to Corfu, &c.; in the twenty-first, the devil excites dissension among the Christian warriors — Don John allays the ferment, and now hears of the fall of Famagosta before the Turkish invaders; in the twenty-second, the fleets of Ali and the League come in sight, and prepare for action; in the twenty-third and twenty-fourth the battle of Lepanto is described, with which the poem comes to a close.

This outline shews, that Rufo has produced a poetical history, or piece of biography, rather than an epic poem, as that is defined by critics; and in plan, therefore, the *Austriada* resembles the *Henriade*, more than any other well-known professed *épopée*. With the exceptions of the Evil One, who foments discord among the forces of the League, and of the spirits evoked by a Turkish magician, there is no machinery employed in the conduct of the events beyond supposed miraculous demonstrations of Divine favour to the cause of Christianity.* We might, perhaps, have anticipated, that a poet who undertook to paint the deeds or misfortunes of the descendants of the Moors, would gladly avail himself of the vast spiritual world created by the imaginative superstition of Arabia: supernatural agency, too, was not foreign to popular belief in the sixteenth century; but Rufo sang too near the time in which the facts occurred — ten or twelve years cast but a slight shade over the past: besides, a Spaniard and a Catholic might feel repugnance to employ, even in fiction, any thing connected with the abhorred creed of Mahometanism. Once only have we any calling up of spirits from beyond the limits of this world, and then there is an incongruity in their being of classic name.† The poet invokes the Trinity to sanction his work, and declares that the naked truth which he proposes to record needed not the vain pomp of falsehood. He addresses Philip II., the achievements of whose arms he celebrates; and then commences his narration, more in the style of a historical than of a poetical composition. Although Don John is the chief hero, we hear of some important transactions which took place before he entered on the scene; and digressions are occasionally made, from the proper subject of the *Austriada*, to those events the consequences of which are to engage the bard in later parts of his work. It can hardly be said that there is a single episode, properly so called, in the whole poem. The story of the beautiful but inconstant Zara‡ leads to so important results, that it seems too little separable from the main narrative to be regarded as episodical. As a narrator, Rufo displays no want of candour; although he occasionally reminds us, by such expressions as "our people," &c., of his cause of partisanship. From the similarity of the actions described, and the poet's self-imposed necessity of rehearsing the praises of so many of his warlike countrymen, we often feel our attention grow languid in reading what seems little else than repetition. Yet, in many parts there is considerable poetical power. The description of the incantation, by the infidel sorcerer,§ in a dell near Constantinople, evinces more genius than any other portion of Rufo's work; while its strain is very different, and the wildness of its dark imagery reminds us of a northern rather than a southern harp. The battles on land are painted with spirit; the combat between Don Diego de Leyva and the Turk Ismenio,|| and the duel of Alguazil with Huzen,¶ are both well described. The sea-fight of Lepanto is celebrated with some energy, while historical accuracy is very strictly observed.** Rufo's versification (in the octave stanza) seems to us to be smooth, and his language to be correct; but he never attains, and perhaps we may say he never

* For example, a storm which prevents the Moriscoes from surprising Granada is ascribed to a miracle. Canto ii.

† Canto xxii. ‡ Ibid. xii–xiv. § Ibid. xxii. fol. 395 *a*, &c. || Ibid. x.

¶ Ibid. xiv. Extracts from this passage are given in Mendibil y Silvela's *Biblioteca Selecta*, lib. viii. (t. iv. pp. 512–516.)

** We may notice, however, that in describing the order of the Turkish fleet, Rufo assigns the command of the right to Siroco (Sirocco, or Siroc), and of the left to Luchali (Occhiali), while all the prose authorities give these the reverse positions.

attempts, the sublime. His similes, if not very striking, are, in general, sufficiently apt, and well turned.* The speeches introduced are in themselves good, and appropriate; but we cannot term them characteristic: indeed, there is almost no individuality of character among the heroes whose exploits fill the *Austriada.*

On an impartial review of this long poem, we consider that it contains not a few passages of great merit, and such as induce us to believe, that Rufo, in his minor effusions (which we have never seen), may justly be ranked among the pleasing lyrics of Spain, and is a scholar, whose allusions to ancient and modern literature are elegant and happy. But we are unable to discover from what, save partiality, he could have obtained, as an epic poet, the extravagant encomiums of Gongora, Argensola, and Cervantes.†

THE TEARS OF ANGELICA‡ (NO. 29).

" But the barber shewed him one which he had opened by chance, ere the dreadful sentence was past. 'Truly,' said the curate, who saw by the title it was the *Tears of Angelica,* 'I should have wept myself had I caused such a book to share the condemnation of the rest; for the author was not only one of the best poets in Spain, but in the whole world, and translated some of Ovid's fables with extraordinary success.' "§

So far as we have been able to discover, there is no Spanish poem bearing on its title-page the precise name of the *Tears of Angelica* (*Las Lagrimas de Angelica*); and a doubt has been felt in Spain respecting the work meant by Cervantes. Antonio‖ informs us, that at least one critic supposed the *History of Angelica and Medoro,* by the Captain Francisco de Aldana, was alluded to here. But we learn, from the same source,¶ that, with the exception of a few pieces, afterwards published in a posthumous volume (in 1593), all Aldana's poems were burnt by their author himself, who fell in the battle of Alcazar, fought in 1578. It were difficult, then, to imagine how Cervantes could refer to an unprinted poem, which it is barely possible he might have seen, and which had actually been destroyed no fewer than twenty-six years before the first part of *Don Quixote* came forth.** On the other hand, we know that the first part of a poem named *Angelica,* commencing with these words, "The tears," &c., was printed in 1586, and received apparently great applause throughout Spain; and, moreover, (which seems to settle the dispute), the colophon in this edition (the only one yet printed, we believe,) bears the title of *Las Lagrimas de Angelica.*†† It is no doubt said by Cervantes, that the author of the *Tears of Angelica* had translated some of Ovid's poems; and in the list of the burnt writings of Aldana, we find *Epistles of Ovid in blank verse.* But one translation or paraphrase from Ovid still remains‡‡ among the works of the writer whom Cervantes is generally thought, and, as we conceive, fully proved, to have had in view. This is Luis Barahona de Soto, a medical man, born at Lucena, in Andalusia.

Of Barahona's history we know nothing but that he practised medicine with esteem at Archidona, in his native province,§§ and that he had, when a youth, served in the army against the Moriscoes of Granada.‖‖ He appears to have cultivated the muses while yet

* We must except one simile for *love,* which might have been borrowed from Fracastoro. *Austr.,* c. xii. fol. 211 *b.*

† A complimentary sonnet, by each of these authors, is prefixed to the *Austriada* (edition of 1584); and, had we space, we should copy that of Cervantes, as it is probably not to be met with elsewhere.

‡ Granada, 1586, sm. 4to. This is the edition in our hands, and we are not aware of any other.

§ Don Quixote, pt. i. b. i. chap. vi.

‖ Biblioth. Hisp. Nov. voc. *Ludovicus Barahona de Soto.*

¶ Id. voc. *Franciscus de Aldana.*

** It appeared in 1604 or 1605, but more probably the latter.

†† The first line is "*Las lagrimas salidas de los ojos,*" and the colophon (fol. 251 *b*) is in these words: "*Se acabo la primera parte de las Lagrimas de Angelica,*" &c.

‡‡ See the *Parnaso Español,* tom. ix. p. 89, &c.

§§ Lucena is included within the district of Cordova, and Archidona within that of Seville.

‖‖ See the *Parnaso Español,* tom. ix. indice, art. 13–16; and Antonio, Bibl. *ut sup.*

a soldier. Some meritorious satires,* and one or two pastoral pieces † of considerable beauty, by him, are preserved; and it is perhaps with reference to the last-mentioned species of composition that Cervantes dedicates to Barahona some highly laudatory lines in the *Song of Calliope* (*Canto de Caliope*). The *Angelica*, however, was considered his chief work. Lope de Vega speaks of it with great commendation in his *Laurel of Apollo* (*Laurel de Apolo*); and Antonio says, the Spanish bard has continued the poem of Ariosto "with not inferior praise." ‡

The design of Barahona was to take up the story of *Angelica* where it had been left off by Ariosto. We need hardly (but for the sake of connexion) remind our readers, that Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* is itself the sequel of an earlier poem, *Orlando Innamorato* (in love), by Boiardo; a work better known through its reproduction (*rifacimento*) by Berni. Those who have not access to either of the Italian originals of the *Orlando Innamorato*, may be referred to Mr. Stewart Rose's able prose summary of the story, enriched with happy translations of various passages; and English readers may be assured, that the same writer's poetical version of the *Orlando Furioso* is excellent. We need not go further into detail here than to recall to mind, that Orlando's passion for Angelica, princess of Cathay, forms the main subject of the *Innamorato*, and that his madness, induced by her desertion of him for Medoro, is proposed as the leading event in the *Furioso*: although in both poems, but particularly in the latter, other persons and adventures occupy more space, and excite higher interest, than the nominal hero and heroine and their fates. As Ariosto sings, Angelica, after being an object of adoration to many a paladin and peer, besides Orlando and Rinaldo, fell in love with Medoro, a "squire of low degree," whom she had cured of a wound received by him from one of Zerbino's followers.§ She wedded her humble swain, and finally set out on her return to India with him; but the Italian bard leaves to be told by others how she reached her own country, and gave her sceptre to her husband.‖

Barahona commences his narrative a little earlier than where Ariosto closes his respecting Angelica; therefore, the last circumstances recounted in the Italian poem are given, but somewhat differently, in the Spanish. In the outset of the present work, we are made to turn towards the east, during Angelica's absence in Europe. There Arsace, the daughter (and widow too) of Agrican, king of Tartary, assumed the government of the Tartars, after the death of her brother Mandricardo,¶ made war upon Cathay, with the view of avenging the death of her father, who had been a suitor of Angelica, and been slain by Orlando under the walls of Albracca.** Galafron, king of Cathay, being dead, and Angelica, his only child, absent, the Cathayans, after resisting the efforts of Arsace for three years, began to think of submission; when Libocleo, a "*hidalgo*" of note, prevailed upon them to hold out till he should go to the west, and search for their beauteous sovereign. The fairy Organda informs Libocleo, that Angelica and her husband Medoro are both on a desert isle, in the power of an ork; but promises to treat of the deliverance of the royal pair at a grand meeting of fairies to be held by Demogorgon. To this "*cortes*" the fairies Morgana and Alcina complain of the treatment they had received from the paladins, and they are willing to free Angelica, in order that her charms may cause fresh woe to their knightly adversaries. The fairy Filtrorona, however, determines secretly to counteract any scheme for restoring Angelica to her kingdom; being fearful that the news of a check to the success of the Tartars would cause herself to lose the society of Zenagrio, the incestuous son of Arsace and Agrican, whom she had carried to Spain and educated with every care.†† Organda, misled by Filtrorona, supposes the ork to be invincible; and having narrated to Libocleo all the story of Angelica's love

* Parnaso Español, tom. ix. p. 53, &c.
† Ibid. t. ii. p. 307, &c.; t. vii. p. 93, &c. ‡ "*Non inferiori laude.*"
§ Orlando Furioso, c. xix. st. 20, &c. ‖ Ibid. c. xxx. st. 16.
¶ Mandricardo was killed by Ruggiero; Orl. Fur. c. xxx. st. 67, 68.
** Berni, Orlando Innamorato, c. xix. st. 14–20.
†† Angel. c. i.; the stanzas are not numbered.

for Medoro, and their departure from Europe, after being in great peril from Orlando then furious,* represents the utter hopelessness of their plight in the dominion of the ork. Libocleo returns† to Cathay, whose capital being set on fire by the Tartars, he and his countrymen yield, and swear fealty to Arsace.‡

While Cathay is thus conquered, its fair queen and her husband are on an island near Cyprus, inhabited by the monstrous ork which Ariosto § describes. This creature, since the robbery of its man-fold by Mandricardo and Gradasso,|| had adopted the secure plan of killing and salting its human prey. It did not eat women,¶ their flesh making it sick; but it swallowed them occasionally as medicine, and meant to take, in that way, three every spring. The ork is said to have been formed by Neptune, in a trial of creative skill between him, Cupid, and Mars; and it was made of neither sex. Now, however, Cupid resolves to defeat his former competitor, and causes the monster to fall in love with Angelica.** After experiencing much annoyance, though occasional kindness, from the ork, under the influence of the tender passion — for all which circumstances Turpin is the authority referred to — Angelica and Medoro are about to escape to a boat whence Zenagrio had just landed; when the ork, coming in pursuit of them, seizes Zenagrio, and swallows him alive. His tutoress, Filtrorona, having rendered the youth invulnerable, in the same way, and to the same extent, that Thetis gave the like advantage to Achilles, he is unhurt in the maw of the ork, which he destroys, by tearing an opening in its body, whence he issues. A fresh danger proceeds from the arrival of Balisarte, descendant of Menadarbo, sultan of Egypt, who had fallen in war caused indirectly by Angelica. This new champion is stimulated against Angelica, not only by revenge for the death of his relative, but by love for the daughter of Menadarbo, who accompanies him, and promises her hand, as the reward of his taking vengeance for her father's death. Thus incited, Balisarte seizes Angelica, and is on the point of killing her, when she uses her magic ring, and becomes invisible. Her adversary grasps Medoro, and threatens to make him his victim, if she will not surrender the ring. In this extremity, Angelica petitions Zenagrio, who is rising from the carcass of the dead ork, to assist her, which he does effectually, by overthrowing Balisarte, but sparing his life.†† Zenagrio, sometime afterwards, names his father, when the wounded Balisarte reminds him that he is connected in blood with the late Menadarbo, and ought, therefore, to be a foe to Angelica. Zenagrio yields to this appeal, although neither party seems to recollect that the Tartar had a stronger reason, as son of Agrican, than as distant kinsman of Menadarbo, to wish ill to Angelica. Her late deliverer drags Angelica to Balisarte, who is about to strike off her head, when a huge club is interposed to ward off the blow. A desperate combat ensues between Zenagrio and the club-bearer, who proves to be Sacripante, king of Circassia; the latter being wounded, there is a truce; but, in the mean time, Angelica and Medoro have escaped on board ship.‡‡

A second fight, and various adventures of Sacripante intervene,§§ before we meet again with the heroine of the poem. She and Medoro are re-married with great pomp at Damascus; but the magician Canidia, who had lived as a Platonic companion, rather than a wife, with the ork, comes to disturb their connubial felicity. This malignant purpose is effected by no new device, but by the revival of the ancient tale of the young man who put a ring on the finger of a statue of Venus, and was in consequence claimed by the goddess as her husband. Medoro, in an evil hour, is guilty of the same piece of incaution; and the image of the divinity having taken its place in his bed, he is made to caress it, after which he either will not, or cannot, give any proof of his former feelings towards his mortal bride. Angelica is in despair at the change in her beloved Medoro; but the pains of love must give way to those of ambition, and, although

* The same is told by Ariosto, Orl. Fur. c. xxix. st. 58, &c.
† Angel. c. ii. ‡ Ibid. c. iii. § Orl. Fur. c. xvii. st. 29, &c.
|| Orl. Fur. c. xvii. st. 62, 63. ¶ This had been told by Ariosto, but the reason ingeniously assigned is Barahona's own.
** Angel. c. iii. †† Ibid. c. iv. ‡‡ Ibid. c. v. §§ Ibid. c. vi. vii.

pregnant, she sets out to reconquer her kingdom. A great force is got ready at Malabar, and the expedition is joined at Taprobana by Lidaramo, prince of the latter, who is Angelica's chief ally.* After passing China and Nankin, they prepare to attack Quimayo, on the river Quian. Angelica and Medoro (now apparently on good terms) are borne in a splendid galley, but not to victory,—the van of their fleet being thrown into confusion, and sustaining great loss, through the means of defence employed by the Tartars. These consist of oil poured on the surface of the sea, in which the attacking vessels cannot float, and of powerful reflectors, by which they are set on fire; while the enemy's ships escape the effects of both measures, by being fast moored to the shore, and by having sails of *asbestos*.† Damasirio, king of Pontus, one of Arsace's allies, enters Angelica's vessel to kill Medoro; but is convinced by Angelica that her title to Cathay is just. The fleet of Pontus takes purposely to flight, and is chased into the mouth of the Comaro; the god of which river welcomes Angelica, who lands, and is acknowledged by the inhabitants as their queen.

Arsace now retreats to Albraca, and forms a splendid camp round its walls.‡ Here she receives so captivating descriptions of the personal beauty and mental endowments of Medoro, that she falls in love with him through report. She resolves to see the object of her admiration; and sending him a magnificent present, with a tender letter, she goes disguised as one of her own pages to bear the message. She finds Medoro, with Angelica, engaged in hunting, who discover her in spite of her assumed character. She attempts to flee, but is pursued and taken.§ At this juncture, Damasirio, king of Pontus, appears, and is about to side with Arsace, but hesitates at the prayer of Angelica. Clarion, king of Persia,|| now comes into the field, and is called on by both ladies, while he fights with Damasirio. Libocleo throws himself between the combatants—the banner of Cithia is raised, Arsace is rescued, and Medoro is nearly taken, but escapes by means of his ring. Angelica disappears during the *mêlée*, and is not re-introduced in the poem; which terminates with a battle between the forces of Arsace and of Medoro, in which fortune seems to favour the latter; but the most interesting circumstance connected with it being the death of Libocleo, who drinks bull's blood and expires, rather than fight against his father Astrefilo, and his former sovereign Angelica.¶ Thus Barahona ends the first part of his work: whether he ever brought it to a more important conclusion, in a second part, we have no means of knowing; but if he ever wrote a continuation, it has certainly never been published.

The twelve cantos,** into which this poem is divided, have not the main story carried through each of them, with merely occasional episodes; but two (sixth and seventh) are exclusively devoted to the adventures of Sacripante, when beloved by the enchantress Canidia, and when engaged in an expedition to take the arms of Achilles from the tomb of that hero.†† There are, however, no other episodes of great length, quite unconnected with the principal story. Besides Angelica and Medoro, other persons, who figured in the poems of Boiardo or Berni, and Ariosto, are here re-introduced to us;‡‡ and no material difference is to be noticed between Barahona's narrative of any circumstances and those of his predecessors, unless with regard to the ork, which does not perfectly agree with that of Ariosto, whose monster had, in turn, varied from Berni's. Barahona's chief tale is more distinct than that of either Italian bard, because his invention is infinitely inferior to theirs; and in the part of his poem where there is most of this talent displayed (the adventures of Sacripante on the Black Sea§§), we meet with no small confusion in the events. The machinery is not purely romantic—much is done by enchantment, and the agency of the great spirit Demogorgon and the "*fadas*" (whom we have termed fairies, but who, like the Italian "*fate*," partook of the dispositions and powers of witches); but several of the pagan divinities, too, appear on the stage. The poem

* Angel. c. viii. † Ibid. c. ix. ‡ Ibid. c. x. § Ibid. c. xi.
|| Who had appeared in the second canto. ¶ Angel. c. xii.
** They contain 1,417 octave stanzas, and consequently 11,336 lines.
†† Angel. c. vii. ‡‡ As Sacripante, Norandino, and Lucina, &c.
§§ Angel. c. vii.

abounds in classical allusions, correct and well introduced. On one occasion our recollections are startled by the tomb of Achilles being far from the spot which tradition, in the days of Alexander the Great, marked as the warrior's "narrow house;"* but in such a work as Barahona's, it were truly hypercritical to blame this license. There is no reference to modern days, except in the dedication to the Duke of Ossuna, and in one short passage where the poet alludes, with honest pride, to the then almost miraculous tuition of the deaf and dumb, which had been effected by a Spaniard.† A continued allegory has been traced through the whole of this poem; but it is not obtrusive, and unless for the brief expositions by Pedro Verdugo de Sarria, subjoined to each canto, many readers might close the book without thinking the author had such a mode of mixing the *utile dulci* in view. Like both Berni and Ariosto, Barahona gives an introduction, or prelude, to every canto; and those passages we prefer to the rest of the poem, not on account of any superior display of imagination, but of their fine moral strain, conveyed in happy language. The comic or burlesque turns of the *Orlandos* have not been closely imitated: it might be unsuitable to the dignity of the Castilian muses to laugh; but Barahona sometimes causes them to smile not ungracefully. The proofs of Medoro's talent are professedly of a judicial kind, but although given with perfect seriousness, they are not a little whimsical. One is certainly ancient, and the others are, probably, not very new. There is one, but only one, incident which savours of coarseness, and which might have been connected with Renoppia by Tassoni,‡ but never with Angelica, and by a Spanish poet. When Zenagrio rends the stomach of the ork, and comes forth begrimed with blood and filth, Angelica runs to fetch water for his ablution, and brings it in her mouth!§ Barahona might, as ourselves, have seen a modeller spout water over the clay he was going to leave for a while; but although her need was great, such an expedient should never have been supposed to occur to the unrivalled princess of Cathay. The style of this poem seems to us to be pure, and free from labour or constraint; but as it is never sublime, so it is never very beautifully sweet. The versification (in octaves) appears smooth and correct—while the poet has not fettered himself by any imposed necessity of giving a turn to the idea of each stanza.

It was a bold attempt to continue the works of poets possessing boundless imagination, and complete command over one of the most versatile of languages, and we who came to peruse this work, recollecting those which preceded it, could not but feel in some degree prepared to prejudge its merits. Measured by the standard of the Italian *Orlandos*, the Spanish *Angelica* sinks into a dwarf, though one of fair proportions; but read by those who previously knew no more of the older romantic poems than an outline of their narratives, these *Tears of Angelica* might well be deemed pearly drops.

To such of our readers as may meet with this work and wish to look into it, without studying the whole, we would recommend the following passages. The openings of the several cantos, and the description of Arsace's camp in the close of the tenth canto. Much, perhaps all, of the seventh canto will re-

* Angel. c. vii. fol. 127.

† Ibid. c. iii. fol. 49 *a*. Barahona does not name the person meant; but there can be very little, if any doubt, that it is Pedro Ponce (as is rendered his Latinised appellative of Petrus Pontius), a Benedictine monk, whose triumph over twin ills amongst the severest that "flesh is heir to," is briefly but clearly recorded by his friend Vallesius (or Valles) de Covarrubias, physician to Philip II. of Spain, in the third chapter of a work entitled *De Sacra Philosophia, sive de iis quæ scripta sunt Physice in Libris Sacris* (Lugd. 1588, &c.); and Antonio (voce *F. Petrus Ponce*) gives for the same facts the authority of Castañiza, *De Vita S. Benedicti*; and of Ambros. de Morales, *Descriptio Hispaniæ*. Pontius succeeded in teaching the deaf-dumb to speak (although Barahona says no more than to write), which had never before been accomplished; and his countrymen might justly exult in his shewing such a path of humanity to the civilised world. The merit of Pontius is not diminished by our supposing him to have been aware that, in the most enlightened age of Rome, an individual born deaf and dumb (Quintus Pedius) was, by the care of Messala, taught to paint (see Plin. *Nat. Hist.*, xxxv. 4.): the cases are widely different.

‡ In the *Secchia Rapita*.

§ Ang. c. iv. fol. 86 *a*.

pay the trouble of a perusal, particularly to those who are fond of romantic adventure. We have been unable to select any pieces for translation, as none of those which we esteem the most could bear curtailment, and we fear to exceed our limits.

Here we must close, for the present at least, our notices respecting the knight of La Mancha's collection, and leave our readers to decide between us and the curate, in the remarks we have submitted to their better judgment.

(b.)

CELEBRATED TRIALS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. III.

MARIE ADELAIDE BODIN (WIDOW BOURSIER,) AND NICOLAS KOSTOLO.

GUILLAUME-ETIENNE BOURSIER was married in 1809 to Marie Adelaide Bodin, and the fruit of the union were five children. At the period of the trial, the eldest was twelve and the youngest five years of age. Shortly after the marriage, Boursier took a shop at the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin, where he carried on the business of a grocer. His trade prospered with him so well, that he realised an income amounting to eleven thousand francs yearly. He gave out, that he intended to remain in business four years longer, in which time he expected to raise the above sum to fifteen thousand francs. In his temper he was passionate, in his manner quick; but his amiable qualities were so numerous, that he was generally beloved, and reckoned many friends among his acquaintances. The persons who lived in his house were his aunt, the widow Flamand aged seventy-one years, Josephine Blin his cook, who had been four months in his service, his shopmen Delange and Beranger, and his shopwoman the demoiselle Reine. His book-keeper, named Halbout, did not reside in the house. On the 25th of March, 1822, Boursier had bought at a neighbouring druggist's, named Bordot, half a pound of arsenic, for the purpose of killing the rats and mice which swarmed in his store-room and cellars, and at the same time he purchased some ratsbane in malleable paste. He had, with the assistance of Bailli, his *commis* (whose numerous contradictions on the trial are worthy of notice), made up some balls with the arsenic, which they placed in the cellar. What became of the remaining quantity, and who had access to it, was a matter of inquiry during the trial.

Boursier and his wife lived upon the best terms. About the middle of the year 1821, a man named Charles, who was acquainted with the widow Flamand, introduced to her a native of Constantinople (a Fanariot Greek), named Kostolo. He was desirous of the situation of *valet de chambre;* and by the recital of misfortunes (whether true or fabricated for the purpose, does not appear) which had befallen himself and family, to the *veuve* Flamand, he managed to interest her so much, that she introduced him to her niece, the *femme* Boursier, and strongly recommended him to her good offices and assistance in procuring a situation.

Kostolo had for four or five years been resident in France. He was sufficiently handsome, and his manners sufficiently engaging, to attract the admiration of a woman named Olivereau, who had mainly supported him, and at whose house he had been residing. He took advantage of the *veuve* Flamand's recommendation, called frequently at Boursier's house, rendered himself pleasing by many attentions to his wife, whose partiality increased to a culpable attachment. She lent him money without her husband's knowledge, and indulged her guilty passion, by inviting him often to her house, where he called on pretence of inquiring if Madame Boursier had yet succeeded in procuring for him the promised situation. Frequently, however, she resorted, under pretence that walking was necessary to her health, at a very early hour in the morning, to the Champs Elysées, where Kostolo was awaiting her; but, the more effectually to lull suspicion, she was accompanied by her shopwoman, the *fille* Reine. On the first occasion of meeting, her companion went with herself and Kostolo to the lodgings of the latter; but Madame Boursier,

after that time, mounted with her paramour, while her *confidante* called for her at a given time. According to the evidence of Kostolo, these guilty meetings commenced only a fortnight previously to the death of Boursier. His wife had on one occasion formed one of a party to Versailles, and by her invitation Kostolo was of the number; but the circumstance was strictly kept from the knowledge of the husband, who continued well-disposed towards the Greek, and was always glad to see him at his house. On the occasion of one of Madame Boursier's nieces being delivered of a child, she and her paramour, at the urgent request of the father, officiated at its baptism.

On the 28th of June, which proved fatal to the husband, he had an engagement at ten o'clock with his friend Alberti. Boursier arose at six in the morning, as usual, and was in excellent health and in capital spirits. His wife, who had taken an emetic on the previous evening, arose somewhat later. Her husband, being in the humour for practical jokes, entered her room very softly, and with some black *pommade*, which he used for his hair, he drew two mustaches on her lip, and then desired the servant Blin to awaken her mistress, and give her a looking-glass, that she might see her face. When his wife saw the mustaches, she appeared somewhat angry, while Boursier laughed heartily at his wife's surprise and the temper she evinced. She pouted very much during the whole time that she was dressing; but on coming into her shop she was reconciled to her husband, and embraced him.

Boursier never took any thing when he got up, and always breakfasted on some *potage au riz* between nine and ten o'clock; on the morning in question he called for it at nine o'clock. The *fille* Blin prepared it on the kitchen stove, in an iron stewpan, which was always used for that purpose; when it was ready, she carried it into the *salle à manger,* and placed it on a small *secrétaire,* off which Boursier constantly breakfasted. The servant was in the daily habit of reserving some of the *potage* for herself and the youngest child of her master; the two partook of it without experiencing any evil consequences. Boursier, when he was told by the *fille* Blin that his breakfast was ready, would frequently allow it to stand untouched for a short time, especially if at the moment he was busy about any thing, and sometimes this interval was a quarter of an hour. The *secrétaire* on which the rice was placed was only a short distance from the counter where Madame Boursier constantly stationed herself. On the 28th of June, it could not be precisely ascertained what time elapsed between the announcement of breakfast and Boursier's entering the *salle à manger* to eat it, although the servant Blin said that it might be four or five minutes. The like difficulty occurred in establishing the proof of the respective occupations of Boursier and his wife at the moment when the *potage* was placed on the *secrétaire,* and from that time to the moment of Boursier commencing to eat it. As soon as he had taken a little of the *potage,* he called to the *fille* Blin, and declared that it had a bad taste. She answered, that such a thing was impossible; so far from it, that it should be better than usual, as she had put into it the yolks of three instead of only two eggs, which was the ordinary allowance. Her master at the same time called to his wife, and not only told her that the *potage* was nauseous, but that it had a poisonous taste; " however," he continued in reply to Blin's remonstrance, " since it is good, I must eat it;" and on this he took some spoonfuls. The attempt to swallow was in vain; he again paused, and declared that it certainly was bad, and that it was impossible to take more. He had scarcely said thus much, when he was seized with sudden vomiting, which brought away some of the rice from his stomach, and some green matter, which resembled bile. His wife went to prepare for him a glass of *eau sucrée,* but this proved no alleviation; the vomiting continued with such force, that he ejected blood, and was put to bed. He complained of pains and excessive weakness in his loins, and " il eut en même temps plusieurs evacuations d'une grande fétidité." The Sieur Bordot, the medical attendant, arrived between eleven and twelve o'clock, and gave for his opinion, that the illness was the result of indigestion, in consequence of which he ordered some calming potions. On his return at six in the evening, he perceived that the symptoms of fever were considerably increased, and ordered the application of

leeches and a mustard-seed poultice. Notwithstanding these remedies, the patient got worse; and on the following morning the Dr. Tartra was called in, who prescribed new applications. A student in medicine, le Sieur Toupié, was ordered to attend the sick-bed during the night; but every precaution and remedy proved abortive,— Boursier expired in great agony at four o'clock in the morning.

Toupié had remarked that the extremities were cold, and that the nails had a bluish discoloration. The two physicians arrived after the patient's decease. On examining the body, they made observations similar to those of Toupié; and being unable to account for the sudden death of Boursier, they requested of the widow, through the student, permission to make a *post-mortem* examination; but, notwithstanding all Toupié's urgent representation for the necessity of such an operation, Madame Boursier would not consent. On the same day, under pretext that, in consequence of her late husband's full habit of body, putrefaction might immediately ensue, and damage the stores in her shop, she wished that the burial should take place that same evening. Two friends of the deceased were requested to demand permission to this effect of the municipality; but its answer was a refusal. The interment, however, was completed at ten on the morning of the following day, in a private grave in Père la Chaise.

On the 28th of June, the day of Boursier's indisposition, Kostolo came as usual to the house; and appearing surprised at an illness so sudden and alarming, he remained near the patient the whole day. On the morrow he returned, and renewed his attentions over the sick bed of the expiring husband, which he never quitted until after his decease. It was he who, during the last hours of his illness, administered to him the remedies which had been prescribed; and he declared, with Toupié, that bluish spots had appeared on the skin, which were certain signs of a violent death.

Immediately after the burial of the unfortunate man, reports began to be circulated to the prejudice of the widow; and on the 31st of July, the *procureur du roi* ordered the body to be exhumed. MM. Orfila, doctor in medicine; Hardy, professor of the faculty of medicine; and Hamel, candidate in medicine, were desired by the *juge d'instruction* to examine the body. They accordingly extracted the stomach and intestines; and collected at the same time from the body some yellow liquid. In the *procès verbal* which they drew up, the examiners declared that there existed no proof on which to found a suspicion that Boursier had died from the effects of a rupture, or an ulceration of the heart, of the lungs, or of the large vessels of the thorax. And after a minute examination, they asserted to have found, as well in the stomach as in the intestines, a quantity of arsenic sufficient to cause death. Not satisfied with this, the law authorities ordered a consultation of five physicians, among whom were Orfila, Chaussier, and Pelletan, who, after a long and patient consultation, reported unanimously that Boursier died from the effects of arsenic, and that no evidence existed of any internal rupture to occasion his decease.

"These statements, so clear, so precise, so unanimous," said the act of accusation, "left not a shadow of doubt as to the cause of Boursier's death. He had been poisoned. Was this catastrophe the result of crime, of suicide, or of accident? These were the only three suppositions worthy of consideration. Boursier evidently had not himself administered the poison; there was every evidence to the contrary. He was the father of five children; and his abode was that of a happy man, since he died in total ignorance of his wife's dishonour. He lived with her, according to sufficient testimony, on the most perfect understanding. He was of a gay turn of mind; and the practical trick which he played his wife on the morning of his fatal illness, plainly shewed that he was not troubled with any particular anxiety. Is it possible to suppose, if he had administered the poison himself, that he would have called to his wife and his cook to declare to them the fact that the rice had a bad taste? It was therefore absurd to argue that Boursier's death was occasioned by suicide.

"There was as little reason to attribute it to any accident. It was not within the pale of reason to suppose that the rice, and the other substances which were used by the *fille* Blin in

the preparation of the *potage*, could have been by some fatal chance mixed with the arsenic; for in that case other accidents, similar in nature to that of Boursier's, would have succeeded."

All this being clear and satisfactory, the act of accusation attributed Boursier's death to criminal design. The inspectors of the police had, since the investigation of the affair, kept possession of the widow's shop. Both this place and Kostolo's lodgings, in the Rue de Grammont, were examined minutely; but in neither abode could any traces of poison be discovered. Still, it was manifest that the poor man had been poisoned, and that a criminal intercourse had existed between his wife and Kostolo, who only could have had the slightest interest in his death. They were accordingly arrested on suspicion of the murder.

It is worthy of remark, that, as soon as the vomiting had commenced, Madame Boursier had taken away the stewpan which contained the rice, and had passed it through an earthen pan filled with dirty water, which was beneath the fountain. She had afterwards poured some water into the stewpan, and desired the servant to clean it, which she did by rubbing it with sand and ashes. This conduct on her part, which wore a very suspicious aspect, the widow palliated by declaring, "that Boursier was extremely particular as to cleanliness—that to prove to him that the iron stewpan was clean, she had emptied it; and as some rice had adhered to the bottom, she had poured in a little water to detach it; after which she had shewn the vessel to her husband."

The act of accusation, however, seized upon this very avowal as a declaration of guilt. It also dwelt upon other circumstances; such as the difference in the testimony of the widow and the servant Blin, relative to the conduct of the former when the deceased complained of the bad taste of the *potage*, and her prevaricating replies before the *juge d'instruction*, when asked if she was aware of the existence of arsenic on the premises: at one time she said that Boursier had never mentioned to her the fact of his having purchased some, and at another time she declared distinctly that her husband had spoken to her of the ratsbane and arsenic. Moreover, when she had been interrogated as to the persons in the habit of frequenting her house, she had, in calling the names of all her husband's friends, carefully omitted that of Kostolo; and explicitly declared that there had never existed any intimate relation between the Greek and herself. Kostolo, however, was not so nice of shame. He was imbued with a native sense of vanity, and a thorough impudence, which prompted him to glory in his conquests over the woman Olivereau and the widow Boursier. He at once affirmed as to the fact of criminal intercourse between himself and the latter; and she, forced by the weight of evidence to admit her criminal attachment, confessed that she had at first beheld the Greek with interest and pleasure; and afterwards avowed, "que dans la chambre même du défunt elle était abandonnée aux coupable vœux du misérable séducteur." She also allowed that she had supplied him with money, though only by way of loan; but, considering all the circumstances of the case, the act of accusation inferred from that fact, that as she knew well the destitute condition of Kostolo, she paid him for his guilty attentions, and lavished thus wickedly the patrimony of her children.

Finding it difficult to rebut all the charges which weighed so heavily upon her, the widow Boursier declared that her husband had poisoned himself. She proceeded to state that a man named Henri Clap, who was one of her husband's acquaintances, assured her that he had heard that Boursier had died from the effects of poison, because he was tired of life. Clap was cited before the *juge d'instruction*, and fully remembered having heard from Charles that Boursier had died from the effects of poison; but neither he nor Charles had ever circulated a report that Boursier had become weary of existence. After refuting other allegations of the widow Boursier, and corroborating the fact of her repugnance to the *post-mortem* examination of the body, and alleging circumstances in her conduct at the moment of her husband's decease, and her evident apprehensions after the tribunals had taken cognizance of the matter—the act of accusation demanded if the widow Boursier could pretend, as she had already done in her examinations, that she had no interest nor motive for the commission of the crime laid against her. Her conduct after the death of her husband—the projects

formed between her and Kostolo in regard to a speedy marriage—the promise to this effect which she had made him, and her fear lest her paramour should change his intentions (all which allegations were founded on the declarations of the Greek, which, with the most hardened effrontery and brutal frankness, he made in reply to questions of the magistrate charged with the instruction of the process)—all these considerations sufficiently demonstrated the motive which impelled her to the commission of the fatal deed. The act proceeded to point at Kostolo's participation in guilt, by alluding to his attending the death-bed of the deceased—administering the prescriptions with his own hands, to which he could easily have added poisonous substances. It next mentioned the fact of his having been without pecuniary resources; and the desire which in all probability he must have indulged, of wedding a woman who would have immediately placed him at the head of a flourishing concern, and whose easy circumstances would have eradicated all anxiety for his future means of support. Added to this, the daily visits which Kostolo paid the widow after Boursier's death, in spite of the many scandalous reports which were rapidly enlarging their circulation, seemed to add additional strength to the fact of urgent motives on his part for destroying the confiding and obnoxious husband. Suddenly, too, these visits ceased. Whence arose this rupture in their intimacy? It arose from the fact of the *procureur du roi* having, previously to taking measures against the suspected parties, cited before him Bordot and Tartra, to question them as to what was in their knowledge. These individuals, forgetting the duties of their condition in society, and the imperative call which the law had on their discretion, intimated to the widow Boursier that examinations to her prejudice had been commenced; and then it was that, as a precautionary measure, the widow desired her paramour to absent himself for a time from her house.

When the suspected parties were arraigned before the *cour d'assises*, the greatest anxiety as to the result pervaded all classes of society. The door of the court was beset at a very early hour, and every seat was occupied. The widow Boursier and Kostolo were severally conducted to the bar. The former was in stature exceedingly short—not above four feet five inches; her face was not very prepossessing, being marked with small-pox, with irregular features, and flushed with an habitual redness. She was attired in a plain bombazine dress, and a black gauze bonnet, with a black veil. The paramour of this woman was a tall, handsome-looking man, with regular features; but his countenance was conspicuous for a settled effrontery. He looked rudely round the court, during which his demeanour exhibited so much insolence as to excite considerable disgust among the spectators; notwithstanding, he affected an absolute indifference to his situation, and had not the slightest sign of a man on his trial for a capital offence. This insolent manner of his was particularly noticeable when the *greffier* of the court, in reading the act of accusation, came to the passage which described the guilty intercourse between the two prisoners. "Kostolo sourit en relevant ses cheveux, et cherche à se faire regarder par la veuve Boursier, qui ne lève pas les yeux. Un murmure général d'improbation circule dans l'assemblée."

The female prisoner was examined by the court, and admitted the following facts:—She had been married on the 2d of February, 1809—she was the mother of five children; had known Kostolo one month previously to the death of Boursier; the acquaintance originated through a recommendation of Charles to Madame Flamand, who spoke warmly in the Greek's favour to herself, and she promised to procure a situation for him—he was a frequent guest at her house: and, after much hesitation and confusion, and in a low and scarcely audible voice, she admitted the criminal intimacy between herself and Kostolo. She proceeded to state, that she had made frequent promenades with him, in the month of June, in the Champs Elysées, where he constantly awaited her arrival; that the *fille* Reine was the *confidante* of the secret amour, to whom the knowledge was imparted at the request of her paramour (a fact which the latter contradicted, stating that Madame Boursier herself counselled the necessity of imparting the matter to the shopwoman); that she had gone to Kostolo's lodgings without her husband's knowledge, and had lent him money, though at what period she

could not at first recollect; but admitted afterwards it was in June, and that the loan amounted to between 250 and 300 francs. Her husband knew nothing of the fact, and she had taken no kind of security; having given implicit faith to the Greek's expectations of receiving money from Constantinople. He was in the utmost distress at the time, having pawned all his available articles at the *Mont de Piété*. She repeated, that the sum of her loan was only between 250 and 300 francs, notwithstanding Kostolo's counter-declaration that it amounted to between 600 and 700 francs. Her husband had projected a journey to Havre, during which she had invited Kostolo to sleep in her house; though she denied positively having congratulated herself and her paramour on the facilities which this absence would afford to their intercourse; a circumstance which the latter had in positive terms admitted. Her husband was in good health; his affairs were flourishing—his annual income was 11,000 francs. On the 28th of June he was very well, and in high spirits; he was singing in the morning: he came into her room and painted mustaches on her face, with black pommade; he intended going into the country on that day, with his friend Alberti. He breakfasted off eggs, or rice, but at no fixed hour, on a *secrétaire*, in the *arrière boutique*. On the 28th he took his breakfast at about half-past nine, and when it was served was in his own counter, which faced her. The reason why she was not so positive on this point on her last examination, arose from her not having recalled the matter sufficiently to her recollection. On that occasion she stated, that she could not possibly remember where her husband was when breakfast was served; though then she could remember perfectly. Notwithstanding that the *fille* Blin had declared, that when she placed the *potage* on the *secrétaire* he was in the shop arranging some papers, and not in the counting-house speaking to her, she declared positively that he was in the counter, speaking to her. The reason of her having lost all recollection of this important fact on her first examination, arose from her extreme illness; and also on the second, when on the question being pressed, she desired that the magistrate would proceed to other interrogatories, and pass over that one, she had "la tête extrêmement faible—fatiguée."

This circumstance in the construction of the prosecution was important, as it was argued that she had had sufficient time to go from her own counter and throw the arsenic into the pan. She was asked, what time had elapsed between breakfast being served and Boursier going into the *arrière boutique* to eat it? but she could not recollect. The *fille* Blin had declared it to have been an interval of three or four minutes. She admitted that the *secrétaire* was placed close to her own counter, and that there was a door communicating from where she was to the spot where the stewpan had been placed. No one had gone into the *arrière boutique* between the *fille* Blin bringing in the breakfast and Boursier entering to eat it. When the husband had tasted the rice, he called to her. "Taste this rice," he said; "I think it bad." She tasted it, and to her it appeared perfectly good. He called her back, and said, "I assure you it is very bad: it burns the throat, and is poisoned." She took the *potage*, gave it to the *bonne*, and returned to the *salle à manger*.* Her husband was indisposed; he began to vomit, and she gave him some *eau sucrée*. The sister-in-law and Alberti had both heard Boursier say that the rice had burned his throat. He had only taken three or four spoonfuls, and he vomited after he had drunk the *eau sucrée*. The vomiting was in great quantities, and he brought up blood. It was asked her why, since Boursier found the *potage* bad, she should not have found it so too? To which she replied, "If I had found it bad, why should I not have said so?" No one was by when she tasted the rice. He vomited after taking some spoonfuls, and after that brought up some green matter: "Ensuite des évacuations ont eu lieu."

She had no suspicion of poisoning on seeing Boursier indisposed, for he was liable to attacks of indisposition, which affected him in the same manner. She could not recollect if she had or had not mentioned this fact to M. Bordot; she had mentioned having tasted the rice to that gentleman, in

* Let the reader bear in mind, that the *arrière boutique* and the *salle à manger* are the same place.

her husband's bed-room, while standing near his bed. She had said so on the arrival of the medical men, though it was partly admitted that Boursier was lying senseless in a state of lethargy, and could not therefore reply to her assertion. The *bonne* had declared that she had retained a part of the rice for herself and the child: the rice was poured by Boursier from the pan into a plate. When he had complained of it the second time, she took the rice to the *bonne;* she threw what remained in the *casserole* into an earthen pan, under the fountain in the kitchen. She washed out the *casserole,* and she then shewed it to her husband, to prove that it was clean: she did this to convince him that the bad taste could not have been caused by the dirty state of the *casserole.* "But," observed the court, "to pour water into the *casserole* was the way to do away with the dirt." The answer was, that she did so to shew that there was no *vert-de-gris* in it. She supposed the *bonne* could say what had become of the rice in the plate, and she had not given her orders to scour out the *casserole.* Blin, however, swore positively that she had never seen the rice which was in the plate, and that she had received orders to scour the vessel. The reason why she had not shewn the rice that was on the plate to M. Bordot, was because she had not the most distant suspicion of its having been poisoned. She could not tell whether her servant was in the habit of reserving rice for herself and the child, previously to serving it up for her master's breakfast; and finding the rice did her no harm, she allowed her child to eat it. She had mentioned this to Bordot before Boursier. She did not know that Boursier had bought arsenic; she had been aware that he had bought ratsbane. It was possible he spoke to her of poison, but she supposed he alluded to the ratsbane. It was also possible, that after her husband had shewed her what she supposed ratsbane, that he had desired her not to touch it. He had given it to one of his shopmen. "It was in evidence," the court said, "that it was not arsenic which Boursier had given to his shopman, but that he had locked it up: it was the ratsbane he had so delivered. Did she know where he placed the former?" She did not; she was ignorant if it was in the *secrétaire:* she had the keys of every place. During her husband's illness, Halbout, the book-keeper, had not requested to attend him; and she had not said to him that her husband's complaint was known, and that she could best attend upon him. Halbout might have made the proposition. She allowed Kostolo to sit up with the deceased, because he represented to her that she was too weak to raise up Boursier in bed, if he required assistance. It was with her consent that Kostolo attended upon Boursier: he gave him drink. After his death it was proposed to open his body; she consulted her friends and relations, and they advised her not to allow any thing so foolish. She had, nevertheless, said subsequently to M. Bordot, that if the examination was indispensable she would consent; the house, however, was not adapted for operations of the kind.

The President. "In the act of instruction you have not said so. It was proposed to you to have the body opened, because the medical men were astonished at the suddenness of your husband's death; and the demand was made on account of your children, since, if their father had fallen a victim to hereditary disease, it was of importance on their account that the fact should be ascertained.

"To-day, you say that your refusal was grounded on the advice of your relations; the *fille* Blin, however, has declared, that your sister-in-law proposed that you should allow the operation, and that you opposed it under the pretext that the cause of death was known, and that he had died from a flow of blood to the head. Your children's welfare would have been a sufficient motive for your compliance. Did you not request that the body should be buried on the day of his death?"

The prisoner replied, "No." Notwithstanding this denial, the fact had been established on the testimony of Rousselot and Pihan.

She continued her admissions. Kostolo had since her husband's death come daily to the house: sometimes he entered the shop, and at others followed her to her bed-room. She had not abandoned herself to him a fortnight after Boursier's death; she could not have stated otherwise in the act of instruction. It was urged by the court, that she had pretended, before the judge of instruction, that, since Boursier's

death, no intimacy had subsisted between herself and Kostolo. Upon that magistrate demanding if she persisted in that declaration, she had avowed that she had yielded to the pressing solicitations of Kostolo. The answer to this was, "Usant des droits qu'il avait acquis sur moi, il m'a embrassée." But, said the president, you actually made the declaration I have stated. The prisoner answered, that the *juge d'instruction* had pressed her much on that point, and that she had told him to write down whatever he thought proper. The court observed, "MM. les juges d'instruction connaissent trop bien leurs devoirs pour consigner des réponses qui n'auraient pas été faites. D'ailleurs, vous avez signé vos interrogatoires." Her excuse was, that she signed them without knowing what she did. The court further said, "Kostolo a déclaré que vous vous étiez livrée à lui, dans votre chambre-à-coucher, quinze jours après la mort de votre mari." *Rep.* [*avec force*] "Cela est faux!"

She could not recollect whether it was a fortnight after her husband's death that Kostolo had spoken to her of marriage, but that he had done so, and she had declined. Kostolo had declared, that not only had she consented to his proposition, but that she had entertained alarm lest he should change his views; therefore she could not have declined the marriage. She allowed that she had not. It was even possible she might have expressed alarm, considering her situation. He had not proposed to make his visits more rare because he was not graciously regarded in the house, although he had declared this; if she had desired him to absent himself, it was because he had prematurely announced the intended marriage, and not because suspicions began to be entertained that poison had been administered to her husband. The physician said nothing to her of the civil authorities entertaining such suspicions. It was on the advice of the physician Bordot that she demanded of the *procureur du roi* exhumation. She could not say if, after this counsel, she had desired Kostolo to make his visits more rare. This Kostolo had declared.

She was certain that her husband had not poisoned himself, and his death could not have been the result of accident. She had no knowledge of the manner in which the poison had been administered. Had she information to give, she would not have delayed its communication till the day of trial.

"You have abandoned yourself," said the president, "to Kostolo—you have entertained for him a guilty passion—you have lent him money—you have formed the project of espousing him; from all this it is argued, that you had an interest in your husband's death. Such is the conclusion which the act of accusation draws from these facts. Nevertheless, can you bring home to any one the intention of murdering your husband?" "To no one," answered the prisoner; "he had no enemies—he was so good. Besides, if he had been poisoned, should I not also have been poisoned, since I tasted the same rice? and yet I have not even been indisposed." She was aware that no suspicion could attach to the *fille* Blin—she did not harbour any herself. She had, on the eve of her husband's death, taken a "potion émétisée," by the desire of M. Bordot: it was furnished by the chemist Beral, on the 26th of June; and on the 27th she had taken it. Notwithstanding that that potion was not mentioned in M. Beral's books [extracts from which for June and July were produced], still the *fille* had taken the prescription there. She had never purchased arsenic at Beral's. Her husband had never spoken of the arsenic, and she had not seen any. The court observed, that arsenic must have been mixed with the rice by some one well acquainted with Boursier's habits; for the poison could not have been mixed so well with any other substance.

Kostolo was now brought into court. He had been ordered out at the commencement of the other prisoner's examination.

He said that he had been in France six years. After having fought against the Turks in Greece, he had come to that country to seek a subsistence, because he was well acquainted with the temper of the French people. He had never told Boursier that he had commanded a vessel, but a small barque. He went to Marseilles to return to Greece, and commanded a barque, in which were forty Greeks. He was desirous of penetrating into the Archipelago, but fell in with some English, who prevented his purpose. [Here the accused fell into a loose jargon,

which was quite unintelligible; his words and his thoughts were much confused and inconsecutive; and he attempted to shew that he had run great risks in endeavouring to reach the Greek army.]

The president interrupted him, and asked if he had never taken the name of Bronski? "Never! never," he replied; "Kostolo—always Kostolo."

President. "Have you ever been a courier?"—"Never."

He had known the *femme* Olivereau for a year. He had come to Paris with the Greek prince Kayarky, who was desirous of travelling through Italy. With him he went to Marseilles, but he soon left him to return to Paris, because he liked the city: he thought he could there very easily earn a subsistence; but he could not get a situation. He returned to Constantinople, where he learned that the Turks were at war with the Greeks. [Here the prisoner recommenced in his jargon the description of his pretended campaign with the Greeks.]

The president called him to order, by informing him that the detail was foreign to the question in hand.

He had been intimate with the *femme* Olivereau, who had been his mistress, and he had lived with her up to the time of the accusation against him. He had become acquainted with the widow Boursier two months previously to his arrest on the present charge. He had known Charles, a domestic, who knew Mademoiselle Reine, who had requested Madame Flamand to interest herself in his behalf, and she had introduced him to her niece Boursier. She said to him the first time he saw her, "Vous me croyez donc bien méchante, puisque vous n'avez pas osé entre [it was very true he had not dared to go in]; I have got several situations for friends, for many applications are made to me; and I shall have great pleasure in procuring a place for you." After that, he called from time to time at Madame Boursier's. One day her aunt said to him, "I think you must want money;" he replied, he did not. "My niece," continued Madame Flamand, "wishes to supply you." He assured her he was extremely sensible of the offer. "Yes, yes," said the old woman, "you do want 200 francs." Boursier often asked him to dinner—he was an excellent man. One day he refused, and they came and carried him to the house by force. The niece of Madame Boursier was confined, and they sought a sponsor for the child, who could stand at the font with the aunt. He was proposed, went to St. Roch, and returned with the party to the house.

The prisoner was proceeding in this wild and desultory manner, when he was interrupted by the court, and desired to give direct answers to the questions.

He had stood sponsor for the child, and from that time commenced his extreme intimacy. The other prisoner lent him 200 francs, and told him that it was without the knowledge of her husband, but that he would do as much. He certainly did tell her he would not accept it without her husband's consent, but in an indirect manner. The amount of sums received in this way was from 6 to 700 francs. [This the widow Boursier again denied, adhering to her own amount.]

He had thrice met her by appointment on the Boulevards, and had proceeded with her and Reine to the Champs Elysées. He had gone to Versailles with her, and she had been twice to his apartment, where Reine had left her. It was by her advice that Reine had been made *confidante;* for the widow had said, "C'est une bonne fille, et il faut une confidante dans ces choses-là."—"Ainsi," was the next question—"Ainsi la femme Boursier s'est livrée à vous dans votre chambre?"—"Oui." [*Mouvement dans l'assemblée*]."

He had asked the *femme* Boursier if she would not like to have a husband like him, but only in pleasantry, as he had not any idea of marrying. Her reply was, "qu'elle n'osait pas;" and then he added, with great effrontery, "vous sentez bien qu'une femme n'aurait pas dit *Oui.*" We shall continue to give a small portion of the evidence in the original.

Dem. "Ne lui avez-vous pas parlé de mariage avant la mort de son mari?" *Rép.* "Jamais."

Dem. "Avez-vous demandé à la femme Boursier, lors du voyage que devait faire son mari, à venir coucher dans sa maison?"—*Rép.* "Quand on a des amourettes * * * je causais avec elle; elle me disait: Non, cela est impossible. Mais jamais je n'ai eu d'intentions positives."

Dem. "La femme Boursier l'a declaré."—*Rép.* "Si je l'ai dit, c'était pour plaisanter."

Dem. "Vous vous félicitiez avec elle du voyage du Boursier?"—*Rép.* "Oui."

Dem. "Vous avez su que Boursier avait renoncé à ce voyage?"—*Rép.* "Oui."

Dem. "A quelle époque devait-il faire ce voyage?"—*Rép.* "Avant sa mort." [*Le public, oubliant la gravité de l'audience, fait entendre des éclats de rire.*]

On the 28th June he called at Boursier's house at three o'clock in the afternoon. He spoke to Boursier, and asked him what ailed him; he replied, it was nothing. He came back in the evening. It is possible that Madame Boursier told him that her husband had taken some *potage*, and that he had had vomitings in consequence. She appeared in great distress. He requested to pass the night with her husband; she refused; he insisted, and was permitted. During the night he was thirsty; Madame Boursier prepared some *l'eau de tilleul,* and he administered it. He remained by the husband till his decease.

"Femme Boursier," demanded the president, "est-ce vous qui apprêtiez la boissons?"—*Rép.* "Oui."

Kostolo. "Et c'est elle que me les apportait, pour que je les donnasse à son mari."

La femme Boursier. "C'est possible."

Kostolo (*avec force*). "Comment! c'est possible?"

M. le Président. "Femme Boursier, vous souvenez-vous si effectivement vous apprêtiez les boissons que Kostolo faisait prendre à votre mari?"—*Rép.* "Oui; je crois que c'était moi."

Dem. "Vous, Kostolo, avez-vous fait prendre à Boursier d'autres potions?"—*Rép.* "Non; rien que du tilleul que me donnait Madame Boursier."

Kostolo had observed that the nails were blue. In his country he had seen the same symptoms on the body of a prince who had been poisoned. Consequently, he had suspicion of poison immediately on Boursier's death. Since his death, he had gone every evening to the widow's house, and was sometimes received in the shop, and sometimes in her own room.

Dem. "Elle s'est abandonneé à vous quinze jours après la mort de son mari?"—*Rép.* (*avec affectation*) "Oui, Monsieur." [*Murmurs dans l'assemblée.*]

La veuve Boursier (*avec le plus grand embarras*). "La vérité est ce que j'ai dit."

Question. "After the death of Boursier, did you not make propositions of marriage to the widow?"—*Answer.* "How could I have desired to marry a woman with five children, and especially one whom I did not love." [*Murmurs of disgust.*]

The President. "Nevertheless you made protestations of attachment; you received money—constantly excited her to abandon herself to your brutal passion. Your conduct not only shews great immorality, but the utmost baseness. I am forced to tell you this."

Kostolo (*pretending to weep*). "C'est fort bien!"

Quest. "You had already one woman to cohabit with?"—*Ans.* "Yes."

Quest. "Who supported you?"—*Ans.* "Yes."

Quest. "And yet you accepted the favours of the widow Boursier, and made her protestations of attachment. How can you justify yourself?"—*Ans.* "I know not how to express myself: I ask pardon of every one—but what I have done is very common [*a movement of indignation*]. I had no way of existence but by accepting the favours of Madame Boursier."

He had not made her propositions of marriage, although he was aware that Boursier was worth a considerable sum.

Quest. "Although the widow continued her business, which was large, in addition to what she had from her husband, you pretend that it was only in sport that you spoke to her of marriage. It is difficult to believe this, because at this very time you were living on the bounty of women of your acquaintance. After the death of Boursier, did not the widow say that it was very unfortunate for her to have lost her husband; but still she was happy that his death had opportunely prevented his knowledge of the guilty connexion she had formed?"

Ans. "Yes."

The widow Boursier. "That is not exactly the way in which I expressed myself. What I did say was,—'That it was a great misfortune to have lost my husband; but, since he was dead, it was better that that took place before the fact of our *liaison* came to his knowledge.'"

President. "You know that in four

years he would have retired with an income of 15,000 francs; consequently, you must have been aware that the widow would have been an excellent connexion for you?"

Kostolo. "It is impossible for you to know my sentiments."

It was proposed to Madame Boursier to open the body of her husband, but she refused on account of her children [this the court thought strange, as it would have been to their advantage]; besides which, she said that it was useless to open the body, as it was well known that her husband had died from a *coup de sang*. It was after the visits of the physicians that she made application to the *procureur du roi* for the exhumation. After Boursier's death, Kostolo proposed to the widow that he should make his visits less frequent, because he was regarded with unfavourable looks in the house; but she replied, that she was mistress of her own house, and that he might come as usual. The drinks given to Boursier were prepared in his room; his wife brought in water in a coffee-pot, which she poured into a tea-pot.

Quest. "Did you see the *dame* Boursier prepare the tea-pot in the kitchen?"

Ans. "Yes."

La femme Boursier. "There was no fire in the kitchen; it was in the fire-place of the bed-chamber where the water was boiled: I put some orange-flower into the tea-pot, and it was I who for the most part poured the tea into the cup."

Trappon, concierge of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, deposed to a commissary of police having come to the ground in the month of August, when the body was taken from the grave in the presence of the friends and relatives of the deceased; and, after it had been identified, it was sent to the Ecole de Médecine.

The physician Orfila. He was on the 30th of July called before the *juge d'instruction,* and asked, 1st, Whether traces of mineral poison remained in bodies for many months after burial? 2dly, Whether exhumation in this case was dangerous? He answered affirmatively to the first, and also to the second; nevertheless, he said that he would undertake the operation. On examination of the body, sufficient oxide of arsenic was found in the stomach to have occasioned death.

Arsenic would occasion sudden vomiting, although it was more natural that it should not act instantaneously, because it was one of the poisons which underwent the process of absorption. To say that Boursier died of poison, was impossible for him, as he was not present at the death to witness the symptoms anterior to decease. The stomach of Boursier had the same appearance as the stomachs of persons who had been poisoned.

The physician Gerdry, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine, was present at the examination, and testified to the poison in the stomach. This fact was further avouched by the Doctors Hamel and Barruel.

The Doctor Bordot explained what he had done when called in; and said, that Madame Boursier had mentioned having tasted the rice, and finding it good, giving the *casserole* to the *fille* Blin to clean. He confessed that, after the *procureur du roi* had spoken of exhumation to him and Tartra, they, although bound down to conditional secrecy, had gone to the prisoner Boursier, and informed her what had taken place.

The court expressed itself highly displeased at their having done so; and, by having given intimation to the suspected parties, they had been able to remove every trace of the crime. They had rendered themselves liable to an action for such conduct.

Tartra deposed to the same effect as Bordot, and was in a like manner reprimanded.

Toupié declared that, during the last night of Boursier's illness, his wife and Kostolo gave him drink alternately. She refused to have the body opened; Kostolo gave the deceased his last potion. The widow, since her husband's death, had been in great affliction.

The fille Blin. Her master, on the 28th, got up, as usual, very early; he arranged his shop, and then went to his own counter with his young man. Her mistress was asleep; her master drew mustaches on her face, and desired her to take up a looking-glass that she might see herself. At eight o'clock she brought up the rice; she had eaten some herself, and put some by for the child. Five minutes after, her master complained that it was bad. She said, "Don't be afraid, sir, the *casserole* is clean, and I have eaten some myself; therefore you must be mistaken; it is good." Her master

called her mistress; she was then in the kitchen. Madame took the *casserole*, threw out the rice into the earthen pan under the fountain, and desired her to wash the *casserole*, and look if there was any thing in it which could harm her husband. She had been four months in her present service. Boursier had gone to his own counter to read the newspaper. He was there arranging papers when she served up the rice. His wife was not there.

Femme Boursier, however, persisted in her declaration.

The fille Blin repeated her assertion. About four or five minutes elapsed between the bringing in the rice and Boursier eating it. Madame Boursier was then writing. Her husband was not near her; he was at the extremity of the *comptoir*. It was not the *comptoir* occupied by his wife, but at the end of the other (the *comptoir du vente*). He was in the place which was farthest from the *salle à manger*.

[The plan of the premises was examined; and it was pointed out that the counter where Boursier was, did not extend along the whole shop, but there was a considerable interval between the *comptoir du vente* and the counter where Madame Boursier was stationed.]

Boursier had his back turned to his wife. She was in the habit of keeping a portion of the rice for herself. The child ate some before it was carried to the *secrétaire*. Both she and the child were eating at the same time that Boursier was. She had placed a plate by the rice on the *secrétaire*. Boursier always poured the rice into the plate. She was not near him when he complained of the rice. Her mistress brought the rice into the kitchen. She did not know who took the plate from the *secrétaire*; she did not do so. [Madame Boursier here declared that she had taken away both the *casserole* and the plate.] Her master's habit was, to put two or three spoonfuls of rice from the *casserole* into the plate, and when he had eaten those to take out more. She was in the kitchen while Boursier was eating. She did not hear him say that the rice was poisoned. He first called to her to complain of the rice. She answered him from the kitchen, that she had eaten some of it herself. The earthen pan into which her mistress threw the rice was full of dirty soap and water. She received orders from her mistress to wash the *casserole*, but she had of her own accord scoured it.

Madame Boursier. She emptied the rice into the earthen pan, and poured water into the *casserole*.

Fille Blin was washing at the time.

Femme Boursier. Why should she have disturbed her servant when she was busy with soaping the linen? She was near the fountain. She poured water into the *casserole*, and then took it to her husband, and desired him to look at it.

Fille Blin had sometimes seen Kostolo come to the house. She did not go out with *femme* Boursier. She never suspected the relation which existed between them. Her mistress walked out with Reine, and she heard they went to the Champs Elysées. Boursier was not in the habit of vomiting. She was present when the physician was called in on the 28th; but did not hear her mistress say that she had tasted the rice. After her master's death, his widow appeared sorrowful, but did not weep.

A witness proved that Boursier never took liqueurs before breakfast; he always rinced his mouth with water, and mixed sugar with his rice.

The fille Reine. Was not present when Boursier fell ill. When she entered, she was sent by Mad. Boursier for Bordot. The wife was angry at the husband's pleasantry, but made up the disagreement. She had mentioned to witness the fact of having tasted the rice. She said that her husband complained of pains in the loins.

President. You had knowledge of the intimate relation between the *femme* Boursier and Kostolo?—*Ans*. No; I knew that Kostolo came to the house.

President. But you accompanied the *femme* Boursier to Kostolo?—*Ans*. Yes; but I was unacquainted with her reason for going thither.

President. What! did not Kostolo repose confidence in you?—*Ans*. No.

President. Kostolo, explain yourself on this point.—*Ans*. I said to Madlle. Reine, that Madame Boursier had told me that in relations of this kind a *confidante* was necessary.

La fille Reine. That is false.

President. But you accompanied the *femme* Boursier to Kostolo's?—*Ans*. Yes, once. The second time I said, laughingly, to Madame Boursier, "If your husband knew of this, he would not be satisfied."—"It is well," was

her answer: "I am sure you are not the person to inform him; and, besides, if he knew of it, he would say nothing."

President. You accompanied the *femme* Boursier to the Champs Elysées, and each time you found Kostolo there. —*Ans.* Yes.

President. You went to Versailles with Kostolo, the *femme* Boursier, Alberti, his wife, and Charles?—*Ans.* Yes.

President. And you suspected nothing?—*Ans.* I never thought any thing about the matter.

President. But you have made a different declaration.—*Ans.* Mad. Boursier, in speaking to me of Kostolo, told me, "Qu'elle l'aimait bien—pour la société." [*A general laugh.*]

President. What! you accompanied her to Kostolo's, and left her there, and you pretend to say that you were ignorant of the kind of intimacy which existed between them?—*Ans.* A person can call to see a friend without a breach of honour.

President. Femme Boursier, have you ever spoke to Reine of Kostolo?—*Ans.* Yes, sometimes; but only as of a man whom you receive at your house, and whom you see with pleasure.

La fille Reine. Mons. Kostolo has certainly told me that he loved Madame Boursier; but that was all.

Beranger, garçon épicier at Boursier's. Knew little of the details of the process. He did not hear Boursier complain that the rice was poisoned, nor did madame say that she had eaten any rice. Had often seen Kostolo at the house; had often seen her go out with him; but never suspected the relations between them.

Delange, another shopman of Boursier. Knew nothing. He only remembered that the Dame Boursier, after her husband's death, was in great affliction, and that she repeated his name with loud cries. He suspected, like many others, something between the two prisoners.

Blin, recalled at the request of one of the jury, said that she took the rice for breakfast out of a cask in the shop. She had put some white salt into it; the same salt was used by her during the day on other occasions, without injury to any one.

Rousselot, a grocer, and friend of Boursier, said that he was present when Bordot and Tartra requested the widow's consent to the examination of the body. She replied, that the chamber where she was was so small, that it would be very painful for her to be scarcely removed from the room where the operation was performed. She at the same time looked at her uncle and those present, who agreed with her. Toupié did not urge the necessity of the operation. Every body was of opinion that the burial should take place the same day. He could not say if Madame Boursier made that proposition—he was too much affected to remember. He was of opinion with the others; for the heat was great, and the chamber where the corpse lay was low and close. There was some talk, before Boursier's death, of discharging Halbout, the book-keeper, and the shop-woman. He had dined at Boursier's with Kostolo. He told him that he had belonged to the Greek expedition, and, while proceeding to the isles of the Archipelago, the English had seized him. It was told him that Kostolo was not from Constantinople, but from the suburbs of Marseilles or Marengo. His informant added, that he was personally acquainted with Kostolo. He had not seen that man since. He had met Kostolo at Florence; his name was Robinot. A M. Duchesne had told him that the prisoner vaunted his purpose of espousing the widow.

Pihan, a grocer, and a friend of the deceased, was one of the party assembled at the house on Boursier's death; and it was the general opinion that the burial should take place without loss of time, as putrefaction had commenced. He did not remember that Madame Boursier in particular made the proposition.

Alberti, maître d'hôtel. A party was formed at Boursier's for Versailles. Charles hired a carriage, and Madame Boursier got into it with himself and Reine. On the road they came up with Charles and Kostolo, who likewise mounted. This somewhat surprised witness. Kostolo during the whole day walked with the widow, who had hold of his arm. On their return, Charles and Kostolo descended in the Place Vendôme. Some days after, Boursier requested witness to accompany him to the Gobelins and the Jardin des Plantes: the 28th June was fixed for that purpose. When he called at the house, he heard that Boursier had been taken ill after eating some rice, and that the rice had been very painful to his throat.

The prisoner Boursier confessed that she might have said so: her husband, however, had not said any thing to her to that effect; nor had Halbout proposed to attend on the deceased during the night; a fact confirmed by Alberti.

Bordot, a druggist, proved that he sold some arsenic to Boursier on the 25th of March, and that the wife was only once at his house, to take away some things bought by her husband.

Bailli, Boursier's shopman, said, that after his master had made balls with a part of the arsenic, he handed the rest to him, and he placed it in the *casier à bouteilles;* where it might then be found, if not removed by any one.

The president told the witness, that on a former occasion he had made a different declaration; he replied, that if he had done so, it was under a mistake. He was asked if this difference in his evidence was not the consequence of having been tampered with since the commencement of proceedings; the answer was in the negative.

Halbout, after stating the facts of the illness, and the wife's declaration to many, that her husband had pronounced the rice poisoned, denied that the deceased had on the 28th of June complained of giddiness, or of his eyes being blood-shot; and insisted that he had offered the wife to pass the night in the husband's room — a fact again denied by the prisoner. He had never suspected the *liaison* between her and Kostolo. Reine was in her entire confidence. She had informed witness that her mistress had sent her out, on one occasion, to bring Kostolo to the house. This was denied by Reine, who said that her information to witness was, that she had gone to inquire after Kostolo's health.

Berul, the apothecary who supplied medicines during Boursier's illness, proved that no poisonous ingredient had been sent to the deceased: all his poisons were carefully locked in a cupboard, of which he alone always kept the key.

The *Dame Olivereau* confessed her connexion with Kostolo. She was ignorant of the *liaison* between him and the other prisoner. Many witnesses spoke to the good character of Madame Boursier; but their testimony pointed to the period anterior to her intimacy with Kostolo.

In the exercise of his discretionary power, the president of the court called a new witness, the *Sieur Donzel.*

He was employed in the administration of the royal household; his wife kept a grocer's shop, where Bailli found employment after quitting Boursier's house. Bailli was invited to his late master's funeral. His wife questioned him as to what he knew about Boursier's death; he appeared troubled and agitated, and at length said that public opinion regarded the widow as the cause of her husband's death. His wife chided Bailli for inconsiderately accusing, on vague rumour, a person whom he had served. He, however, was as earnest in accusing her as his wife was in her defence. Some days after, Bailli made frequent visits to the femme Boursier; and many persons from her house came in search of him. One Sunday, on asking his permission to go out, Bailli had stated that he might probably pass the evening at Madame Boursier's. He desired him to return early—sat up till midnight—heard the door open: it was Bailli, who had come in. From that day he changed his tone altogether with regard to the Dame Boursier — was as tolerant as he had before been severe; in fact, he was eager for opportunities to vindicate her character.

When Bailli was called to make his declaration before the *juge d'instruction*, the witness asked him if he had not weighty charges to urge against Madame Boursier; he replied, that he had spoken the truth, and that his depositions were unimportant. But some time after he changed his language, and seemed to know every particular attending Boursier's death. His conduct was observed by all in his house, to whom he appeared a suspicious character. One day he saw in his *caisse* a *louis*, and asked how it came there? He was surprised to hear that it was placed there by Bailli, who was possessed of many more, which he had received from his sister. The young man himself informed him, that what he had were only to the amount of 120 francs. Some time after, he requested permission to go to M. Couture, Madame Boursier's advocate. After that, Bailli was sent out on business, when witness met him talking with one of Madame Boursier's young men. Bailli, on returning home, told witness that he had called on a particular customer of his, which was not the case.

On the eve of the trial in the *cour d'assises*, he had counselled Bailli to speak the truth, and pointed out to him the contradictions in his various statements. He assured witness that he had always spoken the truth, and would do so still. He had been obliged to dispense with the services of Bailli and his shopwoman, between whom there seemed to be an understanding. Having seen in the papers what had taken place in court with regard to Bailli's testimony, he considered it his duty to state what he knew about that witness.

The President. "Femme Boursier, from the testimony of the last witness, it appears that you have frequently sent persons to inquire after, and have had communication yourself with, Bailli." —"I am entirely ignorant of such proceedings. Bailli had long left my service: he had been sent away by M. Boursier, and no doubt for some grave cause."

The President. "Bailli, it would seem, from what M. Donzel has stated, that you have frequently changed your language towards the widow Boursier. Have you ever had conferences or interviews with the Dame Boursier's people?"—"I have met them sometimes, and sometimes they called upon me. They asked me if I felt repugnance to entering Madame Boursier's house: my answer was, that I did not. Sancier and Kostolo invited me to the house."

Kostolo said that he had done so in accordance with Madame Boursier's expressed wishes. Madame Boursier declared that, after Bailli had called at her house, and her aunt had spoken in his favour, she had stated before several persons that she had no objection to take him again into her service.

The President. Nevertheless he had been dismissed for some grave offence? —For negligence and idleness. He did not come into the house in his visits since Boursier's death, but went into the shop where was the *fille* Reine. This was immediately connected with the part of the house where she herself was.

Bailli said that he recollected the Dame Donzel had spoken to him about his contradictory statements.

The President. "You first declared that Boursier had given you the ratsbane to put by, and had himself taken care of the arsenic; then you varied your statement, and pretended that he had given you the arsenic, which you had locked up in a *casier;* and you have also been as eager to exculpate the prisoner Boursier, as you were at one time to accuse her."—*Ans.* "Different persons had told me that they considered Madame Boursier guilty: I only repeated what I had heard."

After a further examination, the contradictions of this witness appeared more glaring.

Rousselot was recalled, and stated, that some time after the first deposition by Bailli, he (witness) learned that the other knew where the arsenic had been locked. He proposed that Bailli should be made to look for it before witnesses. He went for Bailli, who knelt down and looked for a *casier* (such places are very common in grocers' shops) difficult to discover. He brought out two bags; one had the ratsbane, the other a packet enveloped in common paper. Bailli tore a corner of the paper, and saw arsenic.

After some further questions, the case was closed. Our space will not allow any account of the luminous, logical, and eloquent speeches of the advocate-general and M. Couture. The latter, especially, contains dignified and impassioned passages. His arguments in Madame Boursier's exculpation are exceedingly ingenious and happy. Notwithstanding, all believed her guilty, except the jury, who acquitted both Madame Boursier and Kostolo. "Veuve Boursier," said the president to this wretched person, "vous allez recouvrer la liberté que les plus graves soupçons vous avaient fait perdre. Le juré vous a déclarée non coupable du crime qui vous était imputé: puissiez-vous trouver la même absolution dans le témoignage de votre conscience! Mais n'oubliez pas que la cause de vos malheurs, et du déshonneur qui couvrira peut-être à jamais votre nom, fut le désordre de vos mœurs, et la violation des nœuds les plus sacrés. Descendez au fond du votre cœur; que votre conduite à venir efface la honte de votre conduite passée, et que le repentir remplace l'honneur que vous avez perdu."

The admonitions from the judgment-seat, however, were unavailing. Madame Boursier surrounded herself with all her friends, who were rejoiced at her acquittal; and a night of loud and frantic congratulations followed on the heels of the anguish and agony of the day. She again appeared as usual in

her shop, and allowed herself to be the general gaze of the crowds that assembled round her doors. "La foule se pressa pendant plusieurs jours devant sa porte: c'était à qui verrait cette femme devenue non moins célèbre par la formidable accusation qui pesait sur sa tête, que par ses coupables relations avec un misérable, sans patrie, sans asile, et désormais objet de haine et de mépris.

"L'autorité ne crut pas devoir souffrir que Kostolo, cet homme sans autres ressources que de frivoles avantages physiques, dont il avait fait un aussi coupable usage, poursuivît le cours de ses honteux exploits; elle se chargea de veiller jusqu'à ce qu'il fut sorti d'un pays où sa présence avait été marquée par les plus scandaleuses désordres."

SPECIMENS OF THE ART OF GOVERNING "BY COMMISSION."

We feel compelled to turn aside for a short space from our lucubrations on "National Economy," to advert to a subject of the day, and one which peremptorily calls for immediate notice.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the first session of the "Reformed" House of Commons is that of the multitude of subjects remitted to the charge of certain roving Commissions, for the purposes of inquiry and investigation. This "talk-much, do-little" assembly seems almost to have taken a lesson from the lady who "put her beds out to make." Half a dozen, or half a score, subjects which the "corrupt" representatives of "rotten boroughs" would have boldly encountered, canvassed, and dealt with, have been remitted, by the boasted "men of business" from Manchester and Sheffield, to a set of runners from the newspapers, yclept "Commissioners," to be by them investigated and arranged.

The ministerial pamphlet which has just been published dwells with great delight on this change, as an important improvement. This is not in the least degree surprising, since the said pamphlet, after each ministerial department had subscribed its quota of puff and balderdash, was finally licked into shape by certain of these very worthies, heretofore sub-editors of some weekly newspaper, and now either "in Commission" or "in ordinary," to wit, by lucky Mr. Le Marchant, and by expectant Mr. Senior, a pair of worthies well deserving of more attention than they have hitherto received. Le Marchant particularly calls for notice, and perhaps he may get it.

Select committees of the House of Commons are, it seems, to be discontinued, and roving Commissions of paid agents are to be brought into use in their stead. The difference between the two is certainly great; but we cannot concede for one instant that the change is an improvement: on the contrary, we have a very decided opinion that the alteration is most seriously mischievous.

The nature and the practice of the House, as to select committees, in the years that are past, was this. A member of the House of Commons, whether in the administration or out of it, might wish to propose some important change in the existing laws. He opened the case in a speech embracing the whole subject. Perhaps there was little difference in opinion; in which case the motion passed without much discussion. But if, on the contrary, his views were seriously dissented from by any considerable party in the house, the ground ordinarily taken was,—"We do not admit your facts!" Recourse was then very naturally had to the nomination of a select committee, with power to call for oral and documentary evidence, and then to report the result of their investigation.

Now the main feature and characteristic excellence of this mode of inquiry was, *that the leading advocates of the two opposing views were always nominated members of such a committee, and thus there was a real searching into, and a fair investigation of, the facts of the case.*

On the plea, however, that an inquiry can always be most effectually carried on in the very scene of the facts and occurrences inquired into, it is now said to be quite expedient to abandon this course, and to pay a parcel of agents, either by the day or by the *job*, to traverse the country, and to bring in certain written papers containing what they are pleased to call the results of their investigation.

What would be said of an attempt

to put an end to the old English plan, in civil or criminal trials, of examining witnesses in open court? What would be thought of a proposition, to empower the judges before whom our criminal or civil proceedings are taken, to send their " Commissioners" to make inquest as to the facts in every issue? Or what would be thought even of the much more moderate innovation, of putting a stop to all cross-examinations in courts of law or justice?

Yet this is the main difference between the two modes of inquiry,—the Committee and the Commission. In the one you have advocates for both views of the question at issue, and you have the witnesses fairly brought before them, and subjected to their open and avowed efforts to elicit proofs of the truth of their own views. In the other you have a single individual, going where he will and when he will, and avoiding whom he will, and asking only what questions he will. And, in short, it is perfectly obvious, that nothing but the most perfect neutrality of mind, and the most entire absence of all bias towards any particular view, can possibly render the result so obtained any thing more than a selected parcel of *ex-parte* evidence.

Now this perfect purity from any thing like a bias, which alone could inspire the least confidence in the fruits of their labours, is most notoriously and undeniably wanting in all the late Commissions. The parties placed upon them are, one and all, men who have been long known, in their various minor departments, in the political world. In one man we recognise a sub-editor of the *Globe*, in another an assistant getter-up of the *Examiner*, in another the runner of one of the *Times* reporters, and so on to the end of the chapter. One whole board of Commissioners was formed, with scarcely three exceptions, from the committee who acted at Cambridge for Mr. Cavendish's election. And how absurd it would be, to expect that men who have thus been mixed up with politics and party questions should be either free from any opinions of their own, or should be able to divest themselves of a desire to answer the wishes of those who appointed them!

Impartiality, then, being almost impossible, under the circumstances of the case, we shall feel no surprise if we find, on a glance at the evidence produced by these gentry, the strongest marks of prejudice, and of a determination to make good their own views and those of their employers, at all hazards. Still, however, we must own that we had not previously anticipated any thing approaching to the broad and palpable acts of turpitude and falsification, which have met us at every page of their voluminous, but worse than useless, collections.

It would be an endless task to attempt any thing like a complete history of their doings, or a detailed examination of their " Reports." A specimen or two may suffice. We will take one glance at the Poor-law Commission, and another at that renowned body whose investigations were devoted to the subject of infant labour in factories.

The Poor-law Commission was well described, a few months back, in *Cobbetts' Magazine*, in the following passage:—

" These men have gone off, bearing with them a fund of philosophical prejudice against poor-laws, ' population,' ' improvident marriages,' and all the whole system and routine of nature; and their object has been to furnish the grounds for imputing all sorts of crimes to the labouring people; grounds for calling them idle, malicious, improvident, riotous, fraudulent, and prolific; for calling the old-fashioned overseer *unskilful*, incautious, and unworthy of trust; for charging the magistrates with unnecessary profuseness; and for the other purpose of connecting all these bad results with the unavoidable practice of the poor-laws. We believe there are two classes of persons who would hunt down our poor and our poor-laws together. The first is, that class who suffer in their pockets from poor-laws, who have pawned their property to the fundholders, and have had the engagement doubled by Peel's bill; these find that there is nothing left for them so long as the poor have *their* share of the produce of the earth, and the fundholders have *their* share. This makes people of property wince under the burden of the poor-rates. The other class consists of frantic speculators, who live for the greater part in London; have become ' possessed of a devil,' an idea that the earth does not, and cannot, produce food enough for us who are upon it, and who have found that little children are the greatest of curses; that early marriages are among the greatest of crimes; that to give the means of existence is to give a ' stimulus to population;' that laws for the relief of

the poor, which have been in existence upwards of two hundred years, have, within the last forty, begun to make the labouring people first poor, then idle, then prolific, then fraudulent, then riotous, and that they are proceeding to lead to God knows what, unless they be timely checked by laws founded upon the suggestions of this set of Commissioners."

In this strong and pernicious bias we find merely what we had previously expected. But, certainly, in their official acts we do find a more unblushing manifestation of that bias than we could have calculated upon. The whole volume of "Evidence published by authority," is nothing more or less than a broad, open, barefaced attempt to establish certain assumptions of the Malthus party, by evidence picked and culled with the greatest care, and from which is excluded with equal anxiety all the principal facts which would tend to destroy those assumptions.

One of the greatest questions, as it regards the peasantry of England, that can possibly be named at the present moment, is that of "*Cottage Allotments.*" We, on our part, are perfectly satisfied of their great utility. But we are aware that some persons of intelligence and respectability have taken up a different view. We are therefore quite willing that the facts of the case should be inquired into; only desiring a fair and impartial investigation, and being ready to abide the issue.

But how have these Commissioners conducted this inquiry? Scores, nay hundreds, of cases might have been met with, in which this method of ameliorating the condition of the poor has been adopted, and in which the results might have been ascertained. Especially, and above all others, ought they to have reported the facts connected with Mr. Estcourt's estates, on which estates, by means of this very system, the poor-rates, in a parish of 3,000 acres, had been reduced to 171*l.* in 1829, although in 1801 they had been 332*l.*

But no! this would have ill-suited their purpose. The Board itself, and its agents, the travelling Commissioners, are all of the same opinion with the amiable Miss Harriet Martineau,—namely, that "cottage allotments are very bad things;" for that "nothing tends so much *to increase population.*" Therefore their eyes were closed against a multitude of similar cases, and they scarcely ever allude to the subject in their whole voluminous "extracts," above four or five times.

These few times, however, they could scarcely avoid its introduction. But how do they handle the facts which are presented to them? In a very curious manner; in a manner curious for its mendacity and effrontery.

Immediately we opened the volume we turned instinctively to this point. We knew that the allotment system was pre-eminently hated and dreaded by the Malthusians, and we naturally felt a little curiosity to see how they would deal with the facts which would every where present themselves, opposed to their favorite theory. We found that the volume opened with an *index*, which is not quite the ordinary arrangement, as indexes are usually placed at the end. But we soon discovered the object of this innovation. This index is both descriptive and explanatory, and not only informs the reader what he may expect to find on any given page, but also what deductions he ought to draw from the facts therein contained. Beyond doubt, it is the most officious and didactic "index" that we ever had the good or ill fortune to encounter.

Under the head of "Cottage Allotments," we found, as we expected, a "plentiful lack" of information. The topic, all-important as it was, was only alluded to four or five times. Among these notices, in the index, we observed the two following:—

"*Small* gardens for the *mere* occupation of after-hours, as a *mere* amusement, morally good; 41."

"*Ultimate bad* effects of large allotments, hidden by *small immediate* advantages; 16. 40. 43."

So said the index. We turned to the pages "41. 16. 40. 43;" and were certainly not a little astonished—even knowing, as we did, the lengths to which "economists" will sometimes go,—to find that all this important matter described in this argumentative index, was neither more nor less than a *downright fabrication!* Certain facts are said to be stated in certain pages of the work; but when you turn to those pages no such facts are there, nor anything in the least resembling them.

The index tells you, that at page 41, *small* gardens for *mere* amusement are

proved to be good. The fact is, that at page 41, not a word is said of *small* gardens, or of *mere amusement*, but, on the contrary, allotments of *land* are shewn to be really *useful* and *valuable* to the poor as *means* of *subsistence*. At the other three pages, you are instructed to expect something about the "*ultimate bad effects*;" but when you turn to those pages you find not a single syllable of the kind;—not a word about any bad effects whatever. "*Small* immediate advantages" are spoken of in the index, and when you read the page referred to, you find that these "*small* advantages" consist in a great reduction of the poor-rates, even in the short space of two years, and an entire change in the conduct and character of the poor, converting them from miserable incendiaries into a comfortable and industrious peasantry, ready to guard instead of destroying their masters' property. These are the things which this index-maker calls "*small* advantages." And this is the sort of "Report" which the nation is to pay for, and which it is to be insulted by seeing "published by authority."

So much for the Poor-law Commission. Turn we now to the twin atrocity—the commission for prolonging the system of infanticide now carried on in our factories.

But here we are altogether confounded and perplexed, at the outset, by the immense mass of mingled folly and wickedness which spreads itself out before us. A volume thicker than a church Bible lies open before us, filling nearly a ream of paper, and scarcely a page can be opened without presenting facts or observations which make us blush for our country, and force from our hearts all but execration on those who could imagine, and still more on those who could undertake, such a "commission" as this. In one place, we have a creature called "John Elliott Drinkwater," alarming, as is confessed, by his looks, and not less by his *cautions*, a poor cripple who had given evidence before the committee of the House of Commons, and whose mind, as well as his limbs, had been in a great degree sacrificed to the detestable factory system. To this poor victim Drinkwater devotes his most especial attention; upon him he spends his choicest cross-examining skill; and after having first alarmed him out of all self-possession, and then chased him up and down with the cunning and almost with the avidity of a fiend, he dismisses him with malicious self-complacency, and notes down in his report, that "Hebergam equivocated in a most extraordinary manner." And this same being, who seems to have thought it his most especial business to destroy, if possible, the credibility of the witnesses before the committee of 1832—in order thereby to leave the victims of the system, with all their crippled limbs and emaciated bodies, entirely at the mercy of his merciless employers,—this same creature, Drinkwater, calling himself an impartial "commissioner of inquiry," is afterwards found feasting at the house of the principal mill-tyrant of the district in which his inquiries were to be made! Bullying the poor cripple, in order thereby to sacrifice his character to that same accursed system which had already made havoc of his body and his mind, and then carousing with the bloated factory-owners, to whose avarice Hebergam, with myriads more, had been carelessly sacrificed.

Another of these people, named *Cowell*,—though the physical part of the question is entirely taken out of his charge, a medical commissioner being especially appointed to each district, for this particular purpose,—chooses to amuse himself three times in a single page, with remarks on "the bosoms" of the girls who gave evidence before him! But there is no end of either the folly or the wickedness of these fitting agents of a conclave of "economists." The man who can turn over the pages of their endless "first report" for ten minutes, without feeling his blood boil within him, is only fit for the society of savages, or Martineaus.

Yet one cannot help laughing, every now and then, in the midst of one's wrath, to see the stilted arrogance with which these creatures are puffed up. Fellows who have been only accustomed to run about London to pick up odd bits of scandal, or "shocking accidents," for some reporter to the *Times* newspaper, find themselves all at once chronicled in the *London Gazette* as "Members of a Royal Commission." Forthwith they begin hardly to walk or even to strut, but rather to float upon the air; and seem to feel the most unfeigned surprise that such little folks as Mr.

Sadler and Lord Ashley do not at once fall down and worship them. As for a respectable man who manages, for the benevolent Mr. John Wood, one of the largest worsted mills in the kingdom, and who seems to have estimated their worships at about their just value,—no words can express the indignation which swells within them, at the remembrance of his "gross impertinence." They designate him, in their offended dignity, "the man Hall!" If "the man Hall" were to retort upon them the same appellation, he would certainly be guilty of a gross misnomer. A job so despicable in its object, and performed in a spirit, if possible, even worse than its originators proposed to themselves, and paid "by the piece" with the paltry bribe of "two hundred pounds"—has certainly nothing about it which sorts with the name of "man."

It is perfectly impossible to give any thing like a general sketch of the proceedings of these voluminous gentry. One little specimen, however, we have fallen upon, so complete in itself, and so rich in all its points, that we cannot resist the temptation of sketching it for the amusement and edification of our readers. It is contained in the "examinations taken by Mr. Cowell," and is denominated by that worthy person "*the Wigan case.*"

Twelve folio pages of this first report, printed with the public money, have been filled with "the Wigan case." What is this Wigan case, that it should occupy so much of the valuable time of "Mr. Cowell," or cause the expenditure of so much of the nearly equally valuable money of the people of England?

It is introduced thus:

> "Mr. Ashworth requested me to examine into a statement respecting children working in chains, &c. at Wigan."

The first thing that strikes us here, is the sort of latitude which these gentry give themselves, as to the objects and limits of their inquiry. Their time was to be paid for by the public. Their "reports" and "examinations" were to be printed at the cost of the public. Decency, therefore, one would have thought, might have prescribed something like an adherence to the main object and purport of the whole inquiry. Their commission was, to inquire into, and report upon, "the actual state and condition of the children employed in factories," and the propriety of diminishing the hours of labour. Instead of which, Mr. Cowell, at the mere request of a mill-owner, goes into an inquiry, the one main object of which is, "*to examine into a statement*" made by Mr. Oastler; or, in other words, to prove, if possible, this indefatigable friend of the factory-children a liar!

Some excuse may be offered for the frequent investigation and resifting, by the commissioners, of the evidence given before the committee of 1832. If fairly conducted, this line of inquiry might perhaps have been in a degree justifiable, as giving the masters a fair opportunity of explaining or rebutting facts therein stated to their prejudice.

But we are not here dealing with the *evidence*, but with "a statement." That statement was made at two public meetings by Mr. Oastler, and also at another by a Mr. Grant. Mr. Oastler, who is the great object aimed at, had said at the City of London Tavern Meeting, Feb. 25, 1833, that,

> "In a mill at Wigan, the children, for any slight neglect, were loaded with weights of twenty pounds placed over their shoulders, and hanging behind their backs."

And at the Bolton meeting he said—

> "At Wigan they tie a great weight to their backs."

This was the "statement" which was to be rebutted. Because a Mr. Ashworth, a mill-owner, requests it, "Mr. Cowell" goes into a lengthened inquiry, with the obvious hope and expectation of being able to prove Mr. Oastler to be a gross calumniator. As to the public time which he was wasting, or the public money he was squandering, on the gratification of Mr. Ashworth's spleen against Mr. Oastler, that consideration appears not to have at all disturbed his mind.

Well, "the Wigan case" is gone into, and the following are its main features.

The girl, Ellen Hootton, is examined. She deposes that she was put to work at Eccles' factory at Wigan, before she was eight years old; that she was often beaten by the overlooker, Swanton, for having her ends down; that she was beaten as often as twice a week, till her head was sore; that she ran away because of this beating; and

that for so running away, he tied a great weight of iron, and two smaller pieces, round her neck, and made her wear it half an hour at a time; and also, that weights were tied to other children in the same mill.

The mother, Mary Hootton, is next examined, and she deposes, that the child was a "very stupid girl;" that she was weighted several times; above five; that the child bent under the weight, complained of her shoulders aching, and cried very much; and that she herself, when telling the story to those who had asked her, had wept in relating it.

Then comes the overlooker himself, William Swanton, and a precious exhibition he makes.

He admits that Eccles' mill ran from six to eight, and sometimes from *five* to *eight*, or *fifteen* hours. He admits having "strapped" her — this poor, stupid little girl of seven or eight years old, working fourteen or fifteen hours a-day. He then comes to the "running away"— a thing which he confesses to have been not at all uncommon in that mill, (and certainly the children would have been a *very uncommon* set if it had been,) and he confesses that for so running away he "put *a weight*" on her. He is then asked —

"How long did *it* remain on each time?—Half an hour.

"How heavy was *it*?—Betwixt *eight or ten pounds*.

"What was *it*?—Cast iron.

"Where was *it* put?—A top of her back.

"What was *its* shape?—Square.

"Was it all of one piece?—Yes!

"Did you never put more than one piece on her!—*Yes!!*

"How many?—*Two small pieces besides!*

"What were their weights?—Betwixt two or four pounds each.

"How much did it weigh altogether? — About fourteen or sixteen pounds."

This candid, truth-telling witness is next asked as to the other cases of weights.

"Did you ever put weights upon any other children?—Yes, *one!*

"Any more than one?—*No*.

"Was it a boy or girl?—A boy.

"What was his name?—Lowe.

"What was that for? — *Running away*.

"Did you ever put weights on any other?—*No*.

"Were weights ever put upon Thos. Daily? — *There was one once fastened to his leg!*

"What was that for?—*Running away*.

"Who fastened it?—*Me*."

One would have thought that this was enough. It was sufficiently clear that the girl, naturally slow, was put to the factory at too early an age, was worked far too long in the day, was beaten for "not keeping her ends up," was thus induced to run away, and was then loaded with heavy pieces of iron, to the amount of sixteen pounds or upwards. All this is confessed by the overlooker himself—whose style of giving evidence we have already seen; and if *he* confesses to sixteen pounds weight, we may safely take the reality to have been nearer twenty. What, then, would one have expected this Mr. Commissioner Cowell to have done? Surely he would naturally say to Mr. Ashworth, "Well, you see the thing is too true: it is not to be denied that the fact is so. Not a word of Mr. Oastler's statement can be called in in question! You had better take your witnesses away, and say as little as may be about the matter."

This, one would think, would be the course taken by any man who had a particle of common sense or common feeling about him; but Mr. Commissioner Cowell appears to have no more of the one than he has of the other. After levelling continual insinuations at Mr. Sadler, for putting leading questions to the witnesses of 1832, this man Cowell absolutely puts to this scoundrel overlooker, Swanton, such a question as this: —

"Then *I understand* your story to be, that *this was a lazy, idle, good-for-nothing, runaway girl, whom you could not manage by any means!*"!!! — "*Yes.*"

And then, having thus crammed this miserable, lying apology into the man's mouth, Mr. Commissioner Cowell sums up the whole business with the following remarks, which are to form the sum total of all that the nation is to gain for the fifty or an hundred pounds of the public money which has been wasted in the investigation and publication of "the Wigan case:"—

"I have to remark, on the foregoing set of examinations, that the girl is *certainly a very bad, lying girl*. Swanton, I believe, *meant no harm*, and the weighting of the girl *gave her no pain*.

It was an ignorant, stupid device of his to cure the girl of running away, but *not cruelly intended.*"

Sixteen or eighteen pounds of iron tied round a child's neck and shoulders, and she forced to walk up and down with it for half an hour together! And this, says this creature, "*gave her no pain,*" and was "not cruelly intended!" Bravo! Mr. Commissioner Cowell! what would we not give to see thee parading at Charing Cross, for half an hour at noon on each day of the next week, with about a hundred weight and a half of iron tied round thy neck, —a proportion, too, rather lighter than that of eighteen pounds for a little girl of seven years old!

"Gave her no pain"!—Why, the child's own mother—one, too, evidently of the coarsest Lancashire breed—one careless and cruel to her own offspring, and who had even countenanced the infliction of this brutality—even this woman confesses that the girl *did* suffer pain, and was not able, in short, to stand upright under the weight, but walked up and down with her body bending under the load. But it is useless talking. Let any one who really doubts the cruelty of the deed, take a child of that age, and try it even for five minutes under the infliction: he will then be able to appreciate Mr. Cowell's belief, that Swanton "meant no harm," and that the infliction "gave no pain."

Such, then, were the doings of the "Factory Commission," or, rather, such was one of their exploits. The only use of this little episode, "the Wigan case," is to shew the *animus* of the whole set of these people, and the object they evidently kept in view. Their business was to defame the oppressed, and to screen the oppressor;—and most thoroughly did they enter into the spirit of their "Commission."

If any thing, however, could possibly make the whole affair ridiculous, it would be one little circumstance, to which, in conclusion, we must just advert.

In announcing the names of the commissioners to the public, the ministerial newspapers dwelt with much complacency on the name of "Mr. Stuart, the American traveller." Beyond doubt, the name of this gentleman carried with it more weight and respectability than did the names of such people as Chadwick, the *sub.* of Tyas the *Times* reporter. But then, how does all this glorying in Mr. Stuart's name rebound upon them with double force, when it afterwards appears, in the working of the drama, that this same Chadwick, sitting in London, as one of the Central Board, is actually allowed to garble, mutilate, and change the entire character of Mr. Stuart's official communications of evidence!

Mr. Stuart has published a lengthened correspondence in the columns of the *Courier*. He there distinctly charges the Central Board with many and weighty offences; in the suppression of much important evidence, the tone of which was opposed to their own newly adopted fancy of a "relay system." He concludes in the following words:

"The report of the Factory Commissioners is no more the report of the twelve persons appointed to see things with their own eyes, and to report their observations on them, than of any twelve gentlemen who may by chance meet in St. Paul's Church-yard. It is the report of three gentlemen residing in London, who, for aught that appears in the report, never visited a cotton factory, nor a flax factory, in their lives. The 'impartial part of the public,' to whom you now appeal, and to whom, as already mentioned, you have made so frequent appeals in the course of the proceedings, will now be able to judge what authority ought to attach to your report, and to your statement, that you had considered all the evidence sent you by the District Commissioners. I am aware that you have publicly given all the weight of *your own* authority to *your own* report, by declaring in a letter, published anonymously, which, however it will be admitted, proceeded from your office at Whitehall, and appeared in the *Spectator* newspaper of the 13th July, that 'your report contains a clear and faithful analysis of the evidence, and a perfectly intelligible statement of the opinions and recommendations of the Central Board founded on that evidence.' I apprehend, however, that far more than enough has been said to convince every sensible person who peruses this correspondence, and most especially your own admissions contained in it, that 'your opinions and recommendations are not founded on that evidence.' I cannot allow myself again to detail the evidence of the gentlemen at Dundee, obtained by your express injunctions, on the very point of your recommendation, but directly opposed to it; and to which it was unquestionably your duty, since you now declare that

you remember to have perused and considered it, to refer in your report; nor to do more than to recall to your recollection the material fact, that you have omitted all notice of the mass of evidence, both in Scotland and in Lancashire, unfavourable to your views."

This, assuredly, puts the finishing stroke to the whole manœuvre. The ministry could not, they declared, venture to legislate without more inquiry. The House of Commons, obediently following their suggestion, humbly prayed his majesty to appoint a royal commission, in order that they might be enabled, by the information thus obtained, to enact the most fitting and appropriate remedies.' Well! a commission is issued; a few respectable names like that of "Mr. Stuart, the American traveller," are introduced; but when we come to look at the actual working of the thing, we find that while these few honest men are using their best endeavours to gather information, and while the remaining commissioners, creatures such as Cowell, and Power, and Drinkwater, are contributing their quota of slander and falsehood,—the results of the whole, be they what they may, are already prearranged, ordered, and digested, by a sub-reporter of a London newspaper, and *their* "reports" when received, are only printed so far as happens to sort with this preconceived plan. Such a style of legislation, or such abuse of the public funds, was never before heard of!

Mr. Stuart's correspondence lets us into one or two other secrets of some practical importance. We there find it distinctly admitted, on all hands, that negotiations were going on between the Board of Trade and the mill-owners, touching the sort of measure which government would carry through Parliament, long before these commissioners had carried in their reports. The whole affair of the Commission was nothing but a blind to amuse the public, and occupy the time, while a delusive, ineffective scheme was concocted; and its reports and evidence were to be used, and were used, as Mr. Stuart assures us, only so far as they supported the plan previously agreed upon between the ministry and the mill-owners.

A perusal of the act itself, just now published, fully confirms this view. Never was there a more futile and worthless piece of legislation.

The whole object is exactly what was confessed to Mr. Stuart by one of the greatest mill-owners in the kingdom, who told that gentleman, as he states in his correspondence, that "he gave his approval to the measure, *because* he knew it to be *impracticable*." In fact, this was the one great point with the mill-owners, namely, to obtain an *impracticable*, or, in other words, a *useless* bill; and in this they certainly have succeeded to admiration.

The leading feature of Mr. Sadler's and Lord Ashley's bill was its *practical efficiency*. It did not attempt to do every thing; it did not promise to work miracles; but what it promised it was intended, and was fitted, to perform..

On the other hand, the great characteristic of the ministerial measure is its *inefficiency*. Some things it wholly passes over, and then endeavours to balance the transaction by promising largely in other matters; which promises, however, when we come to examine them, are never likely to bear the fruit of performance.

First, of omissions. And, let it be observed, that the ministerial bill is not a new measure—it is merely Mr. Sadler's bill *altered*. When, therefore, we find certain clauses of the original bill *struck out*, we may fairly conclude, that they were so struck out because they were held by the Board of Trade and the mill-owners to be altogether objectionable.

Mr. Sadler's bill had a clause providing for the properly fencing off the machinery of mills, so as to secure the children from being caught and hurt, or killed by it. This clause is altogether *struck out* in the bill as passed. No security whatever would be conceded by the mill-owners; nor would Lord Althorp, though earnestly entreated, demand any from them. And yet within the last three or four weeks, since the passing of the bill, we have seen in the public prints inquest after inquest, held in the manufacturing districts, on the remains of children who had been torn in pieces by the machinery of the factories. Doubtless, for every life absolutely lost we may calculate upon ten arms, or legs, or fingers, torn off. But what care the mill-owners, or what care the people at the Board of Trade, about the arms or the lives of a parcel of little children?

Mr. Sadler's bill provided, that in every new mill which might be hereafter erected, the rooms in which these poor little creatures were to be mewed up, often with the artificial heat of steam, should be of at least ten feet height. This clause is wholly *struck out!*

Mr. Sadler's bill provided that no justice of the peace should hear a complaint connected with any mill, who was himself interested in it, or was the father, son, or brother, of those interested in it. One would have thought that common decency would have prevented any objection to this proviso. But no! it is wholly *struck out!*

But the grand omission of all is in the point of *penalties.* The original bill relied mainly on this for its efficiency. Knowing that the parties concerned were generally of the wealthier classes, and that complaints would not be frequent, nor convictions easily obtained, it provided such penalties, when a case was really brought home, as would not be lightly regarded by the parties concerned. The pecuniary fines ran from 20*l.* to 100*l.*; and in aggravated cases of criminality, even a short imprisonment was added. All these provisos, it is needless to say, are wholly *struck out!*

In their place we have the absurd enactment of a penalty of "not exceeding twenty pounds, nor less than *one pound!*" But lest this *twenty-shilling* fine should appear too dreadful to the imagination of "John Marshall, Esquire, of Headingley Park, late member of parliament for the county of York," it is considerately provided that the magistrate "may *mitigate* such penalty *below* the said sum of *one pound*, or may discharge the person charged with the offence!"

In fact, the whole affair is nothing but the merest "moonshine." The special excellencies of the bill, according to the ministerial newspapers, lie in the education clauses, and in the inspectorships. These are sheer delusion. Take the 22d clause:

"And be it further enacted, that whenever it shall appear to any inspector that a new or additional school is necessary or desirable, to enable the children employed in any factory to obtain the education required by this act, such inspector is hereby authorised to establish, or procure the establishment of such school."

"As how?" Authorised? Well; but what powers, or means, or funds? Any man, we suppose, be he "inspector" or not, is at liberty, without being "authorised," to "establish a school." But if we ask, what does this act do to *enable* any one to establish a school, the answer is—Just nothing!

As to the inspectorships, the clause which creates them itself throws a ridicule over the whole affair. It runs thus, that "whereas the act of the 42d of Geo. III. provided for the appointment of certain inspectors" to discharge certain duties, and whereas "the provisions of that act have not been carried into execution," and "the laws for the regulation of the labour of children in factories have been evaded;" *therefore*, be it enacted that the same scheme be adopted over again. In other words, as a plan relying mainly upon inspectors has been found wholly inoperative, we will now, instead of resorting to the common-sense plan of sufficient penalties, have another scheme of inspectorships, just as certain of being ineffectual as the former. In truth, this former bill, of the 42 Geo. III. which has turned out to be mere waste paper, had a far better shew and promise of practical utility about it than the present. It enacted that there should be two inspectors in every county in which manufactures should be carried on. The present bill only provides four for the entire kingdom. Four inspectors! Why, if one takes Yorkshire, which is enough itself for six; another Lancashire; another Scotland; and the fourth Gloucestershire,—what is Wales, and Norfolk, and all the rest of the kingdom to do? And what sort of inspectors are these likely to be? Appointed by the same parties who appointed Cowell and Drinkwater, what may we expect but that one inspector will be declaring, that weights of 16lbs., suspended round the necks of little children, "give no pain;" and that another will be found feasting with the miscreants who so suspended them? And of what real value would be such "protectors of the slaves" as these?

No! no!—the scheme was never intended to be any thing more than a blind, a device to get rid of the question. In fact, the mill-owner quoted by Mr. Stuart explains the whole affair, both as it regards the ministry and the factory people; "he gave his approval to it *because* he knew it to be *impracticable.*" That is the simple truth of the whole matter.

BULWER — WESTMACOTT.* — COBBETT — JOHN WOOD OF PRESTON — AND OTHERS.

POOR Bulwer has lately published a most unfortunate congeries of trash, called *England and the English*; he should have entitled it, Cockneyland and the Cockneys. The book is nothing more nor less than a paltry collection of the various stupidities which were deemed too stupid for the *New Monthly Magazine.* We have the same nonsensical impertinence about the House of Commons—the same extolling of the mean people who compose the liberal part of that assembly, and their idiotical talk — the same struggling and plunging to unite the hack-literary man, drawing his wages from a bookseller, with the character of the independent gentleman of long descent, deriving his revenue from his acres — the same horrid stuff about the gentility of the unheard-of Bulwers, and "all the rest of it" that infects all Bulwer's works, sacred or profane.

In a word, Bulwer is the new "king of the Cockneys." Affectation, impertinence, arrogance, stupidity, ignorance, malevolence — all these qualifications for the throne-literary of Cockaigne are his in abundant store. He does not wear yellow breeches, we admit; but he does sport a particoloured neckcloth, bedaubed at the bottom with a gilt chain. He walks into a drawing-room with a high-striding strut, and endeavours to talk sweet nothings to the ladies, who soon shrink from his contact, warned off partly by the disgusting style of his conversation, and altogether by the unsavoury odour of his breath; which, Lady Morgan declares, would knock down a *copul*, a word in the Irish language signifying a horse. He fancies himself as handsome a man as Malvolio; and everlastingly smiling in cross garters, shews off in the appropriate livery of that immortal flunkey, as his representative in "the Reformed House."

The man is generally acknowledged to be a blockhead past redemption; and we shall take another opportunity of dissecting his book: in the meanwhile it is our duty to remark, that one passage it contains has had the good fortune of awaking the ire of Westmacott. Bulwer — himself the shabbiest of mankind — had the insolence to "show up" Westmacott, under the name of Sneak, and to attribute to him various mean things, similar to those which Bulwer himself was and is in the habit of perpetrating. Into this controversy we shall not enter, for the very good reason that Westmacott has taken proceedings against poor Bentley, the hapless publisher of this rubbish (already sufficiently punished by the want of sale of his good-for-nothing speculation); and intends, we understand, to call Bulwer as a witness in the case. There he will stand in court to be sifted; and as we take for granted Westmacott will secure a proper counsel, we are certain that there will be some fun. We shall review the "testimony of Bulwer" at no small length, when the time comes.

In the mean while, during the dependence of this suit, our friend of the *Age* has taken the cudgels in his own hands, and demolished the Great Shabbaroon in splendid style. The first paragraph of the pamphlet before us* is excellent.

"Sir,—In a work published with your name, you have done yourself the honour of attacking me. This you had a perfect right to do — no man entertains more profound contempt for you than I; and no man will more constantly give expression to that feeling. It has been my ambition through life to deserve the hostility of such arrogant coxcombs as yourself, and I am delighted to find your name enrolled among my public enemies."

This is very well; what follows is better. Bulwer had been so rash as to talk of beating Westmacott. In spite of the juvenility of the name, we do not think the *New Monthly* has a chance against the *Age*. We back the veteran at any odds. At all events, if Bulwer meant any thing beyond a cowardly rodomontade, he is bound to try his luck after the following retort from Bernard Blackmantle, appearing unmuffled, and without the gloves:

"But, sir, when you talk of personal castigation, you afford me an opportunity (which not even my scorn for your drivelling character can induce me to pass over) of publicly meeting the threat of a

* Letter to E. L. Bulwer from C. M. Westmacott. Ridgway. 1833. Pp. 16.

blustering bully. Yet, no — the class of bullies (and, according to your own boast, you have mixed with *all* classes) are, at all events, possessed of the semblance and pretence of manhood, and would have just cause of complaint if mentioned in conjunction with a sneaking and cowardly puppy. You, sir, must in this, as in all instances, stand alone. You belong to no class. The aristocracy justly despise a scribbling fop, the smallest of the poor small gentry. The literary world, with equal justice, despise the tuft-hunting cad of Henry Colburn. In parliament you are laughed at, and, in society, the object of ridicule. But though thus immeasurably below the bully, I will in pity bestow on you a few words of public notice."

These are "words that burn." Here Bulwer, who had declared his intention of belabouring Westmacott, is by the said Westmacott called a sneaking and cowardly puppy—a scribbling fop —the smallest of the poor small gentry — a tuft-hunting cad of Colburn — a butt of the House of Commons. Has Bulwer beaten Westmacott? Not he! he thinks better of it.

Then succeed some extracts from the *Age*, in which the nonsensical pretences of Beau Gingerbread are duly held up to contempt; and then comes something about ourselves, which we cannot forbear quoting:

"Your address to Lockhart, and likewise to Picken, are well known. An able writer in *Fraser's Magazine* soon exposed, with crushing hand, the impudent absurdity of the letter. Lockhart has hitherto despised you too much to make any answer. Base and ungrateful you are in your attack on him; for the main ideas, brutally perverted, of your novels, are stolen from his *Adam Blair* or *Reginald Dalton*, or the imitators of these works. By and by, perhaps, Lockhart may notice you in some withering sentence. To whom, then, have you awarded the meed of praise? To the worst authors of the sham fashionable school; to old D'Israeli, and to the pet scribblers, male and female, of the *Edinburgh Review*."

We flatter ourselves we *did* demolish the letter to Picken with "crushing hand." *We* may say "adieu, sir," to Bulwer, with great consolation to our own minds. Why Lockhart does not punish him we cannot tell; but we take it for granted that "there's a bra' time coming;" or perhaps the game is too low. From Lockhart down to Bulwer the descent is rather steep. We nevertheless recommend the *Quarterly Reviewer* to bestow a kick on the expelled *New Monthly* man, whenever he finds it convenient. It need not be very hard; for a slight infliction of such a foot as Lockhart's would be quite sufficient to destroy such a fragile object as that which Bulwer would present for pedal punishment.

It appears that the Shabbaroon had formerly made overtures of civility to Westmacott, whom he now libels:

"As you have dared to violate the sanctity of private life in your attack on me, and to impugn the respectability of my associations, without knowing who or what they are, I am justified in alluding to an occurrence which must prove you to be a very mean-spirited fellow. The *first* and only time I ever saw you was about twelvemonths since, upon the occasion of the Annual Literary Fund Committee Dinner, at the Star and Garter, Richmond, when your friend Mr. Jerdan contrived to place you in the chair, seating himself on your left hand. I selected my station at the bottom of one of the side tables, with a view to enjoy the society of some private friends. To my very great astonishment I was the *first* person challenged to take wine by you, the chairman of that meeting. I repeat, to my astonishment, and equally to the surprise of all around me, because it was notorious that for some time previously *The Age* had occasionally indulged its readers with remarks upon your politics and writings.

"Now, sir, if I was worthy of your *particular* selection for complimentary or friendly notice upon that occasion, aided as I could perceive by the advice of your friend Jerdan, to whom I have been known for some years, how does it happen that I have since fallen off so much in your estimation?—For the information of others, I shall answer the question.—The civility was intended to operate more upon my pen than my person. I had previously been solicited by your employer Colburn, to desist from any allusions to you or your works. I refused on public grounds, and was afterwards threatened with the suspension of his advertisements if I continued to do so; and this menace he assured me was made at your suggestion. What was the result?—I treated the threat with the contempt that it deserved, and instructed my clerks for the future to reject [at any price] any of Colburn's paid-for paragraphs puffing up you or your works. Since then, you sent your solicitor to threaten me with legal proceedings: did *I* quail before the man of law? Certainly not. I disclaimed any personal

motives for attacking you, for in truth, I, at that period, had none; but I reiterated my fixed determination to take what notice I pleased of your parliamentary medley, your ridiculous intrusion on public notice, and your rubbishing literature: I have done so, and I am not aware that in any instance I have departed from that straight-forward course which your politics and your peculiar acerbity in attacking your contemporaries fully justifies. The style of my villa, too, I am told, displeases you; I dare-say it does. I can easily imagine a poor devil of a bookseller's fag, who, to raise a few pounds for pressing necessities, is compelled to abstract himself from home and House of Commons, by taking up his residence in one of Ellis's back garrets at Richmond—whose days are passed with a yard of pipe-clay in one hand and a goose-quill in the other, sipping cold gin and water from morn to eve, and spinning such trash as 'England and the English'—must, in passing to and from London with his proof-sheets in his pocket, be exceedingly envious at hearing every one admire the snug, quiet, and delightful retreat of a more fortunate, though less aristocratical, writer. Still, there is something outrageously illiberal in this mode of attack, and for this reason,—*Vitruvius* Bulwer has no villa—no cottage—no house—no furniture of his own, that I know of, upon the architectural or decorative taste of which I can revenge myself."

The description of poor Bulwer in a back garret at Ellis's, in Richmond, composing *England and the English*, with a yard of clay in one hand and a pen in the other, over some meagre mixture of cold gin and water, is quite graphic; and the touch at the end, as to the villaless condition of Bulwer, is admirable. We cannot refrain from quoting the conclusion of Westmacott's spicy pamphlet:

"Enough of this. I deny that my paper is made the medium of anonymous attacks on honourable reputation. Its politics are decided and unswerving. It has never truckled to any ministry—never identified itself with the intrigues of any party. My name is subscribed at the end; and though sometimes threatened with prosecutions for political libels, there has never been a personal libel alleged against me. In angry times my politics brought me into collision with the ruling authorities of the state; but you will in vain search the records of the courts for a verdict of a jury against me. I am a different person from one who like you, Mr. Bulwer, retails the paltry gossip of the clubs, murdering, so far as your power can go, reputations, male and female, and skulks from putting into print the commonest remark upon the general profligacy of his associates, for fear of being kicked out of their company. I do not consort with persons whose characters I malign in one circle, and puff in another. I do not impugn the chastity of a lady, and then trumpet her forth to the public as the grace and ornament of any society. In fact, what I do is public. I bribe no low hacks of the critic press with silver standishes to praise me or my works. I do not bow cap in hand to the reporters to mis-report my speeches, and then affect an aristocratic hauteur over the 'penny-a-liners' to whom I have grovelled. None of these things can be alleged against me. There is not a degree of meanness—personal, literary, or political—which is not to be attributed to you.

"It seems that you are to chastise me personally, as others have done before. You are welcome to try. An editor of a newspaper which fairly and boldly exposes folly, knavery, stupidity, or imposture, will, of course, be the object of hatred to fools, knaves, blockheads, and quacks, and such persons will of course use their own appropriate means of annoyance. It has accordingly happened to me that I have been the object of cowardly attacks; but name the man whose character or person has not suffered from the encounter. The last of my quarrels was with your own brother Henry. I refer you to your intimate friend Captain Gronow for my conduct on that occasion. I may also refer to Mr. T. S. Duncombe, who, being a gentleman, will tell you how I behaved, and perhaps recommend you to be somewhat cautious in attempting to put your impotent threats into execution. I am ashamed, however, to write on such a subject; but how else am I to answer a blustering pretender! It is hard to answer the hired buffoon of pot-house meetings without degenerating into the language which he uses.

"I may conclude. I have proved that your imputations on me, public and private, are false. I have asserted that your threats against me are impotent and contemptible. I shall continue to speak of you, or to hold my tongue about you, according as I please. Even while I write, I find that your station as author (you never had any as a gentleman) is duly appreciated by your employer; and that, after having written down Colburn's magazine very nearly half its circulation, you are turned off—without a character; and so I leave you."

A splendid peroration! We rather

think that Mr. Bulwer will *not* thrash Mr. Westmacott. Mr. Westmacott may safely dispense with any further thrashing of Mr. Bulwer, for he has done it sufficiently as it is. Liston will not in a hurry forget this letter.

And here we let him go. He came into our magazine world with an impertinent swagger, as if he was of different clay from the rest of us. He insulted the very patriarchs of our tribe in his first essays, with a sort of reckless impudence which called for immediate punishment. It could not be expected that we, the old long-trained veterans of magazinery, were to be fluttered like doves in a dovecot by the first intruder among us, even though he had written some smart magazine papers, bound up in a volume called *Pelham;* and accordingly he was taught the difference. We have set the gentleman in his true light before the public, and he has skulked away from our corps with a damaged character and a battered countenance. His farewell to the readers of the *New Monthly* is one of the most comic specimens of lugubrious buffoonery ever exhibited on any stage, and only equalled by his namesake Liston's appearance while walking to his own funeral in the *Illustrious Stranger*. Bulwer himself, no doubt, imagined it to be something as touching and stupendous of interest as the farewell of Buonaparte to his Guard at Fontainebleau. In one respect it somewhat resembled that celebrated leavetaking, because both Bulwer and Buonaparte had most materially thinned and scattered the congregations which they addressed.

So now, as he has left us, we leave him. Henceforward he may be the prey of Westmacott, if that Great Captain of the Age thinks such garbage worthy preying upon. Bulwer may depend upon our word, when we assure him, that if he does not take some notice of the pamphlet which we have been just reviewing, he may abandon to the day of his death any pretensions to the character of a gentleman.

Adieu, sir!

2. As we have above exhibited one pair of periodical writers in single combat—if that can be called combat where all the heavy blows are on one side—we think it may not be an inappropriate wind-up to give a passing notice of another contest, in some degree of the same kind. Cobbett has been exposing one of the fifty mean Whig jobs which characterise this mean ministry of ours, and the ministerial papers have had orders to abuse him in consequence. Among those engaged in this work, we are sorry to see the once independent *Morning Chronicle*, which has now degraded its free condition to the servile posture of a Treasury hack. It defended the appointment of John Wood, the patriot of Preston, and his associates, to highly paid places on a quack commission, for the duties of which (if any thing honest were intended) they were wholly unqualified, and attacked Cobbett for his exposure of the job. The sage of Oldham is not a man to be knocked about with impunity; and in his *Register* of 21st September he thus returns the compliment:

" *Desperate Tax-eaters.*— It was naturally to be expected, that the pulling out of roaring Rushton by the hair of the head, and of sly and creeping Parkes by the heels, and the hustling of John Wood about, as we do a detected shop-lifter; it was natural to expect that these vermin, thus exposed as they were in the last *Register*, would become furious and extremely *tonguey*. That which I expected has taken place. John Wood, snug in his sixteen hundred a-year, eats his fat mess, and keeps quiet, like a yard-hog, when he comes at night for the swill: you may half beat his brains out; but to squeak, he must cease to eat; and, as my Lord Althorp knows as well as any man in England, the devil can't make him do that, while there is a drop at the bottom of the trough. How often these greedy tax-eaters must remind my lord of those hogs, of which he has long been so famous a breeder, and a pair of which, such as he once gave to John Price, I wish he would give me, not of his *two-legged* ones, for God's sake! Not of his roaring Rushtons, his Parkeses; but of those honest, and much more intelligent four-legged creatures, being of a reddish brown ground with yellow stripes. How often, when beset by the swinish multitude of tax-eaters at the Treasury, he must look back with a sigh towards the more moderate herd that he has left in Northamptonshire!

"It was natural to expect that these vermin would come forth with most bitter reproaches. They were lying, as they thought, out of sight, and forgotten: 'quiet as a sow in beans,' is an old saying. You cannot see her the beans are so high; the food is just upon a level with her mouth; it is at once nutritive

and moist (just like taxes); she munches and stuffs and sleeps; the beans afford her food, drink, and shelter, and, taking good care not to grunt, there she bides very often till pigging-time. Thus happily situated ten days ago, were Wood (emphatically called *John*), roaring Rushton, and Joseph Parkes. If you drag out the sow, my Lord Althorp knows what a devil of a noise she will make: you would think that murder was committing in every part of the village at one and the same time. When I was at Havre de Grace, rather more than forty years ago, I saw the people in the Grande Place, running towards a spot whence issued female screams of '*on m'assassine! on m'assassine!*' Believing that somebody was assassinating a woman, I ran amongst the rest; but to my agreeable surprise I soon found, that it was a woman that kept a certain sort of house, receiving discipline at the hands of a sort of beadle, who had her hands fast to a whipping-post, and was applying a cat very efficiently to her naked shoulders. Something in this sort of way, roaring Rushton and Parkes have been crying out against me, since I pulled them out in my last *Register*. As the means of putting forth their cries, they have resorted to Dr. Black, who, by a long series of tackings-about and of dulness, has, at last, brought the poor old *Chronicle* to that point, at which the doctors usually say, 'You may let her have what she likes.' I most solemnly declare that I believe it to be more than two months since I so much as saw a *Morning Chronicle*, until the 14th of this month, when a neighbour in Fleet Street, who generally sees it on its way somewhere else, saw the article which has called forth these remarks, and which I shall presently insert; and, seeing that there was something about me, he, the next day, got the paper second-hand, and made me a present of it; and thus, once more, I had a sight of dismal old *Chronicle*. The bare sight of her so impressed upon my mind the idea of her approaching dissolution, that I instinctively run my hand into my waistcoat-pocket, to search for a couple of old Liverpool's heavy pennies to lay upon her eye-lids. The article to which I have alluded, she called a *criticism* on the last *Register*. The first part of it was stupid beyond all conception; a sort of hash of church-history, bountifully bespangled with downright falsehoods, so impudent that one can hardly believe one's self when one reads them. The old thing said, that I said, that as to the church, '*all would be right*, if the parsons were not allowed to m[illegible];' but that I should not be able, 'to make the people of England in love with an unmarried priesthood.' My readers know well, that I never said the former, and that I never attempted to do the latter. In stating the causes which had produced the feebleness of the establishment, I had to represent the change from a single to a married clergy; and the great public injury arising from there being a numerous body in the nation, whose main business it was to breed gentlemen and ladies for the people to keep in some way or another. So far from my being singular in this respect, at any rate, I have all the great authorities on my side; and, particularly, Lord Bacon, who regards this very evil, of a numerous married clergy who must be continually producing persons that will not work, as one of the great causes of the ruin and overthrow of a state. This old doting *Chronicle* says that 'my argument applies with equal force to the aristocracy of the country.' The devil it does, stupid Doctor! The aristocracy have estates of their own, which are either entailed upon their children, or to be bequeathed to their children. When the parson dies, the income dies. When the lord, or the baronet, or 'squire dies, the income remains. And yet, in the half-German-half-Scotch brain of this murderer (I say it with tears in my eyes)—this murderer of my poor old acquaintance, the *Chronicle*, my opinion about the parsons' affair 'applies with *equal force* to the aristocracy of the country.' After this, he volunteers, as a sort of slavering, following a more copious and violent emission from his mouth, the following assertion: 'An economical expenditure of the public money will *in time* cut up aristocracy by the roots.' Why should it? An economical expenditure of the public money would naturally, on the contrary, preserve the estates of the country in the hands of the owners. The fifty millions of taxes are now 'cutting up aristocracy by the roots,' and cutting up industry by the roots at the same time. But, to reason with such a thing as this—with this crack-skulled quack, who has brought my old acquaintance to the verge of the grave—would, indeed, be to cast pearls before swine. The latter part of the article I shall, in compliment to my Lord Althorp, insert here entire, exhibiting, as it does, a considerable herd of his tax-eaters. It contains the cry of roaring Rushton and of the *pis-aller* Parkes, who, they tell me, are pot-companions of this murderer of the poor *Chronicle*, who, if she, indeed, were to cry out '*on m'assassine! on m'assassine!*' would have reason enough on her side. The German-Scotchman says, in the course of the passage which I am about to insert, that I have lost all '*moral*

station.' The poor *Chronicle* has not, for she is *moving*, God knows! fast down towards that 'bourne from which no traveller returns.' The passage to which I have alluded I shall now insert, begging my readers to have the patience to go through it with as much attention as they can make shift to bestow upon it.

We decline entering into the question as to the circulation or condition of the *Morning Chronicle*, because we think such inquiries are very unfair, and are sure that the publication of the stamp returns by order of the House of Commons is a most unjust and partial proceeding. All we shall say is, that the leading writing in the *Morning Chronicle* is some of the very best that the daily press has ever produced, and that if it does not command success, it deserves it. Perhaps it is somewhat too clever and scholastic for ordinary readers, and does not sufficiently administer to the coarse appetite of the reading public. But to return to Cobbett. How capital the old fellow is always in his illustrations drawn from rural life! The picture of John Wood, tranquilly and in silence swilling his mess like a yard-hog, perfectly regardless of any beating he may receive as long as that mess is before him — quiet as a sow in beans, uttering not a grunt lest he should lose a mouthful—is admirable. We see the greedy porker before us in all the glories of sagination; and we recommend the portraiture to the consideration of the enlightened constituency of Preston, who returned that independent member of the whitetoothed herd of Eumæus.

Then follow some extracts from the *Morning Chronicle*, in the course of which Cobbett is reminded of the various castigations he received in parliament from Sir Robert Peel, Spring Rice, &c.; to which the member for Oldham thus replies:

"I now come to the mere reptile part of this article. These fellows say: 'it is not astonishing that Mr. Cobbett should *revile* Mr. Spring Rice, Sir Robert Peel, and the members of the reformed House, amongst whom he soon found his *level*.' Now, when have I ever, since I entered that House, *reviled* in my writings either of these two members of Parliament, or the members of the House generally, or any portion of the House? I was foully treated, and especially by Lord Althorp, in the case of my motion relative to Sir R. Peel; my honourable and excellent colleague was still more foully treated upon that occasion; and the House behaved in such an unfair manner, that I was compelled to publish my *reply* to Sir Robert Peel; but never have I *reviled* Sir Robert Peel since I have been a member of that House; never have I *reviled* the House, or any portion of the House, in any writings of mine. On the contrary, I have abstained from doing that which I should have had a right to do, in censuring members of Parliament; I have laid it down as a rule, that, having now a seat in the House myself, any thing that I have to say against members of the House, is to be said to their faces, and not behind their backs. Why, there are many of them on whom I could take vengeance, and most ample vengeance, for the ill-natured and unjust things that they have said of me in the House, when they knew that I had not an opportunity of defending myself; but, I never have done this; I never have availed myself of this great advantage that I possess over them: my legal right to do it is clear enough; but the moral right is doubtful; and, therefore, I never exercise this power. I have a memory as well as other men; and it is for me to take vengeance where the wrong has been done me, or not take it at all. And, as to Mr. Spring Rice and Sir Robert Peel, they themselves will, I am sure, be the two very first men in this kingdom to reprobate the meanness of these reptiles. My contests with Mr. Spring Rice have been the effect of a sense of duty on both sides. He resorted to a species of hostility quite consonant with the laws and customs of Treasury warfare; but, I am sure that he will never say, that my language deserved the appellation of *reviling*; or that he ever saw in me any signs either of anger or ill-humour; and, above all things, any signs of mean spite, proceeding from mortification. The contests between me and Mr. Spring Rice are to be *renewed*: the campaign is ended, but the war is not over; and it never will be over, on my part, as long as the stamp-laws exist with their present provisions in them. Mr. Spring Rice is a most industrious, active, and ever-ready opponent; and, knowing the virtues of the bench on which he sits, and the value of the heavy forces at his back, he now and then stretches the limits prescribed by the rules of war to their *utmost extent*, to say the least of it. But I have never *complained* of Mr. Spring Rice; happen what will, I never complain; and, if people complain of me, there I am to receive any vengeance that they are able to inflict. As to Sir Robert Peel, besides that I have never availed myself of my own literary means of assailing him, I have not copied from others who have assailed him; and that I might

have done, without any departure from the rule of conduct which I have laid down for myself. He will not say, that he has perceived any lurkings of resentment in my conduct. He was on a committee with me, had to investigate a matter in which he naturally felt a deep interest. His opinions and the bias of his mind upon the subject were precisely opposite to mine on the same subject. He entered into very long cross-examinations of witnesses whom I had brought forward and examined in chief; this was a case to try men's tempers; and, let these—no not these reptiles!—but let any gentleman ask Sir Robert Peel, whether, during the whole course of that proceeding, he discovered in my conduct any thing indicating prejudice, partiality, a desire to come to a wrong conclusion; and, above all things, whether he ever perceived any thing in my conduct of ill-humour, or of lurking resentment. He will at once answer, No.

"But, do these miserable reptiles believe, that they can creep under the gaberdine of Mr. Spring Rice and Sir Robert Peel, and *tickle them on to resentment and assault against me?* 'No, thank you,' these gentlemen will say: 'rather not, if it is all the same to you.' Mr. Spring Rice will think of his constituents, for he has some now; and Sir Robert Peel will not fail to remember, that this same mercenary hack, who is cutting the throat of the poor old *Chronicle*, always calls him *Joseph Surface*, when the base Whigs think it their interest to order him so to do! That is to say, calls him one who is the profoundest of hypocrites for the most selfish and basest of purposes; a name, be it observed, which I never gave him; and I never imputed to him any base or selfish motive, even when he praised the Whigs, and Denman in particular, for their manly conduct in prosecuting me. I found fault with this at the time; but having resented it, I have never even mentioned it since, though I might have done it upon many occasions, and made it most annoying to him; but, not even this could ever have tempted me to impute base and selfish motives to him, as this vile murderer of the *Chronicle* has been continually doing, when the Whigs thought that the baronet's movements indicated danger to themselves—when, in short, they have trembled at the thought of seeing exerted those talents before which their coward hearts and empty heads could not have stood, provided all things had been duly and judiciously arranged. After all this 'Joseph Surfacework,' resorted to upon all these numerous occasions, here are these reptiles, creeping under the skirts of Sir Robert Peel, in the vain hope, that he and Mr. Spring Rice will give them that protection from me, which, after looking about them wildly in all directions, they think that they can find no others. Figure to yourself, for example, me with a horsewhip flogging Rushton into a double *roar*, making Parkes squeak like a guinea-pig, while John Wood skulks off, silently, to Somerset House; see Mr. Spring Rice and Sir Robert Peel seated at table, see roaring Rushton and *pis-aller* Parkes, one running his head under the skirts of one of them, and one his head under those of the other; see both begin to kick, toe and heel, with a 'D—n you, get out you vermin!' see them sprawling upon the floor, and my heavy-thonged whip cracking upon their sides, and then you have a correct graphic description of the present moral state of things with regard to these plundering parties."

We think that the talents of Spring Rice are sadly over-rated in this extract; but, again, the concluding picture is fine. We suggest it to the notice of H. B. But the final castigation is the grandest bit of all:

"But, though it is difficult to beat that, the close of this article must not be wholly overlooked. I am accused of 'constant enmity to those most nearly approximating to my own popular opinions.' The creatures pulled out here by me are, this murderous fellow Black, John Wood, roaring Rushton, and *pis-aller* Parkes. Have these *most nearly* approximated to my popular opinions? Black, whose opinions have always been opposed to mine, except in the cases where he has been obliged to come over to me; Black, who really *abused* me when I first started the proposition of poor-laws for Ireland, which was in the year 1822; Black, who has been constantly on the side of the spy-police system; Black, whom I actually cut, openly and publicly cut, because he recommended the establishment of a *rural police* and a *paid magistracy* all over the country: John Wood, who, and whose cunning old father, and their canting crew, flung me out of the seat for Preston, with the aid and assistance of the partisans of Mr. Stanley, whom, however, I do not accuse of having had any participation in the base act; and though he did say some ill-natured things of me at the time, his conduct was as free from meanness and disguise as mine was: roaring Rushton; what the devil of approximation is there between his opinions and mine? he having been the hired bottle-holder of John Wood at Preston, never having had any opinions except about mathematical instruments; perhaps, and the grinding of

newspapers at Liverpool, going to the bar, or what he calls '*studying the law*,' at the suggestion significantly given by the sleek Wm. Huskisson; having been at the bar about a year, in virtue of having crammed his great carcase at Lincoln's Inn, for which he ought to have been charged double price, never having been heard of at an assize, a quarter-sessions, a petty-sessions, or even at a police-office, his head covered with the growth of gray mares' tails, and his body with the camlet that ought to have gone to make his wife a gown, coming now and sacking public money, as a sage of the law, to unravel the history of ancient charters, and to suggest a code for the municipal government of a great kingdom! What approximation (my God, I shall go crazy!) is there between the roaring Rushton and me? And last comes the *pis-aller* Parkes, whom I actually *detected*—caught him in the fact—carrying Whig-whispers about London, to prepare the way for the announcement of Brougham's twenty-pound-qualification project; absolutely caught him, as I have done a pole-cat when a boy, took him by the neck, shook him, held him up over my head, and with the damnable sight frightened all the great towns in the north, Birmingham excepted, and made them rush forward to defeat the project, to pave the way for which this gabbling attorney was employed! Pretty *approximation* is there here! and thus the reptiles stand exposed to the ridicule of this whole nation.

Roaring Rushton and *Pis-aller* Parkes will not be in any hurry to attack Cobbett any more; they will eat their mess henceforward in silence — not a grunt will be heard. God help us! what a hungry crew has been let loose on this country within the last three years! Coleridge must have had the advent of the Whigs in his prophetic eye when he described the repast of the swine:

> "Underneath a broad oak-tree,
> There was of swine a huge company;
> They grunted as they ate the mast,
> Which fell from the branches full and fast."

A more magnificent grunter over his swinish meal than Roaring Rushton cannot be conceived; and if the mast does not fall full and fast from the broad oak-tree, at the foot of which he is grubbing, it will not be any fault of his.

"So far, so good. Having clenched those nails, let us go to the next board, which, thank God! is pretty nearly the last. The murderer says, that *I oppose corporation reform*. From the very first mention of the thing, I have said, that it was most desirable; I voted for the law authorising the commission; I did not think myself competent to state the reasons for such a measure, and, therefore, I contented myself with giving my vote for it. When objections were started to the establishing of corporations in the new boroughs, I did my best to answer those objections, and, amongst other things, I mentioned the great good which the cities of America had derived from their establishing corporations; and, with regard to a reform of the present corporations, it required the dirty souls of these reptiles to enable them to put forth the shameless assertion, that I had ever been opposed to such reform. 'Ay, ay,' said they, 'but you are opposed to us, roaring Rushton and *pis-aller* Parkes, getting our backs covered, our maws crammed, and being able to strut about like gentlemen, by the means of this reform; or, rather, under pretence of making such reform.' Very true: in this sense, I am very much against corporation reform; and this is the sense in which you understand it, and in no other sense whatever. But, as to this corporation reform in itself, my opinion is, that it is intended, and principally intended, to introduce a *Bourbon-police system*, to supplant the municipal government of England. Look at the whole of the proceedings, distant as well as proximate. The scheme is Brougham's, who is a schemer that never will be at rest while there is a head upon his shoulders. He has a design, or he *had* a design, manifestly, to make a total revolution in the manner of governing England and Wales. It was Lord Grey's great and unfortunate error to consent to put so much power into his hands. He was sure to work with the press; was sure to have swarms of schemers about him; was sure to attempt to do, that which he has attempted, and is still attempting to a certain extent. By a display of well-grounded complaints about charity-abuses, he got a *charity commission* appointed, and thereby got at the means of overawing those who had the charities in their hands. He had declared, long before, that he was ready to defend the doctrines of Malthus to their full extent. As soon as he was in power, he asserted, that he himself would prepare and bring in a new poor-law. This being too perilous an undertaking, and being *dared* to it by me, he got a *commission* appointed to inquire into the state of the poor-laws, and to suggest remedies. The commissioners were the bishops of London and Chester, with Sturges Bourne, Harry Gawler,

Senior the '*poleetecal economeest*,' Coulston, who was Jerry Bentham's amanuensis, and also a *reporther*, and one Tate, or Trail, or something, who had been a something to Sir Samuel Romilly. As to the two bishops, they had, one would think, quite enough to do with their diocesan and parliamentary duties, without becoming part of a poor-law commission. And, then, the other five were a pretty set to make inquiries and offer suggestions, the result of which was to be, an entire new code of laws, relating to matters the most interesting and the most ticklish in the world, and directly affecting, in one way or another, every square inch of real property in the kingdom. These commissioners would, by this time, have had a good parcel of our money in their pockets, had they and their master not been in too great haste. The sages themselves, Coultston, Senior, &c. met and sat in London, whence they sent out scouts, called '*assistant-commissioners*,' to go about the country, with written instructions to make inquiries and report the result. The conclave in London, always at hand to hold communication with the Pope of the scheme, intended to have a report ready to lay before parliament, during the last session. But it was thought necessary that such a grand affair should be preceded by an *avant courier*, in imitation of the rascally old Bishop Burnett's preface, so admirably ridiculed and exposed by Swift. This *avant courier* was an octavo book of 400 or 500 pages, distributed amongst the members of the House of Commons, which may be truly called the *Book of Lies*. It is stated to contain extracts from the reports of the scouts; and it contains those extracts, together with the *instructions* given to these scouts. Long before this book appeared, I had repeatedly denounced this poor-law commission, as intended to forward a project for introducing a hired magistracy and a spy-police into every town and village in England and Wales; to reduce the working-people to live upon potatoes, by abolishing all relief through the poor-laws; to bring all power hitherto local into the hands of the government in London; and, in short, to establish an iron despotism, equal in ferocity to that of Austria or Russia. The *Book of Lies* verified all that I had said; laid the scheme bare; but, it roused the people, and roused the magistrates themselves. A petition from Horsham brought on a discussion that blasted the Book of Lies, in an attempt to defend which, not a soul opened his lips. On the '*rural police*,' for which the infamous *Chronicle* had been preparing the way, the Calthorpe-street-affair, the affair of Popay, and the night-milking of the cows by the police-vagabonds at Peckham, formed a very effective commentary. No question that it must be for the happiness of the country, to milk the cows by night! Mr. Lennard, member for Malden, who appears to be a very worthy man, dropped a word, very early in the session, about the necessity of a '*rural police*.' When such a man had been so deceived, it was high time that somebody should be vigilant; and the scheme got pretty well dragged about, a month before the close of the session: *just at the close*, not leaving time to print it, and give it to us, came the grand report, apparently consisting of an immense volume or two in folio, when it shall be in print. I beat about, by question after question, to know whether there was any *Money* to pass between us and Coulston and Co.; and I never had peace of mind till I got an assurance from Lord Althorp, that the commissioners were not to be paid, and that the scouts were to have little more than their expenses.

"Thus stands this part of the scheme at present, of which '*simplifying*' scheme the *Local Courts Bill* formed a part. But the commissions, of which there is a notable instance in the *charity commission*, seem to be the grand source of the Whigs for the feeding of their hangers-on. This roaring Rushton and Co. have already swallowed up fifteen thousand pounds. In a letter from Hull, which will be found in another part of the *Register*, and which I take from '*Nicholson's Commercial Gazette*,' my readers will have a view of *another Whig commission*, of which Mr. Hill, one of the members for Hull, is a member. Accounts are coming from all quarters, with piercing outcries about the charity-commissioners. Then there is to be a West India commission, an Irish corporative commission, an Irish poor-law commission; a commission to make inquiries about the statute and common laws; and God knows how many besides. So that here is a government carried on by commissions, which will cost, in one way, or another, *half a million* of pounds sterling a-year. It will be the business of the House of Commons in particular to put a stop to this dreadful work; for if it be suffered to go on, it will become an evil a thousand times greater than rotten boroughs

"Thus have I, having not the least thought of doing it, been led along into this long train of observations by the miserable spite of Black, roaring Rushton, and *pis-aller* Parkes, the whole of whom, if they were tied up in a string, would not sell for the paper upon which I have been writing this; nor for so

much as the bare signature of
"WM. COBBETT."

Every word of the above is worth reading. We do not stop to quarrel about trifles—such, for example, as the abuse of "rascally old Bishop Burnet"—because these are things to be taken with grains of salt. We have quoted the passage, because to those classes who are qualified to read and admire Cobbett, he has long been a sealed book. They who are able properly to appreciate his racy, vigorous, and truly English style, never read him; which is quite wrong. We venture to say, that what we here extract will come before the eyes of nine-tenths of our readers for the first time, in the pages of this Magazine; and yet what can be better! Cobbett never was a Whig; in all his errors and wanderings he has a strong relish of old English feeling about him. He has a true British hatred of gendarmes, Bourbon police, Whig spies, hireling magistrates, London bureaux, Malthusian abominations, political economy villanies; of every thing, in short, which labours to depress the country gentleman and degrade the agricultural interest. He hates the projects for centralising every thing in London, and putting the government of red tape and green ferrit in place of the time-honoured institutions of King Alfred. In all this we agree with him; and, after all, these are some of the main articles of the sound creed of Toryism. We agree with him also, in a great measure, with respect to the education-quackery forced upon the public; but cannot enter into that question at present. We shall have many opportunities of recurring to it.

EBENEZER SHABRACH ON YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

J. U. S. Club.

MY DEAR YORKE,

"There is nothing like leather," cried the currier, long ago, when the country was in jeopardy. "Lend the Irish only one million of money to pay their tithes; and as they are, and always have been, a prudent, saving, sober, pains-taking people, they are not likely to use more than three or four hundred thousand pounds," cries Mr. Littleton. "It is a shame to crush the niggers!—let them be as free as Jews or Roman Catholics," says Stanley, with both his hands on the table. "Bank charter!" roars Brummagem Attwood. "Don't Mister me!" cries Cobbett. "Thunder and furiation—hubbuboo!" whispers O'Connell, as gently as a sucking dove. And so passes the session, and we are gone! I trust the yeomanry cavalry will hold on in spite of fate and a fall in the three per cents; long may they last, if but to afford a day's amusement to one who, like myself, loves to live, and sometimes loves to laugh.

I intended to have bestowed an odd hour on the consideration of some of the sundry political quackeries of the day, when I commenced my letter to your editorial invisibleness; but sick, as General the Count Von Phuke was of the Austrian service when he threw up his commission, of aims without ends, measures without fruition—of energetic folly and stultified bother, shewn by the ins and the outs, I would rather be brayed in a mortar at once than venture in the slough of political abominations, redolent with the fetid odours of 1833; and will fling you, instead, a picture of a yeomanry review I saw last week in the country. Oh! if the grouse only knew that on the 12th of August I was in the south instead of the north, how the rascals would strut about the moors, clapping their hands for joy, and singing songs of thanksgiving; but, as Dick Martin says, "How can a man be in two places at once, like a bird?" I devote one whole hour each day in reciting the comfortable ecclesiastical curse as recorded in *Tristram Shandy*, against a certain committee in a certain house, that keeps me in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's when my foot should be on the heather, my eye on the black-cock, and my hand on Joe Manton's best.

I have seen the troops of almost every power in Europe, have served a long apprenticeship to the glorious trade of arms, but, ye gods of Olympus! I never witnessed any thing equal to the yeomanry cavalry of England. You shall judge of what they are by what I saw.

The morning for the review was as

wet as any night I ever passed at mess, or the "Noctes," my dear Yorke; shower succeeding shower with a greater rapidity than ever tumbler succeeded tumbler at our deepest jollifications, and old Phœbus looking pretty much like a red-faced sergeant-major of the Coldstream, who had taken an over-dose of brandy and water on the previous evening—so murky were his beams, so maudlin was his twinkling. But a stormy morning has frequently been the prelude of a glorious afternoon—Waterloo to wit; for,

> "Veiled in clouds, the morning rose;
> Nature seem'd to mourn the day,
> Which consigned, before its close,
> Thousands to their kindred clay."

And scores, if not thousands, of the heroic, never-flinching, unconquerable yeomanry hussars, were drunk as swine, and "consigned to their kindred clay," long before Night

> "Upon their swift career looked down."

It was not a morning to enjoy in perfection the beauties of Merton park, where the review was to be held; still a commonly fertile imagination could readily picture to itself its appearance, when spring and sunshine combined to clothe nature in her greenest, brightest garb. Gently undulating ground stretched away, in woods and pasture, over hundreds of acres devoted to pleasure-lands, in the excellent old fashion of the real English park. Here and there clumps of venerable forest-trees in aristocratic dignity spread their long arms, and reared their proud heads, over the aspiring plantation or the plebeian copse. Oaks, which might have been rooted there for centuries—beech, that for ages had shed their copper leaves on the ground—and chestnut of the finest growth, were scattered lavishly through the grounds, but leaving a considerable extent of uninterrupted greensward, where a commander who knew his business might have handled a force equal to the number of regular troops in England. The approach to the mansion of the noble owner from the main road allowed vistas, through which the several troops were descried at some distance, each bivouacing, like regular campaigners, under the clumps of trees, and making themselves as comfortable as umbrellas, cloaks, and tobacco-pipes, would admit. The horses picketed, with the bridles hanging upon their necks, at a distance, put me in mind of the happy times when I thought an outlaying picket a capital lark, and found a mouldy biscuit, a ration of rusty pork, and a glass of rum, a more palatable refection than a Gunter breakfast or a white-bait dinner. Notwithstanding the rain, the concourse assembled in the park to take a lesson in the noble sport of mimic war was prodigious. A row of carriages was in the front rank, close to the flag where the lord-lieutenant of the county was to be posted, filled with the first families for twenty miles round. Blushing beauty bloomed in all the colours of the *Court Magazine* rainbow; aristocratic height tossed its head with conscious consequence; and tag-rag and bob-tail, in holyday glee, jostled, romped, and swore like free-born Britons, lifting up their most sweet voices to the clouded firmament, when it pleased them to be vociferous, without any distinct reference to reason, time, place, or the society whom they were for the moment surrounding. All classes joined, however, in one wish—I was near saying, in one execration—that the rain would cease. The prayers (if any there were) were heard. Suddenly the clouds lifted, and as much blue as would make a pair of Dutchman's breeches appeared to windward, just above the horizon. A rising breeze succeeded the calm through which the dull, straight, heavy patter-patter, had descended to earth, away flew the clouds, and out burst the glorious sun in full meridian majesty, to gladden our souls and dry our clothes. The war-stirring trumpet now sounded to arms, and its brazen throat called the warriors to the field. Each trooper threw away his hat and umbrella, seized his shako and sword, rolled his cloak on his crupper, drew the girths of his nag, put his pipe in his holster, and in the short space of one hour from the time the "turn out" sounded, was ready for war and slaughter—battle, murder, and sudden death. Six well-clad troops successively presented themselves to our warrior-struck visions, and took their prescribed places, while a seventh kept the ground.

On a person totally unacquainted with military matters, the troops would doubtless have had an imposing effect; and even to an old soldier's eye there was much to admire. The men had the

thews and sinews of thorough-bred John Bulls; and in general, the horses were those which the starving farmers in this time of deep, deplorable agricultural distress, contrive to hunt three times a fortnight with the fox-hounds, up to twelve stone, across a country. The clothing, horse-furniture, and accoutrements, being new, looked, and doubtless were, excellent: but the squared shoulder, the military seat, the light hand, the exactly graceful position of the accoutrements, the careless confidence of the *vrai troupier* in himself, his weapons, his horse, and his officer, which practice and discipline alone can bestow—all comprised in the French monosyllable *chic*,—there was none. Crapo might say of our cavalry yeomanry, "*Ils n'ont pas de chic.*" As yet, however, it was not fair to give a decided opinion in their favour, or the reverse.

Up straggled the troops, *cum longo intervallo*, and, without a very considerable deal of difficulty, formed three sides of a hollow square—the centre squadron facing the camp colour. Our party, consisting of two old brother-officers of mine—one a steel-backed Tory, and the other a self-styled constitutional Whig—and myself, took up a position in our britchska as near as possible in the line of carriages; and, waiting the arrival of the great fish who were to set the minnows in motion, made our professional and political remarks on the passing scene.

"By the shade of Sir David Dundas!" cried Jack Hammond, "the self-esteeming heroes are by no means so badly dressed, armed, or mounted, as I expected to find: a little of Dalbiac's drilling, however, would perhaps make their appearance more military than its present hop-picking state presents just now. Look at that broad-shouldered, six-foot fellow, with the collar of his jacket unhooked and turned over, quietly taking a pinch of snuff while in conversation with his officer about beans, barley, and bacon. Sink your heels, sir! and don't turn out your toes like those of your colonel's ancestor, Sir Christopher Hatton, of dancing memory. Straighten your back, hold up your head, and give your hand leave of absence from the pummel of your saddle, with which it is flirting! The rogue regards me with infinite contempt!"

"To be sure he does," cried Tom Smith, the constitutional Whig, "fortunately he is not under your command, or the interior of the guard-room might be tried on his shoulders. I suppose you would treat him as Wyndham of the Greys did that poor fellow Somerville."

"By the Lord Harry, I would!" exclaimed steel-backed Jack; "and if, with the help of Providence and the commander-in-chief, I ever put foot in stirrup at the head of a regiment, I'll prevent my men interfering in matters which can only lead to mischievous results, rendering him unhappy with his lot—a regular grumbler, a coxcombical critic, instead of an obedient soldier; and making him an armed ruffian instead of an excellent tool. How the deuce should you like your troop sergeant-major to tell you that he had not inspected the men at their private parade, because he was just putting a finishing touch to an article on political economy for the Birmingham Union? Or what would you say if he talked about the liberty of the subject, when you ordered him to drive a Bristol mob into the Avon! Basil Hall's ideas of punishments in the navy apply equally to the army — look through his *Fragments*, and amend your notions."

"Basil Hall is a fine fellow, considering his high-flown Tory absurdities," said Tom Smith; "but he may be wrong. Here comes the yeomanry colonel, however; he is a Tory too."

"Neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring," returned Jack; "with the strongest, honestest wish to be one of the *ins*, he has a happy knack of being, under all administrations, one of the *outs*."

"His private life is excellent," said I; "but public men's lives are public property; and at a time when the cry of reform produced anarchy and confusion, when kings were at a discount, and demagogues at a premium, something consistent was looked for in the example shewn by a nobleman of his lordship's rank, wealth, and influence in the country."

"Odds, penny trumpets, reform meetings, and most sweet voices!" exclaimed Jack; "when the wildfire of a rebellious change blazes through a country, the lightest material—usually the most inflammable—is ripe for the spark; and emptiness being inflated with the noxious gas of gin-saturated lungs —"

"A bull, Jack!" cried I.

" Never mind," said he, " 'tis only a poetical license; emptiness may be filled with nothing, I hope. What may be under his lordship's *os frontis*, I cannot pretend to say; but in a time when the mob of labourers dictated terms to their employers, and shewed their displeasure by midnight conflagration and destruction of machinery, this heaven-born legislator should not have resembled a bucket in a well,—wound high up as a Tory to-day, descending low into a Whig to-morrow; — excuse me, Smith; — and blarneying the men of Kent about reform. Anon he is ashamed of his connexion, and stands aloof; the bucket is suspended mid-way between light and darkness, like Mahomet's tomb between earth and heaven, or an ass between the bundles of grass. Then our sapient administration set the yeomanry going again. A new plaything delights the chubby full-grown baby, and who so forward in the field as the gallant colonel? Well, well; we shall have some fun, at any rate."

A shout in our rear drew our attention to a procession advancing from the house, led by the noble lady who was to present the colours to the troops. Four magnificent roan horses drew the elegant vehicle slowly forward, tossing their heads, and arching their lofty crests, as if conscious of their honourable load. In the exquisitely moulded and majestic form of the charioteer, in her eagle eye and sweet smile, noble and benevolent features, Bellona and Venus were united. Gracefully she held the reins—vigorously she applied the whip. So warlike, yet so feminine, so commanding, yet so soft, she was a lovely compound of the Lady Winchelsea and his Grace of Wellington. A numerous cavalcade of carriages and horsemen followed; ladies, soldiers, and clergymen, crowded after. The six troops, as I before mentioned, formed three sides of a hollow square, and Lady Marsa Mathematico gee-up'd her steeds along the line of carriages to form the fourth.

Nothing terrestrial ever surpassed the appearance of the gallant lady who was about to address the cerulean-clad, heroic clod-hoppers, as she presented to them their colours. Twice she essayed to speak, and the listening crowd was hushed in silent admiration. First she blushed and looked down, then she coughed and looked up. " Hear, hear!" cried Colonel Buffer Brussels Jones. Encouraged by the cheering voice of the patriotic warrior, she waved her lily hand, and her third attempt was eminently successful. The silver sound of her soft and most musical tones reached further than the stentorian roar of O'Connell, or the ear-piercing cry of the silken-robed orator of Louth. As she warmed to her subject, her form seemed to expand, her loveliness increased, and the eye which before was cast down in feminine timidity, now dilated with conscious talent. I was forcibly reminded of the beautiful Gerona, the Zaragossa heroine, when she appeared before the junta of Madrid. The same softness was expressed in every feature, the same devotedness of soul. When she spoke of the warlike deeds which the yeomanry cavalry would perform, if they only had an opportunity, she was all fire; when she alluded to her loving relatives, she was all tenderness.

" And now go forth, men of Kent," said her ladyship; " go forth in the strength of innocence, in the vigour of moral worth! flesh your maiden swords with all possible despatch—slaughter all your enemies if you can—but pity beauty when driven to despair, and take not from poverty when reduced to distress—in war be discreet—in peace be merciful—and I trust the strokes of your sabres, whether vertical, horizontal, oblique, or otherwise; whether your points describe squares, triangles, rhombuses, circles, ellipses, parabolas, hyperbolas, or the reverse; whether in rectilineal, curvilineal, mixtelineal, or other figures, [*Hear! from Dr. Olinthus Gregory of Woolwich*], I trust that the attraction of cohesion may be evinced between the trebly gratified steel of your weapons and the ruddy life-blood of your foes."

Here a shout rent the heavens, that was distinctly heard by two commanders of the navy who were taking a pint of small beer at their club in Bond Street. " Splendid eloquence!" " astounding knowledge!" " wery unaccountable—good!" were words heard on all sides. " *Murri roo kimbi!* as we say in Hawwaii!" cried Dr. Bowring; " almost beats me," said Peter Robertson; " bother!" muttered Sir Morgan O'Doherty.

" As for you, my noble and gallant lord," continued Lady Marsa Mathe-

matico, "unrivalled in arms, unconquerable in debate, and uncompromising in principle, my feelings effervesce beyond control, at the proud thought that you hold the exalted post of leader to this gallant band [*His lordship bowed, took his handkerchief from his holster and blew his blue nose*]. An Aristides in honesty, a Pericles in eloquence, and a Themistocles in war, you require no addition to complete your warlike and political character—to strike terror into an opponent, or infuse courage into a friend—I wish, however, you had a mustache upon your warlike lip." So did the noble lord, but he said nothing.

At this most interesting moment, a fat coachman thrust himself before me, and prevented several sentences reaching my ear. When next I heard her, she said something of this sort: "And now to conclude—the few words I have addressed to you I am confident will not be flung idly to the winds. Under such a leader, with such arms, and such hearts, what host can oppose you with success? what enemy will not run away? May your courage boil like ether in an exhausted receiver; and may the superabundant glory of the achievements which you doubtless want but an opportunity of performing, shed a more brilliant halo round your county's arms—round the 'White Horse' and 'Invicta,' than the dazzling refulgence of oxygenated muriate of potassium blazing in a firmament of carbonic acid gas! I can assure the world in general, and the northern temperate zone in particular, that the rapidity of your charges will out-speed the electric fluid from the cloud, the roar of your charging war-cry out-bray the clanging bangs of heaven's artillery, and the sphere of your renown equal in extent the circulation of *Fraser's Magazine!* When at last all ceases to be every thing, and nothing no longer is nought—when the loves of the angels merge into the loves of the triangles, and when chaos is come again—then will your azure uniforms float high in an argent field, unhurt amidst the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!"

Acclamations of the most superlative order followed. Oft as they ceased, were they renewed with undiminished vociferation. Glade, mound, and grove, echoed back the shout. Dungeness lighthouse shook like an aspen leaf—the Cinque Ports shuddered—and Romney Marsh had a fit of the ague.

The squadrons now wheeled back into line, and formed with open ranks at double distance, to allow the big folk to inspect them. A silver-embroidered, silver-haired, druidical general officer, the lord lieutenant of the county, rode forward; his right hand grasped the reins, and his left brandished his feather, with which he dexterously whisked off the flies from his white charger. It put me in mind of the *chouries* used by our East Indian *sices.* I knew not before the use of an officer's feather; but—live and learn. The *United Service Journal* has been dullish lately, so I mean to enliven it next month with an article on feathers generally, and plumes in particular.

Inspection over, the line broke into open column of half squadrons, and marched past in review order; and very well they looked—for yeomanry. The ranks, at a walk, were tolerably well kept, no man being at any time more than two yards and a half out of his proper place. Trotting past was also tolerably well performed—the troopers riding with the foot well home in the stirrup, and rising thereon with infinite grace and comfort. But cantering past beat any thing I ever saw—the different troops moving with all the regularity and compactness of a flock of sheep. "Hurra!" shouted a fox-hunting lieutenant, as he spurred his hunter forward, and passed a fat innkeeper who was kicking the sides of a lean post-horse—perhaps not

——"right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels."

"Yoicks! forward!" cried old Joe, the whipper-in. "Hark to him! hark! hark!" roared Harry Oxenden, thinking of old times. "Silence in the ranks, gentlemen!" called out the adjutant, a steady old file from the Enniskilleners; "you are not huntsmen!"

At length the "halt" was sounded, and the troopers gradually regained their prescribed positions.

"The finest thing I ever saw!" said the venerable lord-lieutenant to the colonel. "Quite animating!" returned the latter. "Mural crowns should adorn the brows of each and every one of them," observed Lady Mathematico.

The sword exercise was then performed; and, by a special and most merciful dispensation of Providence,

no damage was done by the troopers to each other, though one horse had his ear cut off, and two others were sharply pricked in their rumps. A few simple manœuvres were gone through afterwards, and really not so badly done as I expected. To be sure, one man's cap fell to the ground with the owner's head in it; the fox-hunting lieutenant's horse ran away with him right across the country, clearing hedge, brook, and gate, with vast success, until he stopped at his own stable; and the fat inn-keeper was so exhausted, that he was obliged to pull up in the middle of a charge, and go off to a refreshment-booth, erected on the ground, for a glass of cold gin and water, to enable him to get through the remainder of his work. Yet still they were full of zeal, and deserved some of the encomiums passed on their warlike deeds by the lord-lieutenant; though the fastidious eye of an old soldier might detect much that was ridiculous, and which was the necessary result of want of proper training, and systematic and constant attention to rules—rules impossible to be enforced under existing circumstances.

And now came on that portion of the day's work so congenial to the gastric sympathies of a real John Bull, without which no business, whether charitable, political, or warlike, can be successfully terminated. "The roast beef of Old England," that "tocsin of the soul," ushered the troopers to a magnificent dinner, spread in a tent, large enough to contain three or four hundred people, and full justice was done to the good things thereat. Wine and ale put all hands in good humour. The lord lieutenant made a long speech, and praised the yeomanry—the noble colonel made a short one, and praised himself. Success to the agricultural was drank with enthusiasm; and the quarter-master, in giving the next toast, hinted that he had fifty quarters of barley and thirty of oats, if any one at table was in want of such things. The unanimity was wonderful; and at last the party broke up from the tent, to finish the night with gin, pipes, and heavy wet, preparatory to a march home—there to sigh over the past pomp and circumstance of war; practise the sword exercise, instead of guiding the plough; drill troops in imagination, instead of turnips in reality; and find their necessary every-day avocations, which once formed their enjoyment, weary, flat, stale, and, from the mind dwelling on other matters, unprofitable.

The dinner and toasts being numbered among those things that have been, we turned our postboy's nose once more towards this mighty world of London. My two friends argued themselves into a storm, and then calmed themselves into a sleep; and I mused along, at the rate of nine miles per hour, upon what I had that day witnessed.

It does not appear in a clear light to me that in time of peace an armed yeomanry is altogether a constitutional force; and I am perfectly sure that it is neither useful nor safe. To render any body of men efficient, with arms in their hands, the individuals composing the body must be accustomed to act so continually together, that each falls into his proper place, and does his allotted work, mechanically—must be so completely under the control of one directing head, that their acts are solely and immediately the consequences of his orders—orders for which he alone is responsible—and be severed entirely from those against whom they may be called upon to take an armed part. They must be cool in danger, and unconscious of party spirit—be complete tools, without presuming to think for themselves—must learn implicitly to obey, before they are competent to command—in short, serve a long and severe apprenticeship to a difficult trade, be continually amenable to strict and unvarying discipline, before they attain the moral attributes of the soldier, without which his physical force is worse than useless. It cannot be a benefit to the community at large—it may be its curse. What can be expected from a man who, once enrolled in a troop, refuses to attend his drills "because his captain won't vote for reform?"* And yet this is a fellow who has been supplied with arms and accoutrements, and rides an untaxed horse—increasing the expenditure of the country, and detracting from its revenue. Is he fit for any thing but a political union? Is he to be taught the use of a weapon, which in a moment of political excitement, arising from the agitation of demagogues or

* Fact, in more instances than one.

national distress, may be drawn for the subversion of legal authorities, or the infliction of private iniquity? Rather let us pay for a well-established, well-regulated, constitutional standing army, which may always be depended upon for the preservation of property, than place good blades in the hands of those who may find their account in its destruction.

One word on the influence "going a-trooping" has upon those most immediately concerned,—the troopers themselves. Heaven knows there is already sufficient folly among the farmers, without any thing additional being required to make them the most dissatisfied beings on the face of the earth! The long war brought high prices—enormous gains induced proportioned expenses—few kept what they made; and when the fearful reaction of the peace came, farmers, their wives, and their daughters, were naturally averse from parting with hunters, lace veils, and pianofortes, to return to the fore-horse of the team, a good mob cap, and the manufacture of apple-dumplings. Many went on as long as they could, and were utterly ruined; and even those who have been enabled to live through the most difficult times have acquired such a taste for luxuries, unknown to their fathers, that they prefer clamouring for a change in the corn-laws and higher prices, grounded on the fictitious capital created by an increased circulating medium, to curtailing any long-indulged-in extravagance. And such is human nature! Vanity is the strongest moving power in the breast of man; and it will be almost supererogatory to ask the youngster of one-and-twenty, who has been sporting his martial figure in the eyes of his admiring rural belles, listening to the smiling nonsense of a noble blue-stocking, dining in company with some of the first people of his county, and perhaps taking wine with the duke—to return contented to coarse food and coarser manners, to change his fixed spur for the hob-nailed shoe, and without a murmur pass from the excitement of the park to the monotony of the farm-yard.

Let us have a standing army, if necessary—call out the militia and send them to Ireland—but, in the name of common sense, let us put an end to the mummery, the incapacity, the expense, and the mischief, existing in, and attending on, the present system of yeomanry cavalry.

Ever yours, dear YORKE,
EBENEZER SHABRACH.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE: A TALE.

BY JOHN GALT.

When I first left home, adversity had not visited my father's house; it was in all things the residence of a moderate prosperity. He was himself then in the vigour of life, and though he could not be envied for eminent success, he had yet good reason to be satisfied with the lot which Providence had assigned to him. Probity and thrift had raised him a little above his original condition; and the blessings bestowed by their means were sweetened to him by the affection and happy temper of my mother, who took the same pride and pleasure in her domestic duties that minds of higher endowment take in more refined pursuits.

Their family consisted of three children, two boys and a girl. I was the second son. My brother Lawrence was the eldest, and the hope and ornament of the family. From his childhood he had been accounted no vulgar boy; and as he grew up, he gave signs of possessing talents that would in time make him distinguished in the world. Far above every man I have since met with, he was adorned with a frankness and simplicity that could not be known without inspiring love and esteem; yet he was withal so modest and unpretending, that his merits were not justly appreciated by his companions: and even some of our friends and relations often wondered that, with so much intelligence as he ever shewed when tested, he should appear so little animated with enterprise. Their fear was that he would become indolent, and never draw the bow of the world with the full energy of his strength. Alas! they saw not the spirit that was asleep in his bosom. He required only to be placed on the proper stage, to have become "the observed of all observers."

Poor Lawrence had one fault, but it was only correctly discerned by his mother,—too much confidence in others. Often and often have I heard her say, looking at him with tears in her eyes, "Treat all men as rogues; and if you find them honest, my dear boy, the unhappiness of your distrust will then be rewarded." Save the sadness that was occasionally in such kind maternal bodement, there never was at that well-ordered hearth a darker or a harsher influence. He was the first of us that went away into the world; I remember the morning well, and the bright and beautiful rainbow that spanned, like a triumphal arch, the road he was to take;—the emblem of his fortune—brilliant and unsubstantial—it was dispersed in a storm.

My sister Niome was about two years my senior,—the embodied excellence, feminine and lovely, of all the genius and delicacy of her elder brother. In her appearance amidst her companions she was elegant and interesting, but not in these delightful qualities greatly beyond, though above them. It was when alone, however, that her superiority, worth, and graces, wore their most endearing aspect, and then the most refined and gentlest of her sex shone as if she could have no competitor; for, besides those pure elements in which she resembled our brother, she had received from Heaven the gift of an exalted piety, which surrounded her with a charm that I could never find an image in nature to compare with but the halo that encircles the serene moon, when the winds are at rest, and a thin mist in visible repose deepens the solemnity of the silent landscape. Religion, with many, dictates duty, and exalts the heart with hopes and speculations concerning another and a better world; but in her it was a feeling, an intellectual passion, the spring and impulse of benevolence, that allowed but of pity even for the erring.

Of myself, it is not intended to speak more than may be required to illustrate the advents of the change which has taken place in that peaceful dwelling, and which so many incidents have had the effect of placing so remotely distant. I look back through a long avenue of years, and I see in the far-off sunshine the sparkling windows of that cheerful home, which now to me is ever silent.

My father, in the course of his affairs, had occasion to be absent for some time; and my mother availed herself of the opportunity to visit her own nurse, who lived at some distance, and to whom she was much attached. All her children were to be with her; and the preparations for this great occasion

beggared, in my young imagination, all that I had heard of in the visitations of kings and fairies. Necromancers were a lurid race, and such bliss they could never have shared.

A waggon was expressly hired, large hoops were bent over it, and a cover was provided to be drawn on them in case of rain. Many a time in the course of the previous afternoon did I accompany my brother to examine the progress of fixing the hoops. Alexander the Great, on the evening before his entrance into Babylon, saw not so proudly his pavilion raised.

Goody Gleanings, as the nurse was called,

> "Lived in a cottage, far retired
> Amidst the windings of a woody vale,"

close by a mill near a little village, that has long been removed by the ruthless ploughshare of improvement. The church is still standing. It was the first with a steeple I had ever seen; and the weathercock that crowned it stood long after in my remembrance as the very phœnix of the Egyptian tale.

The old woman had received notice of our coming, and, dressed in her Sunday garments in honour of the visit, was sitting at her door feeding three or four hens from her hand. Her cat sat demurely at her foot; but on hearing the cumbrous approach of our heavy chariot-wheels, she sprung upon the thatch of the little, but trim hovel, and looked wonderingly down from behind the chimney as we drew near.

Goody Gleanings was very poor. She had long been a widow; and her only child, our mother's foster-brother, had enlisted for a soldier, and had then been many years away in the Indian wars. He was forgotten by almost every body but the old woman herself, who delighted to speak of him, when she sometimes came to see us, especially to my brother, who was her constant auditor. Never shall I forget how Lawrence would erect himself when she described the glory of her hero's panoply, and the white marks on the arm of his scarlet coat—the guerdons of his promotion to the dignity of a corporal.

In consideration of the poverty of the old woman, we had a store-basket filled for the journey; in which I recollect, and shall never forget, there was a pie of such dimensions, that had she been an ogress to be propitiated for the sake of the three children, it ought to have been ample, and innumerable other nice things, on which all our pocket-money had been voluntarily expended by ourselves, to increase the luxury of the banquet. The pie is, however, most particularly engraved on my memory. It was the biggest I had ever seen; and the preceding evening, when warm, not only the most delicious in festal fragrance, but, when cold, by far the best I ever tasted,—beyond all comparison better than the one made of four and twenty blackbirds and set before the king. Yet were not these all its rich and rare virtues. The cook had, with the genius of Praxiteles, crowned the apex with a bird, which she assured us was an eagle, and which could not be enough admired for its expanded wings, and two legs most wonderfully joined into one.

Other articles were in the basket, which, however, were not particularly interesting to any of the children, except a large-type prayer-book from my sister, who had a few days before finished her sampler, and when asked what reward she would accept, solicited this as a gift to bestow herself on Goody.

While in the midst of the feast, which was served out of doors on the shady side of the cottage, we observed a foot-traveller coming along the road, with a stick over his shoulder, from which depended a small bundle. There was nothing when he was first seen to attract our particular attention, farther than that he was dressed as an old soldier, and that he had lost an arm, as we could discover at some distance, by his empty sleeve.

When he approached some fifty or a hundred yards towards us, he suddenly halted, and retiring from the highway, leant himself against a gate which opened into a field. My mother happened to notice him, and as the day was warm and bright, proposed that we should take him some refreshment. Immediately the eager children offered their services; and the nurse, with the tear in her eye at the remembrance of her own son, afar off in the sultry and distant Indies, trembled from head to foot, and sat down on a chair incapable of assisting in the hospitable task.

As we advanced to the spot where he was leaning, instead of the veteran

whom we expected, he appeared to be a young man, severely bronzed by climate, but still handsome, save only that he wanted his arm. On seeing us, he turned his head aside; and my brother Lawrence, pushing my sister and me gently back, went up to him alone, for he observed that the poor fellow was in tears.

I need not waste words; it was Dick Gleanings, returned an invalid from the wars. Seeing the little group at his mother's door, he was suddenly overcome by his feelings, for he guessed who the children were—inquiring if our names were not Elton, telling us, in the same breath, his own. Instead, however, of answering his question, we seized upon him at once, and dragged him to the cottage with shouts and rejoicing. David returning with the head of Goliath was not so exultingly welcomed by the daughters of Israel.

The nurse in the mean time, sitting with her back towards us, and holding her handkerchief to her eyes, did not observe our approach; but my mother, who noticed the sudden burst of rejoicing, guessed the cause, and roused the old woman with the news that it was Dick.

Instantly, with an alacrity foreign to her sedate nature, and a bounding gladness extraordinary for her years, she came hastily to meet us, and clasped the soldier in her arms. In this rash delight she had not remarked his empty sleeve, and for the space of about a minute her caresses and joy were unmingled, but when she saw how he had been mutilated, she started back from him and looked at him wildly: methinks I see her at this moment, and hear the piercing shriek of grief that she uttered as she again flung her arms about his neck. She then lifted the loose sleeve, and, gazing at it for a moment, exclaimed, with a voice of agony, "My pretty boy!" All the children wept in sympathy, but the effect on my brother Lawrence was singular; he left the group and went into the cottage, where he remained alone all the remainder of the time we staid, and for several days after continued sad and shy; and I heard the nursery-maid tell my mother that he frequently repeated the affecting ejaculation in his sleep.

But his right arm was not all poor Dick had lost; his rustic heartiness, for he had been naturally of a blithe and jocund humour, was changed into a boisterous freedom; and the camp and licentious towns, in depriving him of his simplicity, had substituted dissolute habits and incorrigible idleness. But still his old affectionate mother saw in these vices only reasons, as it were, to love him dearer; for when she spoke of his irregularities, which increased the necessities of her own poverty, she seemed to consider them as indulgences to which he had acquired a right by the toils of war, and the helpless inability to labour, entailed by the loss of his arm.

The next important incident which befell us was the arrival of a tutor for my brother and me. Our father's income, though respectable for his station, was not large; and it was partly in consequence of that circumstance, and the pleasure he had in his family, that he agreed, with my mother, to engage Mr. Spell to superintend our education at home.

This young gentleman was the son of a neighbouring clergyman, and had distinguished himself at college; but the talent which obtained the reputation that led to his engagement with us did not fit him for a teacher. He was himself too fond of literature to relish the distasteful theodom of a tutor; and to that circumstance I would ascribe some of my deficiencies, were I not conscious that my lot was not ordained to be brilliant. Humble, quiet, and sequestered, I have however always found myself abundantly supplied with all the ability ever requisite to execute the sober purposes which Providence has called me to perform. But Lawrence, the apt and the inquisitive, who never found an obstacle in any task of life, made no progress under this amiable and gentle student; and yet the domicile of Mr. Spell in my father's house was an influential epoch. Our mother had previously superintended the rudiments of our education herself, but other claims of a more household kind often interfered with her tuition, and marred the punctuality so essential to the proper effect of instruction. Regularity in the mere course and hours of our lessons was, however, the sole advantage we derived from the change; and yet the suavity, the blameless behaviour, and the artlessness of Mr. Spell, endeared him to us all; my father, I am persuaded, was for a long time convinced that some defect in the capacity of his

children was more in fault, than any remissness in their tutor. But the case was different indeed. When set in to our lessons, Mr. Spell read for his own amusement beside us, and when we were ready to repeat them, he would reluctantly lay down his book and listen with a dull and drowsy ear. For erudition and absence of mind, he is now, however, the pride and butt of his university.

He remained with us only a year; for at last my father lost confidence in his abilities as a teacher, by observing that we were gradually losing that respect which is one of the best indications pupils unconsciously evince of the benefits they are deriving from their instructors. But although it is probable that the old gentleman might have been some time longer in making up his mind to part with him, an incident occurred which precipitated his decision.

Fools and children have more talent for observation than they get credit for. Lawrence and myself had noticed the listlessness with which Mr. Spell attended to our lessons, and we in our turn grew also listless, and slurred them over with a hardihood of countenance that was often audacious; we even went a step further, and, with an impudence that schoolboys only dare assume, affected to have received other tasks than those which had been given. On one occasion of this kind, we went so far as to repeat, on three successive days, a lesson which we had learnt so imperfectly, that he had ordered us to study it again. Out of revenge for this imposition, we repeated it three successive times more, reminding Mr. Spell that he had ordered us to do so. Not content with this, we boasted of the trick to our mother, who had early discovered his unfitness for his duties, and her representation decided the reluctant judgment of my father to part with him.

This incident, in itself so trifling, evolved an impressive lesson. On me it had a curious effect, which has endured throughout life, and I am certain it was equally permanent on the sensitive bosom of my brother. The family were all so much attached to the sweet and even-tempered Mr. Spell, and had so often the most vivid enjoyment from his innocence and *naïveté*, that when the day arrived on which he was to leave us, we were sincerely sorrowful. It seemed both to Lawrence and myself that we were in some way the delinquent cause of his removal, and, in communing on the subject, were touched with a sharp sting of remorse, which goaded us so far, that we went and entreated my father to retain him, confessing ourselves entirely to blame. I shall never forget the kindness with which the old gentleman listened to this burst of juvenile generosity, in delivering which poor Lawrence gave even then a splendid presage of that eloquence which had afterwards no equal, but never came to any fruit. Parental anxiety for our interest, however, prevailed; and the regret which my brother and I felt at our ineffectual interference, made us ever afterwards cautious in considering what might be the consequences of even the most playful actions, before we undertook them.

Occurrences of this kind are little noticed in the progress of education; but many such, and even of less importance, imprint the mind with sentiments that in riper life grow into moral principles, and influence the conduct and character in the avocations of manhood.

But I must conclude this reminiscence. I am now an aged man. The scenes I would describe are of things afar off, and can be seen no more. That happy dwelling is at a great distance, the home of strangers—and all I loved are in the silent grave — all but Dick Gleaning; he is yet alive. When I last saw him he was an old gray-headed beggar-man.

THE FRASER PAPERS FOR OCTOBER.

THE KEAN CONTROVERSY — THE COLD-HEARTED HERESY — LETTER FROM A FRIEND TO FREE INQUIRY — AN IRISHMAN'S LAMENT UPON APSLEY HOUSE — FREE VERSION OF THE SAME — THE MINSTRELSY OF WHIGGERY, NOS. I. II. III. — AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.

THE KEAN CONTROVERSY.

We think that Morgan Rattler is bound, if it be possible for him so to do, to answer the following letter. The only particular which *we* are called upon to notice is, that our "Author of the Early Days of Edmund Kean" is perfectly right when he says that his article was in our possession more than twelve months ago, and therefore during the life of Kean. By the by, we may remark that this letter would have been published last month, but that Morgan's promised reply did not reach us; and as it has not yet found its way to our office, we cannot in justice to the individual attacked withhold any longer the following. The history of Kean's marriage seems to us to be set at rest by this letter.

To Oliver Yorke, *Esq.*

My dear Yorke,

There is a class of writers so puffed up with self-conceit as to feel privileged, in their spleen or their caprice, to sacrifice truth and decorum to the display of their own fancied superiority of wit, wisdom, and intelligence; and in their foolish and blind confidence in their own abilities, or in the *gullibility* of the public, to hazard any statement, however preposterous or unfounded, that they think may gain for them even the temporary credit of more general and more accurate information than that possessed by others, whose assertions, though founded on personal knowledge and observation, or derived from the most authentic sources, nay, even from the lips of the persons whose actions they record, those "Admirable Crichtons" of the press do not scruple to controvert, with arrogant assurance; though in doing so they run the risk of being, with retributive justice, exhibited to the world, either as ignorant and impudent assertors of that which is untrue, or as wilful and malignant falsifiers of the fact. That your correspondent, Morgan Rattler,* should have reduced himself to the predicament of ranking with such a class, by his illiberal and calumnious attempt to cast discredit upon the article entitled "The Early Days of Edmund Kean," I cannot but regret, from the admiration which, on other occasions, I have felt for his talents. But I cannot suffer him, or any other man, to question or impugn my veracity, without vindicating my own character, and proving to him how cautious even the possessor of such talents should be, lest, in wantonly endeavouring to fix the charge of falsehood upon others he should only succeed in establishing his own peculiar claim to so despicable an attribute.

My absence from London, and indeed from England, for some weeks, rendered it impossible for me to refer, in my own defence, to documentary evidence to establish the place and period of Kean's marriage, in time to settle the "one point" with Morgan in the last Number of Regina; and, indeed, it was only by accident that my attention was called to the abusive attack which he thought proper to make upon me. Determined that my refutation of his calumnies should be supported by incontrovertible testimony, I have taken the earliest opportunity of visiting Cheltenham, for the purpose of collecting the information which I now place in your hands, in support of the authenticity of those statements which he has impudently, and as ignorantly as impudently, classified as "amusing falsehoods, stupid falsehoods, and a few accidental truths." To begin with the beginning. Morgan Rattler says, "The story of the butcher's dog, that betrayed such Zanga-like patience and malignity, may be placed in the first category." To this I reply, that *that* story was related to me by Edmund Kean himself; and it would be difficult even for Morgan Rattler to discover any adequate motive to induce such a man to fabricate *such* "an amusing falsehood." Then we are told, that "the utterly ridiculous assertion that Kean passed two years at Eton may be put in the second"—that is, amongst Morgan's "stupid falsehoods." For that circumstance, too, I had Kean's own authority; and coupled as his statement was with expressions of the warmest gratitude to Dr. Drury, and further confirmed by the unquestionable fact of the generous interest which that distinguished scholar and accomplished gentleman took in the tragedian's welfare at the very crisis of his fate, it would require something more than the unsustained *ipse dixit* of Morgan Rattler to convict me of falsehood, either "amusing" or "stupid," on this point. Whenever Dr. Drury declares Kean's statement, with respect to his

* See "The Fraser Papers" for July, *art.* "Morgan Rattler and Ned Kean."

having passed two years at Eton, to have been untrue, then shall I feel convinced that I was deceived—but never till then.

Morgan Rattler next proceeds to insinuate that the article which has provoked his spleen was written at the suggestion of some part of Kean's family, and published with an unworthy design to "raise the fabric of a theory conferring honour on themselves" upon the ruin of his reputation. Now, in the first place, my dear Yorke, I refer to you to bear me out in the fact, that the greater portion of the MS. of that article was written and submitted to your perusal upwards of twelve months ago, for the express purpose of publication during the lifetime of Kean himself; and, secondly, I am confident you will also do me the justice to recollect, that I then, and subsequently, assured you I had no personal acquaintance whatever with any member of the great actor's family but himself. For the last twenty years, I have not seen, much less conversed with, Mrs. Kean; nor have I even seen Mr. Charles Kean since he was an infant, except, indeed, as one of the audience witnessing his performances at Covent Garden Theatre.

Morgan Rattler raves and rants a vast deal about "mock romance, mock sentimentality, mock morality, unmitigated falsehood, and atrocious humbug;" as if all the mockery, the falsehood, and the humbug, were not perpetrated by himself, in first raising up an idol of human genius for his own worship, only to hurl that idol from the shrine, and consign "the profligate career" of that genius to "the contempt or execration of the world." His is, indeed, the mockery, the "unmitigated falsehood," and the most atrocious of all "atrocious humbug," who would invest the character of any man with an "almost solitary virtue," so large as to "embrace charity, generosity, disinterestedness, and a strong feeling of manliness and genuine independence," even whilst the ink yet flowed, in which he referred to the "successive passages of his gross and profligate career!"

But now to come to "the one point." The statement which Morgan Rattler is so "anxious to demolish," however it may affect that "charity" which neither began nor had its end "at home," or however it may jar with Morgan Rattler's notions of "benevolence" and "disinterestedness," was, nevertheless, "cast forth," not by any member of Kean's family, but by Kean himself, and there are few indeed, if any, of those who were at any period of his subsequent career on terms of friendship and of intimacy with him, to whom he has not freely communicated the actual circumstances of his marriage, and the motives which on his part led to that marriage, just as I have endeavoured to record those circumstances and motives.

Kean first met Miss Chambers in Cheltenham, in the summer of 1808, where they performed together; he there "wooed and won her," not in "a fit of drunkenness," but of sober speculation. She was a native of the city of Waterford, and accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Congreve, of Mount Congreve, in that county, to England, as governess to their children; but fancying that she possessed theatrical talents, she made the first essay of those talents in Cheltenham. So far was she from occupying the inferior station which Morgan Rattler has assigned to her, that her name appears in the bills of the day (some of which I now enclose for your satisfaction) as the representative of the heroines of comedy and tragedy, and even as Columbine in the pantomimes. When Kean appeared as *Octavian* in the *Mountaineers*, Miss Chambers performed *Floranthe*; in *Tekeli*, she represented *Alexina*; in the *School of Reform*, *Julia*; the page *Lothair*, in *Adrian and Orrila*; &c. &c.

The "plain fact," however, by which Morgan Rattler hoped to "demolish" my statement, is that which most completely exposes his own ignorance or wilful falsehood. He asserts that "Kean was married at Waterford." The subjoined copy of the certificate —the original of which I send you—will settle the "one point," and "destroy *his* nauseous trash."

"CERTIFICATE.

"No. 2227. Edmund Kean of this parish, bachelor, and Mary Chambers of this parish, spinster, were married in this church by banns, this seventeenth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eight,

"By me, H. C. ADAMS, Clerk.

"This marriage was solemnised between us, { EDMUND KEAN, MARY CHAMBERS.

"In the presence of { WM. HY. WHITE, STEPH. HOWELL, SUSAN CHAMBERS.

"The foregoing is a correct copy of the register of marriages belonging to the parish of Stroud, in the county of Gloucester, taken this 19th day of July 1833,

"By me, W. F. POWELL, M.A.
Perpetual Curate of Stroud."

So they were married, not at "Waterford," in Ireland, but at Stroud in the county of Gloucester. "Ay, but then," says Morgan Rattler, "here I may still 'destroy the nauseous trash,' for they were *not* married at 'Cheltenham' as you first alleged; and so I 'demolish the statement.'" Softly, good Morgan, softly! It is perfectly true, that Stroud is not Cheltenham; but then it is equally true that the towns are but eleven miles apart; that they are in the same county; and above all, that though the ceremony was performed in Stroud, the parties, who left Cheltenham in the morning for the purpose of being married, returned to Cheltenham immediately after the performance of the solemn rite, and passed the day with some of their friends in this town. Kean's "fit of drunkenness" must have been of pretty considerable duration, three weeks being requisite for the publication of banns. But there are one or two other circumstances illustrative of the facts set forth in the article, which Morgan Rattler will find it as little easy to reconcile with "the plain statement" which *he* is "ready to substantiate." And for his future guidance in this particular, I beg to inform him that a Miss Harriet Thornton, daughter of the box-keeper of the theatre, accompanied the then happy pair to the church as one of the bridemaids, and though Kean certainly laboured under the delusion that he was marrying a woman of some little property, and of no inconsiderable expectations, certain it is that such was the state of the finances of one of the parties at the time, that Miss Thornton lent them half a guinea to pay the wedding fees, and a Mrs. Hyett, a worthy woman who was then the hostess of "The Dog" tavern, provided the wedding feast at her own proper costs and charges. As a coincidence that renders every circumstance still more remarkable, I must add, that Miss Thornton died in Cheltenham on the 15th of May, 1833; the very day on which the great tragedian breathed his last at Richmond. I know not whether Morgan Rattler will class the fact I now state, under the head of "charity, generosity, or disinterestedness," but this I *do* know, that the half-guinea lent by the bridemaid was, six years afterwards, returned to her by Mr. Kean's livery servant, with a cold and formal message of thanks, when the tragedian appeared as "a star of the first magnitude" in Cheltenham, where he had once "strutted and fretted his hour," at the rate of half a guinea a-week. When Kean first appeared in Waterford, which was in 1810, he was accompanied by his wife and their first-born child, Howard Kean; their second son, Charles Kean, was born not many months afterwards. "*Hunchback* Knowles" (as Morgan Rattler facetiously styles the first dramatist of the day) may be referred to for these facts, if any reference be required after the production of the marriage certificate. But Mrs. Kean was *not* engaged either as an actress, or as "keeper of the wardrobe," in that company; nor was her sister in Waterford at that time, playing "*soubrettes* and such-like." With the exception of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and the manager's daughter, Miss Cherry, who was engaged at Drury Lane for the last three seasons, no "other person" of that company is now, or has lately been, engaged at the metropolitan theatres.

And now, having shewn the utter fallacy of every assertion hazarded by Morgan Rattler, I leave him to console himself for the failure of his abusive attack, with "the plain facts" by which he so impudently attempted to disprove my statements. I would earnestly recommend him to be more cautious in the time to come, lest in endeavouring to "destroy the nauseous trash" which has truth, at least, to recommend it, he should only expose—as in this instance—his own ignorance, or his own falsehood.

I am, dear Yorke,
Yours very truly,

6, Oxford Street, Cheltenham, THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ENTITLED
August 12, 1833. "THE EARLY DAYS OF EDMUND KEAN."

P.S. On my return to London, I applied for further information on "*the one point*" to Mrs. Cherry, widow of the celebrated dramatist and actor, and by her I have been favoured with the following corroboration of my statement:

Richmond, Sept. 17, 1833.

"In reply to your queries, I beg to say that Mr. Kean was married before he joined us at Swansea; that Mrs. Kean was confined there—the child was called Howard. From Swansea we went to Carmarthen; thence to Haverfordwest, playing a season at each town; and then to Waterford, accompanied by Mr. Kean, his wife, and the aforesaid Howard. Mrs. K. only acted one night at Waterford, the character of *Elwina*, for Mr. Kean's benefit. Mrs. Kean *never was* wardrobe-keeper with us, nor did I hear that she had acted in that capacity in any other theatre. Miss Chambers never acted with us, nor did I ever see her but once. Mrs. Kean made her appearance at Swansea in *Cora*; she also acted *Mrs. Placid*, and other characters the names of which I do not recollect. The members of the Waterford company were, Messrs. Cherry, Kean, Woulds, Knowles, Ford, Hall, Santer, Thomas, Niblett,

Barry, Wheeler, and Jefferson; Mesdames Cherry, Whaley, Gunning, Wheeler, and Knowles; Misses Cherry and Charteris. I am, &c.

"MARIA CHERRY."

I have likewise Mrs. Cherry's authority for stating that Kean, when in treaty with Mr. Cherry for the engagement of himself and Mrs. K., expressly intimated that she had played several leading characters at Cheltenham and elsewhere; and before their arrival at Waterford, he requested the manager to wave Mrs. Kean's engagement in that town, as, from the principal parts in tragedy and comedy being pre-engaged, she could only appear in inferior characters, which might prejudice her in the opinion of her family connexions and friends. Now, as Mrs. Kean (as Mrs. Cherry's letter shews) did play some second and third-rate characters in all the other towns of Cherry's circuit, it must have required some more than ordinary motive to induce a man circumstanced as Kean was, and having only a salary of twenty-five shillings weekly for the support of himself, his wife, and child, to forego the salary, however moderate, allowed to Mrs. Kean. But this may and can be accounted for only on the ground of the expectations which he himself always admitted he entertained of deriving some pecuniary advantages from his marriage, and from the fact that his hopes in that way principally rested upon an elderly maiden aunt of his wife, of whom he had heard frequent mention, in "his course of wooing," as living in "comfortable circumstances" at a place called Ballynamuck, in the county of Waterford, and cherishing the warmest regard for Mrs. Kean, who was her favourite niece. So impressed, indeed, was he with a notion of the old lady's wealth and consideration, that, whilst the company was performing at Clonmel, he obtained leave of absence for a day or two, and, provided with printed bills of a dramatic concert, to be sustained chiefly, if not solely, by himself at Ballynamuck, he set out to claim, not merely kindred, but the "patronage," as he supposed, of "the Lady of the Manor." But, on his arrival, he found that, though not lady of the manor, she nevertheless certainly lived in "comfortable circumstances" as housekeeper in the manor-house. Thus were his "family expectations" disappointed; and, to add to his mortification, the dramatic concert proved a total failure.

One more "authority," and I have done with the corroboration of my facts. Mr. Hughes, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, who was a member of the Cheltenham company when Kean "committed matrimony," writes thus: "Mrs. Kean acted in Cheltenham in 1808, but never was keeper of the wardrobe."

For the delay that has occurred in the publication of my reply to Morgan, dated August 12, you, friend YORKE, are alone accountable. But I the less regret that delay, as it has allowed me to supply every link in the chain of evidence in support of my statement relative to the "*one point*" of Kean's marriage.

Panton Square, London, Sept. 24, 1833.

THE COLD-HEARTED HERESY.

We have no objection to publish the subjoined letter; but we beg to repeat our opinion that Socinianism is "a pestilent and cold-hearted heresy." It seems to us to be nothing more nor less than the deliberate rejection of Christianity. There is nothing uncharitable—no rash judging, in saying this. In the words of Mr. Coleridge himself, we must "tolerate no heresy—though we should be cautious how we call any man heretic." St. Paul, *Ephes.* ii. 12, tells us that they who are without Christ are "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, having no hope, and WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD." The original is more impressive—ἄθεοι ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ. We recommend it to our correspondent to consider whether he is not one of those designated by St. Paul as ATHEISTS, and examine what are the consequences of wilful perseverance in the casting off of God. If he examines the very passage which he cites, *Acts*, v. 39, he will find that there Gamaliel (and not an apostle, as he erroneously imagines) is expressly advising his brethren of the council not to oppose Christianity, "lest haply ye should be found even to fight against God." We claim the text as a recognition of at least the possible divinity of Jesus by the famous doctor of law at whose feet sat St. Paul. Our correspondent should take counsel from Gamaliel, and dread the danger of being a θεομάχος. As for his quotation from *Zechariah*, can he be so ignorant as not to know what has been said by Trinitarians on that and five hundred similar verses? We know nothing of the persons, Fox, &c. to whom he refers us, and certainly do not consider them as teachers in Israel. Nor do we value the spread of Socinianism (even if it be the case) as an argument in favour of its truth. The worshippers of Fo or Juggernaut might appeal to such a test with more reason.

God, as Bishop Butler observes, deals in the moral as in the physical world; and as he looses plagues on earth, so he permits the loosing of doctrines equally destructive. We may, unblamed, however, call both cholera and Socinianism pestilent diseases, notwithstanding the extended range of their devastation.

To Mr. FRASER.

Newport, Isle of Wight, Sept. 25.

SIR,—I have lately had an opportunity of perusing your Magazine for July last, in which you give a portrait, and also a sketch of the character of Mr. Coleridge. You make a very unwarrantable assertion, by saying that Mr. Coleridge has been a preacher amongst the Unitarians, and that he has relinquished that situation as a preacher amongst those whom you believe to be "believers in a pestilent and cold-hearted heresy;" on the contrary, I believe that in the manner which you call heresy, he worshipped "the God of his fathers, believing all things that are written in the law and the prophets," *Acts*, xxiv. 14. I ask what right have you to call the creed of the Unitarians "a pestilent and cold-hearted heresy?" "Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." *Matt.* vii. 1, 2. I am afraid you do not recollect there is a passage in the sacred page, which positively declares that the doctrine of the Unitarians, which you say is a "pestilent and cold-hearted heresy," will be the religion of the whole world; where the prophet, speaking of future time, says, "In that day there shall be *one* Lord, and his name *one*," *Zech.* xiv. 9, are you not, as the apostle says, in *Acts*, v. 39, "fighting against God?" I ask, do you think such men as Mr. Aspland of Hackney, Mr. Fox of London, Dr. Carpenter, and Mr. Aspland's son of Bristol, and many others whom I could name, would be guilty of teaching "a pestilent and cold-hearted heresy?" By no means. If you mean by "pestilent" that it is infectious, you are right; for it is a fact that it has spread so much in America, that upwards of one thousand Unitarian churches have been formed in the last twenty-five years.

A FRIEND TO FREE INQUIRY.

AN IRISHMAN'S LAMENT UPON APSLEY HOUSE.

It is the fashion to suppose that the Duke of Wellington and his administration are not favourites with the people of Ireland; by which expression, we wish to be understood as meaning nine-tenths of the inhabitants—in fact, the peasantry. This is clearly a mistake: the O'Connell faction is contemptible in point of numbers, and its influence over Ireland strangely magnified. By a brawling demagogue, and his insignificant satellites, the true feeling of the population of Ireland is as obviously misrepresented as the real property of the country. A knot of spouters of slang and ribaldry, "consistent only in inconsistency," ignorant alike of the language, the wants, and the sentiments of the people, profess to enlighten Englishmen upon the subject. Arrogance and shallowness ever go hand in hand.

The writer of the present day who seems to be most intimately acquainted with the lower orders of Ireland—who has taken his share in a faction-fight, boxed a Connaught man at an Irish wake, shook his heel at a pattern, and his shillela at a fair—who has ingratiated himself into the secrets of the peasantry, is Mr. Carleton, the author of *Traits and Stories* (by the way, we ought to have noticed the second series, recently published). And let the English reader who desires information upon the state of the sister-country study Carleton's volumes, which honestly picture forth Ireland as it is; in them he will find abundant proof that O'Connell knows little of what he talks so much about.

Without further words we will proceed to shew, from an average specimen, that the feeling of the Irish peasantry is Tory—decidedly Tory; and what Croker said in one of his memorable speeches on the Reform-bill, about the feelings of a stranger on entering London, truly expresses the sentiments of the lower orders of the Irish. Our mode of doing this will be by printing a poem, composed by a poor fellow, a native of Kerry—O'Connell's county—at Hyde Park Corner. He had come over in search of harvest-work, and, almost ignorant of the English language, had seated himself near St. George's Hospital. But the verses of O'Connell's countryman will speak for themselves; and more forcibly, as to the real state of feeling in Ireland, than any thing either he or we could say on the subject. We therefore print the original, with a literal translation.

Cia an té lér leis an teaċ úd ṫall,
'Na bfuil fvnóga raobṫa ó bóin go ceañ?
'Réir mar ṡaoilim ré'n ppíoṁlaoċ na'r b'ḟañ
A buaḋċant an ṡgaċ caṫ buḋ ṫroime drong.

Is diomba'ċ le ḟéaċin fangnioṁ an-bille óir
Do ċlaóidig tíórṫa le gnioṁaḟ faoi ċrañ ṡróil!
Alastram an Ríġḟear da maireaċ na ló,
Ni beiṫ air le hinsin leaṫ na triain sgéoil.

Hanibal, da ṁéid a ṫreun sa ṡlóg,
Chvirfiḋ iad a ndibirt da ngabadis na ṫréoig:
Séasar buḋ ċalma a nguais beiṫ snaḋmṫe,
Da mbeiṫ suas le liñ an dine.

Is mór mo bhrón mur ċigim an sgaṫ
Ag cosg na gréine as lés an laé!
A ngeall air peasgadvigṫe foġalaċ,
Do ṫionóil ċum ċreiċe breiṫ ó'n roġḟear.

Is mór a naire do ṡloiġ na Breatáine,
'Fulaing ó 'ndearga bracaċ granda
Dún an laoċ leaḋarṫa ṫréan neamsgáṫaċ,
Beiṫ na ċriaṫar poll mar boṫan fásaiġ.

Is fvsis aiṫint na mairean a bṡóġla
Goll agus Osgar do leagaċ na sloiġṫe;
Coñ caiṫréimaċ na gcéad caṫ móra,
Agus clañ Uisnig bíḋ lán do ċroḋaṡ.

Da maireaḋ aḋ ḋáil Brian Bóirṁe,
An míle buḋ ċalma, an acfvn a seóla
A bvḋean ċvm caṫa an la mór sgólṫa,
'Nar ṫvc na gceaṫaib a namaid ṫar teóra.

To whom belongs yonder house,
With windows shattered from roof to base?
As I understand, it is to the undaunted hero,
The victorious in battles of strong legions.

How sad to see the mansion of the golden branch,*
Who subdued kingdoms by his valour, and with banners flying;
If Alexander the Great lived in our times,
His fame so glorious would not be respected.

Hannibal, though mighty in strength, with his great host
He [Wellington] would have put to flight, if opposed to him;
Cæsar the Conqueror he would have chained in bondage,
Had Cæsar taken part in the strife of this age.

Great is my sadness, when I behold the screens
Shutting out the sun and the light of day,
On account of robbers and plunderers,
Who assembled to make the place a spoil.

Great is the shame to the army of Britain,
To suffer the vile and filthy dregs of the people
To abuse the abode of the powerful and the brave,
And to make it like a riddle, or a forsaken house.

It is easily known there do not live in Fodhla †
Goll and Osgur, who slew soldiers,
Renowned Conn of the hundred battles,
And the sons of Uisneach, who were noble.

Or had Brien Boro' lived to support you
(That warrior bold! in battle leading
His troops with courage, through that day of terror,‡
When swarms fell of the foreign enemy §),

Mar ṡeabac ġeanaċ a ló Marta,
Trí sgata min éun air mull ard ċnoic;
Geabadís tríoṫa a ndíbirt ón árus
'Na ḃfuil an leóġan do sgannraiġ táinte.

Is mór an ṁeanmnin bí le lín an laé,
'Nar ḟógrad ríṫ drím lan an laoċ:
Sacsana a saóirse a socáind sa réim,
Le séudaiḃ búaḋ a teaċd ó imċian.

Ní raiḃ ait le faġail 'nar ṡroiċ an sgeula
Faoi lé Ríġ seóirse, a dtír na dtréun muir,
Gan lámaċ gunaiḋ is céolta ag caéntuin,
Le mor aiṫeas do b'árd an ċéim sin.

Fuinóga go Lonrac le coinn'le ċraobṫa,
Blaṫ agus sgoṫa go cúmra taoḃ léo;
An tóg sa sean go súgaċ seunmar,
Ag ól slainte an té rug buaḋ an laé sin.

Ar cuimean liom mar an gceadna,
Martir agus bodair as luċt íleangaċt;
Beiṫ go Éadtuirseaċ dtaoḃ gan taoḃaḋ,
Don meiḋir do lean a ḃfad a nÉirinn.

Is tu ḟill a ḃaille mac na beantreóiṫe,
'San Laiṫir ceann-liaṫ ċum a leinḃ óga;
Le honóir caṫbuadaċ ag innsin sgéola,
Air meid an áir air maċaire cóiġ críoċ.

Oċ! o ċón! ar a ḃfuil aen ċuimne,
Gur tu an te sin plúr na dtíorta;
No cread fáṫ ndearnaḋ an níḋ so,
Air an ḃfear ċaiḋ ċuir an braṫ a ndaóirse.

Like a hungry hawk on a March day,
Darting through a flock of small birds on a hill,
They would banish them from the spot
Where the champion reposes who scared combinations.

Great were the rejoicings about the day
When the conquering sword had given peace;
England was free, in bloom and tranquillity,
With precious importations brought from afar.

No place was there to be found where the news reached,
In the king's dominions, by sea or land,
Without the firing of guns and sweet music,
With great mirth — most pleasing was it.

Windows beaming with the illumination of branchy lights,
Amid the sweet scent of flowers and bowery leaves;
The young and the old were happy, and rejoiced,
With toasts to the Duke who gained the conquest.

Well do I also remember
The cripple, and the deaf, and the aged,
To be more sad, for not joining with
The long-continued joy in Erin.

It is you who gave freedom to the widow's son,
And restored the greyhaired father to his youthful offspring,
With honour to relate stories of victory
In the great slaughter in foreign lands.

Alas! alas! and is it forgotten
That thou art the sage, the head of nations?
Or why were they guilty of this outrage
On the only chief who chained the despot?

* An Irish idiom, equivalent to the Shakespearean "*pink* of courtesy," or "the *flower* of Europe for his chivalry."
† An allegorical name for Ireland.
‡ The battle of Clonturf.
§ The Danes.

FREE VERSION OF THE LAMENT.

Having given the literal version, we now venture on a poetical one, for which we are indebted to the kindness of a friend, who gives it to us to the tune of "The Groves of Blarney."

What house is yonder, which I with wonder
  See smashed with plunder and paving-stones—
Its shutters shattered, its windows battered,
  All tore and tattered, like Davy Jones?
O! I see it clear O! — it is the Hero
  Who beat old Boney so clear and clane;
The great old Fighter, and smart Delighter,
  Who with flying banners won the plain.

There was Alexander the bould commander,
  And Mister Hannibal so fine;
But if the Rat-catcher was their body-snatcher,
  By all that's good 'tis he would shine!
And Julius Cæsar, who, like Nebuchadnezzar,
  Was quite uncommon in his day,
But I'd lay you a wager that our old stager,
  The hook-nosed Duke would have his way.

Great is my sadness, and small my gladness,
  When I perceive his shutters shut —
Smathered and battered, besieged and tattered,
  By the blackguards who are now on *fut*.
And O, by Japers! what sort of capers,
  You grenadiers, it was yours to shew,
When all the riffle-raffle of the London city
  Smashed all the panes of our old Beau!

Where were the Guards, sir, when the blackguards, sir,
  Smashed down the panes of the dear Duke?
If Goll and Osgor were here to *the* fore,
  'Tis they would never on such stuff look;
And there's Brien Boroo, in battle lading —
  'Tis he'd for aid in this here fight,
And smash the villains, like damned civilians,
  Over and over, from left to right.

Like hungry hawks on a March-day morning,
  A-slating small birds upon a hill,
'Tis they're the covies who are adorning
  That most particular place they're going to kill.
There was great rejoicing, and loud-mouthed voicing,
  Bawling away about the peace;
And in the king's dominions it fled about with pinions,
  A most plasing remonstrance in the place.

There was wondrous beaming and branch-lights flaming,
  Sweet music a-shameing bagpipe and flute;
The windows they were scented, the people were contented,
  Every thing was happy—both mankind and brute.
The deafman and the cripple both together they did tipple,
  And Erin was rejoicing to the tune of her "go bray;"
And 'tis I am hard in heart here, to think that you, Duke Arthur,
  Are a smash-windowed sort of character this blessed day.

THE MINSTRELSY OF WHIGGERY, NOS. I. II. III.

We have a tolerably large quantity of political *jeux d'esprit* lying by us. We select three, which we think will be found worth reading or singing.

THE MINSTRELSY OF WHIGGERY.—NO. I.

The New City Baronet, a Paraphrase of the "Old English Gentleman."

I'll sing you a modern song, that was made with modern care,
Of a fine new City Baronet, who twice had been Lord Mayor,
And who had a seat in Parliament, (Heav'n knows how he got there!)
With a son whose tender years had long been his paternal care—
Like a fine new City Baronet, all of the modern time.

His warehouses were newly filled with bundles, reams, and quires,
Of post and eke of foolscap, very fit for lighting fires;
And 'twas there "his lordship" sat in state 'mid *stationery* buyers,
And was "better known than trusted" from Whitechapel to Blackfriars—
Like a fine new City Baronet, all of the modern time.

But soon the Whigs came into power, and he came into use;
He twice "adorned" the civic chair—like any other goose,
Befriended every Radical the prisons had set loose,
And was at last an M.P. made by bribery and abuse—
Like a fine new City Baronet, all of the modern time.

His politics were now so pure, his principles so true—
He'd soon emancipate the slave, and Christianise the Jew;
"Reform" was all he talked about—great things he meant to do;
And tried to pull corruption down—to build it up anew—
Like a fine new City Baronet, all of the modern time.

I've often heard him in the House begin to speechify,
And Cobbett cheered, and Harvey hear-ed—few knew the reason why,
While he denounced with bitter words all "jobs" that he could spy,
And thought it was a shame—he had no "finger in the pie"—
Like a fine new City Baronet, all of the modern time.

So much he loved the ministers, so well he liked Lord Grey—
He contracted to supply them all with paper every day;
And got his son appointed its inspector (so they say),
That he might manage matters in his own peculiar way—
Like a fine new City Baronet, all of the modern time.

Alas! the House of Commons on their books had a decree,
That from government contractors their transactions should be free,
And that all inspectors must be men as such men ought to be;
And so "the worthy member" was obliged to change his *Key*—
Like a fine new City Baronet, all of the modern time.

For all the honest men on whom he used to frown and flout,
Soon made the country well aware of what he was about;
And he left his seat in parliament (a well-bred dog, no doubt),
As preparations had just then been made to kick him out—
Like a fine new City Baronet, all of the modern time.

His paper was deficient found, and faulty every page,
And his son upon inquiry was discovered under age;
Which put the premier "out of sorts," the public in a rage,
And made our hero of reform look aught but like a sage—
Like a fine new City Baronet, all of the modern time.

But stationers and stations are but sublunary things,
And ex-lord mayors must bow to fate, as well as mighty kings;
For though hypocrites may thrive at first, at them soon Justice springs,
And many a rogue of high renown to infamy she brings—
Like a fine new City Baronet, all of the modern time.

THE MINSTRELSY OF WHIGGERY.—NO. II.

*The Father-in-Law: a Durham Dialogue.**

DURHAM.

Sire, I to Cherbourg come, expressly being sent,
At this delightful chance yourself to compliment,
(A grandfather so grand, indeed, I never saw,)
By order of my king—that is, my father-in-law.

THE CITIZEN KING.

Your lordship's welcome. Ay! and of the fact be sure,
We owe much thanks to those who keep our throne secure;
And he of all our friends who gives us most éclat
Is still your William the Fourth—we mean your father-in-law.

DURHAM.

His pride is so to be;—the truth is very plain,
That with your majesty so long the Whigs will reign;
But soon as from your rule your people should withdraw,
Then down my country goes—that is, my father-in-law.

THE CITIZEN KING.

The Paris vagabonds have most ungrateful been—
With cotton parapluie we dare not now be seen;
And tremble every hour, afraid of some *faux pas*:
Then what would England do—we mean your father-in-law?

DURHAM.

For us you need not fear—we always take good care,
When aught is to be gain'd, that we should have our share.
We've feather'd well our nest—let others hum and haw;
Resign *we* never mean—that is, my father-in-law.

THE CITIZEN KING.

We've never felt at ease since those "three glorious days,"
When on the barricades a throne they chose to raise:
Each day we dread to hear that fearful cry, "*A bas!*"
And put our trust in Heaven—we mean your father-in-law.

DURHAM.

When I to Russia went to Nicholas I preach'd—
(By the by, between ourselves, I there was overreach'd;)
I swaggered and looked big—he answered with a pshaw!
And dared to threaten *us*—that is, my father-in-law.

THE CITIZEN KING.

The French desire to fight, but we've no taste that way—
'Tis true we like sometimes at soldiering to play:
But Russia, Prussia, Austria, at them to scratch and claw,
Would settle all our hopes—we mean your father-in-law.

DURHAM.

Your majesty, a word! Do not a moment sleep;
Lay hold of what you can, and what you have got keep.
A citizen appear, but rule like a pacha,
And always aid the Whigs—that is, my father-in-law.

THE CITIZEN KING.

My lord, we thank you; though we've *done* what you advise—
We've seized or rifled those who would our power despise.
But let the worst appear—a dungeon and the straw!
We must go to the devil—we mean your father-in-law.

* "Lord Durham had an audience with Louis Philippe at Cherbourg, having declared that the King of England had expressly commissioned him to pay his majesty a complimentary visit."—*Foreign intelligence.*

THE MINSTRELSY OF WHIGGERY.—NO. III.

The Political Goose-Pie.

The old Grey goose has feather'd her nest,
And snugly she's put her tail in;
But strange that her brood, when put to the test,
Should each turn out a Grey-ling.

The old Grey goose she has given them food,
And through honey and milk they wander;
They are Grey-lings all but the first of the brood,
Who has certainly proved a gander.

Said the old Grey goose, "let each take care
Of himself, with his old Grey coat on;
Of the loaves and fishes I've had my share,
But *place* is the fish I doat on."

The old Grey goose was a terrible thief,
And her brood have proved no chickens;
To many a wretch 'twere no small relief
To get but a share of their pickings.

But the old Grey goose she shed no tears,
When she thought of her foul beginning;
For the tougher and greyer she got in years,
The greyer she got in sinning.

The old Grey goose her course has run,
For she stole all she could, instead of
Grubbing up worms, as she ought to have done,
So they took her and cut her head off.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.

So much for political squibbing; but those who are inclined to look at politics with serious eyes, will have enough to make them long-visaged at the present crisis. The affairs of Sir John Key, the Louis-Philippian flirtations of Lord Durham, or even the great national concern of quartering the Greys and Greylings on the public, are not, after all, of such importance as what we see before us, whether we cast our eyes to the extreme Western or the extreme Eastern capital of Europe. The affairs of Lisbon, we admit, may be patched up by negotiation, after our meddling and interfering has all but ruined (we doubt if we should not say ruined without any qualification) our ancient ally; and therefore we escape out of that transaction with no other stain or injury than that of having done infinite mischief to Portugal, and for ever alienated the affections of the Portuguese. But in the East we escape not so easily.

As we write, all Europe is ringing with the news of the conflagration of Constantinople. What the extent of the ruin may be, we are for the present without the adequate means of even guessing. Some say that six thousand houses have been burnt; some raise the number to sixteen thousand; some, still running on the sixes, consign to ashes the sixth part of the city. The coincidence in the figure of all these accounts seem to point to some common origin, and that the destruction has been great there is no ground for doubting. We recollect the distich which astonished our schoolboy ears, or eyes, by exhibiting a hexameter and pentameter in four words—it related to a fire in Constantinople.

Consternabantur Constantinopolitani
Innumerabilibus solicitudinibus.

And we suppose the anxieties of the Constantinopolitans are as innumerable and consternation-inspiring, as in the times celebrated in these verses. But now their consternation is contagious, and spreads much beyond the shores of the Bosphorus.

That Turkey is done, that its part in this world is played, must be obvious to the meanest capacity. The Sultan must go the way of all reformers—to the devil. The day he cut down the Janissaries, that day he bowed his own head into the dust. He destroyed the national strength, and cut up the national prejudices, at one blow. What was there for a true Turk to fight for, after the

genius of the institutions which he reverenced had departed? In his own mode of fighting and financing, he was not to be despised;—when the western systems were introduced, they had only the effect of reducing him to the rank of a third or fourth-rate European soldier. As long as the Janissaries subsisted, Turkey was not to be conquered on her own soil. She might be beaten on the Danube, and obliged, every now and then, to yield a frontier province—but in her own territory she was secure. While the fierce fanatical soldiery were knitted to the state, the Balkan was a sacred boundary; no Diebitsch would have ventured to cross it. When they were destroyed, the punch-bibbing marshal, Old Kettle as his soldiers used to call him, passed it almost as easily as if it had been a turnpike-road, and dictated the terms of a disastrous peace at Adrianople. So much for reforming, root and branch! There have been four Mahomets, including the present. We confess that we do not clearly recollect the history of the Turks, but we have a sort of idea that Mahomet I. was a strong-handed conqueror, bold in fight, fierce in policy, the winner of nations—that Mahomet II., was shrewd and crafty, and not particularly burdened with principle—that Mahomet III. was an active and enterprising general, who spent all his life in war—and that Mahomet IV., the reforming monarch, is a blockhead who has destroyed the institutions of his country; and will, in all probability, be the last of his line. The first three Mahomets died by hasty deaths; for the fourth of the name is possibly reserved the bowstring, in Eastern countries the substitute for the halter, which we of the West employ on similar occasions.

If Constantinople be burnt, the flame is but the signal of insurrection against the Sultan's authority and his person. The hatred against him, deep and universal as it has been for many years, was deepened into tenfold wrath by the visit of the Russians, and the dominant presence of the long-hated and still despised Giaours—the yellow-beards of the North. Had not political considerations of quite a different class actuated Ibrahim Pacha, he might have marched on Scutari, secure of an insurrection in his favour in the heart of Constantinople itself; and we are tolerably sure that this conflagration is the act of the old Janissary party—of those who were hailing the advent of the conqueror of Koniah as their natural chief. If so, what chance of safety has the Sultan but in demanding, as he has a right to do, by Count Orloff's treaty (signed a month or two ago), the aid of Russia? Never was there, in the current of history, aid more willingly given than this will be afforded. The Emperor Nicholas will protect Mahmoud as his grandmother protected Stanislaus; and the independence of Turkey will ere long be as well taken care of as that of Poland.

But that must not be, say all the Liberals at home and abroad. Good gentlemen, be cool! "BEWARE THE BEAR!" was the motto of Baron Bradwardine; and the Northern Bear is to be touched with no small caution. The long-coveted object of Russian ambition is now in the reach of the Emperor; will he abandon it? Dare he, autocrat as he is, abandon it? No! all Russia would rise in arms against one who would shew himself such a recreant. Whether the insurrection comes with this fire, or waits till the next—whether it be great or small, Russia is ready to march. How can we oppose her? Our fleet, that might a year ago have kept her from the Dardanelles, was honourably employed (as Lord Palmerston confessed) in committing robberies of Dutch Indiamen on the coast of Holland: it is too late for us now to interfere as we could once have done. We must, therefore, be contented with letting Russia take Turkey, and abide by the consequences, ruinous to us as they will be; or else we must rouse once more into life the elements of universal war, and shake, as Ovid has it, our rattling arms with sanguinary hand.

We request the doers of the Whig pamphlet on Reform and the Reformed Parliament, to put this boon of blood among the other blessings conferred upon us by the Grey administration.

J. Moyes, Castle Street, Leicester Square.

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THE BOOK OF ENOCH.*

The Archbishop of Cashel's excellent version of this most magnificent of all the apocryphal books has at length reached a second edition. The fate of a work capable of exciting so much interest, has been somewhat singular from the beginning. After the eighth century, though quoted by an inspired writer, this splendid book, whose majesty, though apocryphal, was enough apology for the apostle Jude's patronage, sunk into unmerited oblivion. The unprinted *Chronographia* of Georgius Syncellus contained, however, an ample fragment, which Scaliger wisely thought fit to publish in his notes to the *Chronicus Canon* of Eusebius; and, before its loss (as we find from Fabricius), it was quoted and alluded to by more than twenty authors.

There seems to have been a Greek copy of this book—a version, probably, from some Hebrew or Chaldee original. The version of which discovery has been made in our times is Ethiopic, to the existence of which allusions occur in writers of the seventeenth century. Ludolf, in his commentary upon his *History of Ethiopia*, remarks that an Ethiopic tract, supposed to be the *Book of Enoch*, had been transmitted from Egypt, and purchased by Peiresc; for the discovery of which he himself spared neither expense nor labour. He saw in the Royal Library at Paris a work professing to be the *Book of Enoch*; but, on inspection, refused to recognise its claims. It was reserved for Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, to prove its existence, by bringing from the utmost South three copies of the book itself.

Bruce seems to have been in raptures, but soon discerned that his seed had been sown on stony ground! Hear him:

"Among the articles I consigned to the library at Paris, was a very beautiful and magnificent copy of the prophecies of Enoch, in large quarto; another is amongst the books of Scripture which I brought home, standing *immediately before the book of Job, which is its proper place in the Abyssinian canon;* and a third copy I have presented to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, by the hands of Dr. Douglas, the Bishop of Carlisle."

Dr. Woide shewed considerable enthusiasm about the matter. Scarcely had the glorious news arrived in England, that Bruce had presented this book to the library of the King of France, than Dr. Woide, without staying a few days to give the illustrious traveller time to reach London, set out

* መጽሐፈ : ሄኖክ : ነቢይ :: — THE BOOK OF ENOCH THE PROPHET: an Apocryphal Production, supposed for Ages to have been lost, but discovered at the close of the last Century in Abyssinia; now first translated from an Ethiopic MS. in the Bodleian Library. By Richard Laurence, LL.D., Archbishop of Cashel, late Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. Oxford, J. H. Parker; London, J., G., and F. Rivington. 1833.

for Paris, with letters from the secretary of state to Lord Stormont, our ambassador, desiring him to assist the doctor in procuring access to the present of Bruce, by his most Christian majesty's permission. Woide transcribed (Bruce thought he had translated) the Ethiopic version, and attempted a Latin rendering of a few detached passages. His imperfect knowledge of Ethiopic permitted no more.

Dr. Laurence's translation is made from the Bodleian MS., which he afterwards compared with Woide's transcript of the Paris MS., in the possession of the Delegates of the Press; but the apathy of all parties concerned was extreme. Until Dr. Laurence, a few years ago, undertook the present translation, no advantage was reaped by wise or simple from Bruce's magnificent donation to the Bodleian. But when has it not been that "Man wrongs and Time avenges?" The MS. which Bruce reserved to himself experienced a somewhat better fate, for Mr. Murray, the editor of the octavo edition of Bruce's *Travels*, gave from it a summary of its contents; and the learned Silvestre de Sacy, in a *Notice du Livre d'Enoch* (published in the *Magasin Encyclopédique*, an vi. tom. i. p. 382), gave a Latin translation of the first three chapters; of all between the sixth and sixteenth chapters inclusively; and likewise of the twenty-second and thirty-second chapters, from the Paris MS. This translation Dr. Laurence has very rightly republished, at the end of his own. Dr. Gesenius, of Halle in Saxony, also, has lately been in Paris, for the purpose of publishing it in Ethiopic, with a Latin version.

Beautiful, therefore, will thy vengeance be, "O Time! thou beautifier of the dead!" Dead? Nay, but there was a spirit of life in this same book of Enoch. Wild and extravagant as in the main, and apocryphal as undoubtedly the whole of this book of Enoch is, it must be confessed by every competent reader to be a work of genius. Mr. Murray originally took a prejudiced view of the production, calling it "absurd and tedious." Heaven forfend! Subsequently he changed his mind, after this fashion:—"The language is the purest Ethiopic; and the whole book has a peculiar dignity of style and manner which imposes on the reader, and impresses on his mind ideas of its great antiquity." Again:—"It must be regarded as highly curious, being the translation of a Greek book long since lost, which was older than the appearance of our Saviour and the age of the apostles." Again:—"The narrative is bold and fabulous, but highly impressive of the sentiments and character of those speculative enthusiasts who blended the Chaldaic philosophy with the sacred history of the Jews." A remark this, by the by, which the Archbishop of Cashel observes is destitute of proof. It is—quite. No doubt, however, rests on the following:—"As a literary relic, it merits attention; and as an Ethiopic book, written in the purest Geez, and venerated by the Abyssinians as of equal authority with the writings of Moses, it deserves to be laid before the public."

The fathers differed upon the question, whether the book of Enoch were apocryphal; various reasons, on which Dr. Laurence dwells at large, shew the work to be not only apocryphal but spurious. Apocryphal! why, what a word is that? what meaneth it? Verily only this—something to be considered other than as, and apart from things, inspired. The apocryphal are human compositions, separated from those that are divine. According to some writers, the books so denominated were such as were not deposited in but removed ἀπὸ τῆς κρύπτης, *from the crypt*, ark, chest, or other receptacle in which the sacred books were kept; or, more probably, from ἀπόκρυφη, because they were concealed from the generality of readers—their authority not being recognised by the Christian church. These works are doubtless destitute of proper testimonials, their original is obscure, their origin unknown, and their character is either heretical or suspected. But their chief distinction is that of not being divine; books not in general circulation. And what are such books in ordinary cases? Either works altogether worthless, or imitations, which, though excellent, are swallowed up in the reputation of their models; as all such ever are. But are then the original works that live, and are immortal, always and every where inspired? Is not Shakespeare divine? Milton? Dante? Tasso? Virgil? Homer? We confine the question principally to poets, because they, of all the followers of the Nine, chiefly claim inspiration. Why not? Is not the mind itself an inspiration? Is not

man himself a revelation? Through what, save and except human agency, may news of the invisible world come to man? What reveals Nature to herself? Only to the Spirit in a human form has she a tale to tell—only to his questionings. And then answers she? Nay, but out of her silence it is that the Spirit shapes the responses—even as he will. What reveals she to him, in silence or eloquence—her silence the most eloquent of all things—what reveals she to him thus? Himself! She is to him but a watery mirror, and he the Narcissus of the stream; loving, admiring his own mysterious image in the reflecting deep—an inverted heaven! She is to him the Echo, who pines for the self-worshipping Narcissus; her voice is but the rebound of his own. Every man who knows how, in verse or prose, statue, picture, or music, to give permanence to such evanescent image, so that it shall live for him when he has left the glassy river;—to catch the rebounding word, and enshrine it in his memory, so that he can bear it away with him to future time,—every one such is a poet, or a man inspired, an artist, or a divine person. He it is who creates and turns to shape. The airy nothing? No; but the most substantial something—his own identical self! From that great whole of phenomena which fools call nature, but which the wise know to be only that of so many modifications of our own several being, he constructs a world and its hero, the Creator-creature, Author and Saviour, Demi-god and Man? But what is he himself, who is thus a universe and its great egotist, its only dweller—all in one? Recollects he the time when he was not? No, surely. Is he, then, the Eternal? That, or the image thereof. For this is all he knows, that *he is;* being and knowing, in the identity of knowledge and being. Thus is he manifested to himself, and all other things to him. But every manifestation supposes a manifesting power. Is he that power? Of this he hath no consciousness; yet of this he is conscious, that although no manifestation perhaps come but by an act of the will, yet that every manifestation he would effect comes not always at the call of the will: neither will it always depart. Pleasure will not ever come at demand, nor will pain go away at bidding.

May we then call this manifesting power ours, which is thus independent of will? Nay, is not the very consciousness of being itself previous to the will? Being is implied in every act of will; nay, in every act *it is*. To be, we once asked, what is it? To act! To act, we now ask, what is it? To be! And what is being, in the highest sense? Mine—my personal being—what is it? The manifestation of a power not mine, acting before and independently of my will. And that power? Unutterable—incomprehensible—nameless! And what is that manifestation? what but a revelation of being, and power, and will—three in one, infinite, eternal, and divine? And who is the revealer? The Maker of *man*, in *whom* only the revelation appears; though but in a symbol, though but as a representative portion. In him has been breathed the breath of life; and thus was he inspired with mind. Wherever mind in the fulness of its capacity abides—the Discourse of Reason looking before and after—there is the inspired man to be acknowledged. Wherever be such man, there is a revelation to be witnessed; an apocalyptic vision, of which that seen by him of Patmos were—at least, the description thereof is—a second-hand scene-painting, to be disposed of as a curiosity, or memento, in the forth-coming sale of theatrical property, consequent upon the general decline, and decadence, and final demolition of the national Drama. At best, it were but a vain dream as contrasted with that "vision" which is "the faculty divine;" that beatific contemplation, feebly imaged even in

> "The fable of Bellerus old,
> Where the great vision of the guarded mount
> Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;"

by which the sublime Milton deemed that his own Lycidas might possibly sleep: more wisely, however, immediately after, thus apostrophising the spirit of his friend, in these [illegible] searching terms of love:

> "Look homeward, angel, now!"

Home! sweet home! look homeward! —there lies "the crypt, the ark, the chest," or whatever other "receptacle," in which the inspired writings shall be found. Home! Let each man place his hand upon his heart, and find it there. There is the place of mystery,

both of godliness and iniquity. Thence must come every revelation that is worthy of the name, every work of art, in poem or picture, in marble group, or musical expression.

But each such work is a work of genius; and genius, as its name imports, has reference to nature. And verily to nature, and out upon nature, should the poet—(we use the term generically, as applicable to artists of all kinds, nay, to men of science also)—look, and thence bring "home" the treasures that are afar off, made more valuable by distance. Bring home! but even in those outgoings is he still at home—himself but modified in those apparent external forms, and which only so appear because that space in which they lie side by side, or the time in which they move one after the other, is a mode of his perceiving; his, who of no beginning is reminiscent, and of no end is anticipant—the Child of Eternity, the Heir of Immortality; his mind "its own place," its own time; of both capacious, circumscribing both, and "*all* that they inherit," however distant that *all* may seem—even the stars in the infinite heaven! *Himself but modified!* yea, and representative only of himself, in faint echoes of the works of his understanding and will. Thus Alfred Domitt even—a poet whom we delight to honour, not on account of any merit he hath, but because nobody else will—ay, thus even Alfred Domitt can see, or think he sees, because other and greater versemongers before him have seen, in that astral alphabet,

> "The figures of *a* glittering Lore,
> The gorgeous symbols of *an* Unknown Tongue,
> The eloquence of a Language Mystical,
> The soul-exciting secrets of a Science,
> Written in tomes which are the universe;
> Lettered in stars, worded in burning worlds,
> And syllabled in systems radiance-wrought!"

Bravo, Alfred Domitt! even thou art a poet, though small; yet, in these same seven lines, great as the greatest. Thus is the human soul at home, even in the far and high heavens, tracing her own operations in the writing, reading, and arithmetic of the celestial luminaries. So she, in every act of sensation,

> "Ranges
> Like light, and turns transparent what she sees;
> Making all new, yet finding nought that strange is.
> *Remaining in herself*, she takes her pleasure,
> An unchanged spirit through unnumbered changes;
> An ever-flowing yet exhaustless treasure
> Of fragrant and delicious essences—
> Of melodies in every varied measure—
> Of sweeter, more ethereal relishes,
> Than the bee sips from dewy bud at morn,
> And Beauty lavish of its loveliness."

So maketh the soul her own paradise wherever she will, yet no dream-land either; for there "even all thoughts are acts, ideas are realities:" even there, in the paradise of Hades. That Hades is the heart—the heart of man, even as it is the "heart of earth," the apocalyptic heaven, the

> "Beautiful city! mother of us all!"

Herein only man "sees things as they are;" here is the centre of all gravities, and hence all motion springs. But itself?—

> "Itself at rest immovable remains,
> Exempt from change, necessity, and chance.
> Here in pure unity true Sabbath reigns,
> Original, eternal, final proof,
> Prime archetype of all our orb contains—
> An intellectual paradigme, whereof
> The world of sense is but a parable;
> A fable wrought in an intricate woof;
> A mystery, not without an oracle,
> But misinterpreted, neglected, scorned,
> 'Shadowy of truth,' and symbolising well;
> A theatre—how gorgeously adorned!
> A stage, of scenes illusive, and of men
> Drest in disguises phantast, and suborned.
> Awhile the actors play their part; agen,
> Sovran and slave to equal state return,
> Yet nothing changed but the appearance then."

But we have no more room for *terza rima* extracts, much as we love that form of verse. What we have to say is said—that, however the heart may look abroad, she yet remains at rest,

like the ark on Ararat; never forsakes the bosom that is her home, and which, like that ark that thus rested, contains, while roving over the universe of waters, all that is sacred in the world; conveying its inmates from place to place—a deluge-ship—and from its windows shewing them the miracles of vengeance and redemption, without their once stirring out of doors. In the ark of the heart, therefore, look we for the crypt in which all sacred books originate. Every volume that comes from thence let us esteem divine. This is the test by which we will judge all the Scriptures of the Testament, old or new; and this test all those Scriptures, both new and old, will abide, so long as in the bosom of man there beats a heart, so long as there is grandeur in its throbbings. There from the first dawn of childhood may we intertwine, for growing genius,

> "The passions that build up our human soul,
> Nor with the mean and vulgar works of man,
> But with high objects and enduring things,
> With life and nature: purifying thus
> The elements of feeling and of thought,
> And sanctifying by such discipline
> Both pain and fear."

With what philosophic reference to the constitution of our being is the very first verse of Genesis written: "In the beginning Elohim affiliated the heavens and the earth!" Self-affirmation of Being breaking the eternal silence—(or what to us is silence, though in itself and for itself an everlasting utterance—the Logos ever affirming and reaffirming Divine being "from eternity to eternity, whose choral echo," as we learn from Coleridge, "is the universe")—and generating thus a whole creation—an entire and newly-published Spelling-book, into which the syllables of the mysterious Symbol, the spoken Image, the begotten Word, was self-divided. How simple! how sublime is the Mosaic announcement! how obscure! yet how radiant with "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world!" Pass we on, then, to the *felt* truth; that "Jehovah Elohim formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Who, worthy of the name of man, hath not experienced this, from Adam to Paul, from Paul to Byron? "Half dust, half deity!" None, perhaps, would be wholly the former; repine we not either that we cannot be wholly the latter. Some would be delivered from "the body of this death;" and some, like Wordsworth, doubtless conceive it were a joy,

> "In vigorous health,
> To have a body (this our vital frame
> With shrinking sensibility endued,
> And all the nice regards of flesh and blood),
> And to the elements surrender it,
> As if it were a spirit. How divine
> The liberty for frail, for mortal man,
> To roam at large among unpeopled glens
> And mountainous retirements, only trod
> By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
> To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
> That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
> Be as a Presence or a Motion—one
> Among the many there; and while the mists
> Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes
> And phantoms from the crags and solid earth,
> As fast as a musician scatters sounds
> Out of an instrument; and while the streams
> (As at a first creation, and in haste
> To exercise their untried faculties)
> Descending from the region of the clouds,
> And starting from the hollows of the earth,
> More multitudinous every moment, rend
> Their way before them: what a joy to roam
> An equal among mightiest energies!
> And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
> Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
> By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
> Be this continued so from day to day,
> Nor let it have an end from month to month!"

Nor less characteristic is the passionate desire of the world-wearied, clay-burdened Byron:

> "Oh, that the desert were my dwelling-place,
> With one fair spirit for my minister!"

The poet Cowper, who felt the antagonism of our "false nature" with the law of the mind, so painfully as, like a coward, to die many times before his death, wished with like vehemence for "a lodge in some vast wilderness;" but, in the struggle of jarring impulses, forgot to include the fair spirit. There, however, in "the boundless contiguity of shade," he would have found one; for not in error did the poet deem that "such inhabit many a spot." He did err, however, in adding,

"Though with them to converse can
barely be our lot."

Wherever there is man, there is such spirit, fair or foul, angel or fiend; and communion therewith is always possible. Such self-converse is no unapt image of that eternal fellowship, that celestial colloquy which, in what appears to us the silence previous to creation, gives birth to worlds. Silence! Neither Silence nor Solitude was ever yet in heaven or on earth. Eternity has no record in her great archives of a solitary Deity. Ere the hills, before his works of old, was Wisdom his companion; she was set up from everlasting; and when the ages were constituted, the mysterious Beginning reported, that therein it found already existing the coeternal and coequal Word. No solitary worker was the Creator when he projected man; but in his high council-chamber communed with the ineffable but covenanted ones, saying, "Let *us* make man!" Nor since hath Time reported other. Of such spiritual self-intercourse hath man been always capable. And so in every spot may he find a "favourable spirit," an "affable angel;" and, in like manner, projecting himself into the outer region, he may converse therewith as with another—a being wisely mad, and rationally "beside himself." Thus

> "Upon the breast of new-created earth
> Man walked; and when and where soe'er he moved,
> Alone or mated, solitude was not.
> He heard, upon the wind, the articulate voice
> Of God, and angels to his sight appeared,
> Crowning the glorious hills of Paradise;
> Or through the groves, gliding like morning mist
> Enkindled by the sun. He sat, and talked
> With winged messengers, who daily brought
> To his small Island in the ethereal deep,
> Tidings of joy and love."

Nor from this state hath man fallen; though Wordsworth, immediately after the passage just quoted, saith he hath. Both Sin and Sorrow tell a different tale. How consistent with all we know of our intellectual constitution, is that appetite for knowledge good or evil, whereby we may be as gods—being already able to talk with such, as reflected in the shadows of our own inner man—the spirits of our spirit! Man fell, indeed, but not *from* those "pure heights," but *to* them. Thereafter "they heard the *voice* of Jehovah Elohim *walking* in the garden, in the cool of the day." How touching the sequent recital! "And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of Jehovah Elohim, amongst the trees of the garden." How touching, nay, how true! Then came the crimination of each other—the first instance on record of man or woman turning king's evidence; and every word written with the pen of truth in the very heart's blood of both. To Cain also came the angel, after the blood of Abel had cried from the ground; and then, and before, to the first parents came sorrow, and since to us. Pale Sorrow! hath she not borrowed even Wordsworth's own poetic voice, to make him testify against his own dictum, that not *from* but *to* these heights God's image lapsed?

> "The poets, in their elegies and songs
> Lamenting the departed, call the groves—
> They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
> And senseless rocks: nor idly; for they speak,
> In these their invocations, with a voice
> Obedient to the strong creative power
> Of human Passion. Sympathies there are
> More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
> That steal upon the meditative mind,
> And grow with thought."

Yes, verily, strong is the "creative power of human Passion;" and thereof comes it, that the groves, the hills, the streams, the rocks, are not "senseless," but instinct with spirit. Spirit is there! Each hath its spirit, child of the Passion described as so mighty, or of the Sympathies manifested in more tranquil moods. This our pseudo-ENOCH knew (from whom we quote now, that the reader of REGINA—maiden Queen of literary England, Scotland, Ireland,

and Berwick-upon-Tweed — may not misdeem that we have quite forgot our task). This, we repeat, our pseudo-Enoch knew, as the following chapter (the LIXth) will testify to the judicious:

"(1) Then another angel, who proceeded with me, spoke to me; (2) and shewed me the first and last secrets in heaven above, and in the depths of the earth: (3) in the extremities of heaven, and in the foundations of it, and in the receptacle of the winds. (4) *He shewed me* how their Spirits were divided; how they were balanced; and how both the springs and the winds were numbered according to the force of their Spirit. (5) *He shewed me* the power of the moon's light, that its power is a just one; as well as the divisions of the stars, according to their respective names; (6) *that* every division is divided; that the lightning flashes; (7) that *their Host** immediately obey; and that a cessation takes place during thunder, in the continuance of its sound. Nor are the thunder and the lightning separated; neither do both of them move with one Spirit; yet are they not separated. (8) For when the lightning lightens, the thunder sounds, and the Spirit at a proper period pauses, making an equal division between them; for the receptacle of their times is what sand is. Each of them at a proper season is restrained with a bridle, and turned by the power of the Spirit; which thus propels them according to the spacious extent of the earth. (9) The Spirit likewise of the Sea is potent and strong, and, as a strong power, turns it back with a bridle; so is it driven forwards, and scattered against the mountains of the earth. The Spirit of the Frost has its Angel; in the Spirit of Hail there is a good Angel; the Spirit of Snow ceases in its strength, and a solitary Spirit is in it, which ascends from it like vapour, and is called refrigeration. (10) The Spirit also of Mist dwells with them in their receptacles; but it has a receptacle to itself; for its progress is in splendour. (11) In light and in darkness, in winter and in summer. Its receptacle is bright, and an Angel is in it. (12) The Spirit of Dew has its abode in the extremities of heaven, in connexion with the receptacle of rain; and its progress is in winter and in summer. The cloud produced by it and the cloud of the mist become united; one gives to the other; and when the Spirit of Rain is in motion, from its receptacle Angels come, and opening its receptacle, bring it forth. (13) When, likewise, it is sprinkled over all the earth, it forms an union with every kind of water on the ground; for the waters remain on the ground, because they afford nourishment to the earth from the Most High, who is in heaven. (14) Upon this account, therefore, there is a measure in the rain, which the Angels receive. (15) These things I saw: all of them, even paradise."

This is an extraordinary passage, and might have been written by Baron Swedenborg,—a man in whom the "creative power" of science and theology raised as many spirits as ever answered to the spell of turbulent Passions or tranquil Sympathies. O Wordsworth! not even thy Peter Bell was fallen below such; with him the "spirits of the mind" were busy: for, verily,

"A potent wand doth Sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty Fear!"

No wonder the last (guilty Fear) brought before the eye of Cain the Avenger! Nor was he without Sorrow then and afterwards; that dogged answer of his was from a wounded heart.

"Repentance is a gentle sprite;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear."

It is our opinion that Cain felt not remorse only, but repented, and was, notwithstanding his crime, a *good Christian* all his life afterwards. The punishment greater than he could bear, had not been borne but by a repentant and redeemed soul. Nay, he was saved — from temporal penalty clearly. "Whoso slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold." But henceforth was Sorrow, the great distilleress of genuine spirits, his companion; and with what effect she wielded her potent wand, Coleridge has given us some intimation in that strange fragment of his entituled the *Wanderings of Cain;* a fearful thing, that chills the blood like an icebolt shot into the veins.

We like to quote verses; and Coleridge began this same fragment in *Christabel* rhymes, but afterwards continued it in prose. The verses, however, are too good to be passed over. Here they be, in all their sweetness and beauty, lovely as the babes in the wood covered with the unwithering leaves of wild roses and blackberries by the Robin Redbreasts:

"Encinctured with a twine of leaves,
That leafy twine his only dress!

* In this and other places we have adopted the Ethiopic idiom, instead of the phrases substituted by Dr. Laurence — very frequently to the injury of the text.

> A lovely boy was plucking fruits
> In a moonlight wilderness.
> The moon was bright, the air was free,
> And fruits and flowers together grew
> On many a shrub and many a tree;
> And all put on a gentle hue,
> Hanging in the shadowy air
> Like a picture rich and rare.
> It was a climate where, they say,
> The night is more beloved than day.
> But who that beauteous boy beguiled,
> That beauteous boy! to linger here?
> Alone, by night, a little child,
> In place so silent and so wild—
> Has he no friend, no loving mother near?"

This child is Enos, Cain's first-born; and the passage is used by Coleridge as an allusion to explain his notions of the harmless species of mystics, called by him the enthusiastic—which species he would subdivide into two ranks, and describe in a sort of allegory or parable. He requests his reader to imagine a poor pilgrim benighted in a wilderness or desert, and pushing his way in the starless dark with a lantern in his hand. Chance, or his happy genius, leads him to an oasis or natural garden, such as in the creations of his youthful fancy he, Coleridge, supposes, in the passage before us, Enos, the child of Cain, to have found.

Beautiful—nay, like the Ladye Geraldine, "beautiful exceedingly"—all the passages referred to (we wish we could quote them), written all to prove that mysticism is moonshine! The *Wanderings of Cain* may have been written with a similarly laudable purpose, to demonstrate that moonshine is mysticism! To poor Cain it is even so. Led by his son Enos, he finds himself in a forest of fir-trees, and they go together in search of the open moonlight. They get into a winding and narrow path, which the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined; and then was it dark—dark as a cavern. Cain groans deeply; darkness must have been fearful to such an one—alone; and how glad and grateful must he have been for the company of a little child! *Guide me, little child,* said Cain. "And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel; and he guided his father. 'The fir-branches drop upon thee, my son.'—'Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir-trees! They leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them; but they leapt away from the branches—even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? Is it because we are not so happy as they? Is it because I groan sometimes, even as thou groanest?' Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans, he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him; and Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, 'The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air; O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die! Yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth, behold they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils, so I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice; and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar-tree, and in silence am I dried up."

This is power, this is genius, this is—poetry! So it is when they came to the turning of the path, where "the beech-trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted, for the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was black, and matted into loathly curls, and his countenance was dark and wild, and told, in a strange and terrible language, of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be."

But if all this be fine, incomparably fine—as, by the eternal Heavens! it is—what shall we say to, where shall we find words to describe, the rest of the fragment? It is a "thing

to dream of, not to tell;" yet must it be told. Spirit of Remorse! wizard Spirit! by what migic power didst thou, in Cain's soul-mirror, conjure up such horrible phantoms into apparent *outness* as that wherewith, only to read of, we shudder fearfully—shudder as Eliphaz did, when a spirit passed before his face, while deep sleep had fallen on men, and the hair of his flesh stood up?

It is a desert scene—the most desolate—into which *the* poet has introduced Cain and his little child—nigh to the place where Enos had found the pitcher and cake. But, ere they arrived there, they beheld a human shape; his back was towards them, and they were coming up unperceived, when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, "Wo is me! wo is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger." For the rest we must, though reluctantly, refer the reader to the original itself. Yet, God of the Dead and Living! what meaneth the Scald and Sage by that mysterious intimation of his, touching a personal difference between those attributes of thy One and Eternal Substance? But we must muse with closed lips.

How could the editor of Lord Byron's works fall into such an error as to suppose, from the fact of this fragment appearing in the *Bijou* for 1828, that it was suggested by the perusal of the mystery of *Cain?* That critic would do great injustice to Coleridge's genius who could believe that this great poet would condescend to imitate anybody, much less Lord Byron, whose own mystery was probably suggested by Coleridge's fragment, of which he had ample means of knowledge. The fact is, however, that the fragment was composed, as Coleridge himself tells us, in the same year in which the *Ancient Mariner* and the first book of *Christabel* were written. This is decisive of the question. *Christabel* had a similar fate, giving birth, while in MS., to the *Lady of the Lake*, by which it was superseded in the market. But what cares Coleridge for this? The truth is known by all competent people—his reputation is sure—and with the lust of lucre he was never plagued.

But it was not of this we meant to tell, but to shew what magic wand was wielded by Sorrow and guilty Fear, and what creative power had Passion and Sympathy; so that, as each one may say for himself,

—— "From the well
Of my own being, a pure sphere of light
I can project, and shape and syllable
With form and name; or on the darkness drear,
Even as the eye of childhood doth, create
Pictures and friezes, indistinct or clear."

Nay, is not this the very source, the fountain-head, of the tradition on which the spurious *Book of Enoch*, with *other poems* of the kind of later date, have been founded? Have we not detected the precise birthplace of that strange story touching "the giant sons, of the embrace of angels with a sex more beautiful than they, which did draw down the erring spirits who can ne'er return?" The tale, with all its extravagance, is not without a peculiar grandeur in its Ethiopic dress. We call it a *poem*, not because it is apocryphal, but because it is spurious. An apocryphal book might have been written by the real Enoch; the only distinction between an apocryphal and a divine book being, that the one is an inspiration and the other an imitation. Fox the Quaker, and Irving the Humanitarian, imitate the style and language of the Scriptural books; but the imitations never can stand on the same footing with their models. They, however, have written in their own names: their books are therefore not spurious—it is only their inspiration that is doubtful. They stand in the situation of most of the apocryphal books of the Old and New Testaments, as to which—even admitting the genuineness of the authorship, and the authenticity of the facts, or supposing the facts related to be correct—the great fact of inspiration is suspected. These remarks apply not to a spurious work—one written under the name of another—which may be, and has been, done from a feeling of modesty. Such a work may, notwithstanding that circumstance, be inspired; at any rate, it is a subject quite beside the question of inspiration. It is clear that it cannot invalidate the claims of a work to the attribute of poetic; it cannot abate one jot of its character as a poem; poetic inspiration may exist under any name, real or assumed. It is equally poetry whether published under the name of Barry Cornwall or plain B. W. Proctor.

It being quite clear, therefore, that the book in question is spurious, written under an assumed name, and the supposition of an assumed date, we shall take leave to look upon it as a

poem. In this light it comes again under the category of apocryphal, as being clearly not altogether an original either in style or sentiment, but an imitation, written, as far as the author might, in the spirit of the books of the Old Testament. Now it is a remarkable fact, and shews how superior inspiration, whether poetic, or religious, or scientific, is to learning, in all cases, that in imitations it is generally the faults that are copied, rather than the real beauties of the model. The imitators of Sir Walter Scott and Byron, of Milton and Pope, all endeavoured to catch the eccentricities of their respective originals, rather than those better qualities in which they moved in harmony with the universal laws of the beautiful and sublime. Thus our pseudo-Enoch affects the transcendental in style and argument, in which two apparent contradictions may both be true, that so much distinguishes the Hebrew Scriptures. He is also fond of prophetic visions, and prefers the incongruous and out of nature to the simple and ordinary. Goats and rams and kine crowd his pages, manifest supernatural horns, and perform wondrous antics. He makes nothing of generating elephants, camels, and asses, by the union of fallen stars with young cows. All this is not to dream, but to feign dreaming.

In other respects the work deserves the character of an original poem — we allude to its general abstinence from miracles, and the spirituality of its agency. Written for a carnal generation, the Hebrew Scriptures are corporeal and fleshly; they are of "the earth, earthy"— though, doubtless, also of the heaven, heavenly. But the infinite and eternal is symbolised in them by the intuitions of time and space. For such is the universal order of man's cultivation, as regards the race; first the natural, and afterwards the spiritual. The whole of the Book of Enoch is so spiritual, that it might have been written by Immanuel Swedenborg. Not in the body, but in the spirit, happen all the wonderful things that chance to Enoch. ' In the Hebrew Scriptures, the angels are frequently mistaken for human mortals: thus Lot and Abraham entertained gods unawares. But there is no mistaking the angels of Enoch. They are indeed the creatures of those strong Passions or gentler Sympathies which Byron, in his *Heaven and Earth*, has so well set forth in the characters of Aholibamah and Anah.

Poor Anah! all her fear is that Azaziel cannot by his nature "sympathise" with her:

> "With me thou canst not *sympathise*,
> Except in love; and there thou must
> Acknowledge that more loving dust
> Ne'er wept beneath the skies."

This craving for sympathy marks her character: her doubt of it shews the depth of the sentiment. *Who ne'er doubted, never loved.*

> "Yet, seraph dear!
> Oh hear!
> For thou hast loved me, and I would not die,
> Until I know that I must die in knowing
> That thou forgetst in thine eternity
> Her whose heart death could not keep from o'erflowing
> For thee, immortal essence as thou art!"

Such is her gentle character — the Child of Sympathy — a feeling, though deep and strong, yet tranquil, in comparison with the turbulent Passion that casts out volumes of lava from the volcano of Aholibamah's heart.

> "Samiasa!
> I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.
> Many may worship thee — that will I not:
> If that thy spirit down to mine may move thee,
> Descend and share my lot!
> Though I be formed of clay,
> And thou of beams
> More bright than those of day
> On Eden's streams,
> Thine immortality can not repay
> With love more warm than mine
> My love. There is a ray
> In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,
> I feel was lighted at thy God's and mine.
>
> It may be hidden long: death and decay
> Our mother Eve bequeathed us — but my heart
> Defies it: though this life must pass away,
> Is *that* a cause for thee and me to part?

Thou art immortal—so am I: I feel,
I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all fears, and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth, 'Thou liv'st for ever!'
But if it be in joy
I know not, nor would know;
That secret rests with the Almighty Giver,
Who folds in clouds the fonts of bliss and woe.
But thee and me he never can destroy.
Change us he may, but not o'erwhelm; we are
Of as eternal essence, and must war
With him if he will war with us: with *thee*
I can share all things, even immortal sorrow;
For thou hast ventured to share life with *me*,
And shall *I* shrink from thine eternity?
No! though the serpent's sting should pierce me thorough,
And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil
Around me still! and I will smile,
And curse thee not; but hold
Thee in as warm a fold
As—but descend; and prove
A mortal's love
For an immortal. If the skies contain
More joy than thou canst give and take, remain!"

This poem is out of all sight and measure the very best of Byron's Faustish effusions. It is severe, classical, impassioned, deep, high, broad, true to the immortal instincts of the human heart! In the tradition, however, with which we have to do—following the Mosaic record—the erring angels are not won down by female invocations, however beautiful; but voluntarily descend to hold converse with the daughters of men. Samyaza and Azazyel, in the Book of Enoch, are among the chiefs of the rebel angels—"the sons of heaven," who, in the days when "the sons of men had multiplied, and it happened that daughters were born to them, elegant and beautiful," beheld them, and "became enamoured of them, saying to each other, Come, let us select for ourselves wives from the progeny of men, and let us beget children."

"Then their leader, Samyaza, said to them, I fear that you may perhaps be indisposed to the performance of this enterprise, and that I alone shall suffer for so grievous a crime. But they answered and said, We all swear, and bind ourselves by mutual execrations that we will not change our intention, but execute our projected undertaking. Then they swore altogether, and all bound themselves by mutual execrations. Their whole number was two hundred, who descended upon Ardis, which is the top of mount Armon. That mountain therefore was called Armon, because they had sworn upon it, and bound themselves by mutual execrations."

Here follow the names of the angelic chiefs, Samyaza being the leader. The narrative then proceeds to state that,

"They then took wives, each choosing for himself; whom they began to approach, and with whom they cohabited; teaching them sorcery, incantations, and the dividing of roots and trees. And the women conceiving, brought forth giants, whose stature was each three hundred cubits. These devoured all which the labour of men produced, until it became impossible to feed them: when they turned themselves against men, in order to devour them; and began to injure birds, beasts, reptiles, and fishes, to eat their flesh one after another, and to drink their blood. Then the earth reproved the unrighteous."

The next chapter (VIII.) tells us that Azazyel "taught men to make swords, knives, shields, breastplates; the fabrication of mirrors, and the workmanship of bracelets and ornaments; the uses of paint, the beautifying of the eyebrows; the use of stones, of every valuable and select kind, and of all sorts of dyes; so that the world became altered. Impiety increased; fornication multiplied; and they transgressed, and corrupted all their ways."

Moore has followed the old tradition more literally in *The Loves of the Angels*, than Byron has in his splendid mystery. The *Mystery* is a production of the imaginative faculty; the "*Heliacal rising*" of Moore is a creature of the fancy only. It is the office

of fancy to deal with fixities, to alter nothing, but merely to combine and to colour. Not so with imagination, which creates and changes all things to suit her own high purposes. Fancy aggregates only certain symbols, but imagination *makes* them for the purpose of giving form and body to the ideas of Reason, thus mediating between that high power and the general apprehensions of the speculative understanding. To fancy, on the other hand, fitly belongs all that is meant by allegory; which, although a parallel, is another guess-sort of thing from symbolism. It is a lower effort, running in a similar direction, but meeting never with that higher accomplishment. This was a region of thought quite within Moore's reach, if not entirely within his grasp; and to a certain degree he has successfully attained what he aimed at, in depicting the period when

> " Mortals saw without surprise
> In the mid-air, angelic eyes
> Gazing upon this world below."

Even Moore has glimpses of the power of Passion, of which we have already written so wisely; lamenting in the very next line, that " Passion should profane e'en then that morning of the earth." An imaginative poet would have said nothing of the profanation; like a Byron or a Wordsworth, he would look upon so important a part of the human constitution with reverence, if not with awe. Passion in itself is the highest and holiest of things; it is only the abuse of it that is profane. O, what is Love? Is it not even divine? —*the* Deity! No " fatal stain" is it " on hearts of heavenly birth," until misdirected—nor is there aught of sad that can accrue from " woman's love" to man or angel, if the spirit be but pure from which and to which it be communicated. All this imagination teaches; but for a poet, who is only a phantast, the other notion is " tolerable, and not to be endured."

Moore's angels are three, " three noble youths," the first is unnamed, the second is called Rubi, and the third Zaraph. These names have no relation to the book of Enoch. The three fair ones are equally unconnected with the tradition by name, being Lea, Lilis, and Nama. But in this the design of Moore corresponds with the antique story, that the initiatory step in the transgression is taken by the seraphs, and not by the ladies. The nameless youth, whom the allegorist describes as " the unheavenliest one" of the three, saw from the " blue element"

> " One of earth's fairest womankind,
> Half veiled from view, or rather shrined
> In the clear crystal of a brook;
> Which, while it hid no single gleam
> Of her young beauties, made them look
> More spirit-like, as they might seem
> Through the dim shadowing of a dream."

There is no telling how long this " unheavenliest one" would have hung gazing, but that the maiden was startled by *the tremble of his wings all o'er (for through each plume he felt the thrill)*—

> " Never shall I forget those eyes—
> The shame, the innocent surprise
> Of that bright face, when in the air
> Uplooking, she beheld me there.
> It seemed as if each thought and look,
> And motion, were that minute chained
> Fast to the spot, such root she took.
> And, like a sun-flower by a brook,
> With face upturned—so still remained."

This is a pretty *picture*. Bending his face in his wings to hide his blushes, the maid takes the opportunity of flying. In search of her, the seraph gives up his task and heaven, and soon becomes her constant companion. Lea, however, is prudent, and will not consent to love him as a mortal. A feast is held, and the spirit drinks too much wine. After the banquet, the lady affects to be very tender, and requests of her angel-lover only to inform her of the spell-word which he must pronounce ere he may ascend the skies.

> " Unknowing what I did, inflamed,
> And lost already, on her brow
> I stamped one burning kiss, and named
> The mystic word, till then ne'er told
> To living creature of earth's mould!
> Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
> Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
> The holy sound; her hands and eyes
> Were instant lifted to the skies,
> And thrice to heaven she spoke it out
> With that triumphant look faith wears,
> When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
> A vapour from this vale of tears,
> Between her and her God appears!"

The effect of all this is, that wings grow out of Lea's shoulders, and she mounts the skies; " the unheavenliest one" would share her flight, but finds that the spell-word for him has now no power.

Rubi is a spirit of knowledge, " who over Time and Space and Thought an empire claimed"—a pretty considerable dominion. He relates how the Creator summoned the angelic powers to Eden's

bowers to witness the creation of woman. From "that miraculous hour" his spirit was haunted with her beauty, and with that of women in general. To him their forms, souls, feelings, were "God's most disturbing mystery"—to him who burned with the "wish to know—that endless thirst." The stars were his first passion of the kind—the desire of knowledge; but afterwards woman became to him most fair of stars. Yet it was not so much love as wonder that charmed him:

"A vehement, but wandering fire,
Which, though nor love nor yet desire,
Though through all womankind it took
 Its range, as vague as lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
 To fix it burning upon *One*."

That curiosity for which woman has so much credit particularly interested the sympathising "Spirit of Knowledge,"—next her empire over man, whom she had, notwithstanding, ruined. At length he finds a maid fitted to his fancy. From the first hour he saw her, he hovered around her day and night, suggesting to her thoughts, and visiting her dreams. When thus he had wrought her ambitious soul to his purpose, he revealed himself to her at her altar, while kneeling to invoke "the idol of her dreams." From that time they were on understood terms, and for her sake all the kingdoms of nature were laid by him under contribution. Diamonds and pearls he found for her,—nay, he would have given her a star to adorn her person with, if he could. Ethereal mysteries also he taught her, as far as he knew and she could receive. It was, indeed, the opinion of some of the fathers, that the knowledge which the heathens possessed of the providence of God, a future state, and other sublime doctrines of Christianity, was derived from the premature revelations of these fallen angels to the women of earth. At length Lilis is desirous of seeing the seraph in unveiled glory, and calls upon him to manifest his fullest brightness. To this "proud request" Rubi yielded. But, alas! his lustre was no longer innocuous,—sin had changed its nature. Like another Semele, his mistress expires in the gross earthly fire thus revealed, "blackening within his arms to ashes." In her last struggle, however, she was careful to imprint a kiss on her angel's brow; it was burning, and branded him—"that last kiss of love and sin"—piercing into his brain.

The Third Angel was happier in his loves. Not a spirit of knowledge was he, but of love. Bound by beauty's spell wherever he might find it, the love which he first felt only for the Creator at last ended in passion for the creature. Nama was skilful with the lute, to which she sang sacred songs; and Zaraph was equally attracted by love, religion, and music,—all united in her person. His passion, accordingly, though a transgression, was not severely visited, the guilty pair being only doomed to wander on earth together through all time.

Mr. Moore speaks of the book of Enoch as of an "absurd production,"—as a book composed of "rhapsodical fictions." However true may be the latter charge, the first is an unfounded calumny. All that relates to Samyaza and Azazyel is unexceptionably magnificent. Nor is the share in the poem given to Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Suryal, and Uriel, as "the angels who watch," less so. Looking down from heaven, "they saw the quantity of blood which was shed on earth, and all the iniquity which was done upon it, and said one to another,—'It is the voice of their cries; the earth deprived of her children has cried even to the gate of heaven. And now to you, O ye holy ones of heaven, the souls of men complain, saying, Obtain justice for us with the Most High.' They accordingly apply to "their Lord, the King," for advice as to what shall be done with Azazyel and Samyasa. "Then the Most High, the Great and Holy One, spoke, and sent Arsayalalyur to the son of Lamech," with command for him (Noah) to conceal himself; instructing him, at the same time, in the consummation about to take place in the coming of the deluge. Raphael is, also, directed to bind Azazyel hand and foot, to cast him into darkness, and, opening the desert which is in Dudael, to cast him in there. "Throw upon him" (such are the words of the writ) "hurled and pointed stones, covering him with darkness; there shall he remain for ever: cover his face, that he may not see the light; and in the great day of judgment let him be cast into the fire." Gabriel, in like manner, has in charge to "destroy the children of fornication, the offspring of the watchers, from

among men; bring them forth, and send them one against another. Let them perish by mutual slaughter; for length of days shall not be theirs." Michael is then commanded to announce his crime to Samyaza, and to the others who were with him; and, after the slaughter of their sons, to "bind them for seventy generations underneath the earth, even to the day of judgment, and of consummation, until the judgment—the effect of which will last for ever—be completed. Then shall they be taken away into the lowest depths of the fire in torments; and in confinement shall they be shut up for ever." After the fulfilment of these things, then (so is it prophesied in elevated strains) blessings shall accrue to the saints.

Previous to these occurrences, "Enoch was concealed; nor did any one of the sons of men know where he was concealed,—where he had been, nor what had happened. He was wholly engaged with the Holy Ones, and with the Watchers in his days." He also has a commission to "the Watchers of heaven, who have deserted the lofty sky, and their holy everlasting station,—who have been polluted with women." Hereupon, "Enoch, passing on, said to Azazyel "what he had been commanded;" and, "departing from him, spoke to them altogether," to the effect that mercy was impossible to them. Terrified at this, they beseech him to write a memorial, to which he consents, "that they might obtain remission and rest." Proceeding on, he passes "the waters of Danbadan, which is on the right to the west of Armon, reading the memorial of their prayer," until he fell asleep, and had dreams and visions, and in particular a dream relative to the punishment of these offending sons of heaven. When he awoke he returned to them. "All being collected together stood weeping in Oubelseyael, which is situated between Libanos and Seneser, with their faces veiled." He told them of the visions and the dream, and uttered certain words of righteousness, informing them that in his vision it had been shewn him, that their request would not be granted. We wish that we had room for the majestic vision itself, describing the habitation and throne of the Lord; who from thence addresses the Dreamer. "Go, say to the Watchers of heaven, who have sent thee to pray for them—You ought to pray for men, and not men for you. You, being spiritual, holy, and possessing a life which is eternal, have polluted yourselves with women; have begotten in carnal blood; have lusted in the blood of men; and have done as those who are flesh and blood do: these, however, die and perish; therefore have I given to them wives, that they might cohabit with them; that sons might be born of them; and that this might be transacted upon earth. But you, from the beginning, were made spiritual, possessing a life which is eternal, and not subject to death for ever. Therefore I made not wives for you; because, being spiritual, your dwelling is in heaven." Then succeeds a terrible description of the giants, and denunciations regarding their destruction; and concluding judgment on the transgressing Watchers, that they "never shall obtain peace."

In this outline, meagre as it is, the reader must see enough to convince him, that there are grand materials in this same spurious book for a greater poem than either Byron or Moore have produced on the subject. We were always particularly displeased with the part which his lordship makes Japhet play in his terrible drama, as the rejected lover of Anah. His conversation with Irad, a lover of Aholibamah, similarly situated, is of the dull dullest. Irad, however, meets his mistress's pride with equal pride, and possesses some peculiar interest, as being a disciple, evidently, of the Satanic school. Japhet having remarked that Anah "but loves her God," Irad is made to utter the *wise* sarcasm, "Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee not, what can it profit thee?" Our opinion of Lord Byron's character and genius is no secret with the world; and, with Young, "Satan, his master, we dare prove a fool." Japhet, however, is gloomy enough, poor fellow; and, to solace his sad spirit with gloom as sad, he resolves to visit the cavern, whose mouth was said to open from the internal world, to let the inner spirits of the earth forth when they walk its surface. Thither he goes; and thither old Noah, who performs the character of walking-stick, state-wand, or gold-headed cane, in the drama, determines to follow him.

This scene of Byron's is really sublime, in spite of its Satanism. The

mountains, a cavern, and the rocks of Caucasus, are wilds that look eternal, yet soon to be searched by the sweeping wave. Japhet, soliloquising, thinks that, since his father may preserve creeping things in the ark, he may, at any rate, save Anah.

> " May
> *He* preserve *them*, and *I not* have the power
> To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from
> A doom which e'en some serpent, with his mate,
> Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolonged,
> To hiss and sting through some emerging world,
> Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze
> Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this, until
> The salt morass subside into a sphere
> Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
> The sole and undistinguished sepulchre,
> Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much
> Breath will be stilled at once! All beauteous world!
> So young, so marked out for destruction, I,
> With a cleft heart, look on thee day by day,
> And night by night, thy numbered days and nights.
> I cannot save thee, cannot save e'en her
> Whose love had made me love thee more; but, as
> A portion of thy dust, I cannot think
> Upon thy coming doom without a feeling
> Such — O, God! and can'st thou ——
> [*He pauses. A rushing sound from the cavern is heard, and shouts of laughter: afterwards, a spirit passes.*
> *Japh.*—In the name
> Of the Most High, what art thou?
> *Spirit* (*laughs*).—Ha! ha! ha!"

The spirit might well laugh at such a sickly sentimentalist. " O, God! and can'st thou ——" What? permit the existence of evil! And could he doubt it? Is it — *was* it — not permitted daily, hourly? Its existence is therefore not inconsistent with the Divine attributes. Of God we know nothing but by his works. The soul of man is indeed a masterpiece of creation; and the body, which is its instrument, how fearfully and wonderfully is it made! Observe the human form erect commercing with heaven; consider the mechanism of the human hand, and confess it admirable. Is not earth, with its trees and skies, its mountains, seas, rivers, and springs, at worst, an imperfect Paradise? Who rejoices not in the air and the sunlight; the azure firmament, with its gorgeous clouds; the hues that make the rainbow beautiful, and that diversify the fields, the garden, the rural lane, the fruits, and the flowers? Soothing and interesting is the companionship of birds and beasts,—of the insect that buzzes in the wind at evening, and the fishes that make the waters an inhabited world. And, above all, lovely woman, for whose sake Adam was fain to be driven from Paradise —

> (" And *with* her — *that*, at least, was bliss!")

These things suit well the Byronian Japhets; but there is another side of the picture which pleases them not so well:

> " A part how small of the terraqueous globe
> Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste,—
> Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands!
> Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
> Such is earth's melancholy map! But, far
> More sad! this earth is a true map of man.
> So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
> To Woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toss,
> Loud sorrows howl, envenomed passions bite,
> Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,
> And threatening fate wide opens to devour."

Says a modern author, " the very idea of our killing and subsisting upon the flesh of animals, surely, somewhat jars with our conceptions of infinite benevo-

lence; and when we look at the political history of man, the case is infinitely worse." Worse, indeed! War, conquest, oppression, tyranny, slavery, insurrections, massacres, cruel punishments, degrading corporal infliction, and judicial murder! Look at our domestic relations, too! Which of us is happy? Nay, who is not miserable? Cruel disappointments--vain struggles--sorrow—labour—poverty, moral or pecuniary—sin and death—come to all. Are not earthquakes and tempests, too?—wasting hurricanes? How many freighted ships are annually sunk into the very waves which had

> " against the painted prows
> Raised their resplendent bosoms, and impearled
> The fair vermilion with their glistering drops!"

Well may the fiends laugh at him who doubts either of the Divine will or power to permit evil. Shall the constitution of the world of man and nature be altered because thou hast a sentiment? Gird up thy loins; take to thy reason, man! its transcendental armour will stead thee well, and make thee proof against demon mockery.

One question is unanswered in the poem, though asked by Japhet: Who are those spirits that exult in high and choral strains, in anticipation of the approaching world-doom? It may be, that they are the giant-sons of those unequal unions: they answer the description given of them to Enoch, before alluded to. "Now the giants, who have been born of spirit and of flesh, shall be called upon earth *evil spirits;* and on earth shall be their habitation. Evil spirits shall proceed from their flesh, because they were created from above; from the holy watchers was their beginning and primary foundation. Evil spirits shall they be upon earth, and the spirits of the wicked shall they be called. The habitation of the spirits of heaven shall be in heaven; but upon earth shall be the habitation of terrestrial spirits, who are born on earth. The spirits of the giants shall be like clouds which oppress, corrupt, fall, contend, and bruise upon earth." Such clouds are the spirits of Byron; but they are only too oppressive, too Satanic. These lyrical passages, however, are of so lofty mood, we wish we might extract them all: we may only allude to certain parts in passing, leaving the rest to the reader's memory, or reference. We object not to their rejoicing that

> " The abhorred race,
> Which could not keep in heaven their high place,
> But listened to the voice
> Of knowledge without power,
> Are nigh the hour
> Of death!"

nor to the glorious reproaches wherewith they reproach the sentimental son of Noah (*i. e.* Byron's pseudo-son — the real son of the patriarch was of another kidney) for surviving the world's destruction:

> " Who would outlive their kind,
> Except the base and blind?
> Mine
> Hatest thine
> As of a different order in the sphere,
> But not our own.
> There is not one who hath not left a throne
> Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness here,
> Rather than see his mates endure alone.
> Go, wretch, and give
> A life like thine to other wretches—live!
> And when the annihilating waters roar
> Above what they have done,
> Envy the giant patriarchs then no more,
> And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!
> Thyself for being his son!"

nor to their glee in the prospect of the voice of prayer ceasing to "vex their joys in middle air;" and we admire the colloquy relative to Redemption

and the second advent, as positively grand. Until then, Evil will—must exist; and it is quite in the character of evil beings that they should rejoice in its existence. But we decidedly object to their giving utterance to the unfounded calumny, that the seed of Seth were only "exempt for future sorrow's sake from death;" or, rather, we object that the lie should be suffered to remain unanswered. The Biblical Japhet would not have been mute in replication.

Byron, in the soliloquy which he next puts into the mouth of this character, alludes to the Ethiopic book of Enoch, which has given birth to this magnificent paper:

> "God hath proclaimed the destiny of earth;
> My father's ark of safety hath announced it;
> The very demons shriek it from their caves;
> The scroll of Enoch prophesied it long
> In silent books, which, in their silence, say
> More to the mind than thunder to the ear."

We wish that Byron had taken more of his conception from this silent record relative to his two angels, Samiasa and Azaziel. There is a terrible falling off in their grandeur throughout the dialogue which takes place between them and Japhet, and their two "mortal brides." They are ignorant of the approaching punishment; confess that the Adamite speaks riddles to them; and, moreover, are weak as well as wretched, since it does not appear that they have yet committed the crime for which they are nevertheless content to suffer. Samiasa, in particular, is uncommonly pious; Aholibamah doubting the word, as not having been heard, that produced creation, Samiasa calls upon her to "own her God." This is Byronic piety: he was only not an atheist. We have always wondered at Byron feeling so nettled at his school of poetry being denominated Satanic, this epithet, as qualifying his personal sentiments, having, in fact, been suggested by himself. In these mysteries, he invariably attributes to the fiends the sentiments which in other works he expresses in his own, or all but his own person. He had, in this poem, evidently a great partiality for Satan. Raphael, who comes to reprove the angels, and to effect their restoration, if possible (and of whom he speaks, in a letter to Murray, as being an angel of gentler sympathies than Michael, whom he had first sent on this errand), becomes quite maudlin in his pity, on account of his infernal majesty. Japhet, too, we may suppose, speaks some of the author's sentiments; particularly when he exclaims—

> "Oh God! BE THOU A GOD, and spare
> Yet while 'tis time!
> Renew not Adam's fall:
> Mankind were then but twain,
> But they are numerous now as are the waves
> And the tremendous rain,
> Whose drops shall be less thick than would their graves,
> Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain."

And was Byron, after all, only a sickly sentimentalist; and his apparent strength and defiance, real weakness and bravadoism? We *know* he was.

The pseudo-Enoch was of a manlier frame. With fearless wing he soared to heaven, and with unblanched gaze saw the vision of the Almighty. Fearlessly he delivered his message to the transgressing angels; and with as dauntless mien he traversed, in visionary power, heaven, hell, and paradise, and took survey, besides, of the earth's extremities. Byron's descriptions of Hades and the Abyss of Space, in the mystery of *Cain*, fade into nothing before the splendour and the inventive wealth manifested in the details alluded to. These particulars extend over thirty chapters. Reader! we recommend them seriously to thy serious perusal. There is more in them than "meets the ear"—or the eye either.

The pseudo-Enoch received a hundred and three parables from the Lord of Spirits; but his book only contains three. Those three are such as make us desire more,—gorgeous with barbaric pearl and gold. Midway of the third parable is interposed a vision of the deluge by Noah; not as foretold by Enoch, but as related by Noah himself. Alarmed at the enormous wickedness of mankind, Noah "lifted up his feet, and *went to the ends of the earth*, to the dwelling of his great-grandfather Enoch," of whom he implores advice. So far from the offending angels, according to the Byronic notion, being

ignorant of the fate of the earth, Noah is informed that they had taught men all sciences; and that "respecting the moons have they inquired; and they have known that the earth will perish with those who dwell upon it, and that to these there will be no place of refuge for ever." The description of the punishment decreed to the fallen angels, in the valley of the troubled waters of fire, is fearful, to exaggeration: even Michael trembles to contemplate it. The names of the fallen angels are again given in this section, with variations and additions. Among them is that of the angel who tempted Eve, Gadrel: "He discovered every stroke of death to the children of men; he seduced Eve, and discovered to the children of men the instruments of death, the coat of mail, the shield, and the sword for slaughter; every instrument of death to the children of men." The name of the fourth angel is *Pen*emue: he is a terrible fellow indeed, for "he taught men to understand writing, and the use of ink and paper. Therefore numerous have been those who have gone astray from every period of the world, even to this day. For men were not born for this, thus with pen and ink to confirm their faith; since they were, not created, except that, like the angels, they might remain righteous and pure. Nor would death, which destroys every thing, have affected them. But by this their knowledge they perish, and by this also its power consumes them." Oh! the march of intellect! and the age of penny periodicals! The grand complaint seems to have come down from the antediluvian days. Enoch himself, however, appears to have been infected with the prevailing malady, for his distinguishing characteristic is "Enoch the scribe;" but then he was a scribe of righteousness, heaven-instructed by the proper and constituted authorities; and that makes all the difference, my "bonny Gilderoy."

After this Enoch has another vision of the Almighty—his spirit being concealed in the heaven of heavens. This is followed by "the book of the revolutions of the luminaries," explained to Enoch by the angel Uriel. This is clearly, says Dr. Laurence, a distinct tract, comprising a detail of astronomical observations, which Enoch recounts to his son, by Mathusala. To his son Mathusala, likewise, he relates the vision of the flood, and of the history of the postdiluvian world. Reflections succeed upon the conditions attending the righteous and the wicked, some of them as fine as certain passages in the book of Job. The story he tells of the birth of Noah is not a little singular.

"After a time, my son Mathusala took a wife for his son Lamech. She became pregnant by him, and brought forth a child, the flesh of which was white as snow, and red as a rose; the hair of whose head was white like wool, and long; and whose eyes were beautiful. When he opened them, he illuminated all the house, like the sun; the whole house abounded with light; and when he was taken from the hand of the midwife, opening also his mouth, he spoke to the Lord of righteousness. Then Lamech, his father, was afraid of him; and, flying away, came to his own father Mathusala, and said, I have begotten a son, unlike to other children. He is not human; but, resembling the offspring of the angels of heaven, is of a different nature from ours, being altogether unlike to us. His eyes are bright as the rays of the sun; his countenance glorious; and he looks not as if he belonged to me, but to the angels."

Hereupon Mathusala travels to the extremities of the earth on a visit to Enoch, by whom he is instructed in the future fortunes of the wonderous child.

There is nothing in the passages of the pseudo-Enoch's description of the flood that can come into any degree of competition with Byron's lyrical inspirations. His choruses of mortals are indeed complete. But Japhet's reluctance to enter the ark—his remaining upon a rock until it floats towards him in the distance, and leaving his bride to the tender mercies of Azaziel, is absurd. It has justly been remarked that, in a poet who throws himself back into a period of tradition like the antediluvian, we imperiously require a reality; though far removed from all our ordinary notions, yet free from all incongruity, the slightest instance of which is sufficient to break the charm at once. Byron probably treated the subject as apocryphal altogether, and avoided identity with holy writ. Very well. The women wailing for their demon-lovers, with such lovers themselves, were apocryphal, and in relation to them freedom was allowable; but the flood itself was not so. Here he was

bound to the letter of the record, and any deviation from it destroys the desiderated *vraisemblance*. This is accordingly destroyed by the whole character and conduct attributed to Japhet, in this otherwise unexceptionable piece.

The passage quoted by Jude, as before noticed, from this book of Enoch composes the second chapter of the first section,—a section which is wholly occupied in annunciations of blessings to the righteous, and denunciations of punishment to transgressors. Peter also alludes to the book, speaking of the "angels that sinned, who were cast down to Tartarus (the desert in Dudael), and delivered into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment." Noah was probably also called by the apostle "a preacher of righteousness" from the prophecy ascribed to him in this book. These texts should be taken, not as affording any support to doctrine, but as mere allusions to a forged and apocryphal book, made in the way of *argumentum ad hominem*. The two epistles alluded to have indeed been themselves regarded as apocryphal; that of Jude is in fact rejected by Michaelis. Sufficient reasons for this depreciation of the two epistles, however, do not seem to us to be given. Nor is the book of Enoch unworthy of quotation by an apostle. It testifies to the belief in the doctrine of the Trinity previous to the birth of Christ, as also expressly, as well as by necessary consequence, to the pre-existence of the Messiah.

Upon the whole, then, as the Archbishop of Cashel well observes, "If this singular book be censured as abounding in some parts with fable and fiction, still should we recollect that fable and fiction may occasionally prove both amusing and instructive; and can then only be deemed injurious when pressed into the service of vice and infidelity. Nor should we forget that much, perhaps most, of what we censure was grounded upon a rational tradition, the antiquity of which alone, independent of other considerations, had rendered it respectable. That the author was uninspired will be scarcely now questioned. But, although his production was apocryphal, it ought not therefore to be necessarily stigmatised as necessarily replete with error; although it be on that account incapable of becoming a rule of faith, it may nevertheless contain much moral as well as religious truth, and may be justly regarded as a correct standard of the doctrine of the times in which it was composed. *Non omnia esse concedenda antiquitati*, is, it is true, a maxim founded upon reason and experience; but, in perusing the present relic of a remote age and country, should the reader discover much to condemn, still, unless he be too fastidious, he will find more to approve; if he sometimes frown, he may oftener smile; nor seldom will he be disposed to admire the vivid imagination of a writer, who transports him far beyond the flaming boundaries of the world—

—— 'Extra
Processit longe flammantia mœnia mundi;'

displaying to him every secret of creation; the splendours of heaven, and the terrors of hell; the mansions of departed souls; and the myriads of the celestial hosts, the seraphim, cherubim, and ophanim, which surround the blazing throne, and magnify the holy name, of the great Lord of Spirits, the Almighty Father of men and of angels."

The tradition of which we have been so sublimely treating, originated in an erroneous translation by the LXX. of the second verse of the sixth chapter of Genesis, which gives it as "the *angels* of God," instead of "the sons." The term "sons of God" will be most reasonably interpreted as intending the descendants of Seth, by Enos; and "the daughters of men," may be understood as designating the corrupt race of Cain. This is the meaning given by Milton to the passage, in the eleventh book of *Paradise Lost*. Some have asserted that the words in question ought to have been translated "the sons of the nobles or great men," as we find them interpreted in the *Targum* of Onkelos (the most ancient and accurate of all the Chaldaic paraphrases); and as, it appears from Cyril, the version of Symmachus also rendered them: an aristocratical rendering, which, characteristically enough, is patronised by the lord-loving Thomas Moore, Esquire.

The extravagance and absurdity of the old tradition, and of the works founded thereon, however, have been much over-stated and mistated. There is not that incongruity which some imagine in the intercourse alleged. There is no absurdity in supposing it possible;

it implies no "society among unequals," such as Adam failed to find in Eden among the brute creation. Such a course of reasoning proceeds upon a wrong notion of the *status* of the angelic orders in the scheme of creation. They are not the superiors of man, but his fellows; nay, they shall be judged by him: they are not of another, but of the same kind. The story of their existence and fall previous to Adam's, is equally fabulous with this of their loves; in fact, is founded upon a misinterpretation of the passage in Peter, which refers to this very book of the pseudo-Enoch, and which applies merely to these reprehended angelic gallantries with mortal beauties of earth's mould. But granting all that may be demanded, still there is nothing either in the Christian theology, or any of the ethnic mythologies, that discountenances the notion of spiritual generation. It has the sanction of all religion and all antiquity in its favour. The only absurdity is in supposing such intercourse to be criminal. A fine symbolical poem might be constructed out of the contrary assumption: such a union would be perfectly lawful. There is every testimony in holy writ to shew, that it would be in every way one among equals; and in conformity with such testimony, the poet Young was not afraid to sing what he calls "a glorious truth," namely, that

> Angels are *men* in lighter habit clad,
> High o'er celestial mountains winged in flight:
> And men are *angels* loaded for an hour,
> Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
> And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
> Angels their failings, mortals have their praise,
> While here, of corps ethereal; such enrolled,
> And summoned to the glorious standard soon,
> Which flames eternal crimson through the skies."

THE DOCTOR BEWITCHED.

There are persons who do not believe in the existence of witches; and there are others who, less sceptical, still incline a willing ear to tales such as I am about to relate. To both these classes I now address myself. The former may derive pleasure from the exercise of superior sagacity, in furnishing some plausible solution to the mystery which I merely record, and aim not to fathom. The latter, reposing more supinely upon what may sneeringly be termed their credulity, will probably feel satisfaction in the habit of resting complacently on their knowledge of a dark and doubtful subject.

The story can be vouched for as a perfectly true one; inasmuch as the parties are still living who were principally concerned in it. But as there are obvious circumstances attached to it which would render the publication at the present moment of every name concerned at once painful and imprudent, I will content myself with giving, in those of the chief actors, a clue sufficient to enable such as seek for undeniable evidence, to obtain it; and, for the reason stated, veil under decidedly fictitious assumptions those of the other parties implicated in a series of extraordinary occurrences.

I will therefore proceed generally to state, that in one of the four principal cities of Ireland resides, a physician, whose distinguished skill and science have given him eminent reputation in his profession. Be it Dublin, Cork, Limerick, or Belfast, which enjoys the advantage of this gentleman's beneficial presence, I leave it to future historians to assert, contend, and prove; although, unlike the Homeric controversy of old, the practitioner to whom I allude cannot be said to beg his bread, for he is opulent, and, I was going to say, consequently respected; but that is not always the case—let me therefore correct myself, and simply write beloved.

Doubtless many, in the four cities I have spoken of, will recognise the name of Doctor Colvin; though I ought perhaps to explain, that it is in a trifling degree modified from the correct orthography, which is (or rather was, during the life of the doctor's worthy father) written and pronounced "Coalfine."

On attaining the dignity of his di-

ploma, the young physician adopted the present modification of the cognomen; for being a man of grave demeanour, and attributing a due importance to the medical profession, he entertained considerable dread lest either his patients or his envious rivals should sully his fair name, which, he sighingly observed, was obnoxious to some very black puns.

Doctor Colvin, then, he became, and so published himself upon a neatly engraved card, of oblong proportions; and, by his commanding talents and attention, he rapidly attained the chief practice of the whole county.

It was during this period, and in the fullest enjoyment of his intellectual powers, that the circumstance occurred to him which I am going to relate, as nearly as I can, in the precise words he addressed to myself, within as late a period as the last six months.

The reader will, I trust, excuse the minuteness of this preface. It appears to me, that in every matter which may by possibility be disputed, there cannot be too much attention bestowed on the specific name, place, and time, connected with the story. Having sufficiently indicated these, I proceed in the words of my esteemed and learned friend, Doctor Colvin.

"It was on a cold autumnal evening," said he, "about three years since, that I was summoned to attend Lady Mary Wilson, of Donoughmore Glebe. The messenger arrived breathless, from the speed he had been ordered to make, and requested that I would not lose a moment's time in setting off to visit her ladyship, who was believed to be in imminent danger.

"Accordingly, though somewhat fatigued, in consequence of a long round of morning visits, and having taken but two glasses of the pint of port I daily allow myself, I ordered my horse, and instantly mounting, proceeded at a round pace towards the glebe-house. I had got about three miles from the city, and was just entering upon that narrow and rather dreary part of the road — which you may recollect—where the large ash-trees overhang the road, and where I observed you sketching the other morning. The evening was closing in, but it could not be said to be absolutely dark: there remained quite sufficient daylight to render objects visible, and I cannot say I felt startled, though perhaps a little surprised (taking into consideration the lateness of the hour, and unfrequented line of country), at perceiving, seated on a bank by the road-side, an old decrepit woman, who arose as I approached her, and appeared to have been waiting my arrival. She had not the air of belonging to the numerous class of beggars with which suffering Ireland is overwhelmed; yet the wretchedness of her dress, and the emaciated appearance of her person, might well have justified me in offering her alms. Before, however, I had time either to do this or to decide on the impulse, she quickly stepped into the centre of the road, and assuming an air of command, and a height I should have judged impossible from the cowering posture in which I first saw her, she extended her bony arm, and exclaimed,

"'Stop, docther! stop!'

"'Stand out of the way, good woman,' said I; 'you will frighten my horse.'

"'I will not stand out of the way, docther; but stop, agra, and listen to me.'

"'My poor woman, I am in haste; I have not time to listen to you now. Tell me where you live, and I will see you to-morrow.'

"'Is it where I live? Ha, ha, ha! docther dear! And is that all you knows of the likes of me! Are the eyes of your mind so blind? and do you think to-morrow will serve my turn?' And she laid a peculiar emphasis — something more than I can convey—upon the word 'to-morrow.'

"'Well, here is a shilling for you, then. Now stand aside at once; don't you see the road is too narrow for me to pass you? and my horse's ears seem to have taken some alarm at your obstructing us.'

"'Put up your money, docther agra, and listen to me. Once more I bid you — an' it 'll be the worst day's work you have done this year and a day, if you disobey my vice.* Now, mind what I'm tellin' ye!'

"'My patience is going, mother; so I advise you to get out of the way, before Sancho rides over you. I tell you I'm in haste.'

* Voice.

"'Sancho ride over me! Ha, ha, ha! 'tis little you knows of Sancho, or me that says it. Bid him do it! bid him do it now! Ha, ha! O Docther Coalvin! bud ye're an ignorant Papist, I'm thinking, afther all; an' that's God's thruth!'

"'You seem to be very familiar with my name, mistress,' said I. 'Pray who are you?' In fact, the woman's manner began to excite my curiosity, and I found Sancho indeed resisted divers hints I gave him, on the subject of pushing between this singular being and the ditch.*

"'Ye'll know who I am, one of these days,' she answered; 'but not now. An' wouldn't it be a strange thing I didn't know you, docther? An' doan't we both work churchyard-work? Eh, docther, my darlint!' And the old hag leered up in my face, with an expression I found far from pleasant, and rather disrespectful.

"'But wait, my darlint,' she proceeded; 'wait till a while ago, an' see iv I doan't giv' ye satisfaction. Shoore the poor lady up yonder (and she nodded her head significantly in the direction of the glebe) can die widout your help! An' isn't it a hard case, now, that gentle or simple mayd'nt slip out o' de world, bud you or I must lind 'em a hand!'

"Here she repeated the disagreeable sepulchral laugh I had already found so grating to my nerves, and accompanied it with a glance that, had they proceeded from any thing of male species, would have obliged me to apply the horsewhip to his impertinent shoulders. I could no longer command my temper; and although a man of moderate language, I may say, generally, I felt myself irresistibly impelled to give vent to an expression that was, perhaps, derogatory to the respectability of my professional character.

"I believe I hastily thus named some power that, I have reason to think, held dominion over the tiresome old hag; for I had no sooner called on the assistance of his infernal majesty to clear the way for me, than my tormentor sprung to the summit of the bank, allowing me free passage: but with a vengeful look, and in a voice nearly choked with rage, she cried,

"'Ah! go thin! Go wid ye, for an obstinate, pervarse physichin, fool as ye are! Bud whisper! Ye shall live to repint ov id, an' I'll see the day. An' mind me, now; ye've misregarded me biddin, an' I tell ye what 'll come ov id. Nayther loock nor grace 'll attend ye this day, an' nothin' ye do 'll prosper; an' them ye goes to — what is id? 'save,' doan't ye call it? —ha, ha! they'll die! they'll die! I tell ye; an' you yourself, you'll tremble for your life 'tween this an' midnight. If ye were worth it, ye'd be drowned; but ye're not good enough, an' there's no corner 'there' hot enough for ye yet. Ye'll have to cross the water this night, an' the boat 'll be upset, bud ye'll not be drowned, I tell ye—that's not to-night. An' the man ye're fetched out to 'll die afore ye get to the bed-side of him, though they'll tell ye he's mendin'—may be 'tis the smell o' the docther 'll kill him outright. Why wouldn't it, hey? there's quare things happens. Ha, ha, ha! I've not done yet,' she continued, seeing, perhaps, my gesture of impatience; 'there's ye're frind, the London docther, ye tuk lave on last week. He an' you thought he was goin' to Killarney; 'twas to his grave he was goin'—no other. He lies dead on the road this minnit, an' ye'll hear on it afore to-morrow. Look out, an' ye'll see me here when ye comes back to-night; an' ye'll see me thrice again afore ye dies: an' tremble at the third, for yer time 'll be short! Now, Sancho, me man! ye poor baste.'

"And the terrified animal seemed indeed to await her release from the state of petrifaction in which he had stood during this harangue. As if thankful at escaping from some painful thraldom, he snorted, and bounding along at the top of his speed, we reached the glebe-house before I had time to recover the agitation I could not avoid feeling, after this unpleasant interview with what I was almost inclined to consider nothing less than a witch."

"A witch! my dear doctor. I did not expect from a person of your talents, information, and experience, to hear such a being mentioned as within the nature of things."

"You have heard but half my story yet, my good friend; when you come to its conclusion, you may, perhaps, incline to at least some serious doubts

* Hibernicè, hedge.

on the subject of witchcraft. At one time I should have smiled, as you do now, at such a tale as I am telling you; but facts—facts, my dear sir, are stubborn things to deal with.

"Doubtless you have read Ferriar's able work on the theory of apparitions; nay, to quote even the great Sir Walter, on his own admission touching demonology and witchcraft—"

"Well, well, let us wave Sir Walter Scott and the Manchester 'Witch-Doctor.' I am anxious to hear the remainder of your adventure."

"I found Lady Mary Wilson with decided symptoms of inflammation, and considered it expedient to abstract some blood; thereby producing considerable abatement of the pulse. I had the satisfaction, in half an hour, of leaving her, as I thought, perfectly convalescent. I set out on my way homewards in good spirits, and so rejoiced in the apparent success of my visit, as totally to forget the scene of the witch — for I can give the old woman no other name—and her ominous predictions.

"Exactly, however, at the same point of the road where I had left her, I was again accosted and stopped by the same old woman; Sancho again standing still, as if paralysed.

"'Is it there ye are, docther dear?' she screamed. 'Shoore, now, it's mighty nate an' illigant ye bled the poor lady up yonder. An' if ye did, it's the last time ye'll do that same, any way. An' it's betther ye think her! ye ignorant gommul!* Bud I tell ye she's in the dead-thraw even now, for as clever as ye think yerself; an' what I told you awhile ago 'll all come to pass. So good night, docther dear. Hurry home, now; there's people waitin' for ye wid illigant news shoore. Urrush! Sancho, man! Hurry! hurry! Ye're masther's busy the night. Off wid the pair o' ye!'

"And away galloped Sancho at her word, never slackening pace until we reached my own door. There I found a chaise waiting, with a servant from the island, urging my immediate attendance on his master.

"I made but one step from the saddle to the carriage, but was scarcely seated therein, when Dawson, my own man, ran out from the house, requesting I would alight for a moment and go to his mistress, who appeared in great affliction on receipt of a letter, that had come express from Killarney.

"Will you believe me, my dear sir, when I tell you it was the news of our poor friend W——'s death I was indeed destined to hear! who, as you well know, had left us in health and spirits on a tour to Killarney, and was unfortunately killed by leaping from his chaise on that fatal expedition.

"To say I was thunderstruck expresses but slightly my sensations at this combination of grief for my friend, and horror at finding one at least of the hag's prophecies fulfilled. But the demands upon a medical man allow him no time for the indulgence of personal feelings. Mr. O'Brien was described to be in imminent danger, and I threw myself into the chaise, so disturbed in mind, that until I reached the water-side, I did not once recollect that it would be necessary to take boat in order to reach the island. Some impulse, however, stronger than that of self-preservation, prevented my receding from the danger I could not but feel I was encountering. Do not smile, my friend: the consolatory assurance of the hag, that 'I was not good enough for drowning,' had made less impression on me, perhaps, than her words deserved; and I will confess to you that, after what had passed, it *was* in fear and trembling (as she had foretold) I stepped on board the boat that I found waiting for me. Four stout rowers might, under other circumstances, have reassured me. I could not, however, tranquilly witness their preparations for hoisting sail; neither could I give utterance to my objections for their so doing. I felt spell-bound and helpless.

"As we proceeded out from land, the wind arose, and being contrary to the tide, produced what sailors gently term a bubble, landsmen a heavy sea. I sat in the stern—I must say patiently enough—sometimes elevated to the summit of a wave, in the next instant precipitated between two apparent walls of black water, which appeared boiling up for the express purpose of engulfing us. Darkness increased upon us every moment. At intervals we caught sight of the lights on the island, but more frequently they were obscured by the heavy spray that dashed over our

* Fool.

little vessel. Had speech been granted me, I should have said, 'For Heaven's sake, let us take in the sails,' for it was evident they added to our peril; and I heard with some degree of relief the helmsman exclaim, 'Lower mainsail and take in the jib, if you mean to reach land to-night.'

"'Is it shorten sail! and tide again us? Where'll we be then, Jerry Sullivan? Shorten sail! is it, an' the masther at death's doore, only waitin' for the docther!'

"'Life's sweet, Jack Leary. I tell you we're all lost if we carry sail another five minutes. We're maybe as near that same doore as the masther himself this blessed moment. An' haven't we the docther to the fore!' he added, with a cast of the eye that would have been decidedly humorous, had not the terrors of the moment rendered it but equivocally so. These rascally boatmen, thought I, will nothing curb their villanous wit? Surely I *am* doomed to be tormented this day. The end of it will be——

"'In shore! in shore, I tell you!' shouted Leary. 'By the holy poker of St. Patrick and the white tooth of St. Bridget! we'll be on the rocks in less than no time. Well, don't say I didn't warn ye, that's all. Another lurch like that, an' we're swamped, or my name's not'——

"Before he could utter the respectable appellative, another and still more violent gust of wind settled the dispute, by throwing the little vessel almost literally bottom upwards, and ourselves into the breakers we now found lashing the shore of the island.

"How I contrived to buffet with and struggle through the waves I know not, for I am no swimmer; and in the confused state of my intellects at that moment, I could not exert even the faculty of common sense. Nature acted in my behalf; and without either assistance or resistance on my part, I found myself lying (if not dry, at least high) on a flat slippery slab of rock, from whence to the land approach was tolerably easy. My fellow-voyagers, or rather guides, rose from their respective waves like Newfoundland dogs, devoting far more care to the 'righting' of their vessel, I must say, than they bestowed on me.

"Espying lights from the house of my patient (fortunately situated but a few hundred yards from the shore), I made the best of my way in that direction, and was admitted dripping and shivering into the hall, where Mrs. O'Brien anxiously waited my arrival.

"'What has happened, Doctor Colvin?' she cried; 'you certainly have been in the water. Ah! I dreaded some accident, the night is so dark and tempestuous; and I now blame myself for having summoned you. I am happy to say Mr. O'Brien is so much better, you will scarcely have occasion to prescribe for him, I believe.'

"'You are right, madam—I shall have no need, indeed, to prescribe for him; he is a dead man—I see it—I feel it. Excuse the abruptness of this declaration, and forgive my agitation. Things have occurred this day that might unsettle the brain of a stronger man than I am. What I say to you is but too true. Allow yourself no hope, but conduct me at once to your husband—let me if possible see him alive.'

"Resisting all her importunities to change my wet garments—to give some requisite attention to my own health—and deaf to the assurance that Mr. O'Brien was almost well and enjoying a calm slumber, I pursued my way to the chamber of the invalid, followed by Mrs. O'Brien.

"As we ascended the last flight of stairs, the door of the sick man's room was hastily opened by the domestic who had been appointed to watch the supposed slumber of her master, and who, in a tone of dismay and horror, cried, 'It's too late, it's too late—all is over—my poor master is dead! Oh, madam,' she continued, seeing her mistress behind me—'do not come in—it is too much for you to see—so composed as you left him but now!—and only this moment back he opened his eyes, raised his head off the pillow, 'Call your mistress,' he says; 'I'm dying.' Before I could reach the door, I heard him struggle and fall back; I turned round, and saw that all was over.'

"So indeed it was. I could offer neither consolation nor assistance to the bereaved widow. Events of so untoward a nature thus crowding upon me rendered me more fit to receive than to give comfort. I had just strength sufficient to reach the bed-side of the deceased, to convince myself all human means were unavailing, and sinking on

the floor, I was carried to a room already prepared for me; where, being undressed and laid in a warm bed, I gradually (for so it *was* to be) recovered my stunned senses.

Towards morning I fell into a heavy sleep, from which I was aroused by the brilliant beams of the sun shining full upon me. I looked out. All nature was dressed in smiles. The sea was calm and smooth as a mirror, speckled here and there with a white sail, glittering in the sunshine. The gentlest ripple of the now modest wave silently approached, as if in homage, to the foot of those black and slimy rocks on which I had been cast, and over which it had rioted, the night before. The birds strained their little throats in a full choir of harmony, rejoicing in the freshness of day, and reckless of the house of mourning round which they carolled. Every object seemed changed—yet the change, if possible, was more sickening to me than the horrors of the previous night. I rang my bell, requested to have a boat prepared for my immediate return to the mainland, left my apologies to Mrs. O'Brien for the haste of my departure, and swallowing a cup of coffee, was soon and quietly landed at the Ferry-house point, where my horse awaited me; and mounting, I proceeded homewards at an easy pace, flattering myself I had taken my fill of horrors for one four-and-twenty hours, and that, at all events, the cheerfulness of the morning light would banish the appearance of my troublesome witch.

"Not so. I had given Sancho the rein, and was indulging in reflections, melancholy enough, to say the truth, in which the premature fate of my regretted friend W—— took the lead, when, passing a ruined hovel about a mile from the entrance of the city, Sancho once more came to a dead halt, and raising my head, I was at no loss to account for the rigidity of his muscles, when I found my own frozen by the presence of the hag, witch, or whatever she was, of the previous evening.

"'Ye're late, Docther, honey!' she muttered—'ye've kept me waitin' here in the broad sunshine, an' it's what I nayther love nor use meself to—bud I was loath to miss on you—an' what won't one do to obleedge a friend? Ha, ha, ha! You were expectin' me, in coorse, accordin' to promise—an' here I am.'

"Spreading the bony fingers of both her hands, to screen her peering eyes from the sunshine, she continued, 'Was any of that thruth I told you, Docther Coalfine? An' didn't ye provoke me to it? An' now will ye ride over the next ould granah that bids ye stop on yer way? Go home, now—go home; bud mind, ye'll see me once more, an' only once, afore ye die;—an' my errand then will be to tell ye the manner of yer death. I could tell it you now—bud ye shall live in constant dread o' me; an' when yer least thinkin' ov me maybe, or most joyful of life—it's then I'll appear. An' Docther dear, if supposin' ye've a friend, or a son, or the likes o' that, jist counsel him nevir to go again' the command of a wise woman! There! off wid ye, Sancho, my man.'

"I saw no more of this wretch, then or since. You may, however, believe that she is never for any great length of time absent from my thoughts—and the very sight of the squalid old beggars I daily meet with, produces a trembling of the heart and a qualm that—I can only say I hope you, my friend, may never experience. The news I found on reaching home was, that Lady Mary Wilson, whom I had bled so successfully, as I blindly imagined, the evening previous, had died in the course of the night,—thus fulfilling each prediction of the old woman. And now tell me what you think of the circumstances I have related."

"You have puzzled me, Doctor—I know not what to think. I certainly cannot doubt the accuracy of your statement; coming, as it does, from a man of sound and strong mind, it must be listened to with deference. But as to offering an opinion on circumstances so mysterious, you must excuse me."

The reader may embrace the same discretionary power, and may assent or dissent from the above tale. I should, however, recommend my own prudent adoption of the middle or neuter course. Positively to deny conviction would be rash; for, probable or improbable, the story is most undeniably true.

BOADEN'S MEMOIRS OF MRS. INCHBALD.*

Elizabeth Inchbald was very justly eminent among the eminent persons of her generation. She was admired as a dramatist, at a time when the performances of the theatre were matters of national interest; when a new play created a very considerable sensation in the world of fashion and of literature; and when a successful comedy afforded its author a certain passport to that brilliant society composed of the noble, the refined, the learned, the witty, and the gay, for which, during the latter half of the last century, the metropolis was distinguished; and to which it was the most valuable privilege of literary reputation to secure an admittance. She was celebrated as a novelist when novels were things of very rare occurrence; when some originality of talent, some acquaintance with men and manners, and some reflection upon life, were supposed requisite for the adequate accomplishment of the task; and when the production of three annual octavo volumes, under the designation of a *Tale of Fashionable Life*, was not calculated upon, as it now is, as a part of the available income of a countless host of unportioned spinsters, lounging younger brothers, and sentimental ensigns of marching regiments. But with these claims on the recollection of her countrymen, the existence of such a writer as Elizabeth Inchbald may, perhaps, have escaped the notice of a large portion of our younger readers. That name, which once recurred so frequently in conversation, and was accompanied with such warm and eloquent commendations when works of imagination were the theme, has given place to others of inferior merit, though of more ambitious pretensions. A great part of her productions has already been classed among that stock of obsolete literature which the bevy of translating and transcribing authors, who daily multiply around us, have adopted as their own, and from which they fancy that the wit may be pilfered without peril of detection. It is only a few seasons ago, that one of Mrs. Inchbald's comedies, cut down into three acts, and disguised by a change of names and the introduction of a few songs, was presented, accepted, and acted for several nights at Drury Lane, as a new and perfectly original opera, without any suspicion of the fraud that had been practised upon the manager. And her novels, each containing a mine of pure and sterling talent, which, spun out and wire-drawn after the ingenious manner of more modern times, would supply materials for at least a dozen *Pelhams*, and a whole century of *Richelieus*, appear to have drifted into obscurity before that dark, dense, heavy, and ever-flowing stream of new publications, which are themselves driven on towards a more speedy oblivion, by the darker, denser, and heavier tide that is behind.

> " One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
> And all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
> Though they are made and moulded of things past;
> And will the dust that is a little gilt
> More laud than gilt o'er-dusted :—
> The present eye praises the present object."

Never was the truth of these fine lines of Shakespeare more clearly proved than in the case of Mrs. Inchbald. Of all her works, the *Simple Story* is the only one which maintains its ground. That is from time to time reprinted, and is occasionally alluded to: the rest seem to have been cast into that wallet into which " Time casts alms for Oblivion." But, then, it is now *forty* years ago since the fame of their authoress was at its meridian; and, not to be altogether forgotten after such a lapse of years, argues great, original vigour of talent, and a strong constitutional vitality of reputation. To be remembered for nearly half a century, is of itself as long an immortality as, in the present crowded and jostling state of the literary world, any reasonable person would ever venture to calculate upon. Who is there among the whole tribe of existing dramatists and novel-

* Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald ; including her Familiar Correspondence with the most distinguished Persons of her time. To which are added, the Massacre, and a Case of Conscience ; now first published from her Autograph Copies. Edited by James Boaden, Esq. In 2 vols. London, Bentley. 1833.

ists, however popular he may be among his contemporaries, that dares entertain a hope of achieving so enduring a regard with their posterity? Is there a single individual among them the copyright of whose reputation is worth ten years' purchase?

But in taking up the life of Mrs. Inchbald, as the subject of an article for this journal, we regard the circumstance of her authorship as a very secondary and inferior consideration. Our chief attention in contemplating the biography of such a woman becomes involuntarily engaged by more important matter. We find ourselves diverted from her works to her conduct—from the efforts of her intellect to the exalted qualities of her character. We do not pretend to hold her up to admiration as a faultless paragon of perfection. She was a person in whom there was much to disapprove, and not a little to smile at; but more, infinitely more, to commend, and respect, and love. We do not remember to have read of any one in whom such discordant properties were mingled. With many of the most petty weaknesses of her own sex, she united many of the noblest qualities of ours; without losing a particle of that personal vanity, that thirst of admiration, that impatience of inattention, and that capricious mutability of favour, which from time immemorial have been reckoned among the inseparable accompaniments of female beauty, she possessed a strength and clearness of understanding, a contempt for every species of falsehood, a scrupulous integrity of conduct, a hearty love and indefatigable pursuit of independence, and a consistent self-devotion to her duty, which have hardly ever been surpassed by the most virtuous and high-minded among men. Her position was one of peculiar difficulty. The stream of her life was a stream of troubled waters: it was on all sides interspersed with shoals and shallows; and had her eye been less quick, her mind less resolute, or her hand less firm, she must inevitably have suffered shipwreck amid the intricate perils of its navigation.—To survey the course she steered, and by which she escaped the dangers that surrounded her, is not only deeply interesting, but cannot prove altogether destitute of instruction.

Elizabeth Inchbald was the daughter of John and Mary Simpson, of Standingfield, near Bury St. Edmund's, and was born the 15th of October, 1753. Her parents occupied a small farm, of which the revenue could not have been more than was absolutely necessary to maintain and educate the six daughters and two sons, of which their family consisted. They were Roman Catholics, and appear to have been regarded with more than ordinary esteem by their opulent and aristocratic neighbours; of whom several professed the same religion with themselves. The children were all distinguished for their beauty; and the subject of the present memoir was distinguished as the most beautiful of them all. It may be inferred from a note in one of Mrs. Inchbald's pocket-books—a concurrent series of authorities, to which allusion will very frequently be made—that no great cost was expended on their education; and that the girls, at least, were rather indebted for what they knew to the original quickness of nature, than to any particular care that was bestowed on their instruction. "It is astonishing," she observes, "how much all girls are inclined to literature to what boys are! My brother went to school seven years, and could never spell; I and two of my sisters, though we never were taught, could spell from our infancy."

Before Elizabeth was quite eight years old her father died. Four of her sisters, and one of her brothers, were within a few years after married; and the widow, with her son George and two remaining daughters, continued in possession of the farm. Mrs. Simpson's management seems to have been of rather a desultory description; her amusements and her interests were strangely at variance with each other. Her inclination for the theatre at Bury must sadly have interfered with the business of the farm at Standingfield: her taste naturally communicated itself to her children. Influenced by the predilections and the example of their parent, they seem to have acquired a far greater familiarity with plays and players, and all the mysteries of the drama, than with the more profitable matters of household and agricultural economy. Under her guidance, the theatre and the actors of the neighbouring town were looked to as the principal source of entertainment on the high and gaudy days of the year; while to read aloud the scenes that

they had witnessed the representation of, constituted the chief amusement of the quiet times that intervened.

It is not extraordinary that, under these circumstances, the unmarried son should have abandoned the farm for the stage, and that his beautiful and highly-talented sister should have been inspired with a similar desire. From her very earliest years, she had pined under the irksomeness of the seclusion of Standingfield: her home did not afford a sufficient variety of objects to engage and interest the activity of her mind. Before attaining the age of thirteen, she frequently declared "she would rather die than live any longer without seeing the world." This impatience of retirement—or, at least, the retirement of the country—never quitted her. She could enjoy the voluntary solitude of her lodgings in the metropolis, but she could not endure the compulsory solitude of fields and groves. In the latter years of her life, when a friend of ours ventured to suggest that she might, perhaps, find a more convenient and cheaper residence at some distance from London, she replied, with a shuddering horror at the thought of such a change: "Never!—nothing happens in the country. There's such a *noise of nothing* in the country!" With her ardent anxiety to see the world, her aversion to rural life, and her eager desire of finding some adequate occupation for those high energies of her nature, which, while unemployed, tortured her with a painful sense of imprisonment and constraint—to second her early and long-fostered love of the drama—she determined on following the example of her brother, and becoming a performer. There was, indeed, a very material obstacle to the prosecution of this design, and one which might have appeared insuperable to a person of less determined character than herself. She was afflicted with a most perplexing impediment of speech; this defect she diligently applied herself to the conquest of. She wrote down all the words that were found most difficult of utterance, carried them constantly about with her, and, by habitual repetition, familiarised her organs to the pronunciation of them. By this exercise, she gradually attained such a mastery over her infirmity as to encourage her, eminently endowed as she was by nature with every other personal and intellectual requisite for the profession, to calculate upon theatrical success as an object of very probable attainment.

In the month of April 1770, her brother George commenced his career upon the stage; and in the same year we find his sister Elizabeth, then under seventeen, writing to Mr. Griffiths, the manager of the Norwich and Bury companies, to request an engagement for herself. The application was for the time declined, but several letters upon the subject were interchanged between the parties. This Mr. Griffiths, indeed, who was the principal actor among his troop of comedians, seems to have obtained a considerable influence over the imagination of his youthful correspondent. In her pocket-book for the year, she has printed the letters of his name in large Roman character, and written underneath, "Each dear letter of that name is harmony."

The following May, the young Elizabeth paid her first visit to the metropolis, and remained a month with her sister Mrs. Hunt. She had here daily intercourse with her other married sisters, who were all resident in London. They had continued to retain the family love of player-men and player-women; and the principal society into which the young and beautiful girl was introduced consisted almost entirely of performers of secondary rank and reputation. Among these was Mr. Inchbald, a provincial actor of some talent and celebrity. This gentleman became deeply enamoured by the fascinations of the fair Elizabeth, and, though nearly twenty years her senior, had sufficient influence with her to obtain the promise of her correspondence; while she deferred, rather than positively declined, entering upon a more serious engagement. The following extract from one of her letters, in reply to his urgent solicitations for a speedy union, is strikingly characteristic of the constitutional prudence which its author seems never to have lost sight of; which directed her when taking steps apparently the most rash and inconsiderate; and which was not disturbed even at the age of seventeen, and in an affair of the heart:—

"In spite of your eloquent pen," she writes, "matrimony still appears to me with less charms than terrors: the bliss arising from it, I doubt not, is superior to any other—but best not to be ventured

for (in my opinion) till some little time have proved the emptiness of all other; which it seldom fails to do. But to enter into marriage with the least reluctance, as fearing you are going to sacrifice part of your time, must be greatly imprudent; fewer unhappy matches, I think, would be occasioned, if fewer persons were guilty of this indiscretion -- an indiscretion that shocks me, and which I hope Heaven will ever preserve me from."

But, perhaps, her prudential opposition to Mr. Inchbald's impatience might have been somewhat influenced by a lingering sentiment in favour of Mr. Griffiths. The following notices from her pocket-book are strongly indicative of the divided state of her girlish fancy:

"1722.

"Jan. 22. Saw Mr. Griffith's picture.

" — 28. Stole it.

" — 29. Rather disappointed at not receiving a letter from Mr. Inchbald."

The quiet of Standingfield appears to have become more and more oppressive to the young Elizabeth, after her visit to London. The neighbours, she thought, paid them less attention: she wanted society; she pined after employment; she declared herself "unhappy—*very* unhappy." She renewed and repeated her applications for an engagement in the Norwich company; and "almost distracted" by the refusal she encountered from Mr. Griffiths, resolved, at all hazards, to seek elsewhere for an opportunity of exerting her abilities. With this view she determined on setting off at once for London, and addressing herself to the managers of the metropolitan theatres. In pursuance of which plan, as we learn from her own memorandum, "On the 11th of April (1772), early in the morning, I left my mother's house unknown to any one, came to London in the Norwich fly, and got lodgings at the Rose and Crown in St. John's Street." In contemplating and forming our judgment upon this act, it is only just to the high-minded and highly-talented girl to survey it by the light which her future conduct has afforded us, and take it for granted, that the motives on which it was adopted were the same as those by which the whole course of her after-life was directed. There are many reasons for supposing that the prosperity of her home was on the decline: the family were evidently sinking into straitened circumstances. We cannot call to mind any one of them, who, when their sister had achieved a hard-earned independence for herself, was not at some moment compelled to have recourse to her affection, and seek assistance from the stores of her industry and economy. Already she appears to have foreseen the difficulties their improvidence was preparing for them — to have imbibed a timely apprehension of their impending poverty —and, full of confidence in her own moral and intellectual powers, to have determined on placing herself beyond its reach, in a situation that might enable her to break the fall, and relieve the embarrassments of her family. To effect this object, some strong and decided first step was indispensable. That the one selected was the wisest she could have chosen, may certainly be doubted; neither was it to be expected that a girl of eighteen, intent on a vast and important design, should hit upon the most perfect mode which human ingenuity could devise of carrying it into execution. But that the motives we have stated, suggested and confirmed her in the measure she adopted on this occasion, is not only evinced by the whole tenour of her subsequent conduct, but might almost be inferred from the following letter, which she left for her mother on removing from Standingfield, and in which she anticipates the time when the power "of *proving her affection*" may be afforded her.

"*Letter to her Mother.*

"By the time you receive this, I shall have left Standingfield, and perhaps for ever. You are surprised, but be not uneasy: believe the step I have taken, however indiscreet, is no ways criminal; unless I sin by not acquainting you with it, which was impossible for me to do, though strongly pressed by the desire of giving you a personal farewell. I now endure every pang—one *not* lost to all feeling must—on thus quitting the tenderest and best of parents; I would say most beloved too, but cannot *prove* my affection; yet time may;—to *that* I must submit my hope of regaining your regard. The censure of the world I despise, as the most worthy incur the reproaches of *that*. Should I ever think you wish to hear from me, I will write."

Mr. Boaden has here introduced a very amusing, but (as he himself admits) a somewhat apocryphal narrative, of a series of adventures that befell our

fugitive on her arriving in London. The incidents are such as might, perhaps, have happened to a younger girl, who was wholly unacquainted with the metropolis, and whose nervous imagination, teeming with the fictitious apprehensions that a long course of novel-reading might engender, was scared at every sound and startled at every shade. Unfortunately for the credibility of the tale, Mrs. Inchbald was not at all the sort of person to whom such circumstances were likely to have occurred. She was not a novice in London; she was endowed with great resolution; and her imagination, however fertile in invention, was never exercised in creating visions to terrify herself. The series of extraordinary embarrassments into which she is described as having fallen—and which, eminently dramatic as they are, we would recommend to the consideration of the gentleman who does the literary business of the Adelphi theatre, as particularly well suited to exhibit the powers of Mrs. Yates—were originally published on the authority of a female friend of Mrs. Inchbald's. We suspect that the lady mistook a chapter of some unfinished novel of our authoress for a fragment of her suppressed autobiography. It is to be wished that Mr. Boaden had published *verbatim* all the notices afforded by the diary of the lady herself; but even without their aid, and directed by no other guide than the few extracts which that gentleman has presented us, we conceive that the truth may be easily tracked out.

Mrs. Inchbald arrived in London on the night of the 11th of April, and took lodgings at the Rose and Crown in St. John's Street. She naturally was anxious to avoid seeing her nearest relatives—her sisters, or their husbands—till her interviews with the managers of the theatres were over, and some decisive step had been taken towards securing an engagement, lest they should think it expedient to exert their authority over her youth, and frustrate her plans, by immediately sending her back to Standingfield; but the first thing she did on the morning after her reaching town, was to seek the protection of a distant connexion, whom she had understood to reside in the neighbourhood of Northumberland house. To her infinite disappointment, she found that her friend had quitted business and retired into Wales. The next day she proceeded alone to call on Mr. Reddish and Mr. King, the potent dispensers of the great objects of histrionic ambition — engagements in a London theatre. King gave her reason to expect that he would call upon her the next day at her lodgings; but as he did not keep his word, she suspected that the meanness and the situation of her abode had inspired him with a prejudice against the qualifications of its tenant; and in the afternoon she set out to seek for herself another and more respectable residence. "After many strange adventures," which are not particularised in her journal, she eventually took up her abode at the White Swan, on Holborn Bridge. On the second morning after her change of apartment, she called again on Mr. King, and having received from him some hope of an engagement, she flattered herself that her views were on the eve of accomplishment, and no longer delayed making her family acquainted with her being in town. She wrote immediately to her sister Mrs. Hunt; but still apprehensive of being sent back into the country, she forbore informing her of the place of her retirement, and desired the answer to be sent to Orange Street. The very respectable persons by whom the White Swan was kept appear to have been interested in their lodger, and to have shewn her a very considerable degree of kindness and gratuitous hospitality; and during the ten days that she spent under their roof, awaiting the determination of the manager, and diligently engaged in reading, she was very frequently a guest at their table. Even in this seclusion her beauty did not pass unnoticed. Much as she endeavoured to elude observation, by avoiding the principal streets, and by only going abroad at hours when she was least likely to attract attention, she was not a little surprised, on the morning of the 19th, to receive a letter from a stranger, addressed to her in her own name. With that fearless confidence in her own purity and integrity of purpose by which she was distinguished, "she answered it immediately." Her reply produced a rejoinder from the unknown admirer, whose name she now discovered to be Redman; and after the interchange of a few *billets*, which did not prove, we apprehend, very satisfactory to the gentleman, the correspondence ended where it began, and

left the parties personal strangers to each other.

On the 21st, the place of her abode was accidentally discovered by her family. As she was on her way to wait upon Mr. King, she met her brother-in-law Mr. Slender, who took her home with him to visit her sister. The only remaining passage of those three volumes of memoirs, which Mrs. Inchbald employed so many of the latter years of her literary life in preparing for the press, and was afterwards induced by a conscientious scruple to commit to the flames, consists of a mutilated page, numbered 133, and relating to this rencontre. We insert the fragment as restored by Mr. Boaden; the words printed in *italics* are supplied by that gentleman, to complete the sense:

"In the year 1772, *and some* time before, it was I think fashionable *for* gentlemen occasionally to curse and swear in *conversation;* and poor Mr. Slender would *fain* be in the fashion, whether it *threatened* peril to body or soul. He suddenly interrupted our conversation, reeling *from the* double pressure of bad health and bad *wine,* and with an oath demanded 'where Miss *Simpson* meant to sleep that night?' I *told* him where I lodged; and that, as *my sister* sent no word to the contrary, I should *remain* at Holborn Bridge; he allowed the house to be a respectable one, but said that he would see me *safe* to it; and then, with another oath, he *added,* that by six in the morning, *he* would come for me in a post-chaise and take *me* down to my village of Standingfield. *With* all his numerous faults, Mr. Slender *was* in reality good-natured; but his good-nature *consisted* in frightening you to death, *that he might have* the pleasure of recovering you; in holding an axe over your head, for the gratification of pronouncing a reprieve."

Thus brought into involuntary contact with her connexions, the intercourse between herself and sisters was constant and uninterrupted. She immediately left her hostel on Holborn Hill, and became domesticated in the house of one or the other of them during the remainder of her residence in London. A reconciliation with Mrs. Simpson was effected, and a correspondence be tween the mother and daughter commenced, which was ever after regularly continued. The negotiations for an engagement at the theatre were still pending. The arrangement of this affair had passed from the hands of King to those of Dodd; and on the 16th of May, after a world of communications on the subject, and an infinitude of vexatious delays, the important business appeared to have been brought to a successful termination; and it was decided that the name of our authoress should be included in the list of the Drury Lane performers. But here this young and beautiful girl encountered an impediment to her views that had little entered into her calculation. The engagement was a mere feint of the unprincipled manager, and only pretended by the scoundrel with the hope of gaining her favour and facilitating her seduction. On the 18th of May she called upon Dodd, and was, as her journal expresses, "rather frighted" at his conduct. Before tea, however, he called upon her, and she willingly accepted the explanation which he offered, and supposed herself to have been mistaken in his intentions. A few days after, she had occasion to see him twice; once *after dinner*, and she then describes herself as having been "vexed and terrified beyond measure at his behaviour." Mrs. Inchbald has not mentioned in her diary the particulars of the circumstance; but Mr. Boaden (who is very high authority on all subjects connected with the theatrical gossip of that day) informs us, that she was so provoked by the manager's impertinence "as to snatch a basin of hot water from the table and dash it in his face." After this practical assertion of the purity of her principles, Dodd no longer troubled himself about her qualifications as an actress.

This conduct of the manager of Drury Lane may very probably have served to shew our authoress the difficulties and dangers of her situation. It might have led her to perceive that a young, beautiful, and unprotected woman, whatever may be her talents or her merits, has to encounter a thousand obstacles in pursuing the honest path of independence, and to put up with a thousand insults, from which a married woman is happily exempt; and this consideration might have had no little influence in seconding the ardent solicitations of Mr. Inchbald, who was now acting in London, and whom she met two or three times a-week at her sister's house, and eventually inclining her to yield a favourable attention to his suit. Mr. Inchbald was

in his thirty-seventh year; the authoress was in her nineteenth. That she was deeply and romantically in love with him is improbable; but he was a man of very high character, of strict integrity, of considerable and various accomplishments—a skilful artist as well as a talented actor; and in receiving him as her husband, she united herself with a friend, whose experience could afford her counsel in her profession, and whose arm could insure her a legitimate protection against those insults and impertinences to which, in that profession, youth and beauty are so universally exposed. Mr. Boaden's account of this marriage is brief, but not unamusing:

"Her sister, Mrs. Slender, had quitted London to pass a few days at Standingfield. In her absence Mr. Inchbald was extremely assiduous, and on the 2nd of June declared his hopes of a speedy union. Mrs. Slender returned home on the 9th, probably hastened expressly on account of that event; and in the evening, as both parties were Roman Catholics, Mr. Rice, a Catholic priest, called and married her to Mr. Inchbald. On the 10th, Mr. Inchbald breakfasted with them, and they all went to church, where they were again married according to the Protestant rites. They had company to dinner on that important day; but the happy pair were not in the usual style whisked immediately through the dust into the country. Mrs. Slender and the bride went quietly to the play in the evening, in defiance of all omens, to see Mr. Inchbald act *Mr. Oakley* in *The Jealous Wife*."

Mrs. Inchbald, though not actually on the stage herself, was now brought into immediate contact with all the infinite cares and incessant labours of a theatrical life. A very few days after their union she left London with her husband, who had entered into an engagement at Bristol. On their road they fell in with Dodd, at Marlborough, who exhibited his petulant and malicious resentment of the chastisement which our authoress had so justly inflicted on his profligacy, by *not* wishing them joy on their marriage. They had no sooner settled themselves at Bristol, than Mrs. Inchbald applied herself diligently to the study of the character of *Cordelia*. In this she was assisted by her husband, who was a very steady and zealous actor; and with whom, in submission to his wishes, "she *spouted*" (as she plainly calls it) at home, and in the open air, till at length she hit upon a better tone of declamation than she had been able to acquire by the private exercise of her art. Her first appearance, however, was delayed from time to time, principally on account of the illness of Mr. Inchbald, and did not take place till the 4th September, 1772. Her husband acted *Lear*. The *début* does not appear to have been striking. A natural impediment of utterance, however skilfully overcome, or artfully disguised, must necessarily involve a slow and measured style of delivery, which is incompatible with the expression of strong and varying emotions. The elocution of Mrs. Inchbald was not to be classed among the exceptions from this general rule, if any such exceptions there be. Her performance, even in the more advanced and most experienced period of her professional life, always owed its success to the elegance of her person, the beauty of her countenance, and the good sense of her reading, rather than to the power which it possessed over the passions of the audience. Mr. Boaden concludes the chapter in which he speaks of her first appearance, with a parallel between the lives and characters of Mrs. Inchbald and Mrs. Centlivre. Most certainly they were both women, both actresses, and both authoresses; but in no one other particular do we distinguish the slightest degree of resemblance in the two ladies. These comparisons are generally very idle things: we think Fluellen's ingenious parallel between Macedon and Monmouth ought to operate as a sufficient exposure of the folly, and an effectual bar to the repetition, of all such laborious trifling.

On Mr. Inchbald's engagement at Bristol being concluded, he returned with his wife to London; and, after a visit to her mother at Standingfield, proceeded to Scotland. It is painful to follow the course of such a woman through all that miserable drudgery—those mean perplexities—those derogatory occupations—and that intercourse with persons of low principles and tainted characters, which are unavoidably attached to the condition of a travelling player's life. We hurry over the period of her sojourn in Scotland, where sometimes walking as a masque in *Romeo and Juliet*, or a witch in *Macbeth*; and sometimes figuring as the heroine of the piece,—she appeared in all the principal

towns of the kingdom. Her married life seems to have been of a chequered description, and to have consisted of alternate tears and smiles,—of domestic feuds and kindly reconciliations. The husband was one day complaining of her coldness, another enamoured of her beauty, and repeating his repetitions of her portrait; one day quarrelling on a division of salary, and another affectionately instructing her in her profession. Her conjugal fidelity, as might be expected in the case of a beauty and an actress, was often severely assailed. At Edinburgh, she was addressed by a Mr. Sterling, an amateur, who had played *Iago* on her benefit, and contrived to time his visits so adroitly as always to hit upon the moment when, by her husband's avocations at the theatre, he was likely to find her alone. This gentleman's attentions, "not so pointed as to alarm nor so vague as to be misunderstood," excited an interest which, as a wife, she felt to be of a suspicious character, and on which she thought it right to consult with her confessor. In pursuance of his advice, she notices in her pocket-book of the year, that, on the 27th of February, "Mr. Inchbald being from home, I insisted upon being *alone*." She imagined that Mr. Sterling submitted to her pleasure; but he soon resumed his calls. Her sojourn in Scotland was productive of great improvement to her. Notwithstanding the incessant claims of her very laborious profession, which occupied her always three nights of every week, often more frequently, and generally in parts of the highest grade, this indefatigable woman, who now seems to have imbibed a desire of distinction as an authoress, dedicated several hours of every day to the study of general literature, and to the acquisition of the French language. She received instructions of a native. The price of the tuition was in harmony with her economy: she only paid her master at the rate of a shilling a lesson. This accomplishment proved valuable to her in a way that had probably never been anticipated. On the 12th of June, Mr. Inchbald had a dispute with the audience, which compelled him to leave the Edinburgh theatre; and, disgusted with the stage, he determined on retiring to France, where he might cultivate his talents as an artist, and, perhaps, eventually gain success as a miniature painter. This journey took place in the fourth year after their marriage, 1776. During her residence abroad, Mrs. Inchbald was unremitting in her studies: she read incessantly, and made copious extracts of all that interested her.

"From the volumes in her own handwriting that remain," says Mr. Boaden, "we perceive clearly her mode of achieving that fulness of mind which rendered her composition and conversation always affluent, and never stinted nor abrupt. She extracted the very marrow of all history and biography: she took exact minutes of all remarkable places; the relics of departed empires, and was particularly exact in chronology. She made abstracts of these her studies for her *sisters*, that that they might enjoy the harvest without the toil, and be intelligent women."

After three months' absence, the Inchbalds found it necessary to retrace their steps to England. The husband discovered that painting was likely to prove an unprofitable pursuit to him; and this second string to his bow having snapped—as such second strings generally do—and left him destitute of any, they had no other alternative remaining than to make the best of their way home, and seek a renewal of their dramatic career. On reaching Brighton, their exigencies were very great. They were several times compelled to abridge the number of their meals, and do without either their dinner or their tea; and were once forced to take refuge in the fields, and dine off turnips, with a view of sparing the too rapid exhaustion of their resources. After some slight delay, however, they finally proceeded to Liverpool, by the way of London, and were engaged by Mr. Younger, on suitable terms, as members of his company. Here Mrs. Inchbald was for the first time brought into communication with persons worthy of her talents and her virtues. She at Liverpool formed that intimacy with the Kemble family which continued to the end of her days. Her MSS. instruct us, that when she first became acquainted with Mrs. Siddons, the fortunes of our great tragic actress were, like her own, extremely humble; that she was not only most laborious in her profession, but that she was indefatigable in her domestic duties, and in providing for the comforts of her husband and child; and that she neither felt herself degraded nor unhappy amid

the actually menial offices to which she was subjected by her poverty, but cheerfully "lightened her task by *singing* away her time." The lives of these highly distinguished women were now passed almost constantly in each other's society; and as Mr. Boaden tells us of their sitting together in the same box at the play, we presume that Mrs. Inchbald had not yet discovered that superiority of beauty in her friend which was subsequently the occasion of no slight vexation to her vanity, and made her avoid coming in contact with her at any public place or large assembly. How well do we remember the time when, half in jest and half in earnest, she would shrink away at the approach of Mrs. Siddons, saying—her hesitation of speech betraying itself in the few last words,—"Don't come to this place; I won't stay near you; if you do not go, I must; because you are pret-ti-er than I."

In the February of 1777, Mrs. Inchbald sketched the outline of her first and most celebrated novel. It has always appeared to us that the hero of her tale was designed as a portrait of John Kemble. That gentleman, in his twentieth year, was just returned at this time from Douay, where he had been engaged in classical and theological studies, with a view to ordination as a Catholic priest. This circumstance, with his wondrous beauty, his various accomplishments, and his general severity of manner and of judgment, conspired to render him the living prototype of Dorriforth, in the *Simple Story*. We have been told that the destination of Kemble's talents was diverted from the church to the stage by his accidentally meeting and becoming enamoured of Mrs. Inchbald; but we are now informed, on the very best authority, that such could not have been the fact. Their friendship was sincere and lasting; their appreciation of each other's merits extremely high; but the lady assures us —and there is no reason for suspecting her sincerity—that "Kemble never was her *lover*." The mode of life which was followed by persons destined to occupy so prominent a place in the world's eye, and as yet languishing in the obscurity of an inferior grade of no eminent profession, is a matter of curiosity and interest. The Inchbalds, Mr. and Mrs. Siddons, and Mr. Kemble, generally resided together in the same or neighbouring lodgings. Mrs. Inchbald wrote and read, and made copious extracts from the works she perused. Mr. Inchbald, who was labouring hard to become a Cosway, employed his vacant hours in painting the portraits of the party. Mr. Kemble was engaged in the study of history, composing his tragedy of *Belisarius*, and preparing himself for the stage. Mrs. Siddons, returned back upon the country from the capital, had thrown away ambition, and, resigned to her disappointment, passed many a day washing and ironing for her family; and, at the conclusion of her labours, sung duets with her brother. Sometimes the party walked out together of an evening, played at cards, or, amusing themselves with still more infantine pursuits, went out into some neighbouring fields to play at "blindman's buff," or "puss in the corner." Amid all the scenes of ambition or of wealth which afterwards opened upon them, "it is highly probable," observes Mr. Boaden, "that every member of the party, at times, heaved a silent wish for those times again."

To our authoress, indeed, the three years which this portion of her life embraced were not altogether unembittered. The affairs of her relatives at Standingfield were becoming more and more embarrassed. She was frequently in tears at the consideration of the distresses of her mother and her sister Dolly; she longed to return and comfort them. She had with difficulty prevailed on Mr. Inchbald to consent to a division of their salaries, that, by rigid economy, and the severest habits of self-denial, she might be enabled, at her own sole expense, to make small presents to her relatives. She complained of loss of appetite; she was for a second time threatened with consumption. Her spiritual state also afforded her a subject of deep anxiety, as may be inferred from the following affecting notice, selected from many others of a similar description with which her diary abounds:

"No other actual sin, but great coldness and imperfection in all my duties, especially in my religious ones, as in prayer and fasting. Almighty God! look down upon thy erring creature. Pity my darkness and my imperfections, and direct me to the truth! make me humble under the difficulties which adhere to my

faith, and patient under the perplexities which accompany its practice."

To doubt that the author of the above self-condemnation and accompanying prayer was possessed of a sincerely pious mind, is impossible; but it seems very often to have been disturbed by what she calls "the difficulties of her faith," and which induced her to interrupt from time to time her habitual attendance on the external rites of religion. She had been educated to reverence, and knew it her duty to observe them; yet a sort of misgiving—a nervous spirit of incredulity, occasionally interfered to withdraw her from the public ordinances of her church, and keep her away from mass and from the sacrament for weeks together. About this time, these religious doubts appear to have assumed a more serious character, and led her to address the ensuing case of conscience to the consideration of a Roman Catholic divine:

"*Catholic Doubt.*

"Can a person be admitted to the sacraments of the Catholic church who confesses she has strong doubts of revealed religion, yet who, acknowledging her own incapacity to decide upon a question of such magnitude as the truth of the Scriptures, humbly submits her reason to the creeds of the church, and promises to strive against any future disbelief as against any other temptation to sin?"

The answer returned by Father Jerningham is admirably wise and moderate.

"*Reply.*

"It is difficult, and would not be safe, to resolve in a positive manner the case of conscience above presented. In the outset, it appears nearly impossible to admit to the sacrament of the eucharist one who professes to have doubts, and even strong doubts, not only as to that sacrament, but even as to revealed religion itself and the truth of the Scriptures. It should seem that such doubts can but little accord with those profound sentiments of adoration, of love and gratitude, which the *real presence* both inspires and exacts. It would be therefore safest to wait until those doubts were dispelled, before the person in question approached that tremendous mystery.

"In the meanwhile, these doubts may not be sins, but simply temptations arising in timid minds, tormented by doubts constantly recurring, though constantly repelled, and which, to be absolutely conquered, might need the efficacy of the august sacrament of the holy eucharist. This, however, can only be determined by a sage and enlightened confessor, well knowing the person labouring under and tormented by these doubts, one well acquainted with the life led, the books perused, the society frequented, the resistance opposed to those doubts, and the perseverance with which this kind of temptation is combated by the person interested in the inquiry."

But time passed on: and as the company proceeded on their dramatic circuits from Liverpool to Hull, and from York to Leeds, the *Simple Story* was proceeding to its conclusion. Kemble's tragedy of *Belisarius*, rejected at Covent Garden, was brought out at Hull on the 4th of December, 1778, and Mrs. Inchbald played one of the principal characters, and spoke the epilogue. He had previously had a farce, *The Female Officer*, performed with great success at Manchester. But an affliction of the most affecting kind, and in the most distressing manner, now befell our authoress. Her husband and herself were rising gradually, but surely, in their profession; they were associated with a band of friends and comrades who were worthy of them, whom they highly valued, and by whom they were as highly valued in return; a respectable circle of acquaintance was daily widening round them; their fortunes appeared to be at flow; no check to their prosperity could on any hand have been apprehended; when, while they were performing at Leeds, Mr. Inchbald suddenly expired. His death was ascribed to an affection of the heart. In her journal, his wife designates the *day* as "a day of horror;" the *week* on which it occurred is called "a week of grief, horror, and almost despair;" and at the conclusion of her diary of the *year* is written, "Began this year a happy wife—finished it a wretched widow."

This distinguished woman was now left alone in the world, to assert the claims of her own merits against the oppression and the injustice of theatrical managers, and to protect herself against the insulting addresses of impertinent and licentious admirers. But the position in which she found herself was far more favourable to the great object of her ambition, the achievement of an ultimate independence, than that from which she had been removed by her marriage with Mr. Inchbald. She was now more than half way between

twenty and thirty; she had seen much of mankind of all classes, and of more than one country; and she had taken a firm and respectable stand in her profession. The company in which she was engaged—that of York, under Tate Wilkinson—ranked as second to none but those of the metropolis, and was the chief nursery of the London theatres. In this she was taking what is technically denominated "the highest business;" and the manager, eager to retain her services, offered to put her upon the highest scale of salary, on condition of her consenting to remain with him another year. That highest salary was *a guinea and a half a-week.* But she was bent upon a London engagement, and refused the terms that were proposed to her.

Being now free, and to be won, her beauty drew an innumerable crowd of admirers around her. The first who proposed was Suett the comedian, and was, as might be expected, instantly refused. Kemble's regard never kindled beyond the temperate ardour of friendship; though Mrs. Inchbald was certainly very far from indifferent to his attractions, and, as she once expressed, in language which no affectation prevented her plainness from using, "she would have jumped to have had him." Those who settle every thing in country towns gave them to each other so heartily, that it seemed like disappointing the world to delay their union; but we quite agree with Mr. Boaden in thinking that their marriage would have been productive of wretchedness to both parties. It most certainly would never have suited John Kemble. "He," as Mr. Boaden observes, "could never have borne the independent tenour of Mrs. Inchbald's mind; he could never have been blindly fond of any woman; and, much as she might have respected him, she had a *humour* that demanded as much indulgence as that of her husband at least. Even as friends to the end of their lives, they had frequent differences looking very like alienation." But sought and admired as this beautiful and accomplished woman was at York, the number of her suitors increased at Edinburgh, and multiplied still more upon her when, in the following year, by the interest of her friend Wilson, she succeeded in obtaining an engagement at Covent Garden. The catalogue of these lovers would be a dull thing to read; more particularly, as the flames that kindled them are, with the hearts they warmed, and the object that inspired them, long since cold in the grave; and we shall therefore leave their names to be sought for by the curious in the volumes of her biographer. Even with Mrs. Inchbald, formed in the very prodigality of Nature, with every charm that could fascinate the eye and captivate the heart, the current of the affections maintained its wonted, irregular, and unpropitious character.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Where the connexion was desirable, and the proposals honourable; she found herself incapable of loving. Where she could have loved; her virtue was insulted by addresses that she rejected with indignation, or the tenderness of her nature was encountered and grieved by a mere cold, distant, and respectful admiration of her talents. It was frequently said of her by Harris, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, with reference to her high-principled abhorrence of profligacy, "That woman Inchbald has solemnly devoted herself to *virtue* and a *garret.*" But there were some among her Catholic friends, who, seeing the temptations of her position, and mistrusting her constancy in resisting them, became very seriously alarmed on her account. They dreaded lest the great interest of her eternal existence should be endangered by the trials to which her theatrical life exposed her; and the opinion of Dr. Alexander Geddes, a celebrated Roman Catholic divine, was sought upon the subject, with a hope of finding it favourable to the views of those friends of Mrs. Inchbald who were anxious for her relinquishing the profession of the stage. The liberal and enlightened reply of Dr. Geddes on this occasion, is so opposite to the narrow and bigoted opinions prevalent among a very numerous and influential party of our own church, that we cannot forbear inserting it. The letter is addressed to a lady resident at Edinburgh.

"Madam,—I am very sensibly affected by what you tell me of Mrs. Inchbald, though I hope her situation is not quite so dangerous as to you it appears. From the little I know of her, I take her to be a woman of good sense, elegant manners, and gentle disposition; and it would give

me great pain to think that her principles, as a Christian and a Catholic, did not entirely correspond with those amiable qualities. It is upon this very favourable idea which I have conceived of Mrs. Inchbald, that I presume she will not take it amiss if I offer her, through your hands, my sentiments on her present state of life, and suggest the most effectual means of weaning her by degrees from that state, or making her live in it as becomes a disciple of Jesus Christ.

"I am none of those rigid casuists that deem it impossible for an actress to be a virtuous woman. I think, with St. Francis de Sales, that a *play* is of itself an indifferent thing: I am inclined to believe that a well-regulated theatre might become, if not absolutely a school of virtue, at least a source of rational entertainment, and one of the most harmless pastimes which the idle, the gay, and the great, can indulge themselves in. At the same time I am fully convinced that, like all other indifferent things, it may be a real source of sin to many individuals: and it is clear that, as often as that happens, those individuals are obliged to relinquish it, as they would be obliged to relinquish any other pastime or employment which, from experience, they had found capitally hurtful to their souls. If, then, Mrs. Inchbald is conscious to herself that the theatre is, either directly or indirectly, to her the immediate or even remote cause of sin, she is surely too reasonable not to see the necessity of leaving it: but if she has never found it dangerous to her virtue, or incompatible with her Christian duties, I cannot well see that she is under an obligation of quitting it from any natural principle of moral rectitude I am acquainted with. To this, perhaps, it will be objected, that there are extant church *canons* by which all *players* are excommunicated, and which, consequently, suppose their *profession* altogether unlawful. I know, madam, there are such canons; and I know also that these canons are founded on the supposition of the theatre being an unlawful amusement: but, in the first place, it is certain that when these canons were made the theatre was very different from what it is at present; and, secondly, it appears that they are considered as obsolete, and not strictly binding—at least in this kingdom. I think I have heard you say that Mrs. Inchbald herself was formerly admitted to the holy communion, both by the English clergy and Bishop Hay, which it cannot be imagined they would ever have allowed if they had not looked upon the canons so often mentioned as gone into desuetude. Still, therefore, the danger or safety of Mrs. Inchbald's situation must depend on the circumstances that attend it; and with regard to these, we cannot reasonably refuse her own testimony.

"Hitherto I have supposed that Mrs. Inchbald finds her state not only not detrimental to her virtue, but also compatible with every Christian observance. Now, I am afraid this last part of the supposition is not sufficiently grounded; for I learn that she neither attends mass on days of obligation, nor frequents the sacraments at times appointed. This non-observance must certainly be ascribed either to the employments she follows, the distractions of which have left her no time for serious duty, or to her own tepidity and spiritual sloth, which hinder her making a proper use of the times and opportunities which her profession allows. In either of these cases her situation is perilous, but surely not desperate. If the first be true, I cannot persuade myself that it will be a difficult matter to convince her of the propriety, expediency, and necessity, of relinquishing a state that must in the end prove so fatal to her salvation; if the second, she has only to exert herself a little in the cause of virtue and religion, and shake off that load of habitual indolence that oppresses her, and which will still be accumulating more weight in proportion as she neglects to remove it.

"My dear Mrs. Inchbald (would I say to her in such a situation), you profess yourself a Christian and a Catholic, and a woman of your education cannot be supposed to be ignorant of the duties which that sacred character imposes upon you. If the employment you now follow is incompatible with those duties, abandon it—for the sake of God, abandon it and save your soul. But if you say that it is possible to attend to your obligations as a Christian and remain a player, shew us that possibility, in the name of Heaven, by a conformable practice.

"These, madam, are the few reflections I have had leisure to make on the subject of our last conference. If they are of any service to Mrs. Inchbald, it will give me infinite pleasure. At any rate, they can do no harm; and they give me a new opportunity of repeating, what I hope you are fully convinced of, that I ever am, madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

"A. Geddes.

"*Boyd's Close, Canongate,*
August 7, 1780."

Encouraged, rather than dissuaded, by this letter, Mrs. Inchbald determined on continuing the line of life to which her taste had directed, and her husband had introduced her, and en-

deavouring to acquire celebrity on the metropolitan boards. What else, indeed, was she to do? Her novel, the *Simple Story*, which she had so long been labouring to perfect—which, when eventually published, raised her to the very highest place among contemporary authors—after having been offered for sale by her friend Dr. Brodie to half the publishers in London, was returned condemned upon her hands; and having thus, for the present, lost all hope of deriving any emolument from the literary employment of her talents, the stage was the only resource she could look to for the daily supply of her daily bread. At York, her salary had for some time been doubled, but this was not sufficient to induce her to remain with Wilkinson's company; and she gladly accepted, or rather eagerly sought, an engagement at Covent Garden, though accompanied with a very considerable reduction of income. Her thus consenting to exchange a profitable certainty for a less profitable risk appears inconsistent with her characteristic prudence; but perhaps her mind was intent on gaining a representation for her dramatic pieces, and conceived they would have a better chance of being received, if their author was personally present to urge their claims upon the attention of the manager, than if they were merely submitted to his notice as the productions of a stranger. Whatever may have been her motives, she preferred a salary of 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* in London, to nearly double that sum at York; and, on October 3, 1780, made her first appearance in the metropolis as *Bellario*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *Philaster*. The hero and heroine of this tragedy were two performers whose very names excite a smile from the innumerable comic associations with which they are connected, Lewis and Mrs. Mattocks. Of this first appearance we copy the report of Mr. Boaden:

"Mrs. Inchbald had but little freedom or grace in her action; she spoke, too, rather timidly than affectionately—rather emphatic than natural. Perhaps from embarrassment as to her hair, she kept her page's hat *on*, even when presented to the princess; and all through, except in the wood scene, where propriety might have let it remain, until forcibly thrown off. The remembrance of Mrs. Yates was too strong for her best effort: this lady was still on the stage, though the majesty of her figure (she must have weighed twenty stone) disqualified her for the page. The play should not have been done at all, unless Powell had started up and brought genuine *pathos* along with him. He might have sustained such a *Bellario*."

Mrs. Inchbald's own diary does not give any hint of the degree of success she met with, until a few nights after, when she played *Angelina*, in *The Fop's Fortune*. In this part she was extremely applauded by the audience, and highly complimented behind the scenes. This was the first night on which Mr. Harris witnessed her performance; and, emboldened by his approbation, she sent him a farce by the hands of her friend Wilson, and which met with an unfavourable reception. As another proof of Johnson's assertion,

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppress'd,
And starving merit is a standing jest,"

the friend of Mr. Harris, to whose inspection and judgment her piece was submitted, went about telling every body that "*it was indecent, and had not a word spelt right.*" Her salary was raised to two pounds a-week, "with the necessity of working steadily at her dresses, to keep up to the splendour or the fashion of the characters she represented." These were certainly hard conditions; and Wilson, who, though rejected as a husband, never ceased to exercise as a friend the most active interest in her concerns, remonstrated with the manager on his niggardness. Harris's reply conveyed an acknowledgment of the justice of her demands, and a condemnation of his own parsimony towards her: "If she had a low salary, she did high business; and could not be paid in consequence and money too." But even that consequence this man had as little consideration for, when it suited his purpose, as he had for her fair claims on his liberality; and it was not many weeks after that she was called upon, with all the raff of the theatre, to walk in the pantomime. This disgrace appears to have been inflicted upon her in a mean spirit of revenge for some slighting words that Mrs. Inchbald had been incautious enough to utter against Mr. Harris, in the presence of one of those innumerable busybodies that hang about a theatre, and who immediately repeated her ob-

servations to the object of them. With reference to this tale-bearer, she writes in her letter to the manager:

"I challenge the whole world to say that I ever spoke disrespectfully of Mr. Harris to any soul living but to him; and then I was urged to it by being first provoked by himself. Perceiving, after our first or second conversation, that nothing but turning his beloved friend into ridicule could draw his attention from making *me* the object of *his*, I used *you*, but as a defensive weapon. I confess my obligations to you; and had you never *wantonly* made me unhappy, by business you forced me to do, purely to shew your power, and make the poor piece of bread you gave me bitter to me, your name, even in sport, should have been spared."

It stirs our gall and irritates our spirit to think that the authoress of the *Simple Story* should ever have been subjected to such petty insults and such derogatory services. Our very souls burn with indignation against the pitiful tyrant from whom they proceeded. Her salary at this time, as regulated by the lords of the theatrical treasury, was 2*l.* for the first week of the year, and afterwards 3*l.* till the 27th of February; she was then cut down, at first 10*s.*, and subsequently 1*l.*, till the 21st of April, when it rose once more to the full pay of 3*l.*, and so continued till the end of the season.

In the summer of 1782, she improved her income by performing at the Haymarket; and, after completing her engagement there, left London for Dublin, where Daly, the manager, had induced her to join his company on terms of rather a complicated description, but apparently more liberal than she had hitherto received. We extract the conditions of this engagement from Mr. Boaden's volume, as a fair specimen of manager-like *hedging*, and of the mode in which the emoluments of theatrical labours in those days were clipt, and mulcted, and circumscribed:

"Mrs. Inchbald was to receive a salary of 5*l.* per week; but she was bound to *take* a benefit, the day of which was to be assigned by Daly, and to pay 30*l.* towards it, by stoppages of 3*l.* weekly out of her salary; so that the manager was safe, whatever became of the performer. Well, then, he took from the actual receipts of the night as much as completed the 30*l.* already got to 60*l.*; the remainder to be her own; and the 3*l.* weekly stopped from the salary to be paid up."

Kemble was now acting in Dublin, and played the principal male parts in those plays of which Mrs. Inchbald was the heroine. Her success in Dublin was very great; but some insulting advances of Daly, the manager, a married man, and whose profligacy she indignantly and on the instant exposed, rendered it impossible for her to continue any longer at his theatre. The man was too happy to pay up her salary, to purchase her benefit, and to allow her to depart. On the 23d of May, 1783, Mr. Kemble, who was intrusted with the negotiation, brought her the amount which was due to her "*in heavy guineas*," and two days after she set off on her voyage to England.

She returned to the Haymarket: and be it recorded, that she this season, on the 2d of August, ventured to appear without powder. This was an event of no inconsiderable importance. We can well remember the time when this hideous and filthy article of dress was regularly calculated upon as a legitimate source of dramatic effect—when *Hamlet* was applauded in his scenes with *Ophelia* and his mother, according to the quantity of white dust which he could contrive to scatter from his head in the whirlwind of his passion—and when Mrs. Jordan, in *Rosalind*, always heightened the impression of the last line of her inimitable cuckoo-song, by striking the back of her hand across *Orlando's* brow, and making the powder fly out of his wig. A scrap of Mrs. Inchbald's memoranda for this year is very amusing:

"To have fixed," she says, "the degrees and shades of female virtue possessed at this time by the actresses of the Haymarket Theatre, would have been employment for an able casuist. One evening, about half an hour before the curtain was drawn up, some accident having happened in the dressing-room of one of the actresses, a woman of known intrigue, she ran in haste to the dressing-room of Mrs. Wells, to finish the business of her toilet. Mrs. Wells, who was the mistress of the well-known Capt. Topham, shocked at the intrusion of a reprobated woman who had a worse character than herself, quitted her own room, and ran to Miss Farren's, crying, '*What would Captain Topham say if I were to remain in such company?*' No sooner had she entered the room to which, as an asylum, she had fled, than Miss Farren flew out

at the door, repeating, '*What would Lord Derby say if I should be seen in such company?*'"

This year was a fortunate year for Mrs. Inchbald. After many applications at Covent Garden and the Haymarket, and having encountered as many refusals, she at last succeeded in inducing Colman to accept one of her dramatic pieces. It was perhaps the first that had ever been *really* read and considered. The exterior garb of her candidate MSS., with their ragged paper, rude penmanship, and careless orthography, was not at all of a description likely to conciliate the manager's attention, presented to him, as they were, by an individual whose literary talents were as yet unknown, and whose public claims to notice were only those of a pretty woman and a sensible actress. Colman, brought in contact with her by her performing at his theatre, and having more ability to discover talent in obscurity than Mr. Harris or his friend can reasonably be supposed to have possessed, was induced to look at a farce which she now offered him with a favourable eye; and though he states himself "as never having met with so cramp a hand in his life, nor ever having been so much puzzled to make out a piece," he admired it on perusal, and eventually purchased it at the price of a hundred guineas. This farce was the *Mogul Tale*. Mrs. Inchbald was not known as the authoress; and, to prevent any suspicion of the fact arising in the theatre, she played in it herself. The applause was most encouraging; but she was terrified at the double interest of her position as authoress and actress, and at one moment lost possession of her self-command. She was on the stage as *Selima*, in the second act, when she heard a cue from another character, after which she was herself to speak. The cue was, "Since we left Hyde Park Corner." She had merely to reiterate, "Hyde Park Corner!" But terror had robbed her entirely of utterance: she turned pale, and remained for a time in a suspension of mute amazement. At length, with that stammer which in private only attended her, she slowly and in a sepulchral voice ejaculated, "Hh-yde Pa-ark Co-orner!" to the great astonishment and derision of many of her auditors. Her own record of this her first appearance before the public as a dramatist is sufficiently modest: "I played in the *Mogul Tale*, my own farce: it went off with the greatest applause." She also speaks of its having been played with great applause and full houses during the "ten times of its representation in the months of July and August." On the success of the *Mogul Tale*, our authoress informed Mr. Colman that he had in his hands a comedy of her composition, which she had submitted to him as the work of a Mrs. Woodly. The manager immediately promised to go home and read it. In the July of the following year it was produced at the Haymarket, under the name of *I'll tell you what*,—a silly name conferred upon the comedy by the manager, for the purpose, as it would appear, of affording him an opportunity of playing upon the words in the prologue and epilogue with which he was kind enough to support the piece.

After having struggled with poverty so long, she was now on the road to fortune. Her salary at Covent Garden had been raised a pound a-week. Her new comedy produced 300*l.*; besides the receipts of her benefit, when her play and farce were acted together to a crowded audience, who, when she came forward in *Selima*, as the lovely and talented woman to whom they were indebted for their whole night's amusement, welcomed her with shouts of applause that continued several minutes after her entrance. The run of her comedy had scarcely ceased with the close of the Haymarket Theatre, when her second farce, *Appearance is against them*, was brought out at Covent Garden, and met with unusual success. This piece, with the copyright, was worth no less a sum to her than 130*l.* From this time she had no more to solicit attention for the efforts of her pen. The managers contended for an interest in her works, and the publishers were liberal in the prices which they offered for the copyright. The comedy of *Such things are* is said to have produced its authoress no less a sum than 900*l.*; and for the *Simple Story*, a novel which the trade had refused as valueless while the writer was only known as an obscure actress in a provincial company, was eagerly purchased by Robinson for a hundred pounds a volume. To enumerate the several works for the stage or the closet on which she was subsequently engaged, and the various sums she received for

them, would only increase the length of this article, without adding to its interest. Suffice to say, that for her second novel, *Nature and Art*, which hardly extends beyond the length of a tale in a magazine, her publisher, Robinson, paid a hundred and fifty pounds.

But her reputation was now high. Her name was of value, and was sure to secure currency for any publication to which it was attached. After the collection of plays, with prefatory observations, which she undertook for the Longmans, she, on two several occasions, was paid a sum of fifty pounds for merely perusing, and allowing her name to be prefixed, at one time to a selection of modern plays, and at another to a selection of farces, which the booksellers had planned the publication of. The editors of the various periodicals addressed to her their solicitations for assistance, and addressed them to her in vain. Even her friend Hopner's application for contributions to the *Quarterly* could not move her firm resolve not to engage in the invidious labour of contemporary criticism. Bell, also, was anxious for her to become the conductress of *La Belle Assemblée;* but she resisted the temptation, assuring him that "she had done with the *fashionable* world, and thought only of a *better*." One circumstance in her literary life deserves to be mentioned: at the request of Le Texier, she translated two French pieces, which, as now appears from Mr. Boaden, were designed to deck another in borrowed plumes, and confer on the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway the false reputation of a dramatic author. With reference to her authorship, she says, in a letter to Mrs. Phillips, her friend and executrix:

"In my profession I am sometimes idle for months or years; but when I resolve on writing, I earn my money with speed. No resolution of the kind has, however, come to me of late; and yet, the week before last, I earned fifty guineas in five minutes, by merely looking over a catalogue of fifty farces, drawing my pen across one or two, and writing the names of others in their place: and now all these in that catalogue are to be printed with 'selected by Mrs. Inchbald' on the title-page. The prodigious sale my prefaces have had has tempted the booksellers to this offer."

It is not our purpose, on the present occasion, to enter into a minute critical discussion of the merits of Mrs. Inchbald's works. We may, perhaps, take some future opportunity of dedicating a paper to that subject; but we cannot refrain from inserting here the judgment of Maria Edgeworth on the *Simple Story*, the most popular of our authoress's productions, and to which all the rest bear a strong family resemblance in their leading and characteristic features.

"I hope you will not suspect me," writes the authoress of *Castle Rackrent*, "of the common author-practice of returning praise for praise, when I tell you that I have just been reading for the *third*—I believe for the *fourth* time—the *Simple Story*. The effect upon my feelings was as powerful as at the first reading; I never read *any* novel—I except *none*— I never read any novel that affected me so strongly, or that so completely possessed me with the belief in the real existence of all the people it represents. I never once recollected the author while I was reading it; never said, or thought, *that's a fine sentiment*—or *that's well expressed*—or *that is well invented*. I believed all to be real, and was affected as I should be by the real scenes if they had passed before my eyes: it is truly and deeply pathetic. I determined this time of reading to read it as a critic, or rather as an author, to try to find out the secret of its peculiar pathos. But I quite forgot my intention in the interest Miss Milner and Dorriforth excited; but *now it is all over*, and that I can coolly exercise my judgment, I am of opinion that it is by leaving more than most other writers to the imagination, that you succeed so eminently in affecting it. By the force that is necessary to repress feeling, we judge of the intensity of the feeling; and you always contrive to give us by intelligible, but simple signs, the measure of this force. Writers of inferior genius waste their words in *describing* feeling, in making those who pretend to be agitated by passion describe the effects of that passion, and talk of *rending their hearts, &c.*; a gross blunder; for the heart cannot feel and describe its own feelings at the same moment. It is '*being like a bird, in two places at once.*'

"What a beautiful stroke is that of the child, who exclaims, when Dorriforth lets go his hands, '*I had like to have been down!*'

"I am glad that I have never met with a Dorriforth, for I must inevitably have fallen desperately in love with him; and destitute of Miss Milner's powers of charming, I might have died in despair. Indeed, I question whether my being free from some of her faults would not have

made my chance worse; for I have no doubt that, with all his wisdom and virtue, he loved her the better for keeping him in a continual pain by her coquetry. I am excessively sorry you made her end *naughtily*, though I believe this makes the story more moral. Your power as a pathetic writer is even more conspicuous in the second volume, however, than in the first; for, notwithstanding the prodigious and painful effort you require from the reader, to jump over, at the first page, eighteen years, and to behold Dorriforth old, and Miss Milner a disgraced and dying mother with a grown-up daughter beside her; notwithstanding the reluctance we feel to seeing Dorriforth as an implacable tyrant, and Sandford degraded to a trembling dependent; yet against our will, and absolutely against our resolution to be unmoved, you master our hearts and kindle a fresh interest, and force again our tears. Nothing can be finer than the scene upon the stairs, when Dorriforth meets his daughter, and cannot unclasp her hand, and when he cannot call her by any name but 'Miss Milner—dear Miss Milner!'

"I wish Rushbrooke had not been a liar; it degrades him too much for a hero. I think you sacrificed him too much to the principle of the pyramid. The mixture of the father's character in the daughter is beautiful. As to Miss Woodley, who can help loving her, and thinking she is like their best friend, whoever that may be?

"Mrs. Horton is excellent comic; her moving all the things about in the room to lessen the embarrassment, and her wishing (without being ill-natured) to see a quarrel, that she might have some sensations, is admirable. Did you really draw the characters from life, or did you invent them? You excel, I think, peculiarly in avoiding what is commonly called *fine writing*—a sort of writing which I detest; which calls the attention away from the *thing* to the *manner*, from the feeling to the language; which sacrifices every thing to sound, to the mere rounding of a period; which mistakes *stage-effect* for *nature*. All who are at all used to writing know, and detect the *trick of the trade* immediately; and, speaking for myself, I *know* that the writing which has least the appearance of literary *manufacture* almost always pleases me the best. It has more originality; in narration of fictitious events, it most surely succeeds in giving the idea of reality, and in making the biographer for the time pass for nothing. But there are few who can in this manner bear the *mortification* of staying behind the scenes —they peep out, eager for applause, and destroy all illusion by crying '*I* said it; *I* wrote it; *I* invented it all! Call me on the stage, and crown me directly!'

"Affectionately yours,

"Maria Edgeworth."

Starting in life, as Mrs. Inchbald did, as the adventurous architect of her own fortunes, with no inheritance but her talents, no patronage but her character, she contrived to realise an independence more than sufficient for her moderate wants, and left a fortune at her death amounting to nearly 5000*l.* This large sum was accumulated by the most rigid habits of economy and self-denial. Even so early in life as her twenty-seventh year, when Mr. Inchbald died, though her salary had scarcely ever exceeded a guinea and a half a-week (and she contributed very liberally to the comforts of her mother and sister at Standingfield), she was already in possession of nearly 300*l.* Such a saving from such an income would almost appear impracticable, but she appeared to live on nothing. Her weekly expenses for board and lodging did not exceed twelve shillings. Every large sum of money that she received, either from managers or booksellers, was immediately conveyed to her friend Morgan, the broker, and invested in government securities; and the stated allowance which she appropriated to herself was increased in proportion to the amount of the interest it produced. She was one year very successful in the lottery—"all her tickets were prizes:" she does not say how many, or what shares of tickets she had purchased, or what was the fruit of her good fortune; but we may presume that it was considerable, as, on this addition of wealth, she ventured to increase her expenditure four shillings a-week. But even from this limited allowance which she prescribed herself, it was her pride to effect some little saving; and she regularly made a notice of the amount in her memorandum-book. At the time of her highest fame, immediately after the publication of the *Simple Story*, when the door of her lodgings was besieged by the *élite* of the first society in London, and her table was covered with invitations, she only allowed herself twenty-five shillings a-week for her *ménage*; out of which, as her diary informs us, she gave 2*l.* 8*s.* in Christmas-boxes, and in the course of the year saved 6*l.* 16*s.* The great secret

of her wealth seems to have been attention to the old proverbial rule of taking care of the pence, and allowing the pounds to take care of themselves. Her habit of regarding the most trifling sums of money, had become so inveterately rooted in her by time, as almost to appear like an innate and essential principle of her nature. While she was dispensing her liberal contributions to the sick and aged of her family and friends, by five and ten pounds at a time; she would refuse to part with a few pence, even under the most pressing circumstances. Two instances of this peculiarity have come to our knowledge, which, as they have never before appeared in print, we shall here lay before our readers.

It was her habit, for a length of time, to dine every Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Kemble. On one of these occasions, in the winter season, with the snow upon the ground, her alms were earnestly solicited by the poor old man who swept the crossing in Great Russell Street. The age and tattered habiliments of the suppliant, and the piercing cold of the day, from which they were mutually suffering, were advocates that pleaded strongly in his favour, and touched her compassion, though they were not eloquent enough to subdue her settled habit of minute economy: she suppressed her pity, walked on, and turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. She had hardly passed beyond the hearing of his fluent supplications, when her foot slipped on a piece of frozen snow, and she fell prostrate on the pavement. As rapidly as his years and his half-torpid limbs would allow, the aged sweeper ran to her assistance. Still her avarice was untouched; she thanked him, and pursued her course. But as she proceeded on her way, the touch of natural compassion, her sense of the man's generosity, and the upbraidings of her own heart, striving against the habitual control of a meaner spirit of calculation, produced such an overpowering conflict of opposing feelings, that, on arriving at the Kembles', she fainted away.

The second instance is of a less tragic description. Miss Wilkinson and Miss Siddons had, one summer's evening, driven out in a pony-chaise, to visit Mrs. Inchbald at Kensington. The day closed in upon them more rapidly than they had anticipated, and they were anxious to return home to Westbourn by a shorter route than they had taken on the way out. But to accomplish this there was a turnpike to be passed, and both the ladies were without money. They entreated and implored Mrs. Inchbald to lend them *two pence*, on this really serious occasion; but no! all their solicitations and most touching representations were in vain — nothing could move her. She persisted in her refusal, saying, with her usual hesitation on the last words of the sentence, "Ill lend you *ten pounds*, because you'll remember to pa-ay that; but I won't lend you *two pence*, for that you will never pa-ay again."

But we were wrong in calling Mrs. Inchbald's economy by the name of avarice; that is only avarice which hoards for the sake of hoarding. She saved, but saved to spend; and she saved not to spend upon herself, but others. Prudence and benevolence were the joint guides and directors of her conduct, and for no length of time, or in any important moment, was the one ever allowed to outstrip the other. Mr. Boaden has most justly said, "she well discriminated, even in her love, between a lavish bounty that injured the giver, without serving the receiver, and that moderated benevolence which added to the comforts, at least, of the unfortunate, and left the bestower in a condition to give *again* to that subject and to others." But the benevolent actions of this extraordinary woman must not be thus lightly dismissed. That she should have shared the harvest of her prosperity with her mother and sisters, may appear little; that every success in the literary or theatrical world should have been marked by liberal presents to her family, may appear little; that she should have had her ten, twenty, thirty, fifty pounds at a time, to bestow upon those whom sickness or distress fell heavy on, may appear little. There are, perhaps, thousands who would have done the same. But are there—in these cold, selfish days of doctrinal and controversial religion, of puritanical *faith*, and exclusive *hope*, and joint-stock *charity*—ten such true Christians to be found as Mrs. Inchbald, who, after having achieved an independent income for herself by hard labour and steady economy, at the age of sixty sacrified all the comforts it might have afforded her, denied herself the aid of a servant, and absolutely

performed all the household work of her own humble lodging, that she might provide the attendance and the delicacies that were required by a sick, and aged, and querulous, and not very thankful sister? This was the last of her brothers and sisters.' In the fragment of a letter written at the time of her death, Mrs. Inchbald, while expressing her feelings on the occasion, bears an unintentional testimony to her own exalted virtue:—"To return to my melancholy. Many a time this winter, when I cried with cold, I said to myself, 'But, thank God! my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every morning, all her provisions bought and brought to her ready cooked: she would be less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I have to suffer but from this reflection!' It almost made me warm, when I reflected that she suffered no cold; and yet, perhaps, the severe weather affected her, for after only two days of *dangerous* illness she died. I have now buried my whole family—I mean my Standingfield family—the only part to whom I ever felt tender attachment." According to the increase of her sister's necessities, Mrs. Inchbald had increased her annual allowance to her from twenty to a hundred a-year, compelled to submit to a diminution of her own comforts with every addition that she afforded to the exhibition of her relative. She felt, to use her own words, that it was "*her obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor.*" After her sister's death, and the large annuity which she had allowed her ceased, instead of expending the amount upon herself, she only found in it the means of extending her liberality to more distant objects. —Well might such a woman write, in the humble confidence of her good and faithful service: "I trust that I please God, though I may not please any of his creatures. I have always been aspiring, and now my sole ambition is to go to heaven when I die."

We shall appear to be affording a striking specimen of bathos if we turn from the moral to the personal endowments of Mrs. Inchbald; but still, at all risks, we must brave the censures of pharisaic criticism, and not allow those charms on which she set so high a value herself, and which were so universally admired by others, to pass without some especial notice. As we cannot avail ourselves of the pencil of our ready-handed artist, Alfred Croquis, to whom we have been indebted for the portraits of so many of our living authors, the least we can do is to lay before our readers the lady's own descriptive picture of herself:

"*Description of me.*

"*Age.*—Between thirty and forty; which, in the register of a lady's birth, means a little turned of thirty.

"*Height.*—Above the middle size, and rather tall.

"*Figure.*—Handsome, and striking in its general air; but a little too stiff, and erect.

"*Shape.*—Rather too fond of sharp angles.

"*Skin.*—By nature fair, though a little freckled, and with a tinge of sand, which is the colour of the eye-lashes, but made coarse by ill-treatment upon her cheeks and arms.

"*Bosom.*—None; or so diminutive, that it's like a needle in a bottle of hay.

"*Hair.*—Of a sandy auburn, and rather too straight as well as thin.

"*Face.*—Beautiful in effect, and beautiful in every feature.

"*Countenance.*—Full of spirit and sweetness, excessively interesting, and, without indelicacy, voluptuous.

"*Dress.*—Always becoming, and very seldom worth so much as *eight pence.*"

The above description shews that Mrs. Inchbald was fully aware of her own great personal advantages. If, indeed, a woman has a taste or an eye for beauty, it is incredible that she should remain in ignorance of her own attractions. It would indeed be strange if the delusion on this subject were universal, and that, while so many plain people imagine themselves well-favoured, the well-favoured should imagine themselves plain. But we were about to express our astonishment that this lady, with her strength of mind, and her high principles, should have attached such importance to the mere external graces of her person, and have been so seriously grieved (as she publicly avowed herself to be) at having its slow and gradual, but certain decline, daily forced upon her observation. But, on consideration, we feel that her regret was perfectly well founded. Beauty is, perhaps, the most valuable of the temporal gifts of Providence to those who estimate it at neither more nor less than it is intrinsically worth. If it be a snare to the light-minded; it

is a mighty grace to those who are sound of judgment. It is a permanent and universal letter of recommendation; and it is a certain means of securing friends to every man or woman who is not wanting in those moral and intellectual qualities which are necessary to confirm the favour that their beauty may conciliate towards them. The failure of so great an advantage must inevitably be the source of very considerable pain. Where the loss of good looks is not accompanied with regret; the self-complacency does not owe its origin to philosophy but vanity. The heart appears to be resigned to the privation, because the judgment is so blinded by self-love as to be incapable of discerning the gloomy intimations of the mirror. Mrs. Inchbald had experienced the worth of beauty; she was too clear-sighted not to perceive its wane, and she was naturally affected at the loss of so great a good.

In the summary report of the different years of her life, found among her papers, we read:

"1798. Happy but for suspicion, amounting almost to certainty, of a rapid appearance of age in my face.

"1799. Extremely happy but for the still nearer approach of age.

"1800. Still happy but for my still increasing appearance of declining years."

In a letter to Mrs. Phillips she says:

"Do not imagine you can render me, with all your praises, satisfied with my personal appearance; though you know me so well as to know such things would be more gratifying to me than any *other* gifts in the world. Nor do not suppose you can alarm me, by representing the state of *apathy* as a calamity. It is the blessing of old age; it is the substitute for patience. It permits me to look in the glass without screaming with horror, and to live upon moderate terms of charity with all young people, without much hatred or malice, although I can never be young again."

Mrs. Inchbald's charms, however, though impaired in her own eyes, were still sufficiently attractive in the eyes of others. One of the last chapters of Mr. Boaden's book mentions the ardent love and offer of marriage which she received from a young man of family, and talent, and accomplishment, the brother of Sir John Moore. But in her own estimation her beauty was gone; and her appreciation of it was so high, and her sense of the loss of it was so extreme, that when in 1820 John Kemble called to take his leave of her, before his final departure for Switzerland, we have heard, on very good authority, that she only consented to his being admitted on condition of his not attempting to look at her, and sat, during the whole time of his visit, with her face turned to the wall.

Mr. Boaden has inserted Mrs. Inchbald's account of her interview with Madame de Staël, to which we have a line or two to add, on the report of Amelia Opie, the common friend at whose house they met.

"Madame de Staël asked a lady of my acquaintance to introduce her to me. The lady was our mutual acquaintance of course, and so far my friend as to conceal my place of abode; yet she menaced me with a visit from the Baroness of Holstein, if I would not consent to meet her at a third house. After much persuasion, I did so. I admired Madame de Staël much; she talked to me the whole time: so did Miss Edgeworth, whenever I met her in company. These authoresses suppose me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory; but with Madame de Staël it seemed no passing compliment: she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and entreated me to explain to her the motive why I shunned society. 'Because,' I replied, 'I dread the loneliness that will follow.' 'What! will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company, than you did before you came hither?' 'Yes.' 'I should think it would elevate your spirits: why will you feel your loneliness more?' 'Because I have no one to tell that I have seen you; no one to describe your person to; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my *Simple Story*; no one to enjoy any of your praises but myself!' 'Ah, ah! you have no children!' and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother's joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life, than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty."

Such is Mrs. Inchbald's narrative. We remember Mrs. Opie's informing us, a few days after the interview occurred, that Madame de Staël urged and implored our authoress not to allow her talents to remain in a state of inaction, and to dissipate the melancholy and tedium of her lone condition by some literary exertion. Mrs. Inch-

bald replied, that, in the retirement of her present life, she was presented with no materials to excite her fancy or employ her pen. On this Madame de Staël referred her to the resources of her own mind and heart, desiring her to paint from herself; stating, with rapid warmth of utterance, that such was the only model she ever copied from, and that *Delphine* and *Corinne* were entirely taken from herself. When this meeting occurred, Mrs. Inchbald was in her sixty-first year; but Madame de Staël was extremely impressed by that dignity of figure, simplicity of manner, and beauty of countenance, which age might impair, but never could altogether destroy. On Mrs. Inchbald's departure, Madame de Staël leant from the window of the drawing-room, keeping her in view as long as a glimpse of her person could be discerned; and then, pressing her hand over her eyes, as if to retrace the image and impress it permanently on her memory, she flung herself back into her chair, exclaiming, "*Cette longue figure maigre que s'est disparue sur le pavé!*"

All the latter years of Mrs. Inchbald's life were passed in close attention to the practical duties, and the ceremonial observances of her religion, with little intercourse of society, except among a few remaining relatives and very intimate friends, and without any changes to disturb the serenity of its calm beyond an occasional change of her abode. We had understood from, as we thought, no slight authority, that one of the last acts of her life was to destroy the MS. of her memoirs, for which a thousand guineas had been offered her; and which she burnt from conscientious motives, lest its contents should inflict pain on any of the individuals, or their relatives, whose conduct or characters she discussed. Mr. Boaden, however, has ascribed an earlier date to this sacrifice of interest to principle; and the merit of the action is necessarily greater, as being the effect of calm and deliberate consideration in the days of health, rather than an impulse of strong emotion, and suggested by the appalling terrors of a death-bed.

Mrs. Inchbald's last residence was a Catholic establishment, at which boarders were received, called Kensington House. Here, early in July 1821, she felt the commencement of a cold, to which she had through life been subject; and the rallying powers were no longer to be trusted. Her appetite had been failing by degrees, and she had become indifferent about food: she complained, also, of a sore throat. On Thursday, the 26th of July, we find her noticing in the journal, that "her appetite and sore throat were better, but that she felt a sensation of fulness and considerable pain all day." On Friday, she was able to take her usual walk in the garden. Saturday appeared to her a day of gloom and cold; and the notice in her diary—the last but one—and written with an irregular and trembling hand, states: "Went down to dinner; and, very ill of cold and fever, could not eat, and retired to bed." The memorandum for Sunday, her last record, says, "Heard Miss Trinder had returned from Windsor. Rose at three, for half an hour only." From that bed she rose no more. She expired on Wednesday, the 1st of August, in the sixty-eighth year of her age, and was interred on the following Saturday, in the burial-ground at Kensington.

A monument, with a very unaffected and appropriate inscription, has been raised to her memory; but the best tribute which her friends and executors could pay to the departed worth and talents of this excellent woman, would be a uniform edition of her works, preceded by a really well-written account of her life, and a collection of her inimitable letters.

AN ACCOUNT, BY AN EYE-WITNESS, OF THE WRECK OF THE "AMPHITRITE,"

August 31st and September 1st, 1833, on the Coast of Boulogne.

"And the sea yawn'd around her, like a hell!"

"I HAVE seen a shipwreck! No one who has not witnessed such a frightful scene can imagine one tenth part of its horrors." These were the words I used in a letter to a friend two days after the disastrous wreck of the Amphitrite on this coast; and now all the circumstances of the case have transpired, and been (as people imagine) thoroughly sifted and examined, these words again recur to me, as the most expressive of my thoughts and feelings. In the circumstances attending this dreadful catastrophe, there is much which ought to be widely known—in England especially; much, from which we may gather instruction, and, perhaps, become wiser and better men. Therefore it is that I sit down to write an account of all I have seen; and I shall be the more careful in what I write, as there has been a great deal printed which is utterly untrue; and the "foreign correspondents" of some of our newspapers have written original romances (for lack of intelligence), which would suit an account of the wreck of any other vessel quite as well as, or better than, that of the Amphitrite. I will notice some of these contradictory statements as I proceed.

On the night of the 31st of August (Saturday), I walked down to the port with a friend—no, not walked—my progression cannot have that name; I strained my limbs, arms, and legs, and with an effort and difficulty I had not before conceived could be required, I slowly advanced to the end of the pier. Thousands have reason to remember that awful storm! The wind blew most ferociously, drifting the sand along with vengeance, and directly in our faces. We held on our hats with one hand, and shaded our eyes frequently with the other. Tall men and strong men stood still at times, and turned their backs, unable to proceed an inch, and holding fast by the railing along one edge of the pier, to prevent their being blown over. We at length arrived at the extremity of the pier, where there were a dozen or twenty seaman, who seemed on the look out. There was a vessel about half a mile along the coast northward. It certainly appeared to us to be slowly advancing to port. We spoke to the sailors about it. Some of them said nothing in reply, some said it was laying to, but no one seemed in the least interested in the matter; and we concluded that, as they must know more of sea matters and the nature of the coast than we did, there could be no imminent danger for the vessel, especially so near to port as it then was. Little did we imagine that those men had been looking at that ship for two hours and a half. It was now past seven o'clock, and it had been stranded at half-past five. We returned home, satisfied with the answers of the Frenchmen, and feeling that they were there waiting for the first symptom of danger. Indeed, but for our own inquiries, and but for our making the greatest exertion to use our eyes (while the storm was drifting in our faces), we should have known nothing of the matter; for there was not the least thing which we saw or heard in the appearance of the sailors which could indicate that any matter of interest or alarm was going on: all was as quiet as it could be in such a gale. To this fact—so conclusive against the almost incredible inhumanity and cowardice of the men on watch—to this fact I and my friend both deposed before Captain Chads, who was appointed to investigate the affair by the British government.

The first frightful intelligence of the wreck was brought to me on Sunday morning, before I rose, by the children of the amiable family I am residing with, who came flocking to my room with wonder-speaking faces: "Oh! a ship has been wrecked—a convict-ship—to-night, and all on board are drowned!" "Then how came you to know it was a convict-ship, if all are drowned?" I replied, more than half suspecting they were playfully attempting to practise on my credulity. To this they could make no satisfactory reply, but that "they had heard it from their maid." I too soon, however, found it was almost literally true. A ship of 208 tons burden, laden with English female convicts, bound to Australia, had been wrecked that night, and three persons only, out of one

hundred and thirty, were saved! And that was the ship I had caught a glimpse of on the previous evening!

I was soon at the port. How has this horrible event come to pass? how was it possible so near the shore? These and a hundred such questions were in every mouth; and what every one asked none could answer. A multitude of contradictory stories were afloat, none of which subsequently proved true. The prevailing account was, that a French sailor had gone off in a boat to the captain of the lost vessel on Saturday evening (Captain Hunter), and offered assistance, telling him of his danger; but that the captain had refused sternly all help from shore, saying, that he would land the convicts in New South Wales safely or perish. The greater part of this is totally false. One French boat, it is true, and only one, put out to sea; and the man soon returned, thinking he had done enough to gain a character for bravery, and he propagated this story. The three men who were saved denied that the captain refused assistance; and said, that when the boat drew near, one went to the hold for a rope, and on his return with one, the boat had turned, and was making again for shore. They added, that the captain was not made aware of his danger. Another story was, that the captain was insensible, or stupefied with his misfortune, from the moment the ship struck. This is also wholly denied by the sailors. These stories, however, travelled to England; and another, too, which made it out that the mate was saved: and information of some particulars was given on his pretended evidence, when the poor man was drowned!

The scene which transpired in the suburbs, where the three men who swam ashore (for they saved themselves) were lying, in an exhausted state, was most revolting. At about ten o'clock on Sunday morning, while the dead bodies, which in the night had been washed up in masses, were being conveyed in carts to the hospital, these half-drowned three were beset on every hand with questioners of every order. I shall not forget easily the horrid eagerness and haste of different persons to get the first information. "Tell me, sir; I'm the correspondent of the *Standard*." "And me, sir; I belong to such and such a newspaper; and first information is of great importance to our journal." But I have greater horrors to tell. I soon learned from different persons on the spot the chief events of that night of woe. In the course of one half hour, no fewer than thirty bodies of women had been washed up at the gates of Barry's Marine Hotel. Many of them were warm; and the greatest humanity and attention were displayed by the people of the hotel, as well as the persons residing there. But there was only *one* surgeon for fifty or more drowned women; and they had no apparatus for restoring circulation or communicating warmth—there is no such thing, they say, in Boulogne! Very many might have been saved by such means; but nothing was resorted to but warm cloths, warm water, and a few similar things.

By eleven o'clock, no fewer than sixty-three dead women were placed in rows, in a long room of the Hospice de St. Louis, in the Rue de l'Hôpital. It was a scene that might shake the stoutest heart. Among them there was a young mother, with her infant clutched in her rigid arms. They were not separated: one coffin was allowed to receive them. A great number of them were young women, and some fine women, and many would soon have become mothers. Two or three hours before, all were alive—all—and thought not even of danger; and now the half-naked, and scarcely cold bodies, were lying one inanimate mass—the young with the old—the newly-made mother with her who was about to bring forth—and oh, God of mercy! these were thy creatures—my wretched countrywomen! There was a dreary and awful silence in that long chamber, broken only by the mumbling voices of the attendant nuns and their busy steps; and many were gazing with eyes of heartless curiosity—and some with the accustomed air of those to whom it was a matter of business—and *some* were touched with pity.

I own I cannot repress the indignation I feel at the conduct of the French here during this dreadful event. Without dwelling on the cowardice and apathy of the sailors, will it be credited, that the prefect (the mayor of the town) was at the sea-side, and saw the distress of the Amphitrite on Saturday evening, and coolly went home and took his dinner, without adopting any single measure, or even giving any orders, for the assistance of the crew! This is the fact; and this

could not by any possibility be excused or palliated. Indeed, the circumstances of the case speak for themselves. The vessel was within hailing distance, and the sailors who are saved affirm that the water she was in was not higher than a man's breast. And yet one hundred and twenty-seven souls were lost. Could this have occurred on an English coast? 'Tis impossible! I do not hesitate to say, that if a French vessel had been wrecked at one of our ports, and we had been at deadliest war with France, the crew would have been rescued, and every Englishman within call would have been there to offer aid. A dozen Englishmen could not have stood on the shore two hours looking on!

The evidence of the three men who are saved is already before the public. One of them, Towsey, is a midshipman, who was working out his passage; the other two are common sailors. The midshipman is about nineteen years of age; and a very good thing is told of him—that he fastened the hair of a young woman round his arm, and swam ashore safely with her; but she died, in a few minutes, from exhaustion. It would not be interesting or important to relate again all the evidence given by these three men; some things only I shall notice. It was no sooner known that this English vessel was wrecked, than some malicious persons instantly seized hold of it as a ground of complaint against the British consul, that he did not keep a sharp look-out along the sands, on such a stormy night, to see if there might not be a British ship in distress! It was even stated as a crime, that he did not station men along the coast with lanterns! The absurdity of this accusation is now pretty evident; and every one knows how honourably for the consul the investigation has terminated which was set on foot by our government. But it was feared that some pains had been taken to extract from one of the sailors something to falsify his deposition. The facts that rest on this man's deposition only I do not attach much credit to. The sum of the evidence of the three men is this. That the captain, finding it impossible to get into port, intentionally ran his vessel ashore, as high up as he could, intending to wait there for the tide, which, on rising, he thought would carry him farther in. His error appears to be, that he did not immediately disembark his crew, as he had a boat. But this error proceeded from his *not being aware of the danger of the coast.* The boat was once lowered, but he thought it would be as well to wait on board till the morning. No one on board dreamt of danger; they went down to supper quite securely, and then the women, who had been dreadfully sea-sick the whole day, got into their berths (which circumstance accounts for their being found nearly naked). I do not believe the story that the surgeon's (Mr. Forrester) wife had caused the boat to be put up again, by proudly refusing to go ashore with convicts. It rests only on the testimony of the one sailor to whom I have alluded, and is much too improbable to be believed on such evidence. The perfect security felt by all on board is a sufficient explanation of the putting up of the boat; the lady's pride cannot be deemed so, certainly. It was about eight o'clock, when most of the crew were below, that the vessel was driven over its anchor; and, by the tremendous violence of the lashing tempest, the poop was broken off,—and the women's berths were beneath it,—and in a moment the whole crew were in the waves. Even then the sailors on shore put out no boat. It was a ready excuse for men who only wanted an excuse, "Oh, the captain refuses all assistance!" Still, considering so powerful a wind was blowing directly on shore, it is matter of universal astonishment that so few were saved. Many—perhaps most—of the bodies when cast up at first were warm, and the apparatus of an English Humane Society might have restored them; but they were cruelly neglected: the French guard would allow none but the authorised persons to convey from the sands the dying women. A French Count affirms that he was himself prevented by the officers from saving a woman who grasped him!

Will our government say nothing to these things? Are we men?

I was standing, or walking about at the sea-side, from eleven o'clock to half-past one on the Sunday of the wreck, and the scene there exhibited was revolting in the extreme. The lower orders of the French people—men, women, and children—with carts and horses, were there in droves; many of them walked up to their middle into the water, to seize, with a disgusting voracity, the spoils of the wreck. This had been going on all night; and the warm bodies were stripped for plunder before one thought was bestowed on their restoration. The plunder of the wreck, all persons in Boulogne allow to have been most shameless

and unfeeling; and the conduct of the people was more like that of folks at a fair or merry-making than any thing else. In the afternoon it was low water, and the sun came out a little. All Boulogne flocked to the wreck. The Sunday-morning scramble for plunder had seemed a matter of earnest business; the afternoon seemed like a gala-day. In the evening the theatre was open as usual!

The apathy of the French before and during the wreck, and their glee after it, form a striking and unequalled contrast. When first I and some others read in the papers the stories of the heroic exertions of the "brave Henet," or Henney, we laughed heartily at the absurdity. What one thing did the man do? This is the fellow who told the tale of the "captain refusing all assistance;" and yet our government has sent him over one hundred pounds as a reward! Why? For what? I answer, for gross apathy and cowardice; and because our press-ridden government was bidden by the newspapers to reward his reported heroism. This man, too, (as being the only man who went out to sea to the ship), has received an additional reward out of the subscription made here "for the shipwrecked men, and for the purpose of buying a life-boat for the port of Boulogne-sur-Mer."

If I were to give anecdotes to illustrate the tone of feeling, or rather want of feeling—apathy—relative to the wreck, I could fill many pages. I say not this so much to charge cruelty (or a love of cruelty) and inhumanity on these people, as to exhibit their innate coarseness of soul. Some uttered words of commiseration for the sufferers; but the talk was generally in another tone. One fellow was boasting that the coffins would be made "at our house;" another thought the vessel ought not to have gone to sea, not being, in his opinion, "sea-worthy;" and a third put in his judgment, that the underwriters were not, in justice, liable to be called on in that case. Such was the talk, mixed with blame of the British consul for not doing what they thought his duty, and his only—to look after English ships. But I proceed.

For a long time, the bodies of none but women were washed up by the sea; the surgeon was found on Tuesday, and plundered, of course, as his wife had been. The funeral of sixty-three women took place on Monday, the day following the wreck. They were interred in two trenches, in the Protestant part of the cemetery; but as they were generally young, and had good teeth, the nuns, who had charge of them at the hospital, I am told, allowed (without much scruple) the dentists to draw the "heretic" teeth, which were too good a prize to be lost, and which will probably adorn some Catholic jaws, when cleaned and filed by the French dentists. Thus was plunder carried to the last extremity.

At two o'clock on Monday, the gloomy procession proceeded from the Rue l'Hôpital to the cemetery; the English and French authorities, and the clergyman, going before. The eagerness of the people pressing noisily against the cemetery gates before they were opened, was very revolting; nor did they preserve a very decent silence during the interment. The procession advanced to the cemetery by the lower ramparts of the town, the coffins (such as they were) borne on wretched carts. The cemetery here is exceedingly well preserved; it is surrounded with iron rails, and planted with trees and flowers, and in the Catholic part of it thickly studded with crosses, which have a beautiful effect. Indeed, I see not why Protestants should discard the sign of the cross. There lie the bodies of my countrywomen, the unhappy convicts of the Amphitrite! Let us, with our invaluable church (or, rather, as members of it), join in the charitable hope that they are cleansed from their earthly pollution, and shall arise to everlasting life.

P.S.—I ought not to forget to mention the great humanity and generosity of Lieut.-Col. Maxwell, in particular, towards the wrecked men. His conduct throughout I should be proud to record. The midshipman Towsey he took into his house, clothed and fed him, and by his exertions reinstated him in his former circumstances, or indeed better.

Another thing I may add, to account for the falsehood of some of the statements in the English newspapers. It is well known that most of them copy their foreign news from the *Standard*; and the French correspondent of the *Standard* (one of the few respectable newspapers) is no other than Wilks, the *ci-devant* member for Sudbury, who was so much mixed up in the bubbles of 25. His conduct here has been as obtrusive as might be expected.

FIRST SESSION OF THE REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

It is now a matter of grave consequence to ascertain what light the first session of the Reformed Parliament has thrown on the great questions of government which have so long convulsed Europe, how far reform has realised the predictions of its parents, and what prospects the new House of Commons has given to the empire.

The House of Commons was reformed on the principle that it ought to follow the people, and lead the executive. The charge against it was, it had disregarded the people, and been subservient to the ministry; and it was reformed to make it the servant of the former, and ruler of the latter. The new distribution of elective power and destruction of aristocratic influence were only means; the people were to elect the House, that it might be identified with them in sentiment, and therefore of necessity ever ready to obey their desires; the aristocracy was to lose its power, that the House might be placed under popular control—that ministers might lose the command of the House, become subject to its dictation, and be enabled to obey it and the people.

The first points, of course, which claim attention, are—Has the House been identified in sentiment with, and governed by, the people? Has it ruled the executive? Have ministers, on being liberated from the fetters of the aristocracy, duly submitted to its commands?

Even in the best constitutional government, it is a leading principle that the people shall tax themselves; that through their representatives they shall have an exclusive power over the imposition and disposal of taxes. It naturally seemed certain that, in accordance with it, the first step of the House would be to harmonise taxation with the people's wishes.

The call for the removal of the duties on malt, houses, and windows, affected not institutions; and it was not the offspring of romance or bad feeling. Its practicability was above question, and opinion was divided amidst authorities on its expediency. If the middle classes constitute the people, they were nearly unanimous in pressing for the abolition of the house and window duties; if they and the lower ones form the people, both were equally unanimous in craving the extinction of the malt-duty. The call was really a deliberate and a national one, and assuming that it was as unwise as its warmest opponents represented, it still involved nothing destructive, unjust, or very injurious. If the people ought to be disregarded in a case like this, if they ought not to be allowed to decide between the highest authorities, they surely cannot be entitled to the smallest share in the management of public affairs. The Reformed House determined that the obnoxious duties should be retained, in despite of both their wishes and its own; and, consequently, that they should not interfere, either directly or by representative, in such a vital part of government as the imposition of taxes.

In its more revolutionary proceedings, the House equally arrayed itself against popular feeling. Church reform was supported by two parties. Those whom the Whigs have been accustomed to call the people, demanded, to a large extent, the demolition of the Church, and seizure of her property for political uses. The honest reformers sought such changes alone as would render her more beneficial: they regarded her as a sacred and invaluable institution, which, from various causes, had become susceptible of amendment; and their sole object was to make this institution as perfect as possible. To both parties the reform adopted by the House was alike distasteful; it refused all the essentials insisted on by the first, and the second deemed it false in principle, and almost worthless in provision. Instead of taking as its ground the amendment and benefit of the church, it was avowedly made to please her inveterate enemies; and it began with spoliation, which in its nature stripped her wholly of right to property, although this was afterwards, from necessity but not confession of error, abandoned. Professing to provide for a better distribution of her property, it was silent on the more material reforms requisite for making such distribution beneficial. Her reforming friends desired to see the bishops, not cut down in number, but rendered more capable; they wished for another distribution of her property only as a means of giving more useful-

ness to her ministers. In their eyes, the enlargement of small livings and building of churches, by not being combined with the extinction of pluralities, and the other evils exhibited in her condition and government, gave them sanction and stability.

The highly revolutionary measure for terminating slavery, was not more violently declaimed against by the friends of the colonies than by their opponents. To the body of the people it was odious, on account of the burden it imposed.

In regard to the vote by ballot, the corn law, the Bank charter, the currency, the regulation and employment of labour, &c., the House acted in direct opposition to popular feeling.

The fact is thus unquestionable, that the reformed House of Commons has done any thing rather than represent the sentiments of the people; that whether the middle, or the lower classes, a part of the population or the whole, be called the people, it has in almost all material matters disobeyed and opposed them to an extent wholly without example. They found it when unreformed infinitely more sensitive and submissive. Whether it has acted wisely and properly in regard to the public weal, is not the question before us.

Passing to the next point, we find it resolved on the extinction, and then solely at the minister's desire resolved on the continuance, of the obnoxious duties; and on various leading matters it avowedly disregarded both the people and its own convictions, to obey the ministry. In every question which brought ministers and the people into collision, it took the side of the former, and commonly it could plead no better motive than its wish to keep them in office. It acted on this wish when the people were pouring on them execrations from every class and quarter.

The House, instead of ruling, has been the menial of the executive, in a far greater degree than it was when unreformed.

In regard to the third point, ministers have scarcely ever, in either important or minor matters, sacrificed their own opinions to those of the people or the House. They have greatly surpassed all their predecessors in stubborn arbitrary disobedience to the most steadily and loudly expressed desires of the people, even when compliance would have comprehended little hazard or difficulty. Where they have pretended to act in submission to the popular will, their measures have differed so widely from those called for by the people, that they have evidently only acted to serve themselves.

How is this incredible state of things to be accounted for? Has the aristocracy in the gross still its unseemly, triumphant bridle in the jaws of the House? The latter gives the most unequivocal proofs of the contrary. Do knots of boroughmongers yet, through oversights and errors in the "great measure," dictate the executive into contempt of the popular will, and place the House in its fetters? Demonstration supplies a negative. Has the House, by some inexplicable chance, been filled with anti-liberals? Stanch, flinty liberals, who on their own shewing would hunt every Tory out of the empire, form its great majority. Has the cabinet been gained by Tories, or men still more arbitrary? It is possessed by the Whigs and Radicals—the "friends of the people"—the ministers who reformed the House on such grounds as we have stated.

Turning to the guilty parties for an explanation, the Whig minister pleads that the people have sought what was impossible, or criminal, or inexpedient; his plea is frequently nothing more than inexpediency,—a difference between popular opinion and his own. The Radical, too, stands mainly on inexpediency; he has opposed the people, simply from preferring his own opinion to theirs. The House urges nothing better; it has disobeyed the people to follow its own judgment, or to keep a ministry in being which is in the last degree adverse to their demands arbitrary and unpopular.

We will here ask, could any Tory minister, or member of parliament, go beyond this? He is always ready to obey them when they think as he does, and he only opposes them when he deems them in error. Oh, but your Whig and Radical withstand them for their good. The Tory does the same. The three may differ as to what will benefit them; but this is of no moment,—they agree in placing their own will above that of the people.

The Whig minister thus solemnly declares, in both word and act, that the people ought not to lead the House

of Commons, and the latter ought not to govern the executive; that, putting aside necessity and right, the people ought only to be obeyed at his pleasure, and the House ought always to disregard them at his wish. The same does the Radical. Both manfully maintain that the popular will ought to be disregarded at their discretion, even in things not dangerous or materially injurious.

All this necessarily constitutes, — 1, the most explicit confession that the Whig and Radical are as incapable as the Tory of holding the reins of government under popular dictation; that no government can perform its duty, or exist, if the House of Commons be led by the people; and command the ministry.

2. Conclusive proof that the doctrines of popular government, with which the Whigs and Radicals have convulsed and scourged the empire, are false, impracticable, and destructive.

Gathering this from Whig and Radical confessions, much more must be gathered from the conduct of the House of Commons. Before the latter was reformed, it was much more attentive to popular interests and wishes than it now is. The aristocracy no longer governs either it or the ministry; the liberal and popular party elected by the people is triumphant in it, and necessarily possesses the cabinet. This party in effect enjoys a tremendous power, wholly unknown to, and never before seen under, the constitution of England; whatever empty formalities may be lacking, it is now deemed quite a matter of course, in practice, for the ministry to compel the king and peers to sanction any thing it and the Commons may resolve on. Nevertheless, the people have less share in the management of public affairs than they ever before had in modern times. Such is the very obvious and loudly proclaimed fact; how is it to be accounted for?

Reform has made the House a complete party assembly. Divided as the people are into parties, it necessarily follows, that, in exact proportion to their power of election, they elect party men only. Reform has cut off that considerable part of the House which was either bound to be independent by the principles of its constituents, or enabled to be so by their contempt of principles: moreover, it has only broken the chains of the aristocracy to replace them with those of Whiggism or Radicalism. Your neutrals—your men who judge for themselves, refuse pledges, spurn from them every kind of fetter, and turn the scale between parties, can find none to vote for them.

The Whig party—no matter how far it may be elected by the people—cares as little for them as for the peers; it can only see and obey the ministry. The Radicals, as a whole, cannot gain office; therefore, the next best thing for their creed and cupidity is to keep the Whigs in it; by this, they may severally reach it or its bounty, as well as advance their collective power. As it is their grand tenet of faith to protect the Whig ministry from fall; it is of course their grand point of practice to support it in danger. If they oppose it in detail, they assist it in the aggregate; if they vote against it on one night, its threat of resignation makes them vote with it on another, in the self-same matter. Thus their separation and occasional hostility are nominal and worthless; they are really as much its slaves as the Whig party.

If the name democratic government mean a government which will hate, disregard, and enslave the aristocracy, it can easily exist: we see and feel one at this moment in England. But if it mean a government which will obey the body of the people, it is in nature an utter impossibility. A government, whether it consist of democrats or aristocrats, has its own private interests to provide for, which perpetually clash with popular feeling; it has duties to perform, which do the same, if it pay any regard to them. Your most furious democrat when in office will, like any other man, rule and be careful of his own profit; and, in the main, he can as little harmonise this with obedience to the people as any other man. Public affairs, to a great extent, know no aristocratic and democratic distinctions, and will be managed in a similar manner by every kind of ruler.

The clamour of our own democrats for the practical extinction of the aristocracy, and transfer of its power to the people, really relates alone to the fabric, the shape and person of the government, but not to its general proceedings. You must build your house in such a manner; you must have a wall here and a door there—in one part

a drawing-room, in another a scullery; but, then, you must not occupy it yourself, you must only let it to certain tenants, and you must neither draw more rent from it nor interfere more with these tenants than you would do if it were built on a plan, and let to occupiers, wholly different. The construction of government is to be such that the people, but not the peers, may select its functionaries; and the latter may be democrats, but not aristocrats. This is all; the people are to be just as much excluded from holding and using the reins of power as they would be under aristocratic institutions and rulers. Mr. Hume stickles prodigiously for permitting them to govern; but will he allow them to do so in respect of the police, the truck-system, and sundry other matters? No; he differs as widely from them as any Tory; and where he does so, he will have them coerced into implicit obedience to his government.* Does Mr. O'Connell bow to their authority in giving poor-laws, and various other benefits, to Ireland? No; he must govern in such things, and not the people. Men like these only seek to give the latter power to make themselves the government; the people are to be enabled to do nothing more than give them the House of Commons, cabinet, and exclusive management of public affairs.

Here is your democratic government at issue with the people on almost every national question. If no property-tax were substituted for the duties on malt, houses, and windows, their abolition would benefit the rich far more than the poor; and such substitution would evidently give the rich almost as much as it would take from them. Lord Althorp resists the people from no affection for the aristocracy; he must make income cover expenditure, keep himself in office, consult his ease, and do what his capacity will permit. He resists them as his only means of preserving power and performing what it requires from him; and any democrat would do the same. The emoluments and offices of the church are enjoyed by the people as well as by the aristocracy, and an application of her wealth to the reduction of taxes would benefit the upper classes principally. Politically, she adds little to the power of the aristocracy, and in Whig hands she will soon subtract from it: she is chiefly valuable to the ministry in creating support and providing for connexions. The corn-law is a matter of business and property, not of rank. The aristocracy is with the people on the questions for regulating and employing labour, and it has nothing to do with the Police. The ballot relates only to the choice, and not to the command, of the legislation.

In the few concessions which this government professes to make to the people, it differs from them very widely in both plan and proposed effect. By sense of duty, or personal and party interests, or opinion and pledge, or inability to do what they demand, it is impelled to pay as little regard to them as they would receive from any aristocratic one.

If the government consisted exclusively of such men as Mr. Hume and Mr. O'Connell, what would be their conduct? They would carry the ballot and similar questions, but they would do so manifestly for their own private gain. Assuming that the country ought to pay its just debts, Mr. Hume would be what Lord Althorp is, touching inclination and means for abolishing and changing taxes. He would stubbornly disobey the people in regard to the Police, paying labour with goods, free-trade, establishing a minimum of wages, limiting hours of labour, &c. &c. If Mr. O'Connell's church were the established one, he would sacrifice the people to her so far, that he would make her a tyrant over their political opinions and privileges: in other matters he would differ from them about as widely as Mr. Hume. Putting out of view what relates to the power of selecting functionaries, these individuals are much more at variance with them, on the leading questions of the moment, than the Tories and aristocracy.

If we consult history, we find that the Whigs generally differed much

* In 1827, on one of the debates on the Canning ministry, Sir John (then Mr.) Hobhouse declared, that if Parliamentary Reform would prevent Catholic Emancipation, then he would be against Parliamentary Reform; that if the voice of the people in that house would be against (what he deemed) an act of justice, then he would be against bending to the voice of the people.

more from the people on policy and measures, than the king and aristocracy. They were so far from supporting their opinions, that they fiercely opposed them; they maintained a determined struggle against permitting public affairs to be managed according to the people's wishes. They gained office mainly by agreeing with the people on a question of fabric and the choice of functionaries, because it was calculated to give them the supremacy; while they differed from them on most questions of management. If we look abroad, we find the liberal or democratic party is the same every where; all its professions of giving power to the people really mean the giving it to itself. The middle or lower classes are to have the power, solely because they alone will give the use of it to the Whig, Radical, or Liberal; but it is only to be one of selection. It is to be no more than a limited privilege to make the Whig, Radical, or Liberal an unlimited ruler. It is at this moment, as it ever is, the common complaint of the party in every nation, that the people differ from it in essentials. There may be some harmony (and it is mingled with much dissension) touching *form* of government; but there is variance throughout in regard to the great *ends* of form—the principles and acts of government. In this country, the Whigs and Radicals differ from the people on most leading questions. The Liberals in France avow that they are at issue with the people in respect of both form and measures; and in Spain, Portugal, and every other state, they proclaim that popular feeling is against their general policy. Their principles for governing agriculture and trade, colonies, religious establishments, and national affairs in general, have every where to encounter what they call popular ignorance and prejudice; but which, at any rate, must be popular belief and wish. In all nations this party seeks the sovereignty, that it may exercise it according to its own opinions, and in equal scorn and violation of those of the people.

Thus the Whigs and Radicals form the great majority of the House of Commons; because they do so, and are bound together by party feeling, they possess the cabinet; because they do this, they practically merge the House in the executive; because they are ministers, they have interests, opinions, and incapabilities, flatly opposed to the wishes of the people, and they disregard such wishes. To some, the following deductions may appear not very erroneous: Because the people, in the multitude, elect the House, it is independent of them, disregards them, opposes them, and is the slave of the ministry; because they elect it, the House has virtually no existence save in the executive.

The very obvious fact that, in proportion as the House may be elected by mere number of population, one of its parties will preponderate, forms the corner-stone of the reformers. We will give the vote, they say, as far as possible to the people at large, in order to make their party irresistible. When it is apparent to all, that the heads of this irresistible party must of necessity be the ministers, and will be implicitly followed by it, none ought to be ignorant that its irresistibility must make the House the menial of the executive. The reformers, however, intend by creating it to make the executive the menial of the House. If farther illustration of their egregious error be requisite, it may be found here; after carrying reform, to enable the House to dictate to the ministry, they made it matter of boundless boast that the general election had given ministers a triumphant majority; or, in other words, complete command of the House.

These great truths are established by what we have stated :

1. The House of Commons must be worthless as a deliberative, legislative institution — must be useless as a check on, and nothing better than the instrument of, the executive — if the power to elect it be vested actually or practically in the people at large, without reference to class and interest. We need not shew how this bears on the ballot question.

2. The doctrine that rulers chosen exclusively by, and from, the people will necessarily be more obedient to them than different ones, is utterly baseless.

3. Not only is the aristocrat as free in opinion, interest, and party, to obey the people as the democrat, but the aristocracy is much more united with them in interest and opinion than those who call themselves the champions and leaders of democracy.

The House of Commons, then, in being exempted by reform from aristo-

cratic, has not been placed under democratic, control; it has only been subjected to the control of the executive. Thoroughly democratic in spirit and act, so far as concerns the king and peers, it still equals any despotism in disregard of popular desires. It is proper to inquire for what purposes its independence of the community and subserviency to ministers are used.

A worthy servant will often, by opinion and advice, without any breach of obedience, influence his master to right conduct; but no such merit belongs to the reformed House of Commons. The latter, in its servitude, throws the weight of its influence into the scale of evil. Does it advise ministers to submit to limitation—to respect institutions and laws? Does it shew reluctance to such service as will make them tyrants in act as well as power, and destroy institutions and laws? Their difficulty with it is, to prevent it from dragging them into abuse of power—from pushing them too far in change and destruction. When they wish to overthrow and alter, they have an overwhelming majority; when they wish to preserve, they are well-nigh outvoted; its zeal in their support is the warmest when they seek to do what is unlawful and unjust. It not only stimulates, instead of restraining them, but it labours to free them from restraint in every other quarter. On every occasion it manifests a readiness to aid them in compelling the king and peers to sanction whatever they may think fit, and disabling both for dissenting from them.

On turning our eyes to discover what kind of institutions the House in one way or another gives us, we find in the first place a ministry clothed with despotic power to assail laws and institutions, destroy what gives protection and equality to the weak, and injure and oppress the minority. It has the House of Commons at its nod, and the king and house of peers under its feet. If it be limited, it is only from obedience to lawful limitation.

Have we a House of Commons independent and jealous of the executive,—watchful over the constitution,—the guardian of the laws,—acting impartially between the conflicting interests and divisions of the community, the few and the many, the feeble and the potent,—and paying due respect and submission to the rights of the other parts of the government? Let the conduct of the House furnish reply.

Have we a king able to observe his oaths and discharge the duties imposed on him by his office,—able to hold the balance between parties, change his ministers for improper conduct, prevent them from making such destruction and change as he deems unjust and pernicious, defend the rights of the House of Peers, keep the different parts of government in due connexion, operate in the executive as a restraint where other restraints fail, and attend to the interests and wishes of his people? Who will venture to reply in the affirmative!

Have we a House of Peers endowed with power to revise the more important proceedings of the House of Commons, reject the measures of the executive, support the sovereign in the exercise of his rights, preserve the constitution and laws from inroad, and defend the aristocratic part of our system, on which hang not only the privileges and fortunes of the more wealthy classes, but limited government and of course national freedom? We have one which on important matters is vilified and intimidated from the exercise of judgment and power, which is proclaimed to be, on the score of duty, the servant of the executive and House of Commons.

Have we the laws of our fathers which maintain the division of power and equality of privilege, protect our rights and property, guard from each other the hostile parts of the population, and defend our constitution of King, Lords, and Commons? They are destroyed or under sentence.

All this flows from the conduct of the House of Commons; and now let us look at its motives and views.

The Whigs and Radicals form its great majority, and necessarily give it word and action. The former have long made hostility to the influence of the sovereign and aristocracy a leading part of their creed. They have held that both are naturally foes to the interests, and ought to be controlled by the friends, of the people,—that is, by the Whig party. By tenet and assault, they have so far gained the enmity of both, that they must have them in fetters to possess office. The constitutional powers and liberties of the king and peers form really the exclusion of Whigs from the cabinet. They are

evidently actuated by party animosity and profit.

The church, in like manner, has long been assailed by the Whigs as a party foe. Relying to a great extent on the Catholics and other Dissenters for support, and acting as their organs, it has been a leading matter with them to weaken and disgrace her to the utmost, for the sake of their own power and reputation. They have assisted her rivals in every contest, and treated her political being, in regard to connexion, balance, act, and nature, as highly mischievous. Having driven her, in self-defence, to the side of their opponents, they have a deep party interest in injuring her.

The Radicals can only triumph through the bondage or extinction of king, aristocracy, and church; and, independently of this, they depend on war against them for the bread of political life.

Amidst the astounding uproar for reforms, we perceive that party profit is the great object of each. This institution favours the aristocracy or church, therefore it must fall; that law aids the Tories, therefore it must be annulled; this system strengthens the Tory part of the community, therefore it is a bad one; that regulation is at variance with Whig or Radical faith, therefore it must perish. No important reform, unconnected with party feeling, and intended solely for public good, is mentioned. If party power do not prompt the projected reform, party creed does; it must not, at any rate, take place to establish the doctrines of Whiggism and Radicalism.

Is there any man so brainless as to seriously believe that the Whigs and Radicals seek only the good of the empire, when they deprive the king of his sceptre, virtually extinguish the House of Peers and aristocracy, take from the church her property, functionaries, and influence, ransack corporations, propose the vote by ballot, assail the landed interest, &c. &c.? or that in their divisions on commercial, colonial, and other laws, they are guided by dispassionate inquiry and impartial judgment? There is no such man even in this crazy nation. It must be observed, that they practically form the House of Commons, and are in it exactly what they are out of it. Previously to these unhappy times, the prevailing party held sacred at least leading institutions and fundamental laws; it was content to act under them — to submit to them conditions and restrictions. The line was strongly drawn between the general system of government and the circumstances of the population; while all serious change touching the former was resisted, any reforms and alterations calculated to better the latter were readily consented to. We now see the reverse.

Our prospects, then, are these:

A House of Commons, in its majority, at variance on all important matters with the sovereign and House of Peers; always ready to make both, by sheer usurpation and tyranny, obey the ministry and itself; perfectly under the command of ministers in every thing relating to their private benefit and lawless power; filled with bitter party and personal animosity towards the better classes; regardless of the people's wishes; ever struggling to change laws and institutions, for the purpose of giving despotic power to an arbitrary faction equally hostile to the aristocracy and democracy; anxious, by pretended reforms, to exclude the people as much as the nobility from the management of public affairs; inimical to real reforms; acting from party impulse, and regularly sacrificing national to party interests.

A sovereign and House of Peers incapable of discharging their defensive and preserving duties, or being other in weighty things than the instruments of the ministry and House of Commons.

A pretended democratic government, but real lawless tyranny, disregarding all classes alike.

An executive and legislative divided against each other, and the parents of discontents and convulsion.

A ministry having interests hotly at war with those of the empire; dependent on hostility to laws and institutions, rage for change, and popular disaffection; standing on the support of the disloyal and opposition of the better portions of society; incited to lead one part of the population in a ruinous crusade against the other, keep the branches of the constitution in separation and strife, manage public affairs for the gain of faction, and only restrained from contrary conduct.

The Whig cannot remain where he is; he must soon either resign office, or concede the material points de-

manded by the Radicals. If he can now deal with the latter as he thinks fit in Parliament, his opposition to them is destroying his feeble party out of it; and this will extort the concession. With him in office, urged by the House of Commons, and impelled by interest, we shall have a series of farther changes, which will speedily convert what is yet prospect into possession. Provided he will remove the impediments to the fatal consummation, he may aggrandise himself, and tyrannise to any extent—do whatever he pleases; and he will not lose the dazzling bargain.

The aristocratic balance is now, in so far as concerns the House of Commons, cast out of our system; this House not only excludes it, but seeks its utter extinction. If it be in any degree to remain for purposes of defence and restraint, it must be found in the effective independence of the House of Peers. The latter will soon be called on to join in destroying what is left of the influence of the better classes,—to take its own existence by submitting, against conscience, to the commands of the ministry and House of Commons, or maintain with them continual conflict. Boroughs are gone, the church and corporations in their political character must follow, and the dependent must be sent after them by the ballot, that the sovereignty of Radical Unions may revel in boundless liberty. The House has not in itself the independence required for successful resistance.

Should the king be willing to interpose, he has not, unaided, the means to do so.

Is there then no hope? We know not; but if there be, it evidently lies with the Tories,—we speak of their power, and not inclination. The only resource of the peers now is, an opposition to direct their path, give them a powerful party in both the House of Commons and country, and render effective their means of protection. They may stand against a House of Commons divided and clearly right in its minority; but not if they appear as one estate of the realm resisting unaided the other two. Without an opposition, the king can neither change nor disobey his ministers.

THE ARCANA OF FREEMASONRY.

The subject of Freemasonry is one of great interest, as well as curiosity. A correspondent has sent us two or three papers on the subject, to which, although not written in the style of which we most approve, we design to give insertion. Their matter is for the most part good, but it is on account of the comparative novelty of the attempt at masonic illustration, that we principally recommend them to the readers of Regina. With this introduction we leave them to the public, under the protection of the author's own title, though somewhat quaint, viz.

ALIBENISTICS; OR, FREEMASONIC PHILOSOPHEMES.

In introducing the subject of Freemasonry to the uninitiate reader, it is fit that he should be instructed that it is one of the first masonic axioms, that God's divine inspirations and Nature's congenial instructions, as exhibited by the Heaven-initiated writers of sacred Scripture, have ever been acknowledged by good and wise men as the soundest foundation of spiritual philosophy, and the most perfect model of human literature; as also, that other writings are good only so far as they harmonise with the spirit of the Bible—other systems only so far as they accord with its principles. Around it, as the luminous centre of revealed truth, do all such emanations of natural truth congregate; they share its glory, and augment its splendour.

But beside the principles of divine truth so solemnly revealed in Scripture, we have the examples of divine truth illustriously displayed in all its perfections; for such a model of all perfection was necessary to complete and establish the exquisite scheme of restoration among fallen intelligences. The eternal Logos has ever been considered by the initiated as such a model, with regard to all lapsed souls, and the original prototype of that Adam, who, having been created in his likeness, fell into idolatry of the

physical and material. This doctrine is admirably developed by Origen and Ramsay, Alibenistic philosophers.

Christianity, in its broad and philosophic intendment, is therefore as old as the creation. The chief Corner-stone was laid with the foundation of the world; by *faith* in the perfection whereof the Christo-masonic patriarchs walked of old, and by *sight* thereof have his followers continued to walk in the same silent exultation.

Our eternal Redeemer's human character, which lends to revelation such vital and inspiring efficacy, was admirably well adapted for such a universal model. It embraced in its might and indefinable circumference all those divinest and grandest elements of our nature, in which every heart participates and eagerly sympathises; it was placed in such a diversified variety of trying and hazardous positions, that all men find the essence of their own circumstances analogous to his; and his discourses have that profound and general, yet searching and individual interest, which so well became the celestial teacher of the human race.

This universal applicability of the Messiah's character to all times and all nations, to every form of elevating or depressing experience, has been strikingly remarked by the Christian genius of the new world — Channing. "How," says he, in his golden sermon on the evidences of Christianity, "how is the character of Christ to be explained on the principles of human nature? We are immediately struck with this peculiarity in the author of Christianity, that while all other men are formed in a measure by the spirit of their age, we can discover in Jesus no impression of the period in which he lived. We know with considerable accuracy the state of society, the modes of thinking, the hopes and expectations of the country in which Jesus was born and grew up; and he is as free from them, and as exalted above them, as if he had lived in another world, with every sense shut on the objects around him. His character has in it nothing local or temporary; it can be explained by no argument of human experience. His history shews him to us a solitary being, living for purposes which none but himself comprehended, and enjoying not so much as the sympathy of a single mind."

Such are the indestructible foundations of precept and example that God hath vouchsafed to man; and other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid already, even Jesus Christ. But as the character of our Saviour, from its very universality of perfection, applies rather to generals than to particulars; therefore hath God been pleased, at divers times and in various countries, to raise up distinguished individuals, by whom our Saviour's general characteristics have been admirably and illustriously applied to particular circumstances and peculiar experiences.

The benevolence of thus raising up greatly gifted men to be the enlighteners of their fellows, is felt by all. The minds of all are at first in love with truth, because they know oracularly and feel instinctively that "God is truth;" that his Spirit is the spirit of truth; and that as all minds aboriginally sprung from his truth, so can they be nourished only by his truth, their proper and congenial element, into that perfect assimilation to the divine nature, that fulness of the stature of their Redeemer, wherein all mental perfection and glory and happiness essentially consist, and which is the sole final cause and true resting-place of all thinking intelligences.

Now many a man, who hath well apprehended in the beginning the divine principles of truth, would have been overwhelmed by their abstract vastness, or perplexed by the complicate variety, or overthrown by their seeming opposition, but that he happily discovered in the character of some saint, or sage, or philosopher, a character so congenial to his own intrinsically and parallel circumstantiality, in which the truth he had well nigh despaired of was so finely imaged and exhibited, that the single recollection of that character in its *vital unity* did more to establish his own, and more to perfect it, than long seasons of metaphysical research, however sincere and anxious, could otherwise have achieved. And may it not be true, on the other hand, that the general oblivion of such models of the best and wisest is one main cause of the secularity, insincerity, and frivolity of too many of the moderns?

In the spirit of the "mighty dead," the great ones of the earth, that seem ever and anon to look down through the clouds of this murky atmosphere,

and to beckon us heavenward, nothing strikes more keenly, in our conviction, than that passion for divine truth which burned unquenchably within them. With what hallowed devotion they worshipped it, with what intense aspiration they loved it, we must remember but too painfully, when we converse with men as they are, and read the writings they applaud.

Yes—it must be so! The first and noblest object to which the ambition of man can aspire is the discovery and propagation of truth, on which the felicity of all created thinkers absolutely depends; and, fortunately, the glory of its discovery is nothing superior to the joy of its communication. And therefore have the finest and freest souls, that have caught the brightest glimpses of truth's eternal radiation, ever most earnestly sought to lead their brethren and kindred to the same difficult and solitary height from which they themselves first witnessed the dawnings of the prophetic dayspring.

How many illustrious names, however venerable, have from time's eldest records sought out with indefatigable assiduity the relics of diviuest wisdom! How often beneath her charmed inspirations they wandered forth, exulting over the boundless fields of metaphysical and physical science—endeavouring by the things that are manifest to retrace the hidden Divinity—to look through nature up to nature's God. And if happily they discovered some strange and stirring indications of the Almighty's elaborating hand, or some bright testimony of his vivifying, though impalpable Spirit, have they not hastened with glowing hearts, and souls overcharged with adoration, to whisper the mystery in secret, or to proclaim the marvel to the world?

The antiquity of such Alibenistic characters is clear from Genesis, in which it is openly stated that the aboriginal races of just men distinguished themselves by this very title, Alibenim, theogonists, or God's sons, from the atheistical Sathanists, or evil-seekers. That there has ever existed such a class of freemasonic characters, is no idle or fantastic speculation. The very name indicates their unity with the Alibenists; for the term *free* is significant of God's free Spirit; and from *ben*, which signifies equally a son, and edification, and building, are the mixed meanings of *mason* derivable. If we would believe immemorial tradition, we shall conclude that there has actually obtained an almost unbroken succession of such worthies in the perpetual history, ecclesiastical and civil. This is universally agreed on by freemasonic authorities, as Hutchinson, Smith, Farnough, Calcott, Laurie, Ashe, and many others.

The all-involving truth of the Deity's universal paternity and vivification, and of the sole method of mental regeneration, was preserved as the choicest jewel of wisdom by all the fathers of antiquity. The Heaven-inspired writers of the sacred Scriptures are all replenished with its kindling influences: the wisest of the Gentile priests and philosophers are gradually initiated into the same mysteries.

The *initiati* called themselves Theopanphilists, those who believed in the universal exhibition of the Divinity in characters of love; and Mesouranists, those who considered God's throne the centre of all being, as the sun is the centre of all light. Their science was denominated *lux*, or splendour; for they continually meditated on that light—that true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and whose inspiring presence was visibly manifested in the gospel dispensation.

Such were the Mesouranists of primitive times, "from whom," says Oliver, the best present writer on Freemasonry, "the Freemasons first derived their name. Christianity," says this admirable champion of the freemasonic verity against the secular sneerings of masonistic pretenders—"Christianity, or the system of salvation through the atonement of a crucified Mediator, was the main pillar of Freemasonry ever since the fall."

Their present name still preserves this original idea of such divine principles continually edifying and building up the lapsed soul for immortality. For the Hebrew word *Măkăn* signifies *machining;* and the same word is applied to the same idea in all derivative languages more or less corrupt. "The great principle of ancient masonry," he continues, "was to preserve alive the true knowledge of God, and the great idea of the atonement for sin, still realised on the master's initiation."

To sum up this freemasonic idea of the fall, and the sole method of counteracting its consequences: "The divinest agencies of wisdom and love

have taught us, that as all intellectual and sentimental power was originally subservient to God's conscientious and spiritual service, and that our fall was occasioned by their unnatural divorcement and physical idolatrising — so those agencies have instructed us how, by emulating them in resacrificing our intellects and feelings in this lapsed state, so prone to all manner of materiality, to our godlike conscience of moral veneration and piety, the soul is to be regenerated in healthfulness, and the grief-worn earth reparadised."

We have been the more particular in stating this freemasonic first principle clearly, as a knowledge of divine elements is a condition precedent to all subordinate knowledge. When we are initiated into the essential of these high metaphysics, we descend with the ease of an all-embracing intelligence to their multiform manifestations in physical doctrine; but without their spiritual illumination, all dependent sciences appear dark, intricate, and unconnected. This transcendental theory of morals is the chief glory of revelation; it is this which makes freemasonic philosophy superior to all its competitors.

This introductory chapter is not the place for entering minutely into the history of freemasonic philosophy: we shall content ourselves with a rapid survey of its leading relations.

On the principles abovementioned the whole system of Freemasonry, and freemasonic institution and education, is essentially dependent; and when followed out, as all *true* or *free masons* endeavour to follow it, produces the grandest moral effects. If we were asked what has ever distinguished *true* or *free masons* in all ages and nations from other men, we would reply, "their Theo-Christian spirituality—the vast predominance they allow to metaphysical agencies and operations, as opposed to the atheistic and un-Christian secularity equally apparent in the unitiated profane." A splendid illustration of this confession will be found in the intellectual system of Cudworth.

These are the men who most assiduously contemplate the paternal Divinity in all his inspiring words and manifesting works—who by meditating the beneficent displays of his moral, and intellectual, and amiable attributes, seek most sedulously to improve their own. They know that divine truth, from which all minds originally sprung, is that sole spiritual food which endues them with eternal vitality—that elemental bread of heaven, which exalts us into growing assimilation with our all-comprehending Father, and that fulness of the stature of his filial incarnation in which reposes the perfection of celestial philosophy.

And they not only cultivate the conscientious and moral attributes that are ever quickening within us and germinating, but the intellectual and affectionate also. They feel that these, though placed in subservient obedience to the former, have yet a peculiar importancy. Conscious veneration is essential, central, and solitary: it occupies, as it were, the innermost *penetralia* of the soul, and in their sable abysses holds converse with invisible agencies, and thence utters forth the oracles which direct the mystic springs of character. But intelligence and love are sociable spirits, ever emanating, expatiating, and communicating.

The Spirit of Love, especially, is she not that maternal and nursing genius which most pervades the whole machinery of visible nature—which attracts all creatures to their common centre and to each other—which forms the universal medium of correspondence, and which, from its peculiar intimacy with physical operations, is most immediately connected with all piety and virtue?

And, therefore, while we receive as a doctrine, that "to know God is eternal life," we receive as a command, "Thou shalt love God with all thy heart, mind, and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself." The first is common to all spirits: the haughty angels, who kept not their first estate, still keep in unextinguishable conscience God's knowledge and his fear—the demons also believe and tremble. The second can only exist in innocent or in penitent beings; for love is the fulfilling of the law, and they to whom much is forgiven love much.

This beautiful philosophy of love is one of the primary foundations of freemasonic doctrine. Preston, a standard writer on Freemasonry, thus expresses our argument: "Besides all the pleasing prospects which every where surround us, and with which our senses are every moment gratified—besides the symmetry, good order, and propor-

tion, which appear in all the works of creation,—something further attracts the reflecting mind, and draws its attention nearer to the Divinity. It is the universal *harmony* and *affection* that prevail among the different species of beings of every rank and denomination. When we extend our ideas, we shall find that the innate principle of *friendship* increases in proportion to the extension of our intellectual faculties; and the only criterion by which a judgment can be formed respecting the superiority of one part of the animal creation above another, is by observing the degrees of kindness and good-nature in which it excels.

Another freemasonic writer confirms our remarks. "Masonry," says the author of the *Introduction*, "both in its moral and secular departments, awakens all the noblest faculties of the soul—pointing out its high origin and destination—holding up universal happiness as the crown of the race set before us—and giving those faculties their full force and operation in cultivating the means of winning and wearing that crown. It not only points out the way to immortality, but furnishes the mind with the viands of refreshment on the way that leads us to the victory. In fine, masonry tends to restore man to that semblance he in Eden fell from, and his complete dominion over all beneath the sun. Nor need we wonder at its being the glory of ancient and modern times, the only human institution that ever surviveth the shocks of ignorance and opposition, when we reflect that it is founded on the firm and broad basis of reverence and love to the Supreme, loyalty to the powers that he hath set in authority over us, and good-will to the whole human race."

Such Scriptural principles of Freemasonry, confirmed by immemorial credence and tradition, are so amply discussed in freemasonic literature, that brightest commentary on revelation and nature, that we will linger no longer upon them, but turn us to history.

The history of Freemasonry being, in fact, the history of the gradual progression of devotion and philosophy in the youth, maturity, and declension of our planet's millenary circle, is intensely interesting to the philosophic mind, as the ages of the one have a thousand mystic correspondences with the ages of the other. After taking a luminous survey of the advances of human intelligence, as revealed in Scripture, it traces the perpetual tradition of divine wisdom among the hierophantic academies of classic memorial. None understand so well the essential truth of their theo-astrological mythologies, and their symbolical mysteries. They track every subtle declension of lofty and bright-souled truth into the shadowy circumference of hostile error; and thus, establishing their minds on the deepest foundations of history, they continually build up superstructures of all that is precious in literature or elegant in art.

In thus eulogising Freemasons, we, of course, allude to Freemasons initiated into the deep spirit of divine philosophy, and not mere nominal professors. True masons,—those who are made *free* by their free devotion to God's spiritual service, and *accepted* by emulating the self-immolation of their celestial prototype of heaven and earth for just and disciplined worthies,—we would discourse of these, and these alone. It would be as unfair to judge of Freemasonry in its hidden sanctuary within the veil, by its irregular members, as to judge of its religious illustration without the veil by merely nominal Christians.

But for true, or free, or speculative masons. These are the men who, attached to their celestial Saviour with filial enthusiasm incommunicable, and to each other by fraternal sympathies that melt them into beautiful unanimity of immortal emulation; these are the men who feel a more especial and endearing interest in the whole history of mankind. To them, whatever is "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best" in all the records of humanity, hath a kind of kindred familiarity of association unknown to others; for in all true men they recognise their ancestry or their brotherhood, and they watch the broad line of their genealogical descent with the reverent fondness of a lineal and loyal progeny. In their history, they love to contemplate the magnificent economy of Providence for the gradual perfectionising of all lapsed intelligences. In this they view every variation of churches and states with tranquil and unbroken satisfaction, and from it they look forward to the future with that fine, free, and fearless confidence which Christian philosophy alone inspires.

In the present times, these relations to society have assumed a somewhat deeper and still more thrilling intensity; they know well enough that old age hath come upon the earth, and that the latter day is at hand; and that the prophecies relating to her dissolution and bright regeneration are, ere long, to be accomplished in their fulness.

They confess, with rejoicing, the vast spread of intellectual light and freedom that now gilds the concluding pages of our planet's history. They believe, that the true and venerable principles of church and state will be confirmed and illustrated in their breadth, and length, and height, and depth, by the last and prophetic experience of pious and patriot sages, ere the kindling judgment breaks out upon the astonished world.

But are they not equally conscious, that while the ten kingdoms of the modern world are thus fulfilling their terminating destinies, and hating more and more the *mystery* and *secularity* so bitterly denounced in the Apocalypse (under symbols borrowed from Babylon, and Tyre, and Rome, which extend their ideal signification alike through every partition of Christendom) as the grand impediment to human amelioration, these two mighty agencies, are they not already putting forth with subtlest and direst maliciousness their aggravated heresies and delusions?

And though they shall perhaps never be able to regain their lost ascendancy over man's emancipating spirit, yet will they doubtless speedily involve the truth-protesting nations in war and bloodiest battle, that most severe and horrible of all God's means of reformation; and they will fill the cadent years of our earthly existence with metaphysical strivings and anxieties, in which principalities and powers shall join issue, like the gods in the strife of Ilium, and it may be with physical sufferings and penitential rigours of unprecedented violence and dismay.

Some will be inclined, perhaps, to regard these observations as false, and delusive, and unsubstantial. Ardent spirits there are, which become so dazzled with gazing perpetually at the bright side of futurity, that their vision becomes too feeble to bear the sable shadowings of the reverse. They tell us, they observe the glimmerings of a brighter dawning emanant over all the horizon; and the hearts of young enthusiasts pant fervently and fast for the vision of the god of day. But they forget that these glimmerings are the auroras of the awfullest metamorphosis in nature, and that the expected God of day is the God of consuming fire, who cometh to judge the earth.

It is sufficient for our present purpose to have stated this great revelation in its utmost simplicity. We shall endeavour to lend it proof and illustration in the course of these exercitations. But such as we have now stated it, the reader will instantly perceive the deep and perpetual influence it must exert upon the spirit of masonry. It gives this earth and this mortal life an intense and overwhelming interest, regarded as the place and time of mental probation, and contention, and victory; but it strips it almost entirely of those merely secular embellishments which the uninitiated are wont to extol and fond to discover.

Freemasons, therefore, engaged as they are in the joyous cultivation of their immortal hopes, in "the feast of reason and the flow of soul,"—occupied as they are in replenishing the intellectual with wisdom, and the sentimental with love and benignancy,—they are generally but little disposed to embark on the rough tides of clerical or political ambition. Contenting themselves with whatever in religion is pious, or in politics patriotic, they regard all sects and parties with perfect impartiality of approval; they esteem them but in proportion to the amount of truth they happen to contain at any given time, and reject them merely in proportion to their amount of error. They are usually partial, however, to the system of church and state already established; and, according to the counsel of the Scriptures, submit themselves to all justly constituted powers, provided they obey the laws of God, the source of all lawful authority. For they know that the established regulation being the fruit of the experience of the majority, has always the presumption of reason in its favour, till proved adverse to God's law; and they are too well acquainted with the nature of men to encourage any changes unless thoroughly deliberated, as tending to riot and revolution.

Such is the position of Freemasons in society at present. And when we consider the extent of this chosen band of good and wise men, bound to-

gether by the fellowship of indissoluble benevolence, and scattered over every kingdom and republic, we cannot but observe their influences with peculiar scrutiny of attention; for, by keeping fast their own counsel, and preserving mutual good faith, they ever possess a strong, though secret, domination of philanthropy over all the affairs of church and state. In her peaceful and inviolable retirement, Masonry is, as it were, the *primum mobile* and mainspring of society,—unseen herself, but urging the whole visible mechanism into harmonious and musical action.

In the present times, Freemasons cannot but feel that a terrible responsibility is committed to their charge. The ancient interests and ambitions of churches and states are coming into perpetual and jarring collision with the new. The ebb-tides of bigotry and despotism are clashing with the advancing currents of enthusiasm and dissolute passion. The spray of the whirling eddies already whitens the deep, and the roar of the conflicting breakers is heard far away upon the wind. God saith, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn, until He shall come whose right the kingdom is;" and the sea and the waves are roaring upon every shore, and men's hearts fail them for fear, and for looking on those things which are coming on the earth. To true Masons is intrusted the hazardous charge of piloting the vessel athwart the boiling whirlpools. They will save, if they can, earth's latest age from indecent strife and confusion, and struggle hard against the unfilial and disloyal apostates, that would bring down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Though Freemasonry hath many a chosen name already on her catalogues, in the present crisis she demands the aid of congenial minds of every class. Free or speculative Masons would embrace all as brethren who are their brethren in mind; they care less and less every day for any merely formal distinctions. Their own writings express their just and lofty principles; and wherever they find other writings of the same refined temperament, they bless them fervently, and claim them for their own. All writings that enter deepest into the spirit of God's Scriptures are dearest beloved of Freemasons. Such names as Selden, Grotius, Milton, Channing, Foster, Chalmers, Douglas, Dick, the romantic Châteaubriand, and the inspiring author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, are Freemasons in spirit, and, whether they profess the mere formalities or not, we hail them to our fraternity with joyful acclamations.

To such men is committed the welfare of the last ages of the world; and we call fervently upon all those who can ascend into the empyreal sphere of congenial sympathies to assist them in most loving and unenvying fellowship, well knowing that, in the present very perilous crisis of human politics, they are, as Robert Hall once expressed himself on a like stirring occasion,—"most exactly, most critically placed on the only aperture which can oppose a resistance—on the Thermopylæ of the universe."

We repeat it—for it ought to be repeated—it is in this chosen band of Freemasons, whom the free spirit of truth makes free, and their followers, whose philosophical accomplishments conciliate the good-will of all parties, that we repose our dearest hope of real reform and permanent amelioration in these troubled and anxious times. These are the men who are, above all things, emulous to exalt the conscientious piety and morality of their countrymen, and oppose themselves to all profane and vulgar agitators with watchful and indefatigable perseverance. These are, in fact, the leaders of the higher literature of our age; and their inspiring and elevating sentiments are scattered far and wide in a thousand imaginative forms by the ablest periodical contributors to science and to patriotism.

They are sowing the spiritual seed of immortal emulation in the hearts of men, and that seed is quickening silently but strongly in many a manly bosom. Its internal growth, indeed, though bedewed with heaven's own blessing, is little perceived by the unobservant; but the initiated know assuredly that such seed is germinant with quenchless vitality. They feel, with something of a prophetic exultation, that it will spring up and gather strength amid the tempestuous storms that are thickening all round the horizon; and though the scion may bend lowly for awhile to the fierceness of the sweeping blast, yet shall it recover its wonted elasticity and more, when calm and benignant hours return and rekindle over earth. It shall turn

in constant gratulation to a brighter sun, and flourish unnumbered years in glory and loveliness.

We have now nearly concluded our introductory philosopheme. We have shewn how the Alibenistic writers of the Sacred Scriptures laid down the spiritual principles of divine Freemasonry in a very symbolic language; how they committed their great secret of the intimate relations existing between spiritual and material natures to *all such* whose spirituality of mind enables them to conceive these mysteries with a pure devotion, without the danger of embodying and imbruting them. These founders of Freemasonry have left us their precept and example, that such moral applications of our science should be enlarged in proportion to the demands of society. Those, therefore, that cultivate our divine morality will find infinite profit and delight in our mythologic symbolisations; but to all others are they perilous and strange—for these see, and perceive not.

Those who have conceived the import of our expressions touching that divinest mystery, "the universal paternity of the Deity, and the universal filiation of his creatures," will sufficiently well understand a preliminary passage in Ashe's *Masonic Manual*,—"That the society of free and accepted Masons possess a grand secret among themselves is an undoubted fact. What this grand secret is, or of what unknown materials it consists, mankind in general, not dignified with the order, have made the most ridiculous suppositions. The ignorant form incoherencies, such as conferring with the devil, and many other contemptible surmises, too tedious to mention, and too dull to laugh at. While the better sort, and more polished part of mankind, puzzle themselves with reflections more refined, though equally absurd. To dispel the opiniative mist from the eye of general error is the author's intention; and however rash the step may be thought, that he, a mere atom in the grand system, should attempt so difficult, so nice a task, yet he flatters himself that he shall not only get clear over it, but meet with the united plaudits both of the public and of his brethren. And he must beg leave to whisper to the ignorant, as well as the judicious, who thus unwarrantably give their judgment, that the truth of this grand secret is as delicately nice as the element of air; though the phenomenon continually surrounds us, yet human sensation can never feelingly touch it, till constituted to the impression by the masonic art. The *principal*, similar to the orb of light, universally warms and enlightens the *principles*, the first of which, virtue, like the moon, is heavenly chaste, attended by ten thousand star-bright qualifications. The masonic system is perfectly the emblem of the astronomic; it springs from the same God, partakes of the same originality, still flourishes in immortal youth, and but with nature will expire."

The intelligent reader must, long ere this, have observed that, under the title of Alibenists, Theogonists, and its synonym Freemasons, we intend the "catholic community of free minds throughout the world." The very term Freemason, *ex vi termini*, must bear this universality of moral and speculative comprehension; and thus it is understood, in common parlance, as implying all that is *generous* and liberal. This moral and speculative science it is that philosophic Freemasons so warmly eulogise. They lay great import on the word *free*, and apply it equally to all who are Freemasons in spirit. As to the forms of the operative craft, they care little or nothing in common life. Socrates, the noblest of all the Grecian Freemasons,—

"Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools,"—

Socrates would not, for many years, submit himself to the forms of the Eleusinian mysteries, that he might be at greater liberty to instruct the Athenians in their spiritual doctrines, and shew himself more worthy of ultimate initiation. Such preparation in the greater masonic mysteries of the church is perhaps desirable, before binding ourselves in their symbolical similitudes in the lodge; till the day shall come when all mysteries shall evanish in the light of heavenly dayspring.

No. XLII.

MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Moore has lately expended some verses on this lady, which, though not particularly good, will in all probability outlive the productions of Miss Martineau herself; and the future commentator on the Moorish poetry of Tom Browne the Younger will be somewhat puzzled to tell who was the lady summoned by the bard in the verses beginning with

> "Come live with me, and be my blue."

We will assist him,—for, doubtless, one of the first works the literary antiquary of future centuries will consult must be Fraser's Magazine,—by the delineation of her countenance, figure, posture, and occupation, which will be found on the opposite plate. He will readily agree with us, after proper inspection, that it is no great wonder that the lady should be pro-Malthusian; and that not even the Irish beau, suggested to her by a Tory songster, is likely to attempt the seduction of the fair philosopher from the doctrines of no-population.

She is, of course, the idol of the *Westminster Review*, and other oracles of that peculiar party; which, by all persons but themselves, is held to be the most nauseous mixture of the absurd and the abominable that ever existed. Some of them, we forget which, in an article which *we* dissected, glorified England as a land of wonders, in consequence of having had the merit of producing a young lady capable of writing on the effects of a fish diet upon population; and we agreed with them so far as to say, that it was indeed a wonder that such themes should occupy the pen of any lady, old or young, without exciting a disgust nearly approaching to horror. Mother Woolstonecroft, in some of her shameless books — books which we seriously consider to be in their tendency (a tendency only marred by their stupidity) more mischievous and degrading than the professedly obscene works which are smuggled into clandestine circulation, under the terrors of outraged law—boasts that she spoke of the anatomical secrets of nature among anatomists "as man speaks to man." Disgusting this, no doubt; but far less disgusting than when we find the more mystical topics of generation, its impulses and consequences—which the common consent of society, even the ordinary practice of language (a little philological or etymological consideration will explain to the cognoscent reader what we mean), has veiled with the decent covering of silence, or left to be examined only with philosophical abstraction—brought daily, weekly, monthly, before the public eye, as the leading subjects, the very foundation-thoughts, of essays, articles, treatises, novels! tales! romances! —to be disseminated into all hands, to lie on the breakfast-tables of the young and the fair, and to afford them matter of meditation. We wish that Miss Martineau would sit down in her study, and calmly endeavour to depict to herself what is the precise and physical meaning of the words used by her school —what is preventive check—what is moral check—what it is they are intended to check—and then ask herself, if she is or is not properly qualified to write a commentary on the most celebrated numbers of Mr. Carlile's *Republican*; or to refute the arguments addressed by the learned Panurge to the Dame de Paris, as founded upon false notions of philosophy.

We are sorry, for many reasons, to write this—sorry that we should have to speak in censure of a lady for any thing—sorry that the cause of our censure should be of such a kind—sorry that our pages should be soiled by any allusions to such subjects at all; and we shall therefore escape, as soon as possible, to the refuge of the picture before us. Here is Miss Harriet in the full enjoyment of economical philosophy; her tea-things, her ink-bottle, her skillet, her scuttle, her chair, are all of the Utilitarian model; and the cat, on whom she bestows her kindest caresses, is a cat who has been trained to the utmost propriety of manners by that process of instructions which we should think the most efficient on all such occasions. There she sits cooking—

> ——"rows
> Of chubby duodecimos;"

certain of applause from those whose praise is ruin, and of the regret of all who feel respect for the female sex, and sorrow for perverted talent, or, at least, industry; doomed to wither in the cold approbation of the political economists; and, after ghosting it about for their hour,

> ——"thence
> Be buried at the Row's expense."



Harriet Martineau.

AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY."

[illegible]

REMINISCENCES OF AN ILL-USED WRETCH.

There are some people in the world with whom fortune seems to be ever at variance; let them follow the wisest counsels, and act with the sagest deliberation, still their endeavours invariably turn out unfortunate. Their hopes, however well grounded, are never fulfilled; and their anticipations, though drawn from the fairest promises of success, are as sure to meet with a heavy and a bitter disappointment. Nature seems to have some spite against them, the which she evinces by the most unwarrantable methods; singling out the unhappy victim to be the sport of her caprices—smiling on him for an instant, and then overloading him with miseries. These people are always in their own way, and no less in the way of others; what they do with the best intentions in the world, is sure to be considered the effect of some sinister design. When they attempt to do a friend a good turn, ten to one but the result happens to be exactly the reverse to what they expected. They love their fellow-creatures quite as much as their fellow-creatures love them; yet strange it is, nothing they do tends to their own advantage, or is profitable to the community; and the whole world seems to join in one grand conspiracy against them. Every thing goes wrong, all unite to do them injury, and every body hates them. Gentle reader! I am one of these unfortunate individuals. Shakespeare, in one of his excellent delineations of human character, asserts that

> "Some men are born to greatness, others achieve greatness,
> And some have greatness thrust upon them."

I am worse off than the fortunate Malvolio—I was born to be ill-used: I am a younger son. That some of this class have contrived to get on considerably well in the world I admit, but, in general, a younger son is an "Ill-used wretch." They all ask, what right had their elder brothers to be born before them? No one can answer in favour of the seniors—the case must then be unjust; ergo, they are ill-used. I should have been in possession of a snug independence, if my brother had not got the start of me; but now the world and I are eternally at ill words, and have been ever since I was born. When we were children, I was neglected by my mother, and cuffed by every body; while my brother was coaxed and caressed by all. He had all the good things which could be procured for him: sugar-plums were showered upon his head, and almonds and raisins sprang up in his path. I was as good-looking as he; yet he was "a darling little duck," and I was "an ugly little brat." The only difference between us was, that he was the heir of the family estate, and I was an "Ill-used wretch."

Having proved, to the satisfaction of every body, that the planets must have been at an evil conjunction when I made my entry into the world, I will proceed to shew how their baneful influence accompanied me in all my journeyings through life. As I grew up, I had as much attention paid to me as if I had been any straggling cur that enjoys the felicity of being without a master. I was always getting into scrapes; and having acquired a considerable share of fame for mischievous exploits, all matters of a similar nature were invariably laid to my charge. There was not an old woman frightened, a hen-roost disturbed, or an orchard robbed, within five miles round, but for which I was obliged to render compensation in my own person, although occasionally I knew no more about the subject than the man in the moon. I went to school, where I learnt more Latin than I remember, more Greek than I understood, and more impudence than either. There the same unfortunate results followed me—I was the scapegrace of the whole community. No dog was ever ornamented with an appendage to his tail, and no unfortunate pussy ever footed it with walnut-shells in the way of pumps, but I was immediately denounced as the operator, and was punished accordingly. When several of us had joined in a scheme of mischief, I was singled out to bear the brunt for the rest; and when some diabolical affair had occurred which *nobody* had done, my former propensities were brought in evidence against me, and I was condemned upon suspicion. I was an "Ill-used wretch."

I grew up a pale, thin, meditative youth, with a tinge of melancholy in

my features, which I encouraged as much as possible, as I considered it to appear very interesting. I had a great fondness for novels and romances, wrote poetry, talked philosophy, and patronised turned-down collars and up-lifted eyes. I studied the sentimental; and, as I mused upon my wrongs, I determined to seek some peerless beauty, in whose gentle breast I could unburden all my sorrows, and in whose sweet affections I could find solace in all my griefs. This was not a very easy matter. I at first looked out for a Minerva-press heroine, but none in the range of the family circle possessed one fiftieth portion of the cardinal virtues which belong to those extraordinary individuals. I was obliged to humble my desires; I commenced a desperate courtship with my nurse's daughter, who occasionally assisted in the management of the household. When we were together I sighed till I grew black in the face, and looked at her till the tears came into my eyes. I was going on very famously,—had evidently made great progress towards captivating her affections, when one day, as I was on my knees before her, passionately reciting an amorous quotation, my mother caught me in the fact, and gave me a box of the ears, which I shall remember as long as an ear remains on my head.

I was sent to London to study the law, under the auspices of an old friend of my father's, who was a very distinguished man in his profession. I had not remained in his house long before I discovered that he had a daughter. She was possessed of some charms, and considerable accomplishments. She was about seven-and-twenty and I seventeen; but love levels all distinctions, and I determined to endeavour to fall desperately in love with her. From personal friendship with my family, I was considered by the worthy lawyer more in the light of a son than a clerk, and I was therefore allowed every opportunity of making an impression on my fair companion. We read together, and I took care to dwell upon all passages of a warm and interesting nature; any thing I thought applicable to my own peculiar state of feelings I read with a tremulous earnestness which might have drawn tears from a stone. I expressed my affection for her in all imaginable and all unimaginable ways. I attended her like a lap-dog, made more inquiries concerning her health than her apothecary, and appeared far more anxious for her happiness than she was herself. Nothing can exceed the tenderness which I infused into my manner when addressing her; and when she looked at me, I blushed till my face appeared as if it had been carved out of beet-root. As there were no trees in the garden large enough for the purpose, I carved her name on the brick-wall; and wonderful was the number of acrostics, sonnets, odes, hymns, and stanzas of all sorts and sizes, which I wrote in praise of her beauty. I fancied that I had made a favourable impression. She often smiled; but, as I afterwards discovered, with a far different meaning to what I supposed; and once, when she was coaxing me to do her a favour, she called me *dear* Walter. A flower she had worn in her breast, I begged for in so pathetic a manner, that a church-warden could not have refused, and she gave it me. I covered it with a thousand kisses, and swore to keep it as the most valuable treasure I possessed; long after its leaves were dry and odourless, I gathered them together into a little bag, which I wore next the linsey-wolsey shirt my nurse had made me to keep me from the 'rheumatis.' I thought these so many favourable symptoms of my prosperous wooing, that I determined upon hazarding a declaration. In this purpose I was restrained for some time; for whenever I essayed to speak at all on the theme, I became as dumb as a door-post, and I felt a choking in my throat, just as if I had swallowed a hayrick. However, the truth will out. One day I was reading to her some passages from Goethe's *Werter*, which I had procured on purpose to aid me in my designs, and she expressed her admiration of the lover in warmer terms than she was in the habit of using. The pent-up feelings within my breast would allow of no longer bondage; I threw the book aside, jerked the chair away on which I had been sitting, upset her work-table, and knelt at her feet; there, in the most passionate language I could imagine, I told her of the fire which was consuming my heart to cinders, implored her favourable attention to my suit, vowed my unalterable affection, and, in the most persuasive manner imaginable, besought

her to complete my happiness, by naming some early day when our affections might be rendered more firmly united by the bonds of conjugal felicity. I waited, with my head bent down to the earth, in anxious suspense for an answer. I was astonished at my own eloquence, and overpowered by the excitement it occasioned; yet I thought she was rather long in making a reply, —but that I referred to surprise and maiden bashfulness. I was just on the point of urging my devotion with greater force, when I heard sounds of dubious import, and, looking up, I discovered that she was making convulsive efforts to cram her pocket-handkerchief into her mouth. As soon as she caught my eye, she started up from her seat, and ran out of the room in an unaccountable fit of the most obstreperous laughter. I was quite thunderstruck, and hit my forehead a desperate blow with the palm of my hand in all the anguish of despair. At dinner she was not present, but her father still filled his accustomed place. He was a friendly, good-hearted old gentleman to me at all times, but that day he appeared to regard me with more than his usual good-nature; there was a twinkle in his eye, and an inward chuckle in his conversation, which made me feel uneasy; then, after dinner, he made me drink more wine than he had ever allowed me, talked of matrimony, and laughed as immoderately as if he thought it contained a good jest. I did not at all like it, and was glad to escape from the room. My fair one went out of town; and the first news I heard of her was the announcement of her marriage in the papers. In due course of time, I beheld her again, with her husband, an officer in the army of at least thirty years' standing, and possessing a pair of whiskers which ought to have frightened any modest woman. I had some intention of shooting him, but I thought I should be lowering my dignity; so I contented myself with writing an immeasurable poem on unrequited love, and in considering myself an "Ill-used wretch."

As I grew up I contracted a literary turn of mind, and employed a great part of my time in compositions, by which I felt no doubt of obtaining immortality. I wrote more ballads than briefs, and neglected Blackstone's *Commentaries* for Shakespeare's commentators. Some of the minor periodicals published a few of my most pathetic verses; and I was so enraptured by seeing my compositions in print, that I called at different booksellers and purchased a vast number of the same publication, which I read to every good listener I could meet with. I tried the magazines, and every month I had the gratification of seeing my initials with the list of unsuitables in the answers to correspondents. I soon saw that these people, the editors of magazines, were all in a confederacy against me; it was evident that they played into each others' hands, and would allow no one but their friends to share the patronage of the public. I regretted the jealousy which pervaded the literary world, and went about with the comfortable assurance of being an Ill-used wretch. I collected my poems together in a quantity sufficient to fill seven good-sized volumes. I went about with them to every publisher in town; but, will you believe it, gentle reader? they all refused to have any thing to do with them, and would not publish them on any consideration. What a pity it is, that these ignorant people should have the power of withholding such intellectual treasure from the public—they cannot even see their own interest! I have not the least doubt in the world but what they might have made their fortunes by my poems. I also wrote several first-rate dramas, which I sent to the patent theatres, but they all refused them. No wonder the theatres are going to ruin! I possessed a remarkable genius for acting, and offered my services to several managers; but after having given them a specimen of my abilities, they declined my offer! Envy! sheer envy! But it was very easy to see that they had all entered into a conspiracy against me; so I determined to let them go to the devil their own way, and I found a never-failing consolation in knowing I was an "Ill-used wretch."

I grew up to years of discretion, and although I had been in the habit of falling in love as often as I met with any prepossessing female, I now began to think about it seriously. Marriage became a matter of moment; I thought of domestic felicity and all that, and determined to become a husband as soon as a favourable opportunity offered. For some time I did not meet with any lady possessing sufficient attractions to possess me with a serious attachment. Once, at a public concert, I sat next to a bewitching little girl, whom I could not help admiring.

There seemed such a soft, melting tenderness in the expression of her dove-like eyes, that I could not for the soul of me help gazing upon her. She drew down her veil once or twice, but did not seem offended. I offered her some trifling attentions, which were not rejected, but I could not find language to address her; and I stood looking upon her features as if fascinated with their beauty. Somehow she disappeared among the crowd, and I lost sight of her. I searched about in all directions without finding the least clue to her discovery. I thought of nothing but her for several days; she appeared in all my thoughts by day, and dreams by night. I really was seriously enamoured, and tried every means to find out her name and abode, but without success. The other day I met my old school-fellow Paris—a good fellow. I immediately made him my confidant, and told him the whole story.

"A little girl, you say," said he, considering, "of a graceful figure. Had she dark eyes, with a profusion of ringlets flowing over her fair neck?"

"Yes!" I replied, delighted with having found some clue to her name.

"Had she a small mouth, and features possessing great sweetness?"

"Yes, my boy—yes!"

"Was her figure light and sylph-like, with a small foot, and a delicate little hand?"

"The same, my dear friend—the same! I'd swear to her among a thousand!" I exclaimed, overjoyed at identifying my fascinating unknown.

"And was she dressed in black—neatly, but elegantly?"

"The very same, by Jove! But what is her name—where does she live—how am I to find her?" I asked in a breath.

"She was married yesterday to my friend Howard," he replied with the most provoking indifference.

Now I ask any person of a right way of thinking, if such an instance is not a proof of the flagrant injustice with which I am treated? Yet this is not all; I was persuaded to publish a volume at my own expense. I did, and after paying all the expenses, some fifty pounds out of my own pocket, I went to my publisher to receive the proceeds; when, deducting his discount, he placed in my hands twelve shillings, the amount of three copies sold by him. If I get into a court of law, the judgment is always given against me—if I borrow a neighbour's horse, by some unaccountable accident, it is sure to break its knees, and I am obliged to make compensation—if I lend some cash to the best friend I have, I am certain of losing both my money and my friend—if I become surety for an old acquaintance, my old acquaintance, "the honestest fellow in the world," leaves me in the lurch to make up for his deficiencies—and if I place a large sum in the hands of my bankers, they stop payment on the day following. I often get arrested, because I happen to resemble some one else; and get abused for no other reason, than because I interfere to make every body happy. If I take a ride in any of the hackney vehicles, the driver shatters his crazy carriage against a lamp-post, and I am either suffocated in a mud-heap, or else get every bone in my body jolted to a jelly; and if I go on a water excursion, the waterman knowing my inability to swim, upsets his boat, and I am sent among the fishes, till the Humane Society drags me to life with one of their terrible hooks under my ribs. Even the very elements conspire against me. The bright appearance of the weather tempts me to pay a visit to a distant friend, arrayed in my best summer attire, when just as I reach some open unsheltered situation, down comes a tremendous shower, which drenches me to the skin before I can say Jack Robinson; my new white trousers put on a resemblance to soaked gingerbread, and my best beaver looks like any thing in human nature but a hat. Then the next day, when the heavens have a cloudy and suspicious appearance, I take every precaution to set the wet at defiance; but directly I am at a decent distance from my own home, the weather clears up, the sun comes out as bright as a copper saucepan, and I am left all day broiling under a heavy "upper Benjamin," with a shabby umbrella under my arm.

It is all from malice, I am certain of it. The world's full of wickedness, hatred, and uncharitableness, and does every thing it possibly can to do me injury; but even under the overwhelming wrongs it heaps upon me, I have one consolation it can never deprive me of,—I am indifferent to the evil it may pour upon my head, for I walk abroad with the calm philosophy of a great man, and with the proud consciousness of being an "Ill-used wretch."

SARTOR RESARTUS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Mein Vermächtniss, wie herrlich weit und breit!
Die Zeit ist mein Vermächtniss, mein Acker ist die Zeit.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Preliminary.

CONSIDERING our present advanced state of culture, and how the Torch of Science has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five thousand years and upwards; how, in these times especially, not only the Torch still burns, and perhaps more fiercely than ever, but innumerable Rush-lights and Sulphur-matches, kindled thereat, are also glancing in every direction, so that not the smallest cranny or doghole in Nature or Art can remain unilluminated,—it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of Philosophy or History, has been written on the subject of Clothes.

Our Theory of Gravitation is as good as perfect: Lagrange, it is well known, has proved that the Planetary System, on this scheme, will endure for ever; Laplace, still more cunningly, even guesses that it could not have been made on any other scheme. Whereby, at least, our nautical Logbooks can be better kept; and water-transport of all kinds has grown more commodious. Of Geology and Geognosy we know enough: what with the labours of our Werners and Huttons, what with the ardent genius of their disciples, it has come about that now, to many a Royal Society, the Creation of a World is little more mysterious than the cooking of a Dumpling; concerning which last, indeed, there have been minds to whom the question, *How the apples were got in*, presented difficulties. Why mention our disquisitions on the Social Contract, on the Standard of Taste, on the Migrations of the Herring? Then, have we not a Doctrine of Rent, a Theory of Value; Philosophies of Language, of History, of Pottery, of Apparitions, of Intoxicating Liquors? Man's whole life and environment have been laid open and elucidated; scarcely a fragment or fibre of his Soul, Body, and Possessions, but has been probed, dissected, distilled, desiccated, and scientifically decomposed: our spiritual Faculties, of which it appears there are not a few, have their Stewarts, Cousins, Royer Collards: every cellular, vascular, muscular Tissue glories in its Lawrences, Majendies, Bichâts.

How, then, comes it, may the reflective mind repeat, that the grand Tissue of all Tissues, the only real *Tissue*, should have been quite overlooked by Science—the vestural Tissue, namely, of woollen or other Cloth; which Man's Soul wears as its outmost wrappage and overall; wherein his whole other Tissues are included and screened, his whole Faculties work, his whole Self lives, moves, and has its being? For if, now and then, some straggling broken-winged thinker has cast an owl's-glance into this obscure region, the most have soared over it altogether heedless; regarding Clothes as a property, not an accident, as quite natural and spontaneous, like the leaves of trees, like the plumage of birds. In all speculations they have tacitly figured man as a *Clothed Animal;* whereas he is by nature a *Naked Animal;* and only in certain circumstances, by purpose and device, masks himself in Clothes. Shakespeare says, we are creatures that look before and after: the more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.

But here, as in so many other cases, Germany, learned, indefatigable, deep-thinking Germany comes to our aid. It is, after all, a blessing that, in these revolutionary times, there should be one country where abstract Thought can still take shelter; that while the din and frenzy of Catholic Emancipations, and Rotten Boroughs, and Revolts of Paris, deafen every French and

every English ear, the German can stand peaceful on his scientific watch-tower; and, to the raging, struggling multitude here and elsewhere, solemnly, from hour to hour, with preparatory blast of cowhorn, emit his *Höret ihr Herren und lasset's Euch sagen;* in other words, tell the Universe, which so often forgets that fact, what o'clock it really is. Not unfrequently the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence; as if they struck into devious courses, where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey; as if, forsaking the gold-mines of Finance, and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat, they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last in remote peat-bogs. Of that unwise science, which, as our Humorist expresses it,

> "By geometric scale
> Doth take the size of pots of ale,"

still more, of that altogether misdirected industry, which is seen vigorously enough thrashing mere straw, there can nothing defensive be said. In so far as the Germans are chargeable with such, let them take the consequence. Nevertheless be it remarked, that even a Russian Steppe has Tumuli and gold ornaments; also many a scene that looks desert and rock-bound from the distance, will unfold itself, when visited, into rare valleys. Nay, in any case, would Criticism erect not only fingerposts and turnpikes, but spiked gates and impassable barriers, for the mind of man? It is written, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed; — thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night! Wise man was he who counselled that Speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.

Perhaps it is proof of the stinted condition in which pure Science, especially pure moral Science, languishes among us English; and how our mercantile greatness, and invaluable Constitution, impressing a political or other immediately practical tendency on all English culture and endeavour, cramps the free flight of Thought,—that this, not Philosophy of Clothes, but recognition even that we have no such Philosophy, stands here for the first time published in our language. What English intellect could have chosen such a topic, or by chance stumbled on it? But for that same unshackled, and even sequestered condition of the German Learned, which permits and induces them to fish in all manner of waters, with all manner of nets, it seems probable enough, this abstruse Inquiry might, in spite of the results it leads to, have continued dormant for indefinite periods. The Editor of these sheets, though otherwise boasting himself a man of confirmed speculative habits, and perhaps discursive enough, is free to confess, that never, till these last months, did the above very plain considerations, on our total want of a Philosophy of Clothes, occur to him; and then, by quite foreign suggestion. By the arrival, namely, of a new Book from Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo; treating expressly of this subject; and in a style which, whether understood or not, could not even by the blindest be overlooked. In the present Editor's way of thought, this remarkable Treatise, with its Doctrines, whether as judicially acceded to, or judicially denied, has not remained without effect.

"*Die Kleider ihr Werden und Wirken* (Clothes, their Origin and Influence): *von Diog. Teufelsdröckh, J. U. D. etc. Stillschweigen und Co^gnie. Weissnichtwo*, 1833:

"Here," says the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, "comes a Volume of that extensive, close-printed, close-meditated sort, which, be it spoken with pride, is seen only in Germany, perhaps only in Weissnichtwo: issuing from the hitherto irreproachable Firm of Stillschweigen and Company, with every external furtherance, it is of such

internal quality as to set Neglect at defiance." * * * "A work," concludes the well nigh enthusiastic Reviewer, "interesting alike to the antiquary, the historian, and the philosophic thinker; a masterpiece of boldness, lynx-eyed acuteness, and rugged independent Germanism and Philanthropy *(derben Kerndeutschcit und Menschenliebe)*; which will not, assuredly, pass current without opposition in high places; but must and will exalt the almost new name of Teufelsdrockh to the first ranks of Philosophy, in our German Temple-of-Honour."

Mindful of old friendship, the distinguished Professor, in this the first blaze of his fame, which however does not dazzle him, sends hither a Presentation Copy of his Book; with compliments and encomiums which modesty forbids the present Editor to rehearse; yet without indicated wish or hope of any kind, except what may be implied in the concluding phrase: *Möchte es* (this remarkable Treatise) *auch im Brittischen Boden gedeihen!*

Chap. II.

Editorial Difficulties.

If for a speculative man, "whose seedfield," in the sublime words of the Poet, "is Time," no conquest is important but that of new Ideas, then might the arrival of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Book be marked with chalk in the Editor's Calendar. It is indeed an "extensive Volume," of boundless, almost formless contents, a very Sea of Thought; neither calm nor clear, if you will; yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth, and return not only with seawreck but with true orients.

Directly on the first perusal, almost on the first deliberate inspection, it became apparent that here a quite new Branch of Philosophy, leading to as yet undescried ulterior results, was disclosed; farther, what seemed scarcely less interesting, a quite new human Individuality, an almost unexampled personal Character, that, namely, of Professor Teufelsdröckh the Discloser. Of both which novelties, as far as might be possible, we resolved to master the significance. But as man is emphatically a Proselytising creature, no sooner was such mastery even fairly attempted, than the new question arose: How might this acquired good be imparted to others, perhaps in equal need thereof; how could the Philosophy of Clothes and the Author of such Philosophy be brought home, in any measure, to the business and bosoms of our own English nation? For if new-got gold is said to burn the pockets till it be cast forth into circulation, much more may new Truth.

Here, however, difficulties occurred. The first thought naturally was to publish Article after Article on this remarkable volume, in such widely-circulating Critical Journals as the Editor might stand connected with, or by money or love procure access to. But, on the other hand, was it not clear that such matter as must here be revealed and treated of might endanger the circulation of any Journal extant? If, indeed, the whole Parties of the State could have been abolished, Whig, Tory, and Radical, embracing in discrepant union; and the whole Journals of the Nation could have been jumbled into one Journal, and the Philosophy of Clothes poured forth in incessant torrents therefrom, the attempt had seemed possible. But, alas, what vehicle of that sort have we, except *Fraser's Magazine?* A vehicle all strewed (figuratively speaking) with the maddest Waterloo-Crackers, exploding distractively and destructively, wheresoever the mystified passenger stands or sits; nay, in any case, understood to be, of late years, a vehicle full to overflowing, and inexorably shut! Besides, to state the Philosophy of Clothes without the Philosopher, the ideas of Teufelsdröckh without something of his personality, was it not to insure both of entire misapprehension? Now for Biography, had it been otherwise admissible, there were no adequate documents, no hope of obtaining such, but rather, owing to circumstances, a special despair. Thus did the Editor see himself, for the while, shut out from all public utterance of these extraordinary Doctrines, and constrained to revolve them, not without disquietude, in the dark depths of his own mind.

So had it lasted for some months; and now the Volume on Clothes, read and again read, was in several points becoming lucid and lucent; the personality of its Author more and more surprising, but, in spite of all that memory and conjecture could do, more and more enigmatic; whereby the old disquietude seemed fast settling into fixed discontent,—when altogether unexpectedly arrives a Letter from Herr

Hofrath Heuschrecke, our Professor's chief friend and associate in Weissnichtwo, with whom we had not previously corresponded. The Hofrath, after much quite extraneous matter, began dilating largely on the "agitation and attention" which the Philosophy of Clothes was exciting in its own German Republic of Letters; on the deep significance and tendency of his Friend's Volume; and then, at length, with great circumlocution, hinted at the practicability of conveying "some knowledge of it, and of him, to England, and through England to the distant West:" a Work on Professor Teufelsdröckh "were undoubtedly welcome to the *Family*, the *National*, or any other of those patriotic *Libraries*, at present the glory of British Literature;" might work revolutions in Thought; and so forth;—in conclusion, intimating not obscurely, that should the present Editor feel disposed to undertake a Biography of Teufelsdröckh, he, Hofrath Heuschrecke, had it in his power to furnish the requisite Documents.

As in some chemical mixture, that has stood long evaporating, but would not crystallise, instantly when the wire or other fixed substance is introduced, crystallisation commences, and rapidly proceeds till the whole is finished, so was it with the Editor's mind and this offer of Heuschrecke's. Form rose out of void solution and discontinuity; like united itself with like in definite arrangement; and soon either in actual vision and possession, or in fixed reasonable hope, the image of the whole Enterprise had shaped itself, so to speak, into a solid mass. Cautiously yet courageously, through the twopenny post, application to the famed redoubtable OLIVER YORKE was now made: an interview, interviews with that singular man have taken place; with more of assurance on our side, with less of satire (at least of open satire) on his, than we anticipated;—for the rest, with such issue as is now visible. As to those same "patriotic *Libraries*," the Hofrath's counsel could only be viewed with silent amazement; but with his offer of Documents we joyfully and almost instantaneously closed. Thus, too, in the sure expectation of these, we already see our task begun; and this our *Sartor Resartus*, which is properly a "Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh," hourly advancing.

Of our fitness for the Enterprise, to which we have such title and vocation, it were perhaps uninteresting to say more. Let the British reader study and enjoy, in simplicity of heart, what is here presented him, and with whatever metaphysical acumen, and talent for Meditation he is possessed of. Let him strive to keep a free, open sense; cleared from the mists of Prejudice, above all from the paralysis of Cant; and directed rather to the Book itself than to the Editor of the Book. Who or what such Editor may be, must remain conjectural, and even insignificant:* it is a Voice publishing tidings of the Philosophy of Clothes; undoubtedly a Spirit addressing Spirits: whoso hath ears let him hear.

On one other point the Editor thinks it needful to give warning: namely, that he is animated with a true though perhaps a feeble attachment to the Institutions of our Ancestors; and minded to defend these, according to ability, at all hazards; nay, it was partly with a view to such defence that he engaged in this undertaking. To stem, or if that be impossible, profitably to divert the current of Innovation, such a Volume as Teufelsdröckh's, if cunningly planted down, were no despicable pile, or floodgate, in the Logical wear.

For the rest, be it nowise apprehended that any personal connexion of ours with Teufelsdröckh, Heuschrecke, or this Philosophy of Clothes, can pervert our judgment, or sway us to extenuate or exaggerate. Powerless, we venture to promise, are those private Compliments themselves. Grateful they may well be; as generous illusions of friendship; as fair mementos of bygone unions, of those nights and suppers of the gods, when lapped in the symphonies and harmonies of Philosophic Eloquence, though with baser accompaniments, the present Editor revelled in that feast of reason, never since vouchsafed him in so full measure! But what then? *Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas;* Teufelsdröckh is our friend, Truth is our divinity. In our historical and critical capacity, we hope, we are strangers to all the world; have feud or favour with no

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* With us even he still communicates in some sort of mask, or muffler; and, we have reason to think, under a feigned name!—O. Y.

one,—save indeed the Devil, with whom as with the Prince of Lies and Darkness we do at all times wage internecive war. This assurance, at an epoch when Puffery and Quackery have reached a height unexampled in the annals of mankind, and even English Editors, like Chinese Shopkeepers, must write on their door-lintels, *No cheating here*, —we thought it good to premise.

Chap. III.

Reminiscences.

To the Author's private circle the appearance of this singular Work on Clothes must have occasioned little less surprise than it has to the rest of the world. For ourselves, at least, few things have been more unexpected. Professor Teufelsdröckh, at the period of our acquaintance with him, seemed to lead a quite still and self-contained life: a man devoted to the higher Philosophies, indeed; yet more likely, if he published at all, to publish a Refutation of Hegel and Bardili, both of whom, strangely enough, he included under a common ban; than to descend, as he has here done, into the angry noisy Forum, with an Argument that cannot but exasperate and divide. Not, that we can remember, was the Philosophy of Clothes once touched upon between us. If through the high silent, meditative Transcendentalism of our Friend we detected any practical tendency whatever, it was at most Political, and towards a certain prospective, and for the present quite speculative, Radicalism; as indeed some correspondence, on his part, with Herr Oken of Jena was now and then suspected; though his special contributions to the *Isis* could never be more than surmised at. But, at all events, nothing Moral, still less any thing Didactico-Religious, was looked for from him.

Well do we recollect the last words he spoke in our hearing; which indeed, with the Night they were uttered in, are to be forever remembered. Lifting his huge tumbler of *Gukguk*,* and for a moment lowering his tobacco-pipe, he stood up in full coffeehouse (it was *Zum Grünen Ganse*, the largest in Weissnichtwo, where all the Virtuosity, and nearly all the Intellect, of the place assembled of an evening); and there, with low, soul-stirring tone, and the look truly of an angel, though whether of a white or of a black one might be dubious, proposed this toast: *Die Sache der Armen in Gottes und Teufels Namen* (The Cause of the Poor in Heaven's name and ——'s)! One full shout, breaking the leaden silence; then a gurgle of innumerable emptying bumpers, again followed by universal cheering, returned him loud acclaim. It was the finale of the night: resuming their pipes; in the highest enthusiasm, amid volumes of tobacco-smoke; triumphant, cloudcapt without and within, the assembly broke up, each to his thoughtful pillow. *Bleibt doch ein echter Spass- und Galgen-vogel*, said several; meaning thereby that, one day, he would probably be hanged for his democratic sentiments. *Wo steckt der Schalk?* added they, looking round: but Teufelsdröckh had retired by private alleys, and the Compiler of these pages beheld him no more.

In such scenes has it been our lot to live with this Philosopher, such estimate to form of his purposes and powers. And yet, thou brave Teufelsdröckh, who could tell what lurked in thee? Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank, overlapping roof-wise the gravest face we ever in this world saw, there dwelt a most busy brain. In thy eyes, too, deep under their shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolic fire, and half fancied that their stillness was but the rest of infinite motion, the *sleep* of a spinning-top? Thy little figure, there as in loose, ill-brushed, threadbare habiliments, thou sattest, amid litter and lumber, whole days, to "think and smoke tobacco," held in it a mighty heart. The secrets of man's Life were laid open to thee; thou sawest into the mystery of the Universe, farther than another; thou hadst *in petto* thy remarkable Volume on Clothes. Nay, was there not in that clear logically-founded Transcendentalism of thine; still more, in thy meek, silent, deepseated Sansculottism, combined with a true princely Courtesy of inward nature, the visible rudiments of such speculation? But great men are too often unknown, or what is worse, misknown. Already, when we dreamed not of it, the warp of thy re-

* Gukguk is unhappily only an academical—Beer.

markable Volume lay on the loom; and silently, mysterious shuttles were putting in the woof!

How the Hofrath Heuschrecke is to furnish biographical data, in this case, may be a curious question; the answer of which, however, is happily not our concern, but his. To us it appeared, after repeated trial, that in Weissnichtwo, from the archives or memories of the best-informed classes, no Biography of Teufelsdröckh was to be gathered; not so much as a false one. He was a Stranger there, wafted thither by what is called the course of circumstances; concerning whose parentage, birthplace, prospects or pursuits, Curiosity had indeed made inquiries, but satisfied herself with the most indistinct replies. For himself, he was a man so still and altogether unparticipating, that to question him even afar off on such particulars was a thing of more than usual delicacy: besides, in his sly way, he had ever some quaint turn, not without its satirical edge, wherewith to divert such intrusions, and deter you from the like. Wits spoke of him secretly as if he were a kind of Melchizedek, without father or mother of any kind; sometimes, with reference to his great historic and statistic knowledge, and the vivid way he had of expressing himself like an eye-witness of distant transactions and scenes, they called him the *Ewige Jude*, Everlasting, or as we say, Wandering Jew.

To the most, indeed, he had become not so much a Man as a Thing; which Thing doubtless they were accustomed to see, and with satisfaction; but no more thought of accounting for than for the fabrication of their daily *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or the domestic habits of the Sun. Both were there and welcome; the world enjoyed what good was in them, and thought no more of the matter. The man Teufelsdröckh passed and repassed, in his little circle, as one of those originals and nondescripts, more frequent in German Universities than elsewhere; of whom, though you see them alive, and feel certain enough that they must have a History, no History seems to be discoverable; or only such as men give of mountain rocks and antediluvian ruins: that they have been created by unknown agencies, are in a state of gradual decay, and for the present reflect light and resist pressure; that is, are visible and tangible objects in this phantasm world, where so much other mystery is.

It was to be remarked that though, by title and diploma, *Professor der Allerley-Wissenschaft*, or as we should say in English, "Professor of Things in General," he had never delivered any Course; perhaps never been incited thereto by any public furtherance or requisition. To all appearance, the enlightened Government of Weissnichtwo, in founding their New University, imagined they had done enough, if "in times like ours," as the half-official Program expressed it, "when all things are, rapidly or slowly, resolving themselves into Chaos, a Professorship of this kind had been established; whereby, as occasion called, the task of bodying somewhat forth again from such Chaos might be, even slightly, facilitated." That actual Lectures should be held, and Public Classes for the "Science of Things in General," they doubtless considered premature; on which ground too they had only established the Professorship, nowise endowed it; so that Teufelsdröckh, "recommended by the highest Names," had been promoted thereby to a Name merely.

Great, among the more enlightened classes, was the admiration of this new Professorship: how an enlightened Government had seen into the Want of the Age (*Zeitbedürfniss*); how at length, instead of Denial and Destruction, we were to have a science of Affirmation and Re-construction; and Germany and Weissnichtwo were, where they should be, in the vanguard of the world. Considerable also was the wonder at the new Professor, dropt opportunely enough into the nascent University; so able to lecture, should occasion call; so ready to hold his peace for indefinite periods, should an enlightened Government consider that occasion did not call. But such admiration and such wonder, being followed by no act to keep them living, could last only nine days; and, long before our visit to that scene, had quite died away. The more cunning heads thought it was all an expiring clutch at popularity, on the part of a Minister, whom domestic embarrassments, court intrigues, old age, and dropsy soon afterwards finally drove from the helm.

As for Teufelsdröckh, except by his nightly appearances at the *Grünen Ganse*, Weissnichtwo saw little of him,

felt little of him. Here, over his tumbler of Gukguk, he sat reading Journals; sometimes contemplatively looking into the clouds of his tobacco-pipe, without other visible employment: always, from his mild ways, an agreeable phenomenon there; more especially when he opened his lips for speech; on which occasions the whole Coffeehouse would hush itself into silence, as if sure to hear something noteworthy. Nay, perhaps to hear a whole series and river of the most memorable utterances; such as, when once thawed, he would for hours indulge in, with fit audience: and the more memorable, as issuing from a head apparently not more interested in them, not more conscious of them, than is the sculptured stone head of some public Fountain, which through its brass mouth-tube emits water to the worthy and the unworthy; careless whether it be for cooking victuals or quenching conflagrations; indeed, maintains the same earnest assiduous look, whether any water be flowing or not.

To the Editor of these sheets, as to a young enthusiastic Englishman, however unworthy, Teufelsdröckh opened himself perhaps more than to the most. Pity only that we could not then half guess his importance, and scrutinise him with due power of vision! We enjoyed, what not three men in Weissnichtwo could boast of, a certain degree of access to the Professor's private domicile. It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse; and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. Moreover, with its windows, it looked towards all the four *Orte*, or as the Scotch say, and we ought to say, *Airts*: the Sitting-room itself commanded three; another came to view in the *Schlafgemach* (Bed-room) at the opposite end; to say nothing of the Kitchen, which offered two, as it were, *duplicates*, and showing nothing new. So that it was in fact the speculum or watch-tower of Teufelsdröckh; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable City; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving (*Thun und Treiben*) were for most part visible there.

"I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive," have we heard him say, "and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down to the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weathercock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged up in pouches of leather: there, topladen, and with four swift horses, rolls in the country Baron and his household; here, on timber leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? *Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin*: From Eternity, onwards to Eternity! These are Apparitions: what else? Are they not Souls rendered visible; in Bodies, that took shape, and will lose it; melting into air? Their solid pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels, and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a To-morrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"*Ach, mein Leiber!*" said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffeehouse in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Bootes of them, as he leads his Hunting Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to

prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlid of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein?*—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salted fish, in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed Vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the others: *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!—But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars."

We looked in his face to see whether, in the utterance of such extraordinary Night-thoughts, no feeling might be traced there; but with the light we had, which indeed was only a single tallow-light, and far enough from the window, nothing save that old calmness and fixedness was visible.

These were the Professor's talking seasons: most commonly he spoke in mere monosyllables, or sat altogether silent, and smoked; while the visitor had liberty either to say what he listed, receiving for answer an occasional grunt; or to look round for a space, and then take himself away. It was a strange apartment; full of books and tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds of all conceivable substances, "united in a common element of dust." Books lay on tables, and below tables; here fluttered a sheet of manuscript, there a torn handkerchief, or nightcap hastily thrown aside: ink-bottles alternated with bread-crusts, coffee-pots, tobacco-boxes, Periodical Literature, and Blücher Boots. Old Leischen (Lisekin, 'Liza), who was his bed-maker and stove-lighter, his washer and wringer, cook, errand-maid, and general lion's-provider, and for the rest a very orderly creature, had no sovereign authority in this last citadel of Teufelsdröckh; only some once in the month, she half-forcibly made her way thither, with broom and duster, and (Teufelsdröckh hastily saving his manuscripts) effected a partial clearance, a jail-delivery of such lumber as was not Literary. These were her *Erdbebungen* (Earthquakes), which Teufelsdröckh dreaded worse than the pestilence; nevertheless, to such length he had been forced to comply. Glad would he have been to sit here philosophising for ever, or till the litter, by accumulation, drove him out of doors: but Leischen was his right-arm, and spoon, and necessary of life, and would not be flatly gainsayed. We can still remember the ancient woman; so silent that some thought her dumb; deaf also you would often have supposed her; for Teufelsdröckh and Teufelsdröckh only would she serve or give heed to; and with him she seemed to communicate chiefly by signs; if it were not rather by some secret divination that she guessed all his wants, and supplied them. Assiduous old dame! she scoured, and sorted, and swept, in her kitchen, with the least possible

violence to the ear; yet all was tight and right there: hot and black came the coffee ever at the due moment; and the speechless Leischen herself looked out on you, from under her clean white coif with its lappets, through her clean withered face and wrinkles, with a look of helpful intelligence, almost of benevolence.

Few strangers, as above hinted, had admittance hither: the only one we ever saw there, ourselves excepted, was the Hofrath Heuschrecke, already known, by name and expectation, to the readers of these pages. To us, at that period, Herr Heuschrecke seemed one of those purse-mouthed, crane-necked, clean-brushed, pacific individuals, perhaps sufficiently distinguished in society by this fact, that, in dry weather or in wet, "they never appear without their umbrella." Had we not known with what "little-wisdom" the world is governed; and how, in Germany as elsewhere, the ninety and nine Public Men can for most part be but mute train-bearers to the hundredth, perhaps but stalking-horses and willing or unwilling dupes, —it might have seemed wonderful how Herr Heuschrecke should be named a *Rath*, or Councillor, and Counsellor, even in Weissnichtwo. What counsel to any man, or to any woman, could this particular Hofrath give; in whose loose, zigzag figure; in whose thin visage, as it went jerking to and fro, in minute incessant fluctuation,— you traced rather confusion worse confounded; at most, Timidity and physical Cold? Some indeed said withal, he was "the very Spirit of Love embodied:" blue earnest eyes, full of sadness and kindness; purse ever open, and so forth; the whole of which, we shall now hope for many reasons, was not quite groundless. Nevertheless, friend Teufelsdröckh's outline, who indeed handled the burin like few in these cases, was probably the best: *Er hat Gemuth und Geist, hat wenigstens gehabt, doch ohne Organ, ohne Schicksals-gunst; ist gegenwärtig aber halb-zerrüttet, halb-erstarrt,* "He has heart and talent, at least has had such, yet without fit mode of utterance, or favour of Fortune; and so is now half-cracked, half-congealed." —What the Hofrath shall think of this, when he sees it, readers may wonder: we, safe in the stronghold of Historical Fidelity, are careless.

The main point, doubtless, for us all, is his love of Teufelsdröckh, which indeed was also by far the most decisive feature of Heuschrecke himself. We are enabled to assert that he hung on the Professor with the fondness of a Boswell for his Johnson. And perhaps with the like return; for Teufelsdröckh treated his gaunt admirer with little outward regard, as half-rational or altogether irrational friend, and at best loved him out of gratitude and by habit. On the other hand, it was curious to observe with what reverent kindness, and a sort of fatherly protection, our Hofrath, being the elder, richer, and as he fondly imagined far more practically influential of the two, looked and tended on his little Sage, whom he seemed to consider as a living oracle. Let but Teufelsdröckh open his mouth, Heuschrecke's also unpuckered itself into a free doorway, besides his being all eye and all ear, so that nothing might be lost: and then, at every pause in the harangue he gurgled out his pursy chuckle of a cough-laugh (for the machinery of laughter took some time to get in motion, and seemed crank and slack), or else his twanging, nasal *Bravo! Das glaub' ich;* in either case, by way of heartiest approval. In short, if Teufelsdröckh was Dalai-Lama, of which except perhaps in his self-seclusion, and god-like Indifference, there was no symptom, then might Heuschrecke pass for his chief Talapoin, to whom no dough-pill he could knead and publish was other than medicinal and sacred.

In such environment, social, domestic, physical, did Teufelsdröckh, at the time of our acquaintance, and most likely does he still, live and meditate. Here, perched up in his high Wahngasse watchtower, and often, in solitude, outwatching the Bear, it was that the indomitable Inquirer fought all his battles with Dulness and Darkness; here, in all probability, that he wrote this surprising Volume on *Clothes*. Additional particulars: of his age, which was of that standing middle sort you could only guess at; of his wide surtout; the colour of his trousers, fashion of his broad-brimmed steeple-hat, and so forth, we might report, but do not. The Wisest truly is, in these times, the Greatest; so that an enlightened curiosity leaving Kings and such like to rest very much on their

own basis, turns more and more to the Philosophic Class: nevertheless, what reader expects that, with all our writing and reporting, Teufelsdröckh could be brought home to him, till once the Documents arrive? His Life, Fortunes, and Bodily Presence, are as yet hidden from us, or matter only of faint conjecture. But on the other hand, does not his Soul lie enclosed in this remarkable Volume, much more truly than Pedro Garcia's did in the buried Bag of Doubloons? To the soul of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, to his opinions namely on the "Origin and Influence of Clothes," we for the present gladly return.

Chap. IV.

Characteristics.

It were a piece of vain flattery to pretend that this Work on Clothes entirely contents us; that it is not, like all works of Genius, like the very Sun, which, though the highest published Creation, or work of Genius, has nevertheless black spots and troubled nebulosities amid its effulgence,—a mixture of insight, inspiration, with dulness, double-vision, and even utter blindness.

Without committing ourselves to those enthusiastic praises and prophesyings of the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, we admitted that the Book had in a high degree excited us to self-activity, which is the best effect of any book; that it had even operated changes in our way of thought; nay, that it promised to prove, as it were, the opening of a new mine-shaft, wherein the whole world of Speculation might henceforth dig to unknown depths. More specially it may now be declared that Professor Teufelsdröckh's acquirements, patience of research, philosophic and even poetic vigour, are here made indisputably manifest; and unhappily no less his prolixity and tortuosity and manifold inaptitude; that, on the whole, as in opening new mine-shafts is not unreasonable, there is much rubbish in his Book, though likewise specimens of almost invaluable ore. A paramount popularity in England we cannot promise him. Apart from the choice of such a topic as Clothes, too often the manner of treating it betokens in the Author a rusticity and academic seclusion, unblamable, indeed inevitable in a German, but fatal to his success with our public.

Of good society Teufelsdröckh appears to have seen little, or has mostly forgotten what he saw. He speaks out with a strange plainness; calls many things by their mere dictionary names. To him the Upholsterer is no Pontiff, neither is any Drawing-room a Temple, were it never so begilt and overhung: "a whole immensity of Brussels carpets, and pier-glasses, and or-molu," as he himself expresses it, "cannot hide from me that such Drawing-room is simply a section of Infinite Space, where so many God-created Souls do for the time meet together." To Teufelsdröckh the highest Duchess is respectable, is venerable; but nowise for her pearl-bracelets, and Malines laces: in his eyes, the star of a Lord is little less and little more than the broad button of Birmingham spelter in a Clown's smock; "each is an implement," he says, "in its kind; a tag for *hooking-together*; and, for the rest, was dug from the earth, and hammered on a stithy before smiths' fingers." Thus does the Professor look in men's faces with a strange impartiality, a strange scientific freedom; like a man unversed in the higher circles, like a man dropped thither from the Moon. Rightly considered, it is in this peculiarity, running through his whole system of thought, that all these short-comings, over-shootings, and multiform perversities, take rise: if indeed they have not a second source, also natural enough, in his Transcendental Philosophies, and humour of looking at all Matter and Material things as Spirit; whereby truly his case were but the more hopeless, the more lamentable.

To the Thinkers of this nation, however, of which class it is firmly believed there are individuals yet extant, we can safely recommend the Work: nay, who knows but among the fashionable ranks too, if it be true, as Teufelsdröckh maintains, that "within the most starched cravat there passes a windpipe and wesand, and under the thickliest embroidered waistcoat beats a heart,"—the force of that rapt earnestness may be felt, and here and there an arrow of the soul pierce through. In our wild Seer, shaggy, unkempt, like a Baptist living on locusts and wild honey, there is an untutored energy, a silent as it were unconscious strength, which, except in the higher walks of Literature, must be rare. Many a deep glance, and

often with unspeakable precision, has he cast into mysterious Nature, and the still more mysterious Life of Man. Wonderful it is with what cutting words, now and then, he severs asunder the confusion; sheers down, were it furlongs deep, into the true centre of the matter; and there not only hits the nail on the head, but with crushing force smites it home, and buries it.—On the other hand, let us be free to admit, he is the most unequal writer breathing. Often after some such feat, he will play truant for long pages, and go dawdling and dreaming, and mumbling and maundering the merest commonplaces, as if he were asleep with eyes open, which indeed he is.

Of his boundless Learning, and how all reading and literature in most known tongues, from *Sanconiathon* to *Dr. Lingard*, from your Oriental *Shasters*, and *Talmuds*, and *Korans*, with Cassini's *Siamese Tables*, and Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, down to *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Belfast Town and Country Almanack*, are familiar to him,—we shall say nothing: for unexampled as it is with us, to the Germans such universality of study passes without wonder, as a thing commendable, indeed, but natural, indispensable, and there of course. A man that devotes his life to learning, shall he not be learned?

In respect of style our Author manifests the same genial capability, marred too often by the same rudeness, inequality, and apparent want of intercourse with the higher classes. Occasionally, as above hinted, we find consummate vigour, a true inspiration: his burning Thoughts step forth in fit burning Words, like so many full-formed Minervas, issuing amid flame and splendour from Jove's head; a rich, idiomatic diction, picturesque allusions, fiery poetic emphasis, or quaint tricksy turns; all the graces and terrors of a wild Imagination, wedded to the clearest Intellect, alternate in beautiful vicissitude. Were it not that sheer sleeping and soporific passages; circumlocutions, repetitions, touches even of pure doting jargon, so often intervene! On the whole, Professor Teufelsdröckh is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever, with this or the other tagrag hanging from them; a few even sprawl out helplessly on all sides quite broken-backed and dismembered. Nevertheless, in almost his very worst moods, there lies in him a singular attraction. A wild tone pervades the whole utterance of the man, like its keynote and regulator; now screwing itself aloft as into the Song of Spirits, or else the shrill mockery of Fiends; now sinking in cadences, not without melodious heartiness, though sometimes abrupt enough, into the common pitch, when we hear it only as a monotonous hum; of which hum the true character is extremely difficult to fix. Up to this hour we have never fully satisfied ourselves whether it is a tone and hum of real Humour, which we reckon among the very highest qualities of genius, or some remote echo of mere Insanity and Inanity, which doubtless ranks below the very lowest.

Under a like difficulty, in spite even of our personal intercourse, do we still lie with regard to the Professor's moral feeling. Gleams of an ethereal Love burst forth from him, soft wailings of infinite Pity; he could clasp the whole Universe into his bosom, and keep it warm; it seems as if under that rude exterior there dwelt a very seraph. Then again he is so sly and still, so imperturbably saturnine; shews such indifference, malign coolness towards all that men strive after; and ever with some half-visible wrinkle of a bitter sardonic humour, if indeed it be not mere stolid callousness,—that you look on him almost with a shudder, as on some incarnate Mephistopheles, to whom this great terrestial and celestial Round, after all, were but some huge foolish Whirligig, where kings and beggars, and angels and demons, and stars and street-sweepings, were chaotically whirled; in which only children could take interest. His look, as we mentioned, is probably the gravest ever seen: yet it is not of that cast-iron gravity frequent enough among our own Chancery suitors; but rather the gravity as of some silent, high-encircled mountain-pool, perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano; into whose black deeps you fear to gaze: those eyes, those lights that sparkle in it, may indeed be reflexes of the heavenly Stars, but perhaps also glances from the region of Nether Fire!

Certainly a most involved, self-

secluded, altogether enigmatic nature, this of Teufelsdröckh! Here, however, we gladly recall to mind that once we saw him *laugh;* once only, perhaps it was the first and last time in his life; but then such a peal of laughter, enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers! It was of Jean Paul's doing: some single billow in that vast world-Mahlstrom of Humour, with its Heaven-kissing coruscations, which is now, alas, all congealed in the frost of Death! The large-bodied Poet and the small, both large enough in soul, sat talking miscellaneously together, the present Editor being privileged to listen; and now Paul, in his serious way, was giving one of those inimitable "Extra-harangues;" and, as it chanced, On the Proposal for a *Cast-metal King*: gradually a light kindled in our Professor's eyes and face, a beaming, mantling, loveliest light; through those murky features, a radiant ever-young Apollo looked; and he burst forth like the neighing of all Tattersall's, — tears streaming down his cheeks, pipe held aloft, foot clutched into the air,— loud, long-continuing, uncontrollable; a laugh not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man from head to heel. The present Editor, who laughed indeed, yet with measure, began to fear all was not right: however, Teufelsdröckh composed himself, and sank into his old stillness; on his inscrutable countenance there was, if any thing, a slight look of shame; and Richter himself could not rouse him again. Readers who have any tincture of Psychology know how much is to be inferred from this; and that no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in Laughter: the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice: the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards; or at best, produce some whiffling husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool: of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

Considered as an Author, Herr Teufelsdröckh has one scarcely pardonable fault, doubtless his worst: an almost total want of arrangement. In this remarkable Volume, it is true, his adherence to the mere course of Time produces, through the Narrative portions, a certain shew of outward method; but of true logical method and sequence there is too little. Apart from its multifarious sections and subdivisions, the Work naturally falls into two Parts; a Historical-Descriptive, and a Philosophical-Speculative: but falls, unhappily, by no firm line of demarcation; in that labyrinthic combination, each Part overlaps, and indents, and indeed runs quite through the other. Many sections are of a debatable rubric, or even quite nondescript and unnameable; whereby the Book not only loses in accessibility, but too often distresses us like some mad banquet, wherein all courses had been confounded, and fish and flesh, soup and solid, oyster-sauce, lettuces, Rhine-wine and French mustard, were hurled into one huge tureen or trough, and the hungry Public invited to help itself. To bring what order we can out of this Chaos shall be part of our endeavour.

INDIA AND ENGLAND.*

(CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, R. N.)

In the whole course of our critical labours we have never encountered lighter toil, or, more correctly to speak, have never felt higher pleasure, than in reviewing the works of Capt. Basil Hall. Nor have the anticipations of delight, which a remembrance of his former productions inspired, been disappointed in the volumes before us. One only painful sentiment has mingled with our pleasure, and that has been suggested by the title, *third* and *last* series. Why should it be so? There were three Graces, and three Fates of old, and now there are three Judges in that thing of bankrupt creation, the Court of Review; but why are these mythological and utilitarian triads to furnish precedents to our gallant Captain? He has yet ample materials in store for amusement and instruction; let him go on, he must prosper, he will delight. The present series of *Voyages and Travels* has been published some months, and were the gallant and worthy author an ordinary writer of the day, were he merely a respectable, well-intentioned producer of writings useful to, but unlikely to survive the current generation, we should not withhold the apology that may seem due to him for not having sooner noticed his labours. But Captain Hall needs no instant heralding to fame; contemporary applause has been and is awarded to him; but future race will also honour him, and we doubt not be improved by his instructions.

His first volume contains a brief account of the rise, progress, and present state of the East India Company, and at this juncture these contents are truly of momentous interest. Within the last few weeks parliament has been legislating on this subject almost in silence, while the nation have scarcely deigned to lend even a light attention to discussions leading to measures that may affect the temporal and eternal interests of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS of human beings. In 1834 the East India Company will cease to exist as a body of privileged merchants, though their political existence is to be for some few more years prolonged. The services of this distinguished Company, whose wisest and most beneficent acts are now so often grievously and wantonly misrepresented, will be graciously accepted by a ministry who, with all their lust for place, cannot but feel their inability to govern a country whose treasures they covet. They kindly concede the trouble of ruling to the Company, and wish for all the patronage themselves, though their coward fears keep them awhile from fruition. The listless indifference with which the country looked on while changes were being wrought of such tremendous import—we use the epithet advisedly, for both worlds enter on our view—the lukewarmness of advocates in the House, and the contented, lazy ignorance of those without, struck us at once with wonder and with dread.

At such a moment—and it was that in which these volumes appeared—we despaired of effectually securing attention to a subject from which those, and they are many, on whom the curse of conceit has alighted, might turn aside as trite, effete, and useless. These we deemed not the *mollia tempora fandi*—the soft season to soothe the prejudices of either ignorance or knowledge—this was not the hour to cast down the idols of the tribe, the market-place, or the den. But the door has now closed on the babbler of debate; and calm reflection, or at least its opportunity, has succeeded. We will endeavour, and Captain Hall's first volume shall be our text-book, not to let the hour pass by unimproved.

Ten years have yet to roll away, before the lordling and the fop, the flippant nepotes of doating Whiggery, can be, without restraint or stint, sent forth to disgust the Eastern world with the spectacle of English degeneracy, and to loosen our hold on that vast country, which has so long and alone been maintained by integrity, talent, and good faith. During this period much may and must occur; and when it has elapsed, a Whig ministry may no longer afflict the land. But whether Whig

* Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N., F.R.S. Third Series. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, Cadell, 1833.

misrule will terminate in anarchy loosening the bonds of government, both at home and abroad, or in a better order of things, rests with the Supreme Disposer. We can only hope or fear—prepare for the better or the worst—being assured that the best preparative for either fortune will be an increase of knowledge, and an amended cultivation of our moral faculties.

Our more immediate object is to inculcate upon those who may hereafter be called upon to act in this mighty matter, the importance of cultivating a more familiar acquaintance with Indian affairs, and the reciprocal influences which English and Asiatic minds and manners have upon each other; for little has this subject been hitherto appreciated or understood. The satirist has said, that an English washerwoman cannot sit down to breakfast before voyages have been performed to the Eastern and Western Indies to fetch her tea and sugar; and many, while laughing at the conceit, forget that any other considerations are involved in the loss or preservation of our Eastern empire or Western colonies, than the supply or diminution of these comparatively trivial luxuries. But, to adopt the language of Captain Hall, "the influence of English minds and manners, and of English feelings, is felt in the daily transactions of nearly ninety millions of persons, constituting the population of British India, and of the allied or protected states. And the connexion between the character and prosperity of the parent state and that of its Eastern empire is so close and so inseparable, that any thing which tarnishes the national reputation at home, or essentially diminishes its prescriptive attribute of good faith, must be felt instantly, and probably with tenfold disaster and disgrace, abroad. This applies especially to a country where almost all political authority rests upon opinion, and where any one act which weakens that support must necessarily threaten to bring the whole stupendous fabric to the ground." Vol. i. pp. 29, 30. The Indian question, then, is one that comes home to us all—not merely to the merchant, the trader, and the sailor; but to the man who never traverses the ocean, and who has no kith or kind on the shores of the Carnatic or in Bengal.

To understand fully the nature of our Indian government, and to be able to judge correctly of the principles which hold it together—to obtain a smattering of the fiscal regulations by which a revenue of twenty millions sterling is collected from as many provinces—or of the intricacies of a judicial system by which justice is administered over territories under our rule more than twice exceeding the extent, and thrice the population, of all Europe—to comprehend the manner in which more than two hundred thousand native troops are maintained, and disciplined, and led by British officers, is in truth a gigantic task—omitting all mention of the manners, customs, language, literature, science, and religion of the native powers, with which our complicated interests in the East are now interlaced and bound up. And yet without a considerable acquaintance with many, nay most of these things, who can safely legislate for the improvement of the natives, or the East India Company's government? Alas, every lover of speculative change thinks it easy, and vainly supposes that it is possible, by legislative enactments in England, to exert effectual control over the tribes and tongues of Hindustan. With them the voice of experience pleads in vain; and from them we turn to those who may eventually be called upon to legislate for India, who have ten years to gather information, and whose responsibility is assuredly great if they slight the opportunity for collecting wisdom which those years will supply. Good intentions alone will not suffice here; for, as Captain Hall well remarks, "There is this grand distinction between domestic and political affairs: in private life, a virtuous, but moderately gifted person, acting from a sense of duty, will rarely do much mischief; but in the government of extensive countries, a well-intentioned blockhead may often bring the severest misery upon the heads of those whom it is his purpose to benefit; and it is but a poor satisfaction to know that his intentions were the best in the world, and that his own character and fortunes are involved in the national wreck." P. 36. The inefficacy of mere good intentions, undirected by knowledge, to work substantial benefit on an enlarged scale, has been so often exhibited, that it would seem now a self-evident proposition; but, alas! ignorant men, and

weak men, and wicked men, under the specious guise of philanthropy, are still too widely and ruinously at work to allow us to continue silent on the subject; and to speak out upon it, with reference either to the Eastern or Western world, exposes us to no gentle shower of censure. We are lovers of tyranny, because we hesitate to emancipate, at once and altogether, every ignorant, and helpless, or mischievous (because ignorant) negro. We are stolid admirers of every thing that is, because we deny that every species of innovation is improvement. We are the timid slaves of an execrable superstition, because we avow our belief that man's moral destinies are connected with other worlds, and form but a portion of God's government of the universe. Be it so. We must, with the good and wise of every age and climate, submit to the calumnious infliction; and we submit rejoicingly: for "*maximum est bonitatis argumentum malis ignavisque hominibus displicere.*"

In truth, John Bull is an anomalous animal—intractable, capricious, amusing; but though often running wrong, we recognise in him too many good qualities, and love him too well, to call him "a beast" when he will not exactly obey our direction, as a voice from the woolsack, stealing by the dirty by-way of Printing-house Square, lately proclaimed the worthy but misguided creature. The John Bull of former days, with a proud contempt of every thing that was not homespun, and an impatience of any thing like difference from his own habits, would constrain every nation and person to his own standard, with a tyranny worthy of the gentle and liberal Procrustes. Beer and beef must be the food and drink of every people who would escape the imputation of folly, if not cannibalism; the muslins of the South, and the furs of the North, were to be discarded by their affected wearers for top-boots and leather breeches. These were the feelings of honest John in his early and unenlightened days—these were his oddities while he retained the power to compel a compliance with them. Absurd enough they often were, and Ridicule thereupon marked John for her own; and many of his grosser whims were laughed out of him. How have they been replaced? Has he, in losing the humorsome, but healthy, vigorous character of his bygone years, attained a wiser, stronger manhood? He is changed, verily he is changed—*ah, quantum mutatus!* His bluff honesty, his grotesque humour, his quaint but harmless prejudices, his distinctive character among the nations, is gone; and John stands forth arrayed in the motley robes of Liberality, a spectacle of pity for his friends, and of derision for his foes, who chuckle at his mimetic follies, while they hasten to spoil him.

Multiform, indeed, are the aspects under which modern Liberality reveals itself. Now it pules and whines over stripes, neglecting all wholesome charity and ordained duties, while it seeks out subjects for its sickly sorrow, which anon grown too acute for endurance, constrains it to break the bars of a menagerie, because the hyæna and the wolf look melancholy in their cage. At another time, Liberality takes up its abode in the bosom of a man who seeks to level all instituted eminence, on the stale pretence of equality, but in reality to gratify a spiteful spirit. Sheffield can furnish a representative of this mood of Liberality, and closely in connexion with India, of which we have never lost sight in this apparent digression. But in a review like the present we cannot even glance at the numerous topics which Captain Hall has only touched upon; nor do we intend to argue the East India question fully just now, for it would be out of season and, for immediate purposes, unavailing. *Le bon temps viendra.* Our main and instant anxiety is to dispel from the rising generation that ignorance which has clouded the minds of their fathers, and precluded from their view the real bearings of this momentous subject. A perfect, or even an adequate knowledge—for perfection on so boundless a theme is well nigh inaccessible—can only be acquired by painstaking diligence. Let, however, our younger readers take Capt. Hall as their first guide through this almost untrodden field, and be assured that it is one fertile, luxuriant, and richly rewarding cultivation. Above all things, in their researches for Indian information, and in their noviciate for Indian life, let them eschew that Liberality which has been their fathers' bane—whether it masks its "monstrous visage" beneath the softening tears of sensibility—or voluptuous indolence, shrinking from the proximity of misery—or well-meaning but mischievous

ignorance, which meddles but to mar—or crouching revenge, which destroys because superiority is intolerable.

On this point we thus earnestly enforce line upon line and precept upon precept, because entirely and in our souls convinced of the preliminary necessity of purging the mind from cant, before it can successfully grapple with so multifarious and difficult an inquiry. We cannot refrain from addressing those who may be called on to act in or on behalf of India, in the very words of the revered and admirable Sir John Malcolm. Alas, some months ago, we saw him joyous in spirits, and apparently vigorous in health; and now he is laid low—prematurely worn out, we too surely fear, by his exertions on behalf of the far-distant race whom he knew, and loved, and served. God lighten the heavy guilt of those—if such there be—whose madness or obduracy rendered efforts necessary, which perhaps cost Malcolm his life! Young man, whoever thou art, ere thou actest either a civil or military part in India, engrave these words on the tablets of thy mind and heart:

"You are called upon to perform no easy task: to possess power, but seldom to exercise it; to witness abuses which you think you could correct; to see the errors, if not crimes, of superstitious bigotry, and the miseries of misrule, and yet forbear, lest you injure interests far greater than any within the sphere of your limited duties, and thus impede and embarrass, by a rash change and innovation that may bring local benefit, the slow but certain march of general improvement. Nothing can keep you right on all these points but constant efforts to add to your knowledge, and accustoming your minds to dwell upon the character of the British power in India, and that of the empire over which it is established. That empire, comprehending numerous tribes and nations, with all their various institutions and governments, may truly, though metaphorically, be viewed as a vast and ancient fabric, not without shape and beauty, but of which many parts are in a dilapidated state, and all more or less soiled or decayed: still, it is a whole, and connected in all its parts—the foundations are laid deep, and, to the very summit, arch rests upon arch. We are now its possessors; and if we desire to preserve, while we improve it, we must make ourselves completely masters of the frame of the structure, to its minutest ornaments and defects: nor must we remove the smallest stone till another is ready suited to fill the vacant niche, otherwise we may inadvertently bring ruin on our own heads and those of others, on the spot where we too eagerly sought to erect a monument of glory."*

Our pen rests in its course, while we consider whether we should devote the whole space allotted to this article to a full exposition of Capt. Hall's Indian views, or, reserving this ampler discussion for a future opportunity, take a cursory survey of all the volumes before us. We will adopt the latter plan, which we can effect within moderate limits, by abstaining from much quotation,—an abstinence by no means easy to practise, as a perusal of their contents will prove. For all the agreeable and excellent qualities which rendered the former series so delightful are discernible in the present. The frolic fun of the reefer, and perhaps the half-boyish humour of the lieutenant, has been superseded by a graver spirit; but throughout there is breathed a manly cheerfulness, which evinces that the Captain, in devoting his energies to the service of his country and his king, has practically adopted the motto of the good old bishop,—SERVE GOD, AND BE CHEERFUL. One or two more pages must yet be given to a synopsis of the important contents of the first volume. Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to a body of her merchants, by which, on the last day of the year 1600, they were erected into a corporation, under the title of The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies. Capital, 72,000*l.*! "Such were the small beginnings of that mighty power which has overspread the richest portion of Asia, and far outrivalled in substantial wealth, real utility, and political influence, the authority of the greatest conquerors of the East." In 1609, the Company obtained a second and amplified charter. But their affairs, together with the corporation itself, and even their very name, were well nigh swallowed up and lost in the tremen-

* Notes of Instructions to Assistants and Officers acting under the orders of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B.

dous excitement of the great civil war. The trade to India was, as might be expected, in those days of democratic frenzy, thrown open from 1652 to 1657; after which Cromwell, with a sagacity all his own, and despising the idle clamours of his contemporaries, who then, as now, raised the hostile cry of monopoly, renewed the privileges of the Company. "Charles II. gave them a fresh charter in 1661, investing them not only with exclusive trading privileges for fifteen years, but giving them a right to exercise civil jurisdiction, and to establish military authority. What was of still more importance, it empowered them to make war, or to conclude peace, with the 'infidels of India.' This charter, besides sundry minor privileges, permitted the Company to grant licenses to private merchants to traffic from port to port in India; and hence the name of 'country traders' came to be applied to a multitude of coasters and other shipping. Of this vast commerce the nation at home see nothing and know little, but it has exercised, from that hour to this, a prodigious influence on the prosperity of India, and of course indirectly contributed essentially to the commercial wealth of England. The capital and spirit of enterprise, indeed, are almost all British which set these active traders in motion, and keep them going in swarms along the whole line of Asiatic coast, from Babelmandel, at the mouth of the Red Sea, to the Chinese ocean, and from Acheen-head, at the north end of the island of Sumatra, to Cook's Straits in the savage islands of New Zealand, and indeed over the whole of the vast Indian Archipelago."

In 1663, Charles II. obtained the island of Bombay from the Portuguese, as part of the unfortunate Catherine's marriage-portion. In 1668, he made it over to the Company, being unable to maintain it! *Discite moniti!* James II. granted enlarged privileges to the Company, who in 1694 obtained a fresh charter from Queen Mary. In 1698, another body of merchants united, and succeeded in obtaining also a charter; and thus for a few years England had two East India Companies. But in 1702 they united their stock, and assumed that name under which they have ever since been incorporated, 'The United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies."

Two most important conclusions may be drawn from a careful consideration of the events which occurred during the periods of which we have only been enabled to give the dates. First, that India could no longer be held as a mere trading station. Secondly, that it could not be managed as a colony, liable to the fluctuations incident to so uncertain a body as his majesty's ministers. The English individually, and practically, are not under the influence of public spirit. This is a proposition which will startle the superficial, and offend the testy, but it is capable of abundant proof. An Englishman swaggers through the streets of a foreign city, proud of his name because it secures to him personal respect; but he seeks only personal honour or private gain, and will not be checked in the gratification of one selfish desire, by reflecting on the tendency of his conduct as derogatory to or exalting the English character. The habituated feeling of being a British officer and wearing his majesty's uniform, corrects, and in most cases subdues, this self-indulgent feeling in the army and navy; and the strong arm of discipline effectually curbs the act where it cannot stifle the wish. But look at the master of a merchantman and his unruly crew: we could fill columns on this subject, detailing cases which we have ourselves witnessed of the injurious effects produced by English conduct abroad. For the sake of home readers, still indignant at our apparently unpatriotic dogma, we would ask, what would be the probable result of an unlimited access being afforded to the public to our museums, libraries, and gardens? The sculpture of Canova would, within a week, be overspread with the ribaldry of Cheapside—the monuments of the great departed, who had lived for their country's service and died in her defence, would be defiled by those for whom these glorified martyrs bled—the illuminated leaves of missals, and the very shrubs of our parterres, would be destroyed by the hand of mischief, or pilfered by that of avarice. We write the truth, but gladly, as Englishmen, turn from the humiliating theme. To recur, then, to the state of India just previous to the administration of the great and calumniated Warren Hastings. The profligate dealings of traders with the natives, the absence of that good faith which is the only true foundation

of public honour, and flagrant abuses of every kind, had grown to such frightful magnitude as to justify much of the fierce declamation of Burke, though he hurled it not at the really guilty parties, but against him who brought these evils to light, and pointed out the way to better things — the benefactor of his country, and the true friend to the natives of India, WARREN HASTINGS. Pitt, Fox, Burke, Dundas, and others, the most able statesmen of the time, addressed themselves to grapple with this complicated question, which, in these days, every puerile sciolist thinks so easy of solution.

The inquiries and reports in parliament in 1783 paved the way for the introduction of improvements in the administration of East Indian affairs, which have since been so successfully beneficial, and in 1784 Mr. Pitt's bill was passed, and four or five acts explanatory of it in 1786, and another very important bill in 1788 declaratory of the intentions of the first bill.

We have not space to analyse these celebrated enactments, nor to detail the conflicts through which they were carried; neither can we report the instructive discussions which they called forth. Most of our readers must be acquainted generally with the bills of Pitt and Fox; suffice it then here to remark, that they were respectively characterised by much of the spirit and mode of operation of the opposing parties whom these great men led. Pitt wisely, and with as little alteration as possible, adapted already fabricated machinery to his purpose; and looking cheerfully with a sound and enlarged philosophy on human nature, confided his design to generous and manly principles. Fox swept away all prepared matter, remodelled every thing, and trusting not to honourable impulse for the furtherance of his main objects, bent all his attention on fabricating forms to prevent men from knavery. It is a curious problem, which we would give a premium to see well worked out, Why do Whigs invariably treat all men as rogues? Many of the provisions of Fox's India-bill are similar to recent measures, though we suspect that Mr. Fox, all Whig as he was, would have drawn back in dismay from the reckless destructiveness of Brougham.

Mr. Fox's bill took away the commerce entirely from the Company — so far it agrees with the measure of 1833: it abolished the court of directors, and deprived the Company of every appointment, civil, military, and commercial, both at home and abroad, vesting the whole patronage in certain new commissioners, who were not to be dependent upon ministers, nor even to hold communication with them; but were by Mr. Fox invested with powers and privileges which might have involved England in war with any state, without even the knowledge of his majesty's government! The fear of the treasury-bench was surely not here the beginning of legislative wisdom!

Mr. Pitt's bill left the commerce and the whole of the patronage to the Company. But the most important of all the changes he introduced was the establishment of the Board of Control — a measure cavilled at in its inception, and often censured since; but which, we deliberately think, has produced the result aimed at by its far-sighted founder — that amalgamation of India with the administration at home, which should render Hindustan an integral part of the British empire. It has so engrafted, as it were, that luxuriant branch on the parent stock, as, by imparting the same circulation, to cause it to bear the same fruit as the original from which it sprung.

In closing for awhile this important subject, we will quote and subscribe our heart-uttered Amen to the eloquent prayer of Captain Hall. "Would to God," says he, with honest energy, "and I say it with the most heartfelt conviction of its utility and importance to millions upon millions of our fellow-subjects in India — would to God that I could describe, in terms adequately forcible to engage the attention and convince the understanding of those whom it so deeply concerns, the countless advantages which the poor natives of those regions actually enjoy at this moment, under the present much-abused system of government. For while I freely grant there exist many evils in the system, I believe very few of these are susceptible of much improvement; and, assuredly, none of sudden or extensive changes for the better. I admit that our legislation is far from complete; that the taxation of lands we have conquered may, in some places, press heavily on our Indian subjects; and that the administration of justice, though ten times better than ever it

was in times past, is not quite so perfect as it may prove in the millennium. I admit, too, that the natives of the upper ranks do not enjoy the authority amongst their countrymen which they enjoyed of old; and that amongst them there must necessarily exist some natural feeling of humiliation, at witnessing the extension of an authority which has absorbed so much their own importance. Nevertheless, all things considered, I do firmly believe that India is, at this moment, more tranquil and more prosperous than ever it has been before. I believe, too, that the great mass of the inhabitants of that interesting country enjoy more real, practical freedom, than they could hope to possess under their own native rulers, or will enjoy again under any rulers whatsoever, if we shall incautiously interfere with a system of such enormous complexity and extent."

Such is the testimony of a man who has seen, in his time, the working of almost every form of government in the world; who is no bigot-worshipper of monarchy and nobles as such, nor incurable idolater of democracy, after witnessing its evils and its errors; who hailed with all the fervour of a young and passionate spirit, the birth-day of what he fondly welcomed as liberty in the nascent republics of Chili and Peru, though his hopes in that quarter have been sadly blighted; who is no hired advocate, nor even in the employment of the Company whose policy he applauds; while he — a Captain in the Royal Navy — boldly and severely censures the measures of his majesty's ministers. And by what is this system to be replaced?—this "imperial corporation," as it was aptly styled by the last of England's orators, in his last public speech, "which has produced a race of men adequate to its administration. I venture to say," continued Canning, in noticing the appointment of Sir John Malcolm to the presidency of Bombay, "I venture to say, that there cannot be found in Europe any monarchy, which within a given time has produced so many men of the first talents, in civil and military life, as India has, within the same period, first reared for her own use, and then given to their native country." And by what is this system to be replaced? By the misrule, corruptions, and imbecility of our colonies? or the nepotism of grasping, or the fluctuations of a weak administration at home? *Longum iter per præcepta, breve per exempla*: Brahmins are to be taught patience by Lord Durham; Soodras, honesty and decorum by Silk Buckingham; and Warren Hastings may be succeeded by Lord Howick.

The second volume contains a narrative of excursions made by the Captain in Ceylon, and different parts of India, most of them by the assistance and permission, and some of them in company with his commanding-officer, the late Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, whom the possession of every great and amiable quality conspired to make one of the most interesting men of his time. The passages in which this high-minded man is presented to the reader, must increase the admiration which we trust, for the credit of their taste, a majority of the British nation still feel for the navy. And if any of our readers have grown weary of the graver discussions to which we have directed their attention, they may refresh themselves with this cheerful volume, filled with sketches in our intelligent traveller's best style. Every page deserves perusal; amusement and instruction are every where delightfully blended; and what may advance the interests of his profession in the way of augmented information, is never, in his most joyous hours, overlooked or neglected by Captain Hall. In his mirthful moments, we must say that the Captain descants on the pleasures of the table with the tact and taste of an Amphytrion after our own heart—for we entirely concur with Dr. Johnson in his opinion, that the man who *does* not think about his dinner, *cannot* usefully think about any thing; and his account of a supper in the woods of Ceylon, really made us not only envious but hungry. We understand that he now dare not either smoke cigars or quaff Lafitte; and, since the field of Assaye, the Duke of Wellington has been a *two-glass-of-sherry* man. We love and revere the Marshal and the Captain, and in our heart of hearts commiserate the sufferings of each, which may have been entailed upon them by the same cause — the malaria of Seringapatam, that most unhealthy spot in India. Colonel Wellesley occupied Tippoo's palace, while governor of that far-famed fortress; and within the same walls Captain Hall sowed the seeds of a

jungle fever, from the effects of which he has not recovered to this hour. It may surprise many of our readers to learn, that "the dish we call curry, pronounced kari by the natives, is not of Indian, nor indeed of Asiatic origin at all. It is not known to the Persians, Arabs, Chinese, Burmese, Siamese, or to any of the Indian islanders. Neither is it known, even at this day, to the inhabitants of Hindustan itself; except to such as are in frequent communication with Europeans. Even the word curry, or kari, is not supposed to be of genuine Indian origin; in short, there is reason to believe that curries were first introduced into India by the Portuguese: and this view is in some degree supported by the consideration that chilies, or capsicums (so invariably one of the most important ingredients) are known to be natives, not of Asia but America."

By the way, speaking of American capsicums, have any of our readers ever tasted a pepper-pot, made by the native Indians on the Spanish main? If not, let them be assured that they have not exhausted the luxuries of life; but as the voyage is rather long to taste it — further by some few miles than Quin's annual trips to Bath for John Dorey—we would refer them for an imagined banquet thereon to a very amusing, though now neglected work, Dr. Pinkard's *Notes on the West Indies*. But the Hindoos are wretchedly behind the Europeans in every article of real luxury; for even the admirable punkah, which, though simple in its construction, is invaluable, as rendering an Indian climate not merely tolerable, but Indian rooms far cooler than London houses in August; — the punkah (which, be it known to the unlearned, is merely a large fan, suspended to the roof, and waved to and fro by the attendants) was devised by the Bengal officers who served with Lord Cornwallis, in 1791. We wish Captain Hall (in whose merriment there is more wisdom than in many men's gravity) would write a book for the use of griffins, and all persons going to India; and we earnestly entreat every naval officer whose eye these pages may meet, to study his remarks on the climate, and the best modes of counteracting its debilitating effects. Many a life may thus be spared, which carelessness and ignorance will otherwise run hazard of sacrificing. Chapter the third, on the Ceylonese canoes, Peruvian balsas, and the floating windlass of the Coromandel fishermen, contains many a hint pregnant with useful instruction to the service, and which may be turned to good account in the numerous emergencies to which naval men are exposed. The graphic descriptions will make it delightful to the general reader; but we have not space to quote sufficiently for a practical exposition of the technical matter; of the utility of which, however, some conception may be formed when we state, that had any one of the crew of the French frigate Méduse — the shipwreck of which, in 1816, cannot be forgotten — been acquainted with the simple principle of the guara, by which the Peruvian balsa is steered, not one of the lives — all so horribly, and some so atrociously sacrificed — need have been lost. Chapter the fourth, on the surf at Madras, is wound up by Captain Hall's expressing his surprise that a chain-pier has never been erected there, similar to the one at Brighton, which has so well resisted the worst weather. We were never at Madras, and cannot therefore give an opinion on the subject from personal experience; but we must feel how important such a work would be in a commercial point of view, and not merely as a relief to a passenger's nervous fears in a masullah boat. Such a hint, however, from so accurate and competent an observer, ought to be attended to, and the feasibility of the scheme examined. The surf at Madras, of course, differs in degrees of roughness, according to the weather; but would not its regular rollers oppose a formidable obstacle to the driving of piles, which might well resist the wind and waves when once firmly down? At Brighton, the tide ebbs beyond two-thirds of the piles altogether; and at the outermost there is no heavy surf, except when the wind blows strong southerly or westerly.

We will now turn for a moment to projects involving mightier results than the proposed erection of a chain-pier on the Carnatic shore. It may be within the recollection of our more attentive readers, that in our review of the Landers' travels in Africa we dwelt on irrigation, as an instrument to purify Africa directly of its physical, and incidentally of its moral impurity; and we urged the practicability of the plan. Every inquiry that we have subse-

quently made, and they have been many, has confirmed us in our formerly expressed opinion; and we may now add to our collected facts, the vast works for artificial irrigation discovered by Captain Hall near the Candelay lake, in Ceylon, the work of a remote antiquity; and the more vast tanks in the table-land of Mysore, still existing in practical usefulness. These embankments, or bunds as they are called, stretch for miles — one tank, near Seringapatam, is almost thirty miles in circumference; and so numerous are they in the Mysore country, that, from an eminence, Captain Hall counted more than a hundred; some of them six, eight, and ten miles round, and the least not less than two or three. What would be the effect of such works in Africa, for the construction of which there are workmen, water, and level? The Indus and the Cauvery are tapped to fertilise the circumjacent plains; can any engineer tell us why a similar operation may not be performed on the Niger, the Senegal, the Congo, or the nameless streams which meander through the turgid swamps of Africa? Would not the result be a more effectual cessation of the slave-trade, than consigning the white population of the Carribean islands to the knives and hatchets of emancipated negroes?

We have fulfilled our promise to abstain from quotation, but we cannot close our notice of this admirable volume without giving, in our intelligent traveller's own words, the description of a palankeen. No book that we have ever met with contains so good a one; and we suspect it will be novel to most Europeans, who usually think of a palankeen as only different from a sedan-chair, in that its occupier maintains a recumbent instead of a sitting posture.

"The palankeen is about six feet long, by two and a half wide, and serves at night-time for a bed, in the day-time for a parlour. In the front part of the interior is fitted a broad shelf, underneath which a drawer pulls out, and over the shelf a net is stretched such as we see in travelling carriages. In the after-part, as a sailor would call it, there is generally fixed a shelf for books, a net for fruit or any loose articles, and hooks for hats, caps, towels, and other things. There are two doors, or sliding partitions, in each side, fitted with Venetian blinds in the upper panel, and in each end of the palankeen are placed two little windows. Many travellers choose to have a lamp fixed in one corner, with a glass face turned inwards, but trimmed from without, for reading or for sleeping by. The bottom, or seat, is made of strips of rattan, like that of a chair, over which is laid a light elastic mattrass, made either of horse-hair, or, which is still better, I believe, of the small shavings used in dressing the bamboo and rattan. Across the palankeen, at the distance of a foot and a half from the end, is hung a flat square cushion, buttoned tightly from side to side, for the traveller's back to rest against; while his feet are prevented from slipping forwards by a cross-bar, similar in principle to the stretchers in a boat, against which the rowers plant their feet. This bar, which slides up and down in slits cut at the sides of the palankeen, is capable of being shifted nearer to or farther from the end, according to the length of the voyager's legs, or to his choice of position. In the space behind the cushion, or rest for the back, are stowed away, in the day-time, the sheets, blankets, pillow, and other night-things; and in the net above, two or three changes of clothes, in case of any accident separating the traveller from his heavy baggage. In the drawers may be kept shaving articles, and such nick-knacks as a compass, thermometer, sketch-book. On the shelf behind, a few books, among which, of course, will be found a road-book and a Hindustanee vocabulary, jostling with a teapot and sugar-canister. Under the mattrass an infinity of small things may be hid, provided they be flattish. In each corner of this moving house are placed little round sockets for bottles and glasses. Many other odds and ends of comforts and conveniences suggest themselves as the journey advances, or may be found cut and dry in expensive palankeens. I speak merely of what mine possessed, and it was a very ordinary affair,—cheap and strong, and not too heavy. Along the top, on the outside, is laid a wax cloth cover, which, when not in use, is rolled up; but in rainy weather, or when the night-air becomes chill, this cloth is let so loose as to envelope the whole palankeen. At each end there is fixed a single strong smooth bar, which rests on the bearers' shoulders. This pole, which is somewhat thicker than a man's arm, is possessed of none of the elasticity which gives such an unpleasant motion to a sedan chair, being secured tightly to the corners of the palankeen by iron rods. To one of these poles there is generally suspended a beautifully-shaped rattan basket, holding a goglet, or water-pitcher; which is still farther defended from injury by an open tracery of split rattans, resembling

not a little the work in relief on the buttresses and pinnacles of Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey. This goglet is hung in front, that the dew which exudes from its pores may be evaporated by the current of air it encounters as the bearers move on: and thus, even in the hottest weather, a cool draught of water may always be obtained. Under the pole behind are hung a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and a curious but useful kind of wash-hand basin, imported from China, of a cylindrical shape, made of wood highly varnished."

"A stranger, or griffin, as he is called, on first getting into a palankeen at Madras, is naturally much alarmed, and often rather distressed, at the hideous sounds made by the bearers, as he naturally fancies the men must be suffering dreadfully under their load. There have been instances of Johnny Newcomes so prodigiously sensitive or spooney, as actually to get out and walk in the sun, to the particular amusement of the bearers, who, it is alleged, make their yells doubly horrible when they fancy they have caught a griffin. I do confess that, at first, it feels a little queer to be carried along on men's shoulders; but this is a great waste of sympathy, inasmuch as every man so carrying you is not only a servant at will, but a very well-paid, contented servant, and one of a caste whose greatest pleasure and anxiety is to be so employed—who makes money by it, and saves it, and buys land, and becomes in time a gentleman in his way. I never remember to have heard the brawny Highlanders, who carry people about in chairs in Edinburgh, Bath, and elsewhere, accused of any extra servility, because they lifted the box containing their employer, instead of driving the horses which dragged the carriage holding the same personages. In short, all these matters turn on usage; and the deuce is in it if the parties most concerned are not the best judges of what, upon the whole, is most to their mind. But the fashion now-a-days is to cram compassion down contented people's throats, and in the true spirit of the philosophers of Laputa, or the needy knife-grinder's friend in the *Antijacobin*, to make happy men miserable, in order that they may be re-converted to happiness by some patent general principle—an invaluable process, always best known, it would appear, to those who are personally ignorant of all the practical details of the subject."

The third volume contains so much instruction on subjects novel to landsmen, and here almost for the first time rendered comprehensible—so much sound reflection on naval discipline, and so many valuable hints the adoption of which we think would go far to hasten the arrival of the day which Capt. Hall anticipates, when it will be accounted a privilege to enter the navy, and a disgrace to be turned out of it—in short, the contents of this volume are at once so interesting and important that we are half disposed to retract our promise to comprise the whole series in this article. But, hang it! we are not Whigs, so we will keep our word. The chapters on commissioning a ship and fitting out will please every one, and to the young naval student and freshly entered reefer will be highly useful.

Naval gunnery is discussed in a manner worthy of attention at the Admiralty as well as in the after-cabin. And may every commander learn not only how to do his own duty, but likewise how to lead others to the cheerful performance of theirs, by perusing the anecdotes of the incomparable Nelson. "Would to God we could all learn really to imitate his example, and not only know what is right, but practise what we know!"

The subject of impressment is approached by Captain Hall, as it must be by all thoughtful and well-informed men, as one of momentous and even "terrific" import. His matter-of-fact reasoning upon it is admirable, especially in that most important point of view which is invariably put out of sight by declaimers on shore—its bearings upon the feelings of sailors themselves. A British seaman's peculiarities (we speak of a thorough-bred one) are no more understood on shore than the idiosyncrasies of the inhabitants of Sirius. But those greatly err who, regarding Jack's simplicity in many land matters, believe him destitute of sagacity, and unable to appreciate moral motives, and those of high order too. The night-watches of the deck induce deeper shades of reflectiveness than those who have always lived in a street or farm-yard can well conceive: "England expects every man to do his duty," moved the hearts at Trafalgar with mightier thrill than was ever felt by the most erudite reasoner on moral impulses. Four years ago we hired a seaman, whom we ourselves picked up on the common hard at Portsmouth, to enter for a few weeks on board a small craft, in which we were brushing off London smoke in the Channel; and a good steady hand

we found him. This we mention, as we are about to use his testimony in proof of our assertion as to the ignorance of landsmen of the real character of the navy and naval men. He had served for several years in the navy, and on the paying off of one of his ships, had been induced to enter on board the Falcon, Lord Yarborough's yacht. He served one season, but expressed his unqualified dislike to such service: he hated, to use his own words, "niggling at nails, and playing the man-of-war's man." The commodore of the Yacht Club — oh, dear! we mean the Royal Yacht Squadron — conceives naval discipline to consist in harassing his men with petty observances, polishing pins, and brightening balls to decorate the combings of the hatchway. Sailor as my Lord Yarborough fancies himself, he is far from being a seaman; and can never keep a crew for two seasons together. This is a fact notorious at Cowes; but whether it originates in the habitude of Whigs to play the tyrant in small, when too feeble to enact a grander oppression, or in his lordship's fallacious fancies of what a man-of-war really is, we shall not trouble ourselves to ascertain; and most certainly shall tender no apologies for our freedom with a man whose arrogant assumption of command, and impudent use of the British name at the court of Cherbourg, has gone far to dissolve a club which not only afforded healthy recreation to its members, and employment to many useful hands, but likewise tended to improve our naval architecture. Now that Lord Yarborough has prostrated the members at the feet of Louis Philippe, and sought to invest the club with a character of Whig partisanship, the sooner gentlemen who do not wish to be fettered in their recreations disperse themselves, or discard their commodore!! the better.

This short anecdote may well apply, by way of illustration, to our argument on the mischievous misapprehensions of naval matters which have so marred all reasoning on the subject of impressment. The legality of impressment has been set at rest by the argument of Mr. Justice Foster, when recorder of Bristol; on which Franklin attempted to be smart and playful. How he succeeded may be seen in his memoirs; but having no wish to libel the philosopher of Philadelphia, we will not transcribe his drolleries on a dry-land argument.

The cruelty of impressment has been much exaggerated, though heart-breaking instances from homeward-bound traders have often occurred. "To pretend that there is no evil in impressment, would be nearly as unreasonable as to assert that there is no evil in pain, in poverty, or in war itself. But I deny," continues Captain Hall, "that the evils incident to any of these calamities are unmixed, or incapable of alleviation."

This is the philosophical way of dealing with the subject; but our lessening limits preclude enlarged remarks. The topic, however, shall be shortly resumed alone, and at length.

In conclusion, we must praise many of the descriptive sketches scattered over this volume, as equal in graphic power to any of Captain Hall's former productions. The goose-feast on board the Lyra at Deptford, and in the Canton river, and his own anxious night-watch, to take an observation while running for the British Channel before a hard south-west gale, are admirable. His last chapter, containing an account of his journey to superintend Sir Walter Scott's embarkation at Portsmouth, in the autumn of 1831, is alone worth the price of the three volumes.

ON NATIONAL ECONOMY.

No. IX.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW ON, I. FREE-TRADE; II. ABSENTEEISM; III. THE GREATEST HAPPINESS PRINCIPLE.

We are altogether disappointed in the reply of the *Westminster Review.* We calculated on finding in Col. Thompson at least either sufficient acuteness to frame a smart rejoinder, or sufficient prudence to keep entirely clear of the question. As to the humility or ingenuousness which admits the possibility of error, and concedes to the force of reason, we had seen rather too much of the manœuvring of political economists to dream of meeting with any thing of that kind.

The article in question (the first in the *Westminster Review* for October) is rather of the strangest. After quoting our paper of July as the text of his essay, he flies off at once in a tangent, and never once approaches the subject of that paper till he has filled eleven pages with another discussion. He had owned his knowledge of the existence of our argument, and he had also made his readers acquainted with it. And yet, instead of addressing himself to its refutation, he sits down to invent and to indite another piece of ratiocination, professedly on our side the question; which having done, he chuckles over his own performance; declares it to be "a better defence" of our case than we ourselves had produced; and then gravely commences the task of its demolition.

Really, this is sad child's play! We had supposed that this setting-up men of straw merely in order triumphantly to knock them down again, was a device of rather too stale a kind to be adopted by the inventive geniuses of the *Westminster Review.* But many of the supposed novelties and inventions of the present day are nothing more than old nostrums, resuscitated and dressed up in modern costumes.

With this game of shuttlecock, in which it pleases the gallant Colonel to indulge, we shall not attempt to interfere. The argument which he has so graciously volunteered in our behalf may be, as he declares, "a better one" than has been put forth on our own part, and his refutation of it may be still more resplendent and astounding. But it would be very little worth our while to discuss either the *pro* or the *con* of this sham-fight controversy. And we are the less tempted to accept our opponent's proffered aid, inasmuch as the position originally taken by us appears to be sufficiently capable of defence, seeing that the gallant Colonel has assailed it in person, after his victory over himself, and has failed to make the least impression.

Our readers will probably remember that the points to which we directed their attention were these:—We sketched a view of the operation of the free-trade system on our silk manufacture, and shewed that, as far as the interests engaged in that branch were concerned, the modern nostrum had worked results the most calamitous and deplorable, both as regarded the masters and the workmen. We then inquired what countervailing benefits could be adduced; and we found none, saving the cheapening of silk-gowns and ribands to our cooks and nurserymaids.

Our opponent, with the usual candour and fairness of an economist, concludes his article by asserting, that "the man who assumes to himself the title of 'practical,' declares he has a theory, *that it is proper to look only at one side.*" Probably he would be offended if we styled this *a simple and deliberate falsehood:* but what are we to think of such an accusation, on the part of one who had read our argument? For, having made completeness of view our especial aim, and having first searched, as far as we were able, for facts adducible in defence of the late destruction of our silk manufacture, we turned, in order to omit nothing, to the writings of the free traders themselves, there to discover and set down in the account every item which they could name as of weight on that side of the question.

The main argument which we found to be relied on, both by Col. Thompson and Mr. Booth, was this, that "if imports are prevented by prohibitory duties, exports are prevented to the same extent." In other words, that if we consented to take silks or other goods from the French, they must, of an absolute necessity, receive our goods

to a like amount; and thus the industry of England, in the aggregate, would suffer no loss.

Our reply to this was, that in 1822, before the introduction of the free-trade system, our dealings with France were,

Imports	£878,273
Exports	1,185,961;

while, in 1832, they were,

Imports	3,056,154
Exports	892,009;

shewing at once that the assumption of the economists was wholly unfounded,—that to extend our imports from any country must inevitably lead to a like extension of our exports. Take your silks from France, said they, and the French will be obliged to pay themselves by taking your manufactures in return. The fact, however, turned out to be, that when, in reliance on this hope, we had increased our purchases from France, per annum, from 878,273*l.* to 3,056,154*l.*, the French, instead of augmenting their purchases of our manufactures, actually *diminished* them from 1,185,961*l.* to 892,009*l.*

Here, then, was the first position of our opponents proved to be altogether erroneous. But we proceeded to seek for their resource when driven from this ground. That resource we found in Mr. Booth's tract, in these words:

"It is said they will take our gold and reject our manufactures. Be it so. The manufactures will then be exported to fetch the gold."

To this we remarked, that it was clear that the French *did* reject our manufactures and take our gold. But that the rest of the supposition, namely, that this would cause our manufactures to be exported in order "to fetch the gold," was altogether chimerical; inasmuch as every market on the globe was already glutted with our goods; so that the idea of sending abroad a further quantity, merely because it was necessary to "fetch some gold," was perfectly absurd. The conclusion, finally, to which we were conducted, was this, that the silks of France were in fact mainly paid for in gold, and that this trade was thus operating a continual drain upon our circulating medium, to the obvious injury of every interest in the country, excepting that of the fixed annuitant.

To this conclusion Col. Thompson, after amusing himself through eleven pages with his sham-fight argument, offers two objections. The first concerns the currency.

"If coins are abstracted from the circulation, and sent abroad in payment for foreign goods, the consequence is (as is in fact insisted on by the opponents) to make money-prices fall, or the coin buy more of goods of any kind than it did before, till the state of the circulation is restored. It must therefore buy more bullion; and the consequence of this change in the price of bullion is to put the government, the moment the difference amounts to as much as will turn the scale, upon buying more gold to make into coins; which addition to the demand for gold creates just as real an addition to the demand for some British manufactures or other, as an addition to the demand for Turkey coffee, or any other article that is the subject of a transit trade. Do the Tories think gold and gold coins are found in parsley-beds, or under apple-trees? or in what way do they think the supply is regulated, but by the same rules that direct the procreation of any other sublunary ware? If the markets in the gold countries are already 'glutted with English goods,' a new demand for ten thousand ounces of gold will not be a whit less a godsend to the English owners. If they are involved to the amount of 100,000*l.*, it may be only 40,000*l.* towards their deliverance; but 40,000*l.* to a man's account is 40,000*l.*, whether he may chance to be involved to the amount of 60,000*l.* more or not. There is an end therefore of the Tory miracle, of our gold running out of circulation at the rate of a million a-year, and still the wretches being able to find a guinea to fee a doctor with;—for it is the story of the horn given to Thor to drain, which communicated with the sea behind. This is the answer to the 'circulation' fallacy; an answer quite competent to shew that there is no harm in foreign goods being paid for in sovereigns, if it *is* so, but, on the contrary, as much good as in any other transit trade."

Here the Colonel, with the usual fairness and courtesy of an economist, chooses to exaggerate our statement into an absurdity, in order that he may then indulge in a laugh at it. When we spoke of the circulating medium being reduced by a million or two every year, in paying for French silks, we never expressed that alarm lest it should entirely vanish, and our friends be left "without a guinea to fee the doctor with," which our candid antagonist is pleased to attribute to us. We are quite as well aware that the

"horn communicates with the sea behind," as the gallant Colonel can be. Our position is merely this, that we are not at this moment, nor have been for these seven years past, paying for the silks of France in our own manufactures, as the economists would fraudulently induce us to believe, but in specie; and that this continual drain upon our circulation is in itself an evil; that is, an evil to the industrious classes; though to a man who subsists on his half pay or his dividends, it may be an unmixed good. Now, a man may very well believe these two things, and therefore wish to put a stop to the importation of French silks, without being chargeable with the folly of supposing that we are about to be left guinea-less. This the gallant Colonel well knew, when he sneered, with a pretended misunderstanding of our argument, at our supposed fears for the total loss of our circulating medium. Had he listened to a farmer who was expressing his apprehensions of the evil consequences of long-continued rain, he would not have understood the man to mean that he expected a return of the universal deluge. Such an apprehension had never entered the mind of the agriculturist; and yet he sincerely apprehended the danger of too much wet weather. So we can see many and serious evils in a constant drain upon our metallic currency, without being in the least open to the ridicule of expecting the total exhaustion of it.

In fact, we are perfectly at one with the Colonel as to the nature and existence of the evil. He himself states, and admits that we had previously stated it, that "if coins are abstracted from the circulation, and sent abroad in payment for foreign goods, the consequence is, to make money-prices fall, or the coin buy more goods of any kind than it did before, till the state of the circulation is restored."

This is one of the evils upon which we are insisting. First, you take your orders from Spitalfields and Macclesfield, and send them to Lyons; thereby plunging some tens of thousands of workmen into pauperism and starvation: And, secondly, you have, in paying for these foreign silks, to abstract a million or two yearly from your circulating medium; thereby making money-prices fall throughout the kingdom. This "making money-prices fall" is evidently not considered to be much of an evil by the Colonel; and, indeed, if he be either a "dead-weight" man or a holder of consols, it is far from being an evil to *him*. But a market which is constantly slipping down, lower and lower, with each successive half million of gold remitted to Lyons, is to the industrious classes—to those who are always occupied in making goods at an expected price, and who are ever finding, while this state of things lasts, that the price thus calculated upon is not to be obtained, and ever thus returning home, after every sale, with disappointed hopes and blighted prospects,—the most disheartening and ruinous thing that can be conceived.

But the Colonel has another shift yet left. He tells us:

"At the same time, the fact is understood to be, that French goods are *not* paid for by a transit of either sovereigns or bullion, but by certain descriptions of English manufactures, openly transmitted through the custom-houses to countries bordering on France, and thence conveyed to their destination through the agency of what has been denominated 'God Almighty's knight-errant in defence of honest people against knaves and blockheads,'—the smuggler."

Here again, fortunately, we catch our opponent in the region of fact—recorded fact—and therefore we shall find it no difficult matter to deal with him.

If the silks of Lyons were really paid for by the cotton twist of Blackburn, that circumstance, which is alluded to with much complacency by the Colonel, ought rather to fill him with compunction and shame, for the share he may have had in producing such a state of things.

No one, economist or not, has ever doubted that the great object to be aimed at, with reference to the welfare of our vast manufacturing population, is the increase of the *imports* of *raw material*, and the increase of the *exports* of *manufactured goods*. Mr. Booth himself, when picturing forth the future triumphs of the free-trade system, says: "And who shall set limits to a commercial interchange, of which the constituent elements are the capital and skill and enterprise of Englishmen on the one hand, and on the other the *raw produce* of the whole habitable globe."

And yet, after this, we find Colonel Thompson glorying in the progress of

this newly-raised trade, the first-fruits of the "liberal" system, in which England purchases rich silks and ribands in exchange for *cotton-twist:* the former being articles in the price of which a very large share of labour is included; the latter, a commodity only one stage removed from the raw material! Probably, the proportion of the price of fancy silk goods which is composed of the wages of labour is not so little as *one half;* while the same proportion, in the article of cotton-twist, is certainly not a *tenth,* probably not a *twentieth.* Out of two millions' worth of silks, then, paid for by English dealers to the French manufacturers, *one million* would go directly to the maintenance of the industrious classes of that country, as it used to go to the maintenance of our own; while, out of two millions' worth of cotton-twist given in exchange for it, our manufacturing labourers would not have the benefit of above *one or two hundred thousand pounds.* And yet such a trade as this is to be contemplated with satisfaction, and quoted with pride, by the advocates of the free-trade system!

But we have been assuming, in order to give the gallant Colonel the utmost possible advantage in the argument, that the fact is even as he states it—to wit, that the silks purchased by us from the French are actually paid for in our cotton-twist. Unfortunately, however, this fact, like most of the "facts" of the economists, turns out to be a mere fiction. It was a bold *guess,* and not a bad one of the sort; but the custom-house returns had not been consulted, and they tell a very different tale.

Our imports from France had been increased, between 1822 and 1832, from 878,272*l.* to 3,056,154*l.* Col. Thompson tells us that "the French silks are chiefly paid for in the cotton-twist of Blackburn." Do we find, then, any like increase in the export of this article?

No, we do not! The export of cotton-twist in 1822 was 2,697,589*l.*; in 1832, it was 3,975,009*l.*; being an increase of about 1,270,000*l.* Were we to suppose that the *whole* of this increase was taken by France (though Russia buys to the extent of about a million per annum), still that would do little more than go half-way towards balancing the account.

But if we are to go into the question of smuggling at all, we must look at both sides. The Colonel, who tells us that it is *our* theory to look only at one side, may fairly be reminded, that, if it is not his *theory,* it is certainly his *practice.* He meets our official custom-house statements of imports and exports by a story about cotton-twists smuggled into France from Belgium and Germany; but he says nothing about the addition which must be made on our side of the question, if smuggling is to be at all adverted to!

Few persons of any experience in the silk trade at the present moment will estimate the proportion of French goods introduced by the smuggler at less than twice or thrice the amount of those which are entered at the custom-house. But we will be content to take the evidence before the last Committee of the House of Commons, in which we find Mr. Poyton declaring, that "it is quite clear that one half of the silk imported is brought here by the smuggler;" and Mr. Ballance expressing his opinion, that "the amount smuggled exceeds the amount legally imported."

Taking these statements, then, into consideration, it is clear that we are bound to estimate the present imports from France, not at the 3,056,154*l.* set down in the custom-house returns, but at 5,000,000*l.* at the least. Set against this, then, the poor increase of 1,270,000 pounds' worth of cotton-twist, not for France or Belgium, but including the whole world, and we see how groundless is the Colonel's assumption, that "the French silks are chiefly paid for in the cotton-twist of Blackburn."

But, once more, let us try to find another shift or excuse for the gallant Colonel. Possibly he may say—for we know not what an economist may *not* say—that the word "chiefly," as he used it, did not mean either *all,* or *nearly* all, or yet the *larger part;* but that somehow, if not in cotton-twist, then in something else, and not in money, the French must be paid for their silks.

Let us come, then, to the total of the account. We were assured—and the economists still insist upon it—that our consenting to purchase the manufactures of France must inevitably lead to the purchase by the French of our manufactures to an equal amount. This was their original position, and to this they still adhere. Let us, then,

look at the general account of our custom-house transactions for the last few years, and see if our increased imports, under the free-trade system, have been balanced by exports proportionably augmented.

The imports into Great Britain were—

In 1822	£29,769,122
In 1823	29,432,376
And in 1830	42,311,649

While the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures during the same years were—

In 1822	£35,823,127
In 1823	36,176,897
And in 1830	35,212,873

So that we have here the most positive proof, on a general view of the whole commercial transactions of the country, that while the free-trade system has immensely augmented our imports—as it was obviously calculated to do—it has not operated in the least to increase our exports of our own manufactures; which exports, instead of increasing, have *absolutely declined*. And yet, in the face of these recorded facts, do the economists still adhere to their fancies and fictions, which they call "*axioms*"—the first and foremost of which is, that "if imports are prevented by prohibitory duties, exports are prevented to the same extent"!!

The position of the argument, then, between us and the Westminster Reviewers, is this:

We shewed, by a mass of unquestionable evidence, that the operation of the free-trade theory upon our silk manufacture had been to reduce that branch of British industry to a state of the greatest depression, and those who subsisted on it to the greatest misery and distress. We then asked of our opponents to point out any countervailing advantages that had been derived from the change.

The answer which we found in their writings, was, that we could not import from France without exporting our own manufactures to a like amount; and that, therefore, it was clear that if our silk manufacturers had suffered, some other branch of industry must have benefited in an equal degree.

We replied by pointing to the official records of our trade with France, which shewed that our imports from that country had risen, since the adoption of of the free-trade system, from 800,000*l.* to above 3,000,000*l.* in the year, and that our exports to France, instead of rising in a like proportion, had actually declined. We therefore drew the obvious inference, that we must be paying for the silks of Lyons in coin, to the manifest and injurious contraction of our own circulating medium.

To this a demur was made, to the effect,—that if we needed gold to pay for French silks, we must then meet the case by exporting "more manufactures to fetch the gold."

We rejoined, that the markets of South America, and indeed of the whole world, were already so overstocked with English goods, that the idea of getting more gold by sending out more manufactures, was absurd and chimerical. Thus far ran the argument in our July Number.

We are now met, first, by a sneer at our supposed folly in imagining that our coin is in danger of running out of circulation till not a guinea is left.

We answer, that we never either expressed or imagined any such fear. The present existing drain of coin was all we adverted to. And this is a serious evil in itself, and without running it into absurd lengths;—just as a man who has thrown away 10,000*l.* at the gaming-table is thereby seriously injured, however secure he may be of a fresh supply from his rental, after a year or two's exhaustion.

But it is further added, that our gold is not slipping away from us to France, for that the French silks are "chiefly paid for in the smuggled cotton-twist of Blackburn."

We reply, that our imports from France, if smuggling is to be taken into the account, have increased more than four millions per annum within the last ten years; whereas the increase in our exports of cotton-twist, *to the whole world*, has been little more than one million. But further, were the fact even as it is stated, instead of being quite otherwise,—still, such a trade would manifestly be a losing one to England, inasmuch as we surrender to France our silk manufacture, *one half* of the amount of which was the wages of labour, and gain only in return an export trade of cotton-twist, in the value of which the item of labour forms hardly a *twentieth part*.

And lastly, as the economists still tenaciously adhere to their fiction, that an increase in our imports *must*, somehow or other, operate to the increase of our

exports, we have quoted the official statements of the Custom House for 1822, 1823, and 1830;—which shew that while we have augmented our imports or purchases from foreigners, since the adoption of the free-trade fancies, more than twelve millions per annum,—our exports, or our sales to foreigners, in place of being proportionably increased, have suffered an actual and positive diminution.

What shift remains to our opponents we cannot conceive; but we are quite satisfied of this, that they are not men to be convinced, "though one rose from the dead."

II. So far on the free-trade follies. But there is another article in the last *Westminster Review*, which, by a note, the writer or editor has connected with that we have just been considering. On this account, but still more for another reason, we shall add a short notice of it.

The subject is *Absenteeism*, and the writer expresses his desire to "say something that may tend towards the removal of this *opprobrium* of political economy." Why he calls it an "opprobrium," we know not; but we suppose him to mean, that the common sense of mankind revolts at absenteeism—that political economists have generally defended it—and that, in taking this course, their otherwise plausible and well-disguised theories have been brought into pretty general contempt. He wishes, therefore, to remove this "opprobrium," and how does he attempt it? Not by conceding, on behalf of his tribe, the monstrous dogma with which they have so long shocked the feelings of mankind; but by endeavouring—and he evidently flatters himself with some success—by endeavouring, for the hundred and first time, to establish the truth of this their favourite theory, and to overcome, by fresh quibbles, the general repugnance which he admits to be felt.

There can be no mistake, we apprehend, in ascribing this article to the same hand which penned the paper we have already been discussing—namely, to Colonel Thompson. In a series of suppositions, which deserve to be everlastingly preserved as choice specimens of the art of perplexing a very simple question, this gentleman puts no fewer than eight supposititious cases; almost the whole of which are marked with the greatest improbability, and the result of which is intended to prove, that France and England, London or Paris, home or abroad, are all identically the same, for that "nought is every thing, and every thing is nought."

This result is plainly enough stated in the following sentences:

> "If all this be true, it assuredly leads to some startling results. It goes to prove, that if a nation employ foreigners to do its work, as the Portuguese employ *Gallegos*, it is the same thing to Portugal in the end. It goes to prove, that if the Irish aristocracy should take it into their heads to expend their revenues in paying foreign regiments, either at home or abroad, to the exclusion of all employment in that way to the native Irish, the last state of Ireland would be in the aggregate the same as the first."
>
> "Heaven has set its canon that nothing shall be lost to a community in the aggregate by using foreign produce instead of its own." P. 524.

The Colonel may well admit these to be "startling results." The question is,—how can he possibly reach them by any accustomed process of reasoning? The mode he has adopted is that of imagining a variety of cases, and then working out the results in each. But in this method it is all-important to the arriving at a true result, to contrive a simple and distinct exemplification of the point at issue, stript as far as may be of unnecessary circumstances. Instead of which, the real point in dispute is embarrassed and overlaid, in each of the Colonel's eight "cases," by a crowd of confusing, but utterly useless circumstances.

His principal character, sketched in exemplification of his theory of absenteeism, is a Sheffield razor-manufacturer! Imagine, reader, an *absentee Sheffield razor-manufacturer*. Was it ever your fate to meet with such a compound? Did the gallant Colonel ever hear of such a being? No! the invention of this singular biped is wholly his own; and the only object gained by such an imagination, as far as we can see, is merely the withdrawing our minds as far as possible from absenteeism as it really exists, and involving us in a dispute about the possibilities of an unheard-of and unknown kind of being.

However, let us quote the Colonel's own words. His "eight different cases," illustrative of the principle of absenteeism, are these:

"*First case.* That of a man who is told it would be patriotic to drink ale, but prefers claret."

"*Second case.* Suppose the claret-lover to be at the same time a Sheffield manufacturer; and let him pay for his claret to a wine-merchant in money."

"*Third case.* Let the claret-loving Sheffield manufacturer be his own wine-merchant, and send cutlery of his own making to be bartered at Bourdeaux for the desired claret for his own consumption."

"*Fourth case.* Ditto, under a slight change of circumstances."

"*Fifth case.* Let the Sheffield manufacturer not only love claret for his drink, but Perigord pies for his dinner, French silks for his waistcoats, French gloves for his hands, and French slippers for his feet; and, if it be possible, let him take an oath and keep it, that he will consume nothing but what shall be of French origin. And to this diabolical determination let him add the infernal ingenuity of resolving, that as an economy, instead of bringing his claret and his Perigord pies to himself, he will convey himself to the claret and the pies, and his razors with him to pay with."

"*Sixth case.* Instead of going over to his French valets, let the Sheffield man stay at home, but declare that he will be waited on by none but Frenchmen, and that he will have a host of French valets and footmen brought over for the purpose, to the exclusion of his own countrymen."

"*Seventh case.* Let the Sheffield man be brought to a change of mind, and declare that he will buy ale, and pay for it with his razors."

"*Eighth case.* Let the Sheffield man once more change his mind, and say, 'I won't have ale, but I will consent to take valets from my countrymen, and send away the Frenchmen.'"

Such are Colonel Thompson's "eight cases;" and assuredly a plain man, on reading them over, will be considerably "startled" to hear from the gallant economist, that the result of each and of all is precisely the same, and that it makes no difference whatever to "the community"—that is, to England—whether the Sheffield man uses French goods or English, employs Frenchmen or Englishmen, lives in England or in France. The Colonel may well confess that these are "startling results." He ought to have been sufficiently startled by them to have discovered that the whole argument, warp and woof, was a cheat and a delusion.

The truth is, that here again we have nothing but an old story under a new dress. It is merely an elaborated version of the schoolboy's logical method of proving an eel-pie to be a pigeon: "An eel-pie is a fish-pie; a fish-pie may be a jack-pie; a jack-pie is a john-pie; and a john-pie is a piejohn, *alias* pigeon." Miserable trash, truly, but quite as rational, and much more harmless, than Col. Thompson's string of syllogisms, to prove that "if the Irish landlords should expend their whole revenues upon foreigners abroad, it would be exactly the same thing to Ireland as if those revenues were spent upon Irishmen at home."

We have been perplexed, once or twice, on reading over this precious farrago of "cases," to guess whether Colonel Thompson were really in jest or in earnest. We fear that he is the former; that is, that he deliberately sets himself to deceive the people in a matter of vital importance. But still it is possible, we admit, and we would fain hope that it is true, that he may have puzzled himself over the baseless fancies of political economy, that system of confusion, till his brains have become too much muddled to allow him to frame a just and true argument. We will try him now with a very simple proposition, and his understanding it or not will be a very good test of his mental state and condition. In the place of his "eight different cases," most of which are fictitious and not to be found in real life, we will sketch for him one actual, *bonâ fide*, living absentee, with the circumstances of his case, from which the real merits of the question under discussion may be better discerned than from eight or eight hundred imaginative but unreal creations.

A. B. is an Englishman residing at Paris. His father bequeathed to him 50,000*l.* in the 4 per cents, yielding him a regular income of 2000*l.* a-year. Going over to Paris soon after coming of age, and falling into pleasant society there, he began to calculate the cost, and he found that his 2000*l.* a-year, which would only make him a gentleman in England, would make him a lord in Paris. After a while he determined upon fixing himself in the French metropolis, and there he has resided for some years past. It is not wished to colour or exaggerate the case by representing him as squandering his income in the gambling-houses or saloons—though this might be truly stated of a large proportion of our

absentees. But let him be supposed to use his income fairly and liberally. The difference, however, between his father and himself is this: His father occupied a good house in Russell Square, and expended his income respectably in that vicinity. The son expends the same income, in the same way, in Paris, coming over once or twice a-year to receive his dividends; when he resides for a week with a near relative, and expends upon Englishmen, in passage-money, &c. about 5*l.* out of his 2000*l.*

The house in which his father lived belonged to a widow lady, and its rent constituted the half of her income. Since the son's departure it has stood, for the most part, empty; and the poor woman has been sadly distressed by the falling off of her resources, being obliged to discharge one of her two servants, and otherwise to reduce her expenses. In the next street reside a butcher, a baker, a grocer, and three or four other tradesmen, among whom the old gentleman used to pay, every Christmas, more than 500*l.* The loss of such a customer, with two or three similar defalcations, has been severely felt by each of these tradesmen. One of them, who before could barely pay his expenses, has been thrown so much behind-hand by loss of trade, that he has just called his creditors together; the others are pinched and cramped, and feel all the pressure of approaching poverty.

Now we are quite aware, that what is lost to these tradesmen is gained by the same classes in Paris. If, therefore, the Colonel had merely argued, that 2000*l.* spent was 2000*l.* spent, wherever the place of spending might be, and that to *mankind at large* the place of spending was of little consequence, no one could have differed with him; but he is not satisfied with this: he wants to convince us that England does not lose, nor France gain, by this transfer of an English gentleman and his expenditure from Russell Square to Paris. He will, perhaps, admit, that the particular tradesmen of Russell Square may have suffered; but then he will have it, that some other classes or persons must have gained to a like amount, and so the result to "the community"—that is, the English community—remains the same. We ask him, then, to point out to us the counterbalancing gain in the case above stated, which is to set off the loss felt in the vicinity of Russell Square. We ask him to shew us, when A. B. returns to Paris every year with 1995*l.* in his pocket, how or in what way England is benefited by the expenditure of that sum.

He dislikes to have the loss to the circulating medium, or what he calls "the currency juggle," mixed up with the question. We will therefore suppose that this transit of 1995 sovereigns yearly to Paris has no effect whatever on the circulation. We will suppose that the balance of trade is so equal, that a million may be due one year to England, and the same sum in the next year to France, so that this 1995*l.* is quite unfelt in the question. Were we, however, to insist upon the whole facts of the case, this part of the question would strengthen the case against absenteeism. In the aggregate, the sums drawn by the absentees from our money-circulation are very considerable, and the effect of this drain is, as the Colonel has already stated, "to make money-prices fall," to the manifest injury of all except the fixed annuitant. But we will not insist upon this part of the argument. We are merely now asking to be informed how it is that the loss felt by the traders amongst whom A. B.'s 2000*l.* a-year used to be expended, is so made up to some other class or classes, as that "the community" suffers nothing whatever by the migration of the said A. B. to the Rue Rivoli at Paris. This is the point on which, as the advertisements say, "the smallest information will be thankfully received."

One argument, it is true, is added by the Colonel, on behalf of the absentee, which, if not *conclusive*, is at least *final*. It is this:

"If a man in London had a pot of porter at his mouth, which was his own and he had paid for, it would be very hard to say to him, 'Wretch, are you going to be so unpatriotic as to drink all that yourself? Remember your country, and see that a proper return is made to her before you drink a drop.' The man would naturally reply, 'I *have* done so, sir; I have *paid* for it, your worship; I have given hard work for it to somebody, your honour; or if I did not, my father did before me. He raised a little estate, he did, sir; and I bought this very porter out of the income.' Heaven help the Tory who should thus attempt to stop an Englishman's porter in its course!" (p. 523.)

That is to say, a man who has come honestly by his property, whether through his own labour or that of his parents, is under no obligation whatever to consider any person in the world, except himself and those who are his own, in the disposal of it. If he chooses to drink it all up in porter, as the Colonel supposes, his answer to any querist is: "I've paid for it—paid for it with my own money, left me by my father." Of course, the same defence applies just as much to our last-quoted A. B., if any one suggests a doubt as to the morality or propriety of his conduct. He also may say, "the 2000*l.* is my own: it was honestly earned by my father, and legally inherited by me; and if I choose to swallow it all in claret, that is nothing to any one but myself. As to what you say about relative duties, regard to the wants or interests of others, patriotism, or love of country, that is all nonsense and folly, which can never impose upon men of 'liberal ideas.'"

III. But this brings us to the last point to which we propose now to advert, to wit, the false and fraudulent pretensions put forward by the whole party of which the *Westminster Review* is the organ. The use made by them of the word "liberal" is a striking instance of the kind.

Of old, before the English language was abused and perverted as it now is, the word "liberal," when applied to any person, was meant to describe a man who thought modestly of his own interests, and generously of the interests of others—one who, without abandoning his own rights, was anxious to attempt no encroachments on the rights or privileges of others—one more ready to concede a benefit or advantage to others, than to claim it for himself. And this quality of "liberality" was generally exhibited in his ready sacrifice of his own interests, as far as prudence would permit, rather than do any thing which might trench upon the interests of his neighbours. Without confining its meaning to money transactions, the general understanding was, that it consisted in bestowal, in concession, in conferring benefits upon others.

Now, however, we have a new kind of "liberality," the essence of which is a never-silent selfishness; a constant desire to take something from others; a perpetual craving to appropriate to itself all the good that it sees. And the common sense of mankind is constantly insulted, and the spirit of the English language violated, by the assumption, in the case of such a concentration of selfishness as we have just described, of the title of "a man of liberal ideas."

Take up any of the subjects on which the opinions of these men are known, and you will never fail to find that their *liberality* consists in the sacrifice of the interests of others to their own. Colonel Thompson, for instance, is a manufacturer of nothing but essays in the *Westminster Review*: of more useful articles, such as gloves and silks, he is a consumer. He therefore vehemently insists, that he ought to be at liberty to buy his silks and gloves of French manufacturers, to the utter neglect and starvation of the English workmen,—because the French journeymen, living on sevenpence a-day, can make these articles at two-thirds of the English price. "Therefore," says Colonel Thompson, "leave me at liberty to buy where I can buy cheapest; and let the people of Spitalfields and Worcester starve or rot, for any thing I care. What is that to a man of liberal ideas?" And if the English workman prays for protection, or, in other words, that he may not be exposed to this ruinous competition, the Colonel immediately accuses him of wishing to "rob" him of the difference in price; taking care to forget, that the Spitalfield's operatives' beer and tobacco are taxed to pay his (Col. Thompson's) dividends or half-pay. Such is the justice and fairness of modern "liberality."

In like manner Mr. Booth advocates a free trade in corn; confessing that he is aware that the effect would be "that the fundholder, under such a system, would gain, while the landholder would lose." In other words, he, Mr. Booth, being a monied capitalist, and feeling envious at the style and rank of the great landlords, wishes to become one himself. But his 50,000*l.* under the present system, will only buy him half a parish; he therefore advocates that free competition with Poland, which would speedily throw half the lands of England out of cultivation, and reduce the rental of the rest to 5*s.* per acre. He would then be able with his 50,000*l.* to purchase half a county; and this precious scheme of ruining and robbing others for his own aggran-

disement, he presents to us as an exemplification of "liberal ideas." And thus it is through every department. You shall never meet with a man who prides himself on this modern liberality, but you shall find, on a little quiet examination, that the real object he has in view is to sacrifice some neighbour for his own private advantage.

Another of these gross perversions of language is that which may be called the motto and public profession of the *Westminster Review*. That motto is the phrase stolen by Bentham from Priestley, *The greatest happiness of the greatest number*. This is ostentatiously put forward by the Colonel and his compeers as the leading principle of their policy; and then we immediately find, as we might have expected, that their efforts are constantly directed to sacrifice the interests of the many for the advantage of the few.

What question is there connected with internal economy in which the vote of these writers is not recorded against the people? Take the currency question; on which point every one understands that the fundholder is now receiving, thanks to Peel's bill, fully twice as much as he bargained for; which double payment grinds the industrious classes to the earth. The decision of the *Westminster Review* is instantly given in favour of the 300,000 fundholders, and against the millions who are taxed to pay them. Take also the corn-laws. Here, too, their voice is clamorous for the immediate sacrifice of the eighteen millions who depend upon agriculture, in order, as they pretend, to benefit the remaining six millions, but, *really*, to gratify the cupidity of the exporting manufacturers, and to enable the cotton lords, the fundholders, and the dead-weight people, again to double their present advantage.

On questions of free trade, the same principle prevails. The hundreds of thousands of operatives driven to starvation and crime are not worth a thought: all the sympathies of the reviewers being engrossed by the wrongs of the purchasers of silks and mittens, who, under the restrictive system, were obliged to pay three shillings for what the Frenchmen would furnish for two. And thus to the end of the chapter. It is constantly the moneyed capitalist, the annuitant, the drones of society, that command the support of the *Westminster Review*; while "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" is ever the principle professed merely to be betrayed.

LADY MORGAN'S DRAMATIC SCENES.*

If there be any one who has pique or spite or spleen against poor Lady Morgan, he will read these volumes with infinite satisfaction. If he be as ungallant as Horatius Flaccus, he will exclaim, with no small delight, *fis anus!* for surely more anile twaddle was never committed to paper. We do not wish that the reader should take this merely on our dictum; we shall therefore give him a couple of examples of what the work contains, extracting what no doubt appears to her ladyship to be the finest and most *recherché* matter in the book. We shall first present a dialogue of gentlemen:

"Scene II.

The Billiard-room. Count Amadée de Val Blanc, Lords John, William, and Francis Fitzforward, Mr. Mandeville Liston. Count Amadée and Lord Leicester are playing; Lord John and Mr. Liston betting.

Mr. Liston. Five to four the striker marks!

Lord John. Done! Pounds?

Mr. Liston. Fives, if you will.

Lord John. Done!

Lord Leicester. That is a bubble bet, Johnny! the thing is impossible!

Count Amadée. Mais, pourtant, je tacherai. Milord, vous avez perdu.

Lord John. Eh bien! C'est que vous êtes trop forte, Comte. On ne peut rien contre vous. Marker, count the game.

Lord William. Seventeen to sixteen.

Mr. Liston. Will you double your bets?

Lord John. Thank you! no; but I'll take five fives to two, the Count doesn't mark twenty-one this game.

Mr. Liston. Done!

[*They play several coups.*

* Dramatic Scenes from Real Life. By Lady Morgan. In 2 vols. London, 1833. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

Lord John (impatiently). C'est a vous à jouer, Comte. Car mon frère n'a pas carambolé.

Lord Leicester. Je ne le cherchais pas. Je n'ai voulu que coller mon jeu.

Count Amadée. Ma foi vous n'avez pas mal réussi.

Lord William (marking). Eighteen—fifteen.

Lord John. Bravo, Comte! grand jeu, parblué: Vous donnez là votre coup, sans avoir à peine visé; et je suis enfoncé. Et voilà qu'à present vous bloquez la bille à vôtre adversaire.

[*Lord Leicester plays, wins an hazard, and keeps the balls till he scores twenty-one.*

Lord Leicester. A present le jeu est à vous; vous ne le manquerez pas.

Mr. Liston. I'll bet two sovereigns to one that I win my two fives this coup.

Lord John. I'll indulge you—that is, the Count does not score twenty-one this coup.

Mr. Liston. Done!

Count Amadée. C'est immanquable!

Mr. Liston. Oui, avec votre jeu d'aujourd'hui. Vous jouez comme un ange.

[*The Count plays, and missing his queu, pockets his own ball, and loses the game.*

Count Amadée (dashing down his queu with great violence, and rumpling his hair with both his hands, in irrepressible rage). Oui! Je joue comme un démon; et je perds toujours comme un bête. Sacre, est il possible!

Lord Leicester (coolly replacing his queu). Que l'on perd son jeu; mais que l'on ne derange pas sa coiffure.

Count Amadée (with a sudden burst of good humour). C'est vrai!

[*Hums an air, 'On revient toujours,' &c.*

Mr. Liston (taking out his pocket-book). I lose seventy pounds and win twenty (I believe), including the off-bets. There are fifty pounds—I happen to have the money about me.

Lord John. As you please, if it saves you trouble.

[*Count Amadée throws himself on an ottoman beside Mr. Liston; the two brothers talk apart, in an under-tone; the two younger begin knocking about the balls.*

Lord John (sharply). Francis! be quiet, will you? You make such an infernal noise with those balls!

Lord Francis. Noise! I like that. I'll play against you, John, and give you odds.

[*Lord William flings down his queu, and goes to the ladies.*

Lord John. Nonsense, child; you play!—go and play with your cousins in the next room, or go to your holyday-task. The holydays will soon be over, old boy. School opens next Monday, mind!

Lord Francis (with great ill-temper). I'll lay you what you like I don't go back to Eton any more.

Lord John (vehemently). Done!

Lord Francis. Done!

Lord John (getting earnest). Who has a betting-book?

Lord Leicester. I have; I never go without one. 'Tis '*mes heures,*' as Madame de Crevecœur says of Chateaubriand's *Christianisme.* What's the bet?

[*Takes out his book.*

Lord John. I bet my grey colt against Francis's gold repeater, chain, seals, and diamond ring, left him by his grandmother.

Lord Francis (sulkily). No, I won't lay that.

Lord John. What! a touch of sentiment for the old lady, whose lap-dog you choked? Come, you can't be off, boy.

Lord Francis. I won't lay that, I tell you. Besides, your colt is not sound—it's not worth ten pounds.

Lord John. Not sound! Come, that is too good. The fact is, you haven't your watch; you've——

Lord Francis (interrupting him petulantly). I'll lay you five guineas I have.

Lord John. Done! Produce!

[*Lord Francis takes out a large old silver watch, worth a pound.*

Lord John (angrily). That's not *the* watch, sir!

Lord Francis. You didn't say *what* watch. This *is* mine!

Lord John (struggling with his temper). That's not a fair bet, Frank. It's no go, my boy!

Lord Francis. Yes, but it is a go! and you shall pay me too, John; sha'n't he, Leicester?"

That must do. Here, gentle reader, you have TEN!!! pages of this exquisite work: the French, you will perceive, is abominable to the last degree. *Parblue!* nothing can be worse; and yet it is evidently written by a governess, or waiting-maid, or other functionary of the same rank. There is a story told of Locke, that he once noted a conversation at Lord Shaftesbury's, where a party was playing cards together; and the story-teller goes on to say, that he reproved them by reading what they had been saying during the game. "I came," said the metaphysician, according to the anecdote-monger, "to listen to wise conversation among such a company; and here is what I have heard." The story is altogether stuff; for, in the first place, Locke did not go to Lord Shaftesbury's to talk philosophy, or any thing else but what

was the ordinary conversation of the day; and, in the second place, Locke was himself a first-rate piquet-player, being far more distinguished for that talent in Oxford than for his metaphysics. But supposing it true, as the report of a billiard-table conversation (and a bad report besides, for few of the common events of the game are noticed) cannot essentially differ from the ordinary chat over a game of whist, is not the nonsense above quoted open to Locke's rebuke? What, we ask, is the use of recording such things? If Lady Morgan simply said, that people in the country were in the habit of playing billiards, we could have supposed all that is here.

If any person had the happiness to be admitted to her ladyship's society in Dublin, and found her and her amiable husband, her fair sister and *her* spouse, at a game of five-and-forty, would he have thought it any great literary feat to have consigned their conversation to paper as follows?

Lady M. Diamonds is thrumps. I lade the knave.

Sir Arthur. I see the best horse leaps the ditch. There goes the juice [deuce].

Sir Charles. Highest in red, lowest in black. I play the nine—the curse of Scotland.

Lady C. I rob. [*Puts out.*

Sir Charles. It's an ould family failing.

Lady C. There's the five fingers, which is the masther of you all. Here I stick it into ye with the ace of thrumps.

Lady M. Devil a thrump I have! So among ye be it, blind fiddlers!

Sir Arthur. There goes my beautiful ten, and bad luck to the winner!

Sir Charles. There's the ace of hearts, which is always a thrump. Now ye're done! Here goes the thray.

Lady C. I've only a heart.

Sir Arthur (*smiling*). I thought, my dear, you lost that long ago.

[*A general laugh.*

Lady M. O, Sir Arthur, how uncommon clever you are! It's little jefs like you that's full of fun. I play the knave of clubs.

Sir Arthur. And I the four of spades.

Sir Charles. The thrick is mine. Judy, dear, bring me more hot water and matarials. Now I've the game in my hand, as sure as jollup, and that never fails. There's the king of hearts.

Lady C. Which I punish with my queen of thrumps.

Sir Charles. Oh ho, my leedy! what's that? By the gallipot of Galen you've renagued, and we'll take down three thricks when you get 'em. Look at the last thrick, and you'll see that you played a heart to my last lade.

Lady C. By jakurs, and so I did!

Sir Arthur. Then you're done.

Sir Charles. You may say that with your own ugly mouth; for here's the queen and knave of hearts, and trumps is out.

Lady C. Fifteens all: it's my dale.

Lady M. No, it's mine—I led last. Faith! ye'd dale for Cakemee fair, where they play for legs of mutton. (*To Sir Arthur.*) Blow on the cards for luck. (*Sir Arthur blows.*) Bad 'cess to the bellows! [*A general laugh.*

Sir Arthur. The game's past praying for. I've it all in my own fist, as clane as a whistle.

Sir Charles. Don't hollo till ye're out o' the wood. Play.

Sir Arthur. There's the five (*plays; the others play in silence, and so on for four tricks*)—the knave—the ace of hearts—the king. By the Lord of Skerrin and all his dogs, I'll have a jink, and collar the fippenies!

Lady M. Wait a bit—what have you left?

Sir Arthur. The knave of clubs. There you go, Jack, my jewel!

Lady M. Ye're done! I've the queen, and the game's alive—there's life in a mussel!

Sir Arthur. Well, we score forty to twenty——

Lady M. And that's the curst game, because it was on forty to twenty that the priest lost his breeches. Sir Charles, help me to a glass out of your tumbler, &c. &c. &c.

Now we submit, that this is just as intellectual and edifying as the conversation recorded by her ladyship. We shall take one more, to shew how her ladies talk:

"*Enter Wilson with a packet, which he presents to Miss Damer; while other servants, in long file, bring the tea equipage. A table-cloth is laid on a distant table, and two French maids, elegantly dressed, with white gloves, &c., commence the elaborate process of tea-making, assisted by the page, and a groom of the chambers, who, like Tom Jones, 'might be mistaken for a lord, by those who never saw one.'*

Miss Damer (*unfolding an acre of canvass, partly worked, and entirely drawn and shaded*). What have we here?

Miss Fanny. O gracious! how beautiful!

Miss Wilkinson. What is it? O, how beautiful!

Miss Fanny. A Turk's head with a pipe in his mouth; don't you think so, Emma?

Miss Wilkinson. Well, I am sure it is very *like* a Turk's head!

Mrs. Primmer. My dear Fanny, how can you be so foolish! Don't you see that it is an elephant? Miss Damer, read De Vœux' note, love: he will tell us all about it.

Miss Damer (*reads*). 'Hypolite de Vœux presents his respects to Miss Damer; takes the liberty of forwarding the last new pattern for a *tapisserie de canapé*, being an accurate portrait of the royal elephant, the celebrated Mam'selle Djeck, to match Miss Damer's giraffe. De Vœux sends the shades of lamb's-wool requisite. Body and trunk in grey; grounding in sea-green, to represent an Indian jungle; to be worked in cross-stitch, picked off in silver. Housings in double gobble, crimson shaded in gold. De Vœux encloses six bobbins of gold and silver; eight shades of white, and ten of black. De Vœux presumes to forward a memorandum of his little bill for last year. De Vœux has for sale (being part of the Duchesse de Berri's *meuble de broderie*) a beautiful lady's *marqueterie* work-box, and a large lady's work-table, with the Duchesse's own *métier à ressort*, ivory inlaid with brass, *en bhul*; to be raffled for (if not sold by private contract before the eighth of next month), at ten guineas a ticket.'

Miss Damer. Dear! I must have that box. I have been longing all my life for a *marqueterie* box. It is such very good taste; and one is so tired of mother-of-pearl, or or-molu; and of those vulgar *petit Dunkerque* musical boxes.

[*Miss Wilkinson sighs.*

Mrs. Primmer (*looking over the bill*). My dear, had you not better pay this bill first? Twenty-five pounds eighteen and eleven-pence halfpenny. It is a great deal! I am sure De Vœux overcharges. I wish you would go back to Gotty and Wilkinson. Here is ten pounds for gold and silver thread alone; and here are fifty skeins of Wellington blue silk! What could you use all that for?

Miss Damer (*petulantly, and taking the bill out of her hand*). Why, for working my peacock's tail. My dear Mrs. P. how tiresome you are! [*Rumples the bill, and throws it into her basket. Mrs. Primmer draws up; and Miss Damer throws her arms round her neck, and caresses her.*] Well, now, I beg your pardon; but you know, *you* say troubling one's-self about any thing after dinner makes one's nose red.

Miss Fanny. Then, I am sure Emma Wilkinson troubles herself very much. Only look at her nose, now! Did you ever?

Mrs. Primmer (*authoritatively*). My dear, you ought to use cold cream to your face in the morning, and drink cellery tea. I always give my young ladies cellery tea for any little redness in the face.

[*The young ladies are again settled at work. A great clatter of tea-things, and hissing of urns. Lady Elizabeth begins to revive, and rub her eyes. Mrs. O'Neal is buried in her book.*

Miss Fanny. Mrs. P. love, what is it makes the nose red?

Mrs. Primmer. One, two, three, four five. [*Counting her stitches.*

Mrs. O'Neal (*aside*). That's a poser!

Miss Fanny. It is so vulgar!

[*Mrs. Primmer reckons her meshes; Fanny nudges her arm.*

Mrs. Primmer. What? Dear me, you've made me miss my count! How can you talk such nonsense, and ask such silly questions? There are a thousand things that *cannot* be accounted for.

Mrs. O'Neal (*half to herself*). Which makes it an imperative duty to explain those which may.

Miss Fanny (*turning quickly round to her*). Can *you* tell me, Mrs. O'Neal? I really want to know; for I hate a red nose beyond—beyond. I am always afraid of catching it from Emma. Now, what would cure Emma's nose, Mrs. O'Neal?

Mrs. O'Neal. I think, if Miss Wilkinson did not take so much hot cream at night, it would spare her the trouble of applying cold cream in the morning.

Mrs. Primmer (*much mortified*). Well, Miss Fanny, now your *very* important question is answered so very learnedly, I hope you will change the subject.

Mrs. O'Neal. Do you know, Mrs. Primmer, I think it *is* a *very* important question. A red nose is a sign of ill health, or of intemperance; and therefore I agree with Miss Fanny that it is vulgar: for, nine times out of ten, ill health is the result of ignorance; and ignorance, or intemperance, are great elements of vulgarity all over the world.

[*The groom of the chambers approaches Lady Elizabeth with a plateau of tea, followed by a servant with a salver of bon-bons.*

Miss Fanny (*to Miss Wilkinson in a whisper*). Well, I do think, as papa says, Mrs. O'Neal is very amusing, somehow.

Miss Wilkinson. So do I—somehow.

Lady Elizabeth (helping herself abundantly, being assisted by Mrs. Primmer to furnish a small table, which is placed near her). Oh, dear! I believe I have been dozing—a little!"

Was ever paper so preposterously wasted as upon such trash as this? Mrs. O'Neal, who is, of course, Lady Morgan herself, is an astonishing bore, but is passed off as a mighty genius, perpetually perpetrating French. In fact, a fribble familiarity with the most worthless part of French literature seems to be a main accomplishment in the eyes of her ladyship. It is useless to look into any of her conversations, whether in the book before us or elsewhere, for traces of any acquaintance with the greater French authors; for example, with Corneille, Racine, Boileau—even Molière: but a great intimacy with memoirs, and farces, and gossiping correspondence, and slang phrases, is every where visible. We venture to say, that any thing like the conversation of Lady Morgan's parties was never uttered on the face of the earth, by any coterie whatever.

The book, of course, contains a considerable quantity of politics, of the usual colour, full of misrepresentations and blunders of all kinds. With the characteristic vulgarity of upstarts, she labours hard to depict the dominant caste as mean and ignorant. Mr. Galbraith, the agent of a large estate, is represented as talking in the style of *Teddy the Tiler*; the Honourable and Reverend Dr. Polypus figures as a person infinitely astonished at the lady's-maid airs of some second-hand gentility from London. The resident gentry and magistracy of the country are described as paltry tyrants, afraid of the peasantry, and so forth. On the other side, we have a couple of Papist priests figuring away as gentlemen of refined manners, and most Anglified conversation. Now the reverse of these pictures would be the truth. A nobler race than the Anglo-Norman, or Cromwellian, or Williamite conquerors of Ireland, for they were conquerors, and in their inmost souls they feel so still, does not exist. A baser, meaner, more creeping and crawling banditti of conquered slaves than the Celtic population of that island, never disgraced the face of the earth. The priests, chosen from among the lowest classes, preserve to the end all the characteristics of their origin, with the addition of conscious imposture or degrading superstitions. In former times, when the popish priests were educated abroad, some good specimens might be found among them; for travelling, and mixing in societies where to be, or to pretend to be, a papist, was not, as in Ireland in these days, incompatible with being a gentleman, rubbed off the rust: but since the unwise, and, indeed, un-Christian establishment of Maynooth, the awkward and mean clod who should have handled the plough comes forth unaltered by any admixture with decent society, or any gentlemanly or liberalising intercourse with mankind, as vulgar as he went in, filled with polemic hatred against the church, and with peasant spite against the aristocracy. Any one who knows Ireland will recognise the truth of this assertion—we would leave it even to Lady Morgan herself, but that it would be as much as her head is worth, whatever that may be, to speak what she knows concerning the priests. As to any body in Ireland thinking of them as gentlemen, or any thing thereunto approaching, the idea is absurd; and as for the fear which it pleases Lady Morgan to attribute to the Irish gentry of the organised assassins, who ply their horrid work in Ireland under the orders of the priests, she either knows nothing whatever of the eminently brave class of men whom she maligns, or she writes against her knowledge. Be the opinion of the Irish Orangemen right or wrong, it *is* their opinion, that they single-handed would be able so to deal with Ireland as again to make it *Pacata Hibernia*, by the same process as before. They complain of the injustice and outrages perpetrated against them by the various cabinets of England; they exclaim, and truly, that they have been betrayed by the several mercenary factions contending for sway in Downing Street; they allege that the principles which put the House of Hanover on the throne, the principles of true freedom, the principles expounded by Locke, and fought for by William, have been grossly violated in their case; but never, in the course of our lives, (and we have had at least as many opportunities of knowing their sentiments as Lady Morgan), have we heard from among them a doubt, that if they were not restrained by the slights or the hostility of English ministers, they would be able to do again what their

ancestors did in the days long past, and what their fathers did in the generation now almost departed.

But it is useless to discuss these topics with Lady Morgan; she, however, is beginning to feel, that the great question to which she and her friends so long devoted their energies of all kinds—for which they made speeches, or songs, or novels, or poems, or hullagones—has not had the effect which was promised. Catholic emancipation has not added any thing to the tranquillity, or in any way forwarded the civilisation of Ireland. *We* from the beginning well knew that it was impossible it could have had any such effect; but by such bright seers of the future as Lady Morgan we were denounced as blinded bigots. One of her novels—we forget the name—concludes with an exclamation from some Irish footman, lamenting that the hero of the book (his master), who had just married a duchess, should not be "a parliament man." It was coolly taken for granted, that opening the legislature to the Roman Catholics would be of great benefit to Ireland, and that the selection of the new M. P.s would be made from the gentry of that caste. Well, the parliament *is* opened to the papists, and whom have we? First, and we rejoice at it, we have *not* the liberal Protestants—cursed race!—who had fought the battle of emancipation. No Hutchinsons are in parliament—the Knight of Kerry is obliged to yield—the Brownes are gone—so are the Boyles—so, we believe, are all the Ponsonbys—in short, the whole of that nauseous crew is deservedly turned off; and as deservedly turned off with insult by the men for whom they had abandoned all the principles of their creed and caste. In their place we have Mr. O'Connell, and eight of his relations—most of them persons humble in life, and contemptible in talents; Mr. Carew O'Dwyer, Mr. Galway, Mr. Roe, Mr. Lalor, and others wholly unknown, but returned from their sycophancy to the priesthood. One of them owes his seat solely to his having believed that Prince Hohenlohe cured somebody in Ireland, by directing from Germany a *novena*, to be said in the name of Saint John the Nepomecene, a Bohemian priest, drowned some three or four centuries ago. This is the march of intellect at present going on in Ireland, and this is precisely what we said would be the result. The next Irish elections will send us folks of a still lower grade, whose recommendation it will be that they believe in the power of the "clargy" to transform a refractory freeholder into a jackass. It is not long since a brawling fellow,

> "A decent priest when monkeys were
> the gods,"

—a fellow who made a display in one of his dens of superstition, with a halo round his head, in imitation of that with which the Saviour is painted—declared at a dinner presided over by an ex-magistrate, discharged from the commission for having employed two of the police in the office of Sir Pandarus of Troy, that none but those who were good Catholics at confession, and other duties imposed by the church, should dare to meddle in politics. He was right. The struggle from the beginning, no matter by whom or under what pretences carried on, was in reality to make the popish priests the exclusive masters of Ireland; and now that the long-sought-for prize appears in their grasp, they would be fools not to clutch it. But what shall we think of the Lady Morgans—the philosophers—the despisers of superstition—the anti-Jesuits—the anti-Carlists? what shall we think of their sagacity in becoming the blind instruments of the priests, and playing out their game to the end? It is needless to say what *we* think. Lady Morgan will know soon enough, if she has not known already, that the new masters of Ireland are ready to persecute her, and all who will not go the full length of grovelling before them, with a fury as vindictive as that with which they would persecute the most unflinching Orangeman that ever toasted the Glorious Memory. Let her and her friends rejoice, therefore, in their good works; they have degraded the country of their birth, and they have lowered their necks to the yoke of the meanest and the most intolerant of mankind.

Lady Morgan is as unfortunate in her high life as in her politics. Nothing can be in heart and soul more essentially vulgar than her great heroine, who is thus introduced. Mr. Sackville is conversing with his Irish agent, Mr. Galbraith, when the lady makes her appearance.

" *Mr. Galbraith exhibits a look of*

unfeigned amazement and irrepressible archness. The pretty personage, whom he takes for the English chambermaid, is dressed in what appears to be an English stamped linen gown, and a little round-eared cap, such as are worn by Irish country girls on pattern [patron, Miladi] *days. The linen gown, however, is a* 'petite robe, toute simple, de perkale, peinte à l'Anglaise,' *and the round-eared cap, a* 'bonnet à l'enfant point d'Angleterre,' *both from the magazines of Victorine and Herbaut. She is accompanied by a coquettish waiting-maid, dressed nearly in the same way, but with the addition of a black silk apron; who, having deposited a packet of dresses on a chair, asks,*

'Miladi, à-t-elle besoin de moi?'

She is nodded off with a significant smile, and 'Allez, allez, Justine;' *and exit.*]"

This, we take it, is a palpable puff for the magazines of Victorine and Herbaut, for which we hope her ladyship exacted her due return in *tick*. The "pretty personage" remains in conversation with Mr. Galbraith, and, after talking some most stupid nonsense, is alarmed by a rat, when

"[*A group, alarmed by the previous noise, rush in; Lady Julia, in the full dress of Lady Isabella Sackville, Lord Fitzroy, and Clarence Herbert, in the cut velvet suits, bag-wigs, and swords of Mr. Fitzgerald Sackville, and Justine following, with an antique dress on her arm for Lady Emily. A general burst of loud, vociferous, and continued laughter; Galbraith alone preserving his gravity, as he fans himself with his hat.*]

Lady Emily (still on the table, holding her sides, and quite exhaustedly laughing). Oh, I shall die of it! I shall indeed! Look at Lord Fitzroy's face—ha! ha! ha! Do, somebody, help me to get down.

Lord Fitzroy (assisting her to descend, addresses her in a theatrical and formal manner). Oh! my Harriot Byron, have I indeed been so fortunate as to arrive in time to rescue you? Speak, loveliest of your sex!

Ladies Emily and Julia. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Lord Fitzroy (turning upon Mr. Galbraith, and placing his hand on his sword). Sir Hargrave Pollexfen! you are engaged, I doubt, in a very bad manner.*

[*Shakes his wig till the powder falls out.*

Mr. Galbraith (staring). Och! is it me, sir?

Lord Fitzroy. Yes, you, sir!

Clarence Herbert (taking snuff affectedly). May I perish, if I understand this adventure!

[*Galbraith confounded, not knowing whether this is jest or earnest, but inclined to take it* tout de travers.

Lord Fitzroy (addressing Galbraith). Perhaps Sir Hargrave will explain."

We submit that this is not particularly sensible or very probable. Presently Mr. Galbraith, a country magistrate, is compelled to put on the dress of a Roman Pifferaro, of which he had never before heard, by the vulgar lady of the house, who threatens him with something like a dismissal if he refuses to make a fool of himself, and then

"[*At a little distance, a handsome dark chariot, well and knowingly appointed with postilion in purple and gold, and coachmen riding before, contains the Honourable and Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Polypus inside; and on the rumble, Miss Polypus and Captain Blackacre. In a one-horse phaeton are the Archdeacon and Mrs. Grindall.*

Lord Fitzroy. Here's an incursion! The natives risen *en masse!* Good turn-out though, by Jove! Lady Rosstrevor is a monstrous pretty woman; and the moral agent, *celà passe outre!*"

Those who know from what blood the honourables and reverends of Ireland are descended, and with whom they habitually associate, will duly appreciate the sense and truth of the following scene. The visitors have been kept waiting while Lady Emily and her group are putting on masquerade dresses.

"[*The door opens; the masquerading party enter, in the order in which they left the library. The groom of the chambers announces* 'Lady Emily Sackville.' *Lady Emily swims in, with an irrepressible air of fun, which is strongly contrasted by the grotesque gravity of her two young cavaliers. Justine, led by Mr. Galbraith, or rather forcing him on, immediately withdraws, along with the groom of the chambers, who shuts the door. The Pifferaro is left 'alone in his glory,' to stand the brunt of his ludicrous and painful position. Pinelli drops from the hands of the church as by law established. The saints stand aghast. Lady Emily, with graceful ease, approaches each party alternately, points to chairs, and throws herself into a*

* See Sir Charles Grandison, p. 209, vol. i."

fauteuil. She apologises for the delay in her appearance, without accounting for it; and, suddenly recollecting herself, introduces Lady Julia, Lord Fitzroy Montague, Clarence Herbert, and finally Mr. Galbraith, who has taken shelter on a low stool, behind a high-backed sofa. His head only is visible, dressed in a red net, and the high-crowned hat with flowers, of the Roman Pifferaro. The astonishment of the formal guests increases, not unmingled with feelings of resentment. They suspect a mystification, but fear to risk an expression, which may betray ignorance of some newly-revived old fashion; having before their eyes the threat of hoops and powdered toupies, recently announced in the London papers as re-appearing in the circles of Paris. The guests return the 'genteel and gallant' salutes of the Grandison party with cold and suspicious formality. At the announcement of Mr. Galbraith's name, the church-party burst out into an involuntary laugh. The brows of the saints knit and darken; Mr. Binns and Miss Mullins bite their lips, and try to look miserable.]"

Enough of this mean trash. Lady Morgan has not caught even the tone of the second-hand dandies whom she describes. The conduct of the masquerading party towards Lady Emily Sackville's guests is merely vulgar and flippant impertinence, and nothing else. It in nothing resembles the conduct of the ladies, no matter how full of fun irrepressible; or of the dandies, no matter how exclusive, in London. The conversation which follows is quite worthy of this introduction—stupid, low, ignorant, and impertinent; and there we leave Lady Morgan.

* * * *

Visions of old Owenson!—why float ye before our eyes? Years have past—a long segment of human life has gone since last we saw you—but your goodly figure rises in white-headed and red-nosed beauty before our mental optics, fresh as a daisy of the spring. Still ring in our ears the glorious chorusses of your songs, amatory, convivial, political, jocular, and uproarious, in all the dialects of Ireland, from the antique Milesian itself down to the disguised English of Connaught. Various and miscellaneous were your stores, but in all their variety no admixture of sentimentality, no pollution of refinement, was permitted to intrude. Far thence, far thence, was the song of Moore, or the lay of Little. The chant of the lackadaisy lover never came from the lips of Owenson; nor can we take it upon us to assert that we ever heard him sing the praises of water in the manner of the first Olympian.

Here in this fiddle-faddle book of his daughter, we find some of the idiots who figure in it complaining that the names current in Ireland are not like Crohoore of the Billhook, or Macrory. If this be a misfortune, her ladyship's father contributed his share to it; for he altered the family name from Macowen (generally pronounced as Mack-yoan), to Owenson, and thereby destroyed its Hibernianism. He was originally gate-keeper to a hard-drinking old Connaught squire, where his vocal powers first attracted notice, and he finally went on the stage. The parts he chose were the Irish characters; and though he did not make his way in England, the Irish themselves generally considered him one of the best performers in that line. Well do we remember his *Pan* in *Midas!* well do we recollect the thunders of applause which greeted his song before the justice! *Apollo* had no chance, for the song sung by the Arcadian divinity as represented by Owenson was uniformly in Irish. The appeal was irresistible. The galleries—alas! why should the spirit of gentility prevent us from saying, and the boxes too — were of the mind of *Midas* in the vocal contest, and *Apollo* would have had to provide ass's ears for the whole play-going population of Dublin, ourselves included.

He is departed, and memorial of him we believe there remains none. Time has dimmed many of the traces in our brain, and they with whom we knew him are gone to their long home. Sir John Stevenson's score is out—the last sweet notes of Spray have been sung; does David Weyman exist? We believe not. Old Fullam died in harness, making his final exit as he was going off the stage; Smollet Holden is composing marches, we hope, for the angelic army, if now campaigning as in the days of *Paradise Lost;* old Bat Cooke (father of Tom), who we thought intended to live for ever, has shuffled off at last; — none survive, that we know, of all those whom we recollect meeting in Parliament Street, Dublin, in the very house where (we believe)

the ever-to-be-honoured *Evening Mail* is now published, under the auspices of Remmy Sheehan. Why does not Lady Morgan perform the filial duty of rescuing her father's memory from oblivion? It would better become her than retailing the slip-slop gentility of the housekeeper's apartment, or the noisy politics of the pothouse priest. Softened by the recollections of our old friend, we admit that she possesses fun sufficient for the task; and has surely seen quite enough of low life to draw pictures from it close to the truth. It is a work which we shall be ready to hail with our sincerest applause, for the sake of the old times when we sojourned on "the sod," and were taken by the hand of Owenson himself to visit his blue-stocking daughter, then a spinster, in Denzil Street; we being ourselves a jolly sophister—a man of standing in T. C. D. Kindly would we review the book, moved by the memory of days long past, and of nights "not spent in toys or wine," but in whisky-punch, and such songs as

"I lave my pate to Darby Tate,
My face to the O'Grady's;
And I lave my legs to Danill Biggs,
To flaunt among the ladies.
So, modereen a roo, a roo, a roo,
Modereen a roo, a roo, a randy."

[*Da capo.*

THE ARAB HORSE.

The incident here related was told by a native as a popular story in India, and is believed not to have been in print. "In Hindostan, ladies frequently carry their whole fortunes about them, in the shape of ear-jewels, nose-rings, armlets, anklets, &c."—*Crawford's Embassy to Ava.*

A Hindoo girl, a very child,
So few the years she number'd,
Of features exquisite and mild,
With gems her form encumber'd,
Came forth the annual feast to grace,
Held by the nobles of her race:

For she was of the highest blood,
Last scion of a fallen tree:
The Brahmin, in his angry mood,
Her father's life took treacherously;
Her mother, on his funeral pyre,
A living victim, fed its fire!

His hoarded wealth was all her own—
His gardens, elephants, and slaves—
His fortress which afar was known,
O'erlooking Ganga's inland waves,
Where calm the sacred river lay,
Beyond the realms of Europe's sway.

Another year, and for her hand
The nobles of her race will strive;
Meanwhile, they guard the lady's land,
As when her father was alive:
The beauteous child regards them not,
But loves to view the festal spot.

For there the many-colour'd lights
Like blossoms hang upon the trees—
There hidden music breathes delights,
And perfumes circle on the breeze.
And but this day in all the year
May the recluse abroad appear.

Pavilions gay and flow'ry groves
O'erhang the side of Ganga's stream:
Like bird uncaged Soomuti roves
Beneath soft evening's milder beam—
Along the cool green marge she trips,
And plucks each flower that Ganga sips.

A little bark is gliding by,—
A Moslem youth rests on his oar,
And views the damsel seated nigh,
Wreathing the lilies of the shore:
And when at length she raised her head,
She started up and would have fled.

But when his soften'd eye she met,
She knew not why, her fear was gone;
In act to go, she lingers yet,
Nor thinks that she is there alone:
The gazing youth scarce dares to breathe—
The maid yet holds th' unfinish'd wreath.

A moment does the work of years,
  And knits the sympathy of love;
To startle her away he fears,
  And she stands motionless above.
One artless smile, and soft and low
The Moslem's words of passion flow.

Silent she hears, but deeply feels;
  With him to live, with him to die,
The vow she forms, but not reveals.
  How rapidly the minutes fly!
And shall they ever meet again?
Her plan is form'd, her part is ta'en.

O Love can make the simple wise!
  O Love can make the trembler bold!
Soomuti to his suit replies:
  "Moslem, the diamond that I hold
Will buy a noble Arab horse—
Take it, and train him to the course.

"Each day around my father's tower
  Do thou call forth his utmost speed,
And ever at the evening hour
  To urge him o'er the stream take heed.
And, the sun's annual circle o'er,
Meet me at yonder garden-door."

Her female train appear, and lo!
  She waves the obedient bark away:
A careless child she came, and now
  She feels a master-passion's sway;
And, sleepless in her gorgeous bow'r,
Longs for the tardy morning hour.

At break of day a horseman starts,
  And flourishes his light jereed;
And round and round her tow'r he darts,
  And pats his Arab horse at speed:
And when the clouds of evening gleam,
Swims him across the fordless stream.

Through summer heats and wintry rains
  The far-off horseman still she views;
The courser well his speed sustains—
  The rider well his task pursues:
She lives but in his daily sight,
And he to do her bidding right.

Her palace is her prison too—
  She can but sing a plaintive song,
Or, if the fresh wind stronger blew,
  Bid rose-leaves float with it along:
If chance sweet sound or fragrant shower
May reach him from her lofty tower.

She has much space for anxious thought,
  And thinks upon the Moslem race;
She cannot list as she is taught
  The fables of her gods to trace.
By pundit learn'd she will be told
The simpler creed Moslemah hold.

She thinks upon her father's fate,
  Upon her mother's stifled cry;
By love and nature taught to hate
  Her country's foul idolatry.
That cry, which reach'd no other ear,
The orphan child had shrunk to hear.

Strong feelings cherish'd silently,
  Devotion to a single aim,
The mind develop rapidly—
  Soomuti is no more the same:
Beyond the Brahmin's idle tales,
She seeks the God their Shaster veils.

"O Deva, O Divine One, hear!
  Teach me to know Thee, Cause of
    all."
'Twas thus she framed the untaught
    prayer;
  And none on him in vain shall call.
When all around to idols bend,
Her thoughts to the Unseen ascend.

The day of festival is come:
  Her father's treasured jewels deck
The lady; ere she leaves her home,
  Rich emerald chains entwine her
    neck;
And anklet, bracelet, clasp, and ring,
In the gay sun are sparkling.

With fruits of gold and ruby flowers
  Her robe is bordered splendidly;
She has beguiled the tedious hours
  In loading thus its broidery,
With hope and purpose far more dear
Than in its artful wreath appear.

Her girdle like the zodiac shone—
  Her pendant's like the evening star;
Around her is a mantle thrown,
  Simple, though costly, from afar:
It hides her from the gazer's eye,
And the night-dews can well defy.

The feast she seeks with beating heart;
  The nobles of her race have doom'd
That she shall thence betroth'd depart,
  When the first shades of evening
    gloom'd.
She linger'd near the garden-door—
A horse is pawing on the shore!

Her faithful Ali scarce restrains
His Arab snorting for the course;
He gives his hand—the lady gains
The crupper of the managed horse.
Her arms around his waist she throws—
Like shaft from bow the courser goes.

She bids him dash into the wave—
The practised horse swims steadily;
Her kindred tear their vests and rave,
But follow not so readily!
Long ere their barks can waft them o'er,
The fugitives have gain'd the shore.

The gallant steed but shakes away
The heavy waters from his mane;
The lady finds but breath to say,
"To your own country give him rein."
For Persia straight he swiftly goes,
Home of the nightingale and rose!

Far, far behind they leave the chase;
And soon in Ali's native land
His mother and his sire embrace
Their son's young bride; and gazing stand,
Now on the beauty of her face,
Now on the gems that o'er her blaze,
A prince's dowry in their rays.

That noble horse, so hardly task'd,
In ease his sunny day now spends;
The purer faith Soomuti ask'd
In sunshine on her soul descends.
And long her Ali's love survives—
The happiest she of Persian wives.

The one true God, the simple rite,
The vestige of eternal truth,
And scatter'd gleams of holier light,
Piercing the Koran's darkness, soothe
The heart that shrunk from blood and crime:
A brighter day shall come in time!

Where'er the wandering sheep may rest,
The shepherd's voice will reach its lair:
In after-years, a pilgrim guest
Came Ali's sheltering roof to share;
A scroll in Persia's tongue he leaves—
The Christian's hope her heart receives!

THE MILLER CORRESPONDENCE.

WHO the Reverend George Miller, from whom the correspondence we are about to publish takes its name, may be, is a question which we for the present decline answering. It must be left to the sagacity of those ingenious persons, who amuse themselves or the public in the attempt to discover the author of *Junius's Letters*. We feel ourselves just now only at liberty to say that the Rev. George Miller is a lineal descendant of the great Joe Miller, whose now time-honoured tomb is to be found in the burying-ground of St. Clement's Danes, close in the neighbourhood of Tom Wood's hotel.

Waving, however, further inquiry into the history of Mr. George Miller, we are about to introduce to public notice the results of his valuable labours. Smitten with a desire of collecting the autographs of the illustrious personages, in the author-line, existing in his time, he bent all the energies of his capacious mind to that important object. It was said long ago, that no more compendious way of procuring such curiosities could be imagined than discounting the bills of literary men, because you might in that case be perfectly certain of retaining their autographs, accompanied by notes. This, however, is somewhat too expensive, as the friends of literary gentlemen are well aware; and the Rev. George Miller (who, by the way, is not the Irish doctor of that name) felt it much easier to have recourse to a bland and agreeable artifice whereby to extort the desiderated signatures. Under shapes as various as those of "old Proteus from the sea," he warily approached his distinguished correspondents, and suited his bait according to the swallow of the illustrious gudgeon for which he angled. To some he wrote for the character of an imaginary footman; in another case, an apocryphal amanuensis, or an ideal servant-maid. With some his correspondence was literary, with others philosophical; a tinge of politics coloured some, a touch of benevolent curiosity distinguished others. From all he received answers; and they have been forwarded to us by a kindness of a nature so distinct and peculiar, that we do not think it possible for us to describe it in terms at all adequate to the sublimity of its feeling. [N.B. We borrowed this last clause from a speech of Patrick Robertson.]

We have about five hundred of the letters lying before us; but as they in their total bulk would fill the Magazine, we are compelled to make a selection. It is highly possible that we shall continue the series. In the mean time, we present our readers with the letters of

Bayly, Thomas Haynes
Bulwer, Edward Lytton, M.P.
Bury, Lady Charlotte
Carlile, Richard
5. Coleridge, Samuel Taylor
Croker, Right Hon. John Wilson, LL.D.
Croker, Thomas Crofton, A.S.S.
Croly, Rev. George, LL.D.
Cunningham, Allan
10. Edgeworth, Maria
Eldon, Right Hon. the Earl of
Hallam, Henry
Hogg, James
Holmes, William, W. I.
15. Hook, Theodore Edward
Hunt, Henry
Irving, Washington
Landon, Letitia Elizabeth, L.E.L.
Lockhart, John Gibson, LL.B.
20. Maginn, William, LL.D.
Martineau, Harriet
Mitford, Mary Russell
Moore, Thomas
Norton, Hon. Caroline
25. Porter, Anna Maria
Proctor, Bryan William, *alias* Barry Cornwall
Rogers, Samuel
Shee, Sir Martin Archer, P.R.A.
Scott, Sir Walter, Bart.
30. Wilson, Professor John.

A tolerably extensive list — from Lord Eldon to Henry Hunt, from Sir Walter Scott to Lytton Bulwer, from Coleridge to Carlile. We publish them as they come to hand, with scarcely any attempt at classification; and the first that, as it were instinctively, clings to our fingers is that of L. E. L.

I. — MISS LANDON.

The document of the fair L. E. L. — on this occasion really the *Improvvisatrice* — is as follows:

22, Hans Place.

Miss L. E. Landon's compliments to Mr. Miller, and thinks there must be some mistake in the note she received, as she knows nothing of the young person he mentioned.

But there is another Miss Landon in Sloane Street, and to her Miss L. E. Landon has enclosed the notes.

Saturday.—Miss Landon only returned home this morning.

II. — HENRY HUNT.

Compare this with the vulgarian twaddle of the old Blacking-man. *By the name!*—*in-door servant!*—and, O ye gods! *yours respectfully!* He did not know but Miller might have a vote for Preston.

36, Stamford Street,
Jan. 15, 183—.

Sir,

In reply to your favour by twopenny-post, I beg to observe that I have no recollection of any person by the name of Thomas Stevens ever having lived with me in any capacity; but I am quite sure no such person has ever lived with me as in-door servant.

I am, Sir,
Yours respectfully,
H. Hunt.

III. — THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Haynes Bayly has a pair of notes. By the first, we learn that his benevolent desire of communicating the required information kept him a day in town, which, perhaps, might not have been convenient.

Sir,

I have just received your note dated the 22d, in which you seem to allude to a former application to me respecting the character of some man. Your former note I never received, nor can I hear of any note at the Athenæum.

I beg you will therefore let me know the particulars; and as I leave town in the middle of the day to-morrow (Tuesday), I hope you will contrive to let me hear from you before twelve o'clock.

Your obedient servant,

Athenæum Club, Monday. Thomas Haynes Bayly.

By the second, we learn that Mr. Bayly has had a relay of foot*men*. Eheu!

Mr. Haynes Bayly presents his compliments to Mrs. Miller, regrets he can give her no information respecting James Deacon. He has had occasion to change footmen but once, and can therefore state, without the possibility of mistake, that no person of that name ever lived with him.

Athenæum, Tuesday.

IV.—GEORGE CROLY.

Dr. Croly judiciously recollects the apparent identity of his name with Crawley. There is something capital and characteristic in the slapdash manner in which he exonerates himself from the trouble of attempting to decipher the address of his correspondent.

SIR, *Monday, January.*

No servant of the name of Thomas Deacon has lived with me. But there may have been some mistake in the name, and there is a Mr. *Crawley* who lives in the neighbourhood, in Guilford Street, who may be the person in question. I have not been quite able to ascertain your address, but have set down the name of your street at hazard.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
GEORGE CROLY.

V.—MISS PORTER.

Miss Porter is gentle and considerate. The letter she answers is designated as "polite;" to her unknown correspondent she professes herself "obliged;" she "loses no time in replying;" and, with the most Christian charity, suggests the probability of a mistake, for the sake of the young woman herself. How strange is all this squeamish conscientiousness for the grand humbugger of the Seagrave narrative! Such is human inconsistency.

SIR, *Esher, January 23d.*

I lose no time in replying to your polite letter inquiring the character of a young woman, who calls herself Amelia Rogers, and describes herself as having once lived with me as a lady's-maid.

I must suppose that she has made some strange mistake, as I never had a servant of that name in any capacity; therefore am led to imagine, that one of the Miss Porters who live at Twickenham is the person she may have served. I trust, for the young woman's sake, that she has made such a mistake, and that she has not designedly represented herself falsely.

It would have given me pleasure, could I have replied satisfactorily to your inquiry as to the truth of her statement.

I beg to remain, Sir,
Yours obliged,
ANNA MARIA PORTER.

VI.—MISS MITFORD.

Our Village comes out of the scrape very well. The reference to "my father" is perfectly in keeping.

Three-Mile Cross,
SIR, *Monday.*

I have no recollection whatever of any person of the name of Amelia Riley having lived with us as lady's-maid; my father also says that he can remember no such name, and it is unlikely that a person filling such a situation should have been entirely forgotten in the family. I cannot but suspect some mistake in the affair, and should recommend a reference to the lady with whom the young woman in question lived last.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
M. R. MITFORD.

VII.—MISS MARTINEAU.

The only "anonymous name," as an Irish M.P. once phrased it, in the whole collection is that of Miss Martineau's amanuensis. She will

not write, and her scribe cannot venture beyond G. M. What is the "preventive check" in this solitary case? Are the folks ashamed of their names? That Miss Martineau never visited the Continent is evident enough to those who have read any of her stories about the French.

Sir,

I am directed by Miss Harriet Martineau to inform you that there is some mistake on the subject of Berthier's representation, as she never had the pleasure of visiting the Continent.

(For Miss H. Martineau,)
I am, Sir,
Respectfully yours,

17, Fludyer Street, October 5. G. M.

VIII.—Martin Archer Shee.

Shee writes as he paints—very tame indeed.

Cavendish Square,
Sir, *Monday, January 24, 1833.*

If I had received any former letter from you, I should certainly not have left it unnoticed. I have no recollection of a person of the name of Thomas Eldridge having ever lived in my service, and I should suppose there must be some mistake in his statement.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
Martin Archer Shee.

IX.—Allan Cunningham.

There is a hardness and solidity about Allan Cunningham's style that reminds us of his original vocation. It is pleasant to find Scotia unadorned breaking out so beautifully as in the last sentence. The "wrong directed" [it would have been better if it had been *wrang*] and the "*seeking* to impose," are redolent of Caledonia stern and wild. It is pastoral, too, to find the date Monday *morning*.

Mr. Allan Cunningham's compliments to Mr. George Miller, and assures him that he never received any other letter than the enclosed from him, and that he is not aware of having applied to any person on the subject alluded to—certainly not to Mr. Miller.

Either the enclosed note has been wrong directed, or some one is seeking to impose on Mr. M. in Mr. C.'s name.

27, Lower Belgrave Place,
Monday Morning.

X.—Edward Lytton Bulwer.

Dr. Johnson being asked, how it happened, that the smallest note he wrote or dictated was always correct, and even elegant in the turn of its phraseology, replied, "I made it my rule, early in life, always to do my best when I had my pen in my fingers." It appears to us, that the "*Simius Maximus*" of English literature has not adopted the salutary rule of the "Ursa Major;" at all events, a more boobyish, spoonish specimen of slipslop was never submitted to the sagacious eye of Miller than the following.

Sir, *Richmond, Tuesday Morning.*

I am extremely sorry that you should have experienced any delay in receiving an answer to your inquiries. Your note dated the 22d, and just received, is the only one I have received.

I have not the smallest recollection of the name of William Jeffreys—I am quite convinced that no servant of that name ever lived with me two years, or a period of any length whatsoever, even if I should be mistaken in my present persuasion that no servant of that name ever entered my service. I therefore conclude that the man has made some mistake. He may very probably have lived with my brother, Mr. Henry Bulwer, whose address is 38, Hill Street, Berkeley Square.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
E. Lytton Bulwer.

XI.—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

It is particularly edifying to find that Lady Charlotte Bury is very sorry, in letter the first, that any lady's-maid's character should be dubious.

Lady Charlotte Bury, in reply to Mr. George Miller's application respecting Sarah Deacon, can only say that such a person has *never* lived in her service, in ANY capacity—certainly not in that of lady's-maid. But as Lady Charlotte Bury would be sorry to hurt any body's character, she hopes Mr. Miller has been exact in the name.

3, Park Square, Regent's Park,
January 21, 183–.

In round the second—for Miller would never allow such a combatant to get off with one—this charming lady's aristocratical refusal to enter further into the subject is equally delightful.

Lady Charlotte Bury presents her compliments to Mrs. Miller, and can only repeat that she has no recollection of any body of the name of Sarah Deacon having ever lived in her family; but if the woman persists in saying so, she had better call at the Rev. E. Bury's, 3, Park Square, where the truth of what she alleges about the change of name will easily be proved. *Further* than *this* Lady Charlotte Bury cannot enter upon the subject.

Monday, Jan. 23, 183–.
3, Park Square, Regent's Park.

XII.—THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Sweet Caroline Norton! The future antiquary, when the time comes that even you will be antiquity—when to you will be applied the song sung with such gusto by your glorious and Gillrayed grandpapa—

"Though her lightness and brightness
Do shine with such splendour,
That nought but the stars
Are thought fit to attend her;
Though now she is fragrant,
And soft to the sense,
She'll be damnably mouldy
A hundred years hence;"

—in that unhappy time it will be known, that in January 1831 you had commenced housekeeping but for three years, and that your then actual establishment (or as you call it, your *present* establishment) had not undergone alteration for twelve months or more.

Let us remark here, once for all, that the ladies of this correspondence are most curious to see the persons—"the young persons"—about whom the inquiries are made. Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Norton, Lady C. Bury, Miss Porter, all express their anxiety for the personal appearance of the women who are described as their former attendants.

The gentlemen exhibit no such fancy for seeing their discarded footmen.

Oh, Gossip! Gossip! what a god thou art among the goddesses of the earth!

2, Story's Gate, Westminster,
19th January, 1831.

Sir,

In answer to your note of to-day, I beg to inform you that no person of the name of *Amelia Deacon* ever lived with me as lady's-maid; nor, to my recollection, in any other *capacity*. It is at any rate impossible she could have lived with me two years, as it is but *three* since I commenced housekeeping, and my present establishment has undergone no alteration for the last twelve months, or more.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Caroline Norton.

We are indignant with Miller for having troubled "the superb lump of flesh," as Sidney Smith calls her, with a second application; but so it was, and here is the result.

Brighton, 58, *Old Steyne,*
25 *January.*

Madam,

Your letter of the 22d has been forwarded to me here, and I hasten to reply, as I fear some person is endeavouring to impose on you.

I am *quite sure* no person of the name of Amelia Deacon, or Dickinson, *ever* lived in my service. If, however, the young woman persists in her assertion, let her come and claim her character *from me*, at my house, where I hope to be on Saturday. To this she *can* have no objection.

I propose this merely to assure you, that I should be happy to take any trouble that might assist you; but I am *quite certain*, that unless the woman in question offers herself under a feigned name, she has never lived in my house.

I am, Madam,
Your obedient servant,
Caroline Norton.

XIII.—Richard Carlile.

What a creature is here! Miller should not have written to Carlile. The wretched impertinence of the ignorance is quite characteristic of the hound. He says the word soul has no type in existing things. And where is the type, in what he would call existing things, of the words he uses —"can," "have," "no," "to," "on," "the," "of," "such," "a," "subject," "for," "as?" But it is wasting words to talk to an ass.

Giltspur Street Compter,
January 16, 183–.

Sir,

I can have no objection to peruse your "Manuscript on the Transubstantiation of the Soul;" but I can say at once, that you must not look to me to make a speculation with such a subject; for as the word *soul* has no meaning, no type in existing things, I have to learn how any thing sensible can be said upon such a word.

Respectfully,
Richard Carlile.

P.S.—If sent, let it be to Fleet Street.

XIV.—Bryan William Proctor.

Gentle Barry Cornwall!

Monday Morning, 25, *Bedford Square.*

Mr. Proctor has this morning received a letter from Mr. Miller (referring to a former letter), in which there appears to be some mistake. Mr. Proctor has

never received any former letter from Mr. Miller, nor does he know to whom or what Mr. Miller's letter relates.

Mr. P. thinks it probable that it may have been meant for another person of his name; and if he can learn that there is such a person in Bedford Square, he will forward the letter to him. If, however, Mr. Proctor *should* be the person meant (which he does not think likely), he will answer Mr. Miller's letter immediately, if Mr. Miller will explain the object of it by another communication.

XV.—THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

What a fairy note! The Hibernianism is complete. Crofty puts no mark of time to his communication, and then says that he has not been in Ireland for a year from that date.

SIR,

I have no knowledge of Murphy Delaney, about whom you inquire; nor have I been in Ireland for more than a year from the present date.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,

Admiralty. T. CROFTON CROKER.

XVI.—JOHN WILSON CROKER.

Next to Crofty Croker, the most important man of that name, the *spes altera*, so to speak, of the illustrious house of Lineham, (see Burke's *Gentry of Great Britain*,) is, we have no hesitation in saying, the late Secretary of the Admiralty. We believe he was one of the Commissioners (along with Scott, Mackintosh, Lockhart, and Hallam) on the *Stuart Papers;* but this was an old story.

September 24, 183—.

MR. CROKER begs leave to acquaint Mr. Baker that he has no recollection whatsoever of Mr. James Morrison, nor does he remember ever to have employed an amanuensis. Mr. Morrison may have been employed in transcribing the *Stuart Papers;* but it has escaped Mr. Croker's memory.

XVII.—THOMAS MOORE.

Tom Moore is in the benignant vein; he cannot stand in the way even of an impostor—a class of persons for whom his *Travels of an Irish Gentleman* betray a great sympathy.

SIR, *Sloperton, January* 25, 183—.

I regret extremely that there should have occurred two days' delay in my answer, but I unluckily happened to be away from home when your letter arrived. It is painful to stand in the way of any one—I was going to say, even an impostor—obtaining a livelihood, but truth compels me to add that I know nothing whatever of Murphy Delaney; nor, indeed, was ever acquainted with any one of that name, except a clerk of my father's (John Delaney), when I was quite a child. Lamenting, I assure you, very sincerely, that benevolence like yours should be thus imposed upon (if the man be, as appears but too probable, an impostor),

I am, Sir,
Your obliged and obedient, &c. &c.
THOMAS MOORE.

XVIII.—JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

The Quarterly Reviewer is brief. One phenomenon is evident from his note, viz. that, like his late amiable co-laborateur, Lord Dudley, he talks to himself; else, how could a name he never had heard in his

life, now for the first time presented to him on paper, "sound new to his ear?"

Sir,

There must be some mistake, certainly — no such person as William Roberts was ever in my service for any considerable space of time, for the name sounds altogether new to my ear.

Your obedient servant,

24, Sussex Place, Jan. 24. J. G. Lockhart.

XIX.—William Holmes.

Strange coincidence. The "name sounds to the ear" of William Holmes also—but, as might be expected, not strangely. What name *can* be strange to the great nomenclator of the house? We are rejoiced to see our old friend in as good company as ever. The letter to Miller is franked by Sir C. M. Sutton, and the answer is directed to be sent under cover to the Duke. This is as it should be. We like, too, the aversion of Holmes to contributing to the post-office—economy is the life of the half-pays; and the cautious and formal manner in which he prefixes the style of "His Grace" to the Duke of Wellington, proves that official habits have not left him with office. It is pleasant to perceive that the old whipper-in concludes his signature with a flourish exactly like a thong-whip.

Sir, *Dover, Oct. 7, 183—.*

I have received your letter inquiring about Robert Jukes. Though the name sounds on my ear as a person I have known, still I cannot bring it to my recollection when or where. If Robert Jukes will write to me, he probably will be enabled to draw my attention to the particular period which he alludes to. Tell him to direct, *under cover,* to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Walmer Castle, near Deal, where I shall be next week.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,

William Holmes.

XX.—Samuel Rogers.

The vice of punning appears even to infect the note style of Sam Rogers. Here in three lines we have the jingle of "service," "service," and "servant." The immense antiquity of Sam is finely adumbrated in the indefinite date which he assigns to the possible service of his namesake (we wonder he did not suspect some antediluvian affiliation), the respectable nonentity hight Samuel Wentworth—if ever, it was "long ago." It is quite an "ancestral voice," a sound from the dead.

Sir,

I have no recollection of Samuel Wentworth in my service; but, at all events, it must have been long ago. All my knowledge of his character should otherwise have been much at your service.

Your obedient servant,

St. James's Place, Jan. 21, 183—. Samuel Rogers.

XXI.—William Maginn.

To our surprise, the gruff Standard-bearing LL.D. comes most milky fashion out of this affair. The Doctor's letter about the imaginary reporter O'Hoolahan is really a good-natured effusion;

we had no notion he would have taken half so much trouble about any such animal, real or fictitious.

Sir,

I never knew a gentleman of the name of O'Hoolahan. A great many Irish persons are connected with the press, and perhaps a man of that name may be among them; he, however, has not fallen in my way. If he says I recommended him to your newspaper, there must be a mistake somewhere.

Excuse this hasty note; I happen to be very busy just now.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,

Standard, Monday. William Maginn.

XXII.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Commend us to Coleridge. The old man eloquent is courteous and philosophical as ever. The unknown person to whom he writes is addressed as "Dear Sir;" and a metaphysical distinction between knowledge and power is shadowed forth at the end of the epistle. Had Miller in person waited on old Coleridge, he would have answered his question in an essay, in which the fundamental principles of footmanship would have been laid down, according to the most recondite doctrines of Platonism, delivered in a flowing speech, terminable only at the announcement of dinner.

Dear Sir, *Monday Noon, 24 January, 183–.*

The note which has this moment reached me, is the first I have received from you; and unable to form the most distant conjecture respecting either the person in whose behalf you interest yourself, or the object, I suspect that your letter may have been intended for one or other of my nephews—perhaps Mr. John Coleridge, the barrister, No. 2, Pond Court, Temple; or Henry Nelson Coleridge, the chancery barrister, No. 1, Lincoln's Inn Square; or the Rev. Edward Coleridge, Eton.

Be assured that the application, had it both reached me and fallen within my knowledge or power, would not have been neglected by

Your humble servant,

Grove, Highgate. S. T. Coleridge.

XXIII.—HENRY HALLAM.

What a thoroughly historiographical bit of a production is that which emanated from the same desk with *The Middle Ages!* Good heavens! one would think there was question about the pedigree of the White or Red Rose. And then the conjectural, the remote, semi-sceptical adumbration of a statement touching the affairs of Lord Graves! Well done, Hallam!

Sir,

I incline to think that there must be some mistake with respect to the subject of your note to me, especially as there is another gentleman of my name in the same street. I have had no footman, for seven or eight years, who can be the person whose character you request. At that distance of time, a man of the name of Charles (his surname I do not recollect) lived with me, and went, of course with a character, to the Bishop of Exeter's (now St. Asaph): he lived, I think, afterwards with the late Lord Graves. But I suppose he would hardly refer you to me for a character, after such a lapse of time. If he is the person, I can only say that I had no fault to find with him, that I now remember; but should not know him by sight if he were to enter the room.

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,

67, Wimpole Street, Jan. 22. Henry Hallam.

XXIV.—JOHN WILSON.

We consider the following as very characteristic of the warm, good-hearted character of Professor Wilson.

Gloucester Place, Edinburgh,
Sunday.

SIR,

I am ashamed to observe that your letter has been lying by me for so many weeks unanswered. I conjectured the handwriting on the address to be that of a certain scamp that I had long ago determined to hold no correspondence with, and therefore threw the letter aside; but this morning I opened it accidentally. Pray excuse this unintentional neglect.

On recurring to my class-lists for 1828-9, I find that there were five John Smiths that session; but no one of the number distinguished himself in any creditable way whatever. The young gentleman who refers you to me must therefore have made a mistake. I cannot surely have, on any occasion, signified to him my approbation of his intellectual exertions while attending the moral philosophy class here. There was one of them, a John Smith from Manchester, whom I distinctly remember as a disagreeable raff.

Your faithful servant,
JOHN WILSON.

XXV.—MISS EDGEWORTH.

Nothing reflects greater credit on Miller than his pertinacious badgering of Maria Edgeworth; but, to be sure, the organ of note-writing was always pretty well developed in that admirable person.

1, North Audley Street,
January 21, 183–.

SIR,

Your letter addressed to *Mrs. Edgeworth,* inquiring the character of a person of the name of Margaret Riley, came to me this morning. No such person ever lived as lady's-maid with any of the family of Edgeworth, who reside at Edgeworth's Town, in Ireland. For any thing I can tell to the contrary, she may have lived with some other family of the name of Edgeworth: but before this idea is suggested to her, it might be well to ascertain whether she asserts that she lived with the Edgeworths of Edgeworth's Town; by which means you may judge of her truth.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

But the second effusion of our fair friend beats all print. Only to think of any body that had any thing else to do scribbling all this worrying nonsense about *Mrs.*, and *Miss*, and *Margaret*, and *Harriet* (to the curliness of whose hair in those days we can bear unqualified testimony); and then the simple and satisfactory method of solving the whole *vexata quæstio,* which *at last* suggests itself to the indefatigable paper-crosser, in paragraph the antepenultimate! Let her come to be inspected! To be sure she would.

1, North Audley Street,
Monday.

MADAM,

I am the person whom Margaret Riley describes as the "Mrs. Edgeworth the Authoress." But her calling me *Mrs.* Edgeworth leads me to doubt her knowing me; because, though I have been old enough these twenty years past to have assumed the title of *Mrs.*, it has so happened that I have always, in my own family and in society, been called *Miss* Edgeworth—perhaps from the habit of being known best by that appellation as an authoress.

If I recollect rightly, Mr. Miller, in his note to me (which I have sent to my family at Edgeworth's *Town,* and therefore cannot refer to it), said that this Margaret Riley lived *with* Mrs. E. in *Ireland.* That, I am almost CERTAIN, is false; but Mrs. Edgeworth's answer to my letter will decide that matter.

Upon ransacking my memory, I recollect having had, eight years ago, when I was in London, a waiting-maid of the Christian name of Margaret; her sirname I cannot remember, but I am certain it was not Kelly, or any Irish name. She was English — was highly recommended to me by Mrs. Marcet (now at Geneva); and this Margaret was an excellent lady's-maid, in every respect — an accomplished dress-maker, I can answer for it, having had occasion to try her powers, as I then went out a great deal, having then two young sisters with me.

Margaret — whatever her name may be — must, if she ever lived with me, recollect these two young ladies; and must also recollect where I lived. I lived in Holles Street: the eldest of the young ladies named Fanny, the youngest Harriett. She could not also fail to recollect that Miss Harriett had curly hair, worn as a crop—a peculiarity in her appearance which none who have seen her could forget; and a still greater peculiarity would probably be remembered by a lady's-maid and dress-maker, that she was, as our Margaret one day said to me, the most indifferent about dress of any young lady she had ever seen,—"Ma'am! Miss Harriett was so good to look at the dress I finished for her, and said it was pretty." She cannot forget having said this to me, if she be the Margaret who lived with me.

Another circumstance in the words you quote of her makes me doubt it. She says that the Mrs. Edgeworth the authoress was one of the members of the family she lived with. Now I was at the time I speak of in London, keeping house for myself: I was her mistress, gave her all her orders, and paid her her wages; so that she would not *naturally* speak of me as *one* of the members of the family, but as specially her mistress.

When she left me, I gave *our* Margaret an excellent written character, which she deserved, else I should not have given it; for I am particularly exact and conscientious as to the character I give servants, thinking it as wrong to give a false character as it would be to forge a bank-note.

The character I gave Margaret procured her, before I quitted town (in the course of a few days after I parted with her), a good place with Mrs. Knox (the Hon. Mrs. Knox, wife of a son of Lord Northlands, and daughter of the late primate of Ireland, Stuart).

It seems to me odd that this person cannot produce either my written character, or any character from Mrs. Knox, if she be the person who lived with me.

But, to settle the matter at once, she may come, if you wish, to North Audley Street, No. 1, and I will see her, and say whether she is or is not the person who lived with me.

I am now with one of my sisters, who was with me when I was last in London, and she cannot fail to recollect *our* Margaret.

I can give no further information, and hope what I have now said may be satisfactory.

I am, Madam,
Your obedient humble servant,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

XXVI.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Here is one which we like. "I have resided almost entirely on the continent," says Geoffry Crayon, "and have had none but *foreign* servants." The affinity of blood and language speaks out in the word. Since the treaty of 1783, Americans of the United States are as foreign to us as Frenchmen or Spaniards—*technically*, but not *truly*.

James Chinnock, for any thing Washington Irving could have known, might have been a New Yorker or a Kentucky man. He might have been a white help, or a regular nigger from the land of liberty, as well as a native of the "old country;" but his name was not Jacques or Diego: it was James—Jem. And let the government of the States be what it pleases, that name cannot be *foreign* to the ear of Washington Irving.

Edgebaston, Birmingham,
January 27, 183–.

Sir,

I have just received your note inquiring respecting a man-servant named James Chinnock: no such person has ever been in my service. In fact, for the last ten years I have resided almost entirely on the continent, until within the last eighteen months, and have had none but foreign servants.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
Washington Irving.

XXVII.—James Hogg.

We venture to say that the ensuing reflects honour on the Ettrick Shepherd. We are exactly of his opinion as to *flunkies*—they are all monsters, and most of them thieves too; and *lasses* are much more useful, as well as agreeable animals "about the house."

Altrive, Yarrow,
January 3, 183–.

Sir,

The Philip Muir that has written about my giving him a character must be an impostor. I never kept a footman, nor never will. If I could afford fifty servants, they should all be lasses.

Yours respectfully,
James Hogg.

XXVIII.—Walter Scott.

There is only one autograph among all this batch that betrays the slightest shadow of any thing like annoyance, and that, *mirabile dictu!* is the note addressed to our friend Miller by the best-natured great man of our age, or perhaps of any age—Sir Walter Scott. But the date explains all. Alas, alas! the good Sir Walter had had at least one visitation of the mortal malady before he was honoured with the correspondence of Mr. Miller.

We are rather surprised, by the by, that Sir Walter should have said no person of the name of Campbell was ever servant to him. What, we should like to be told, was old Elshie Campbell, *alias* "Alexander Campbell, *Esquire*," the editor of *Albyn's Anthology*? Did he never actually clean Sir Walter's boots? We are sure he fulfilled many baser duties in that quarter.

Sir,

I regret that my name has been used to mislead your benevolence; I know no such person as Duncan Campbell, nor was a man of the name of Campbell ever servant to me.

The fellow who imposed upon you deserves punishment, and, for the sake of others, I hope you will see it inflicted.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
Walter Scott.

Abbotsford, Melrose, 21 *January,* 1831.

I received yours of the 18th this day.

XXIX.—Lord Eldon.

What name can be placed in contact with that of Scott, the glory of our literature, so fitly as that of Scott, the glory of our law? It was hardly fair for Miller to hoax Lord Eldon. His lordship will not pledge himself for the exactness of his recollections, and sets about in quest of other evidence. This failing, he calls for further papers, when he pro-

mises to proceed with the case. A delay has already occurred, it will be seen, in the first step of the proceedings. The iteration of the phrase "person" is quite in the style legal.

SIR, October 10, 183—.

I did not receive your Letter of the 5th till last night, at this place. I cannot *recollect* that any such Person as you mention was employed by me as that Person states, or in any other manner; nor can I find that any Person now in my family recollects any such Person. If he can state any particulars that may bring back circumstances to my Recollection which have now escaped it, I shall be ready to answer any further inquiries.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

Encombe, near Corfe Castle, Dorset. ELDON.

XXX.—THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

Greater men than Theodore Hook there may be on the list of Miller's victims, but we fearlessly state our belief, that the cleverest of the whole set was resident, in January 1830, at No. 5, Cleveland Row, and decamped from that region to the immediate neighbourhood of those two venerable persons, Bishop Blomfield and Billy Holmes, among the shades of Fulham, the moment that certain "untoward coming events" cast their shadows before Tory eyes, about the autumn of the same ever-to-be-spit-upon year. The whole correspondence furnishes nothing so *perfect* as that which we now submit.

SIR, *Cleveland Row, Friday, Jan. 21, 1830.*

In reply to your note of yesterday, I have only to say, that no person of the name of Charles Howard ever lived in my service in any capacity whatever.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
THEODORE E. HOOK.

Let our list, then, like that of the Kings of Corsica, close with the name of Theodore. No better finale could be imagined. To those who may be inclined to believe that the Rev. George Miller was nothing but a shadow, like Jedidiah Cleishbotham or Dr. Dryasdust, and feel a sort of conviction that this hoax was perpetrated by living people of flesh and blood under the vizard of his reverence—to them we allow the praise of a certain sagacity. But to them also we have to say, that those aforesaid persons of flesh and blood, whosoever they may be, have not given the papers to us; and that we rather imagine the appearance of this series may be as much matter of annoyance to them, as of wonder to their correspondents. This we avouch on the honour of

OLIVER YORKE.

J. Moyes, Castle Street, Leicester Square.

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ON THE PERIODS OF THE ERECTION OF THE THEBAN TEMPLE OF AMMON.

Among the characters which signalise the present era of advancement and discovery above all that have preceded it, there are few parallels in general interest and importance to the fact of the disinhuming of the primitive history of mankind, by researches into the original literature of the country which is on all hands agreed to have been the nursery, if not the actual birthplace, of the arts and sciences of Europe, and which, next to the Jewish nation, holds the most prominent place in sacred history. These researches have already proceeded so far, that the cloud, which up to the commencement of the nineteenth century had obscured the infancy of nations, has been in an extraordinary degree dispelled; and the events of ages which, nineteen hundred years ago, were classed as fabulous by the most learned of the Roman writers, and respecting which the father of history, five centuries earlier, could obtain little intelligence beyond obscure tradition, have been brought within the pale of authentic history, and may now be contemplated with the confidence necessarily resulting from known contemporary monuments of that primeval civilisation and greatness, of which the sacred page (under the circumstances of obscurity in which the origins of those monuments were involved) was heretofore the only undoubted vindicator.* But as the inspired volume does not descend to particulars unconnected with its main purpose, a veil still obscured the antiquities of the Gentile world, so dense, that an author contemporary with the writers of the most recent books of the Old Testament has been universally awarded the title of *The Father of History*. It is therefore not to be wondered at if so unlimited a field for conjecture was sown with theories the most various and conflicting, nor if the fruit has been left almost exclusively to be gathered by the learned world.

Now, however, that we have before us Gentile records more than a thousand years older than Herodotus, the case is on a widely different footing; and readers who have heretofore limited their inquiries to the recognised epochs of authentic profane history, will on the same sober principle direct their attention to periods greatly more remote: nor is it perhaps too much to infer, that the foundations of Thebes and Memphis will become as familiar to the general reader as those of Rome, Paris, or London; and the progressive erection of the temple of the Theban Jupiter, under a long line of Pharaohs, a matter of as little obscurity as that of our Westminster cathedral by the British monarchs of a thousand years.†

It being important to the promul-

* This is a fact, admitted even by the enemies of revelation. Volney, one of the most malignant of them, calls the Jewish records "*our great regulator*" for adjusting the history of remote ages.

† The interval from the conversion of Sebert, king of the East Saxons, the reputed founder of the abbey, till the western towers were completed by Sir C. Wren, exceeded ten centuries.

gation and right appreciation of this interesting topic, to satisfy the public, as well as the learned world, that these remarks are not more sanguine than the case justifies, I have selected for the subject of the present essay the history of the gigantic temple already alluded to, as one well deserving the attention of the learned, and, in consequence of its analogy with more modern parallels, likely to prove interesting to the general inquirer. It is an instance peculiarly adapted to the triple purpose of trying the validity of the theories which have heretofore stood in the place of historical record—of evincing, in a clear and unanswerable manner, how ancient tradition may be vindicated and replaced by authentic history—and of affording data for a concentrated view of the rise, progress, and decline of the arts, in the nation to which the Greeks and Romans, with one voice, attributed the origin of those customs and institutions which distinguish civilisation from barbarism.

Let us remark *in limine*, that in the present stage of hieroglyphic discovery, and under the circumstance of our very meagre acquaintance with the language in which the inscriptions are written, the elements most to be relied upon for conducting an inquiry like the present are to be found in the monumental catalogues of the Pharaohs; by the aid of which, in their present almost perfect state, every Egyptian and Nubian monument, sculpture, and inscription, having regal names or titles, capable of being referred to those catalogues, may immediately be fixed to its relative, if not to its exact era, and collections of hieroglyphic antiquities classed according to date. The validity of these lists is admitted by the ablest opponents of the Phonetic system in its details. Such elements afford quite enough of data, combined with the sculptures, for investigating the general facts of history, and much more than the most perfect translations of isolated inscriptions could supply, in the absence of regal catalogues of the constructors of the monuments. With such aid, speculation on the relative antiquity of numberless important remains and characters of art becomes superseded by positive dates; and the scholar, the architect, the artist, and the general reader, may draw their conclusions on the progress of civilisation, art, and literature, without fear of material error.

With these elements to guide us, it is manifest that an Egyptian edifice, which the inscriptions on its walls prove to have been the work of many successive reigns, becomes a gauge for measuring the profundity of time; and, in this respect, is what the Nilometer is to the sacred river—marking the height to which we may safely ascend, with the assurance of a harvest of historical truth.

The Temple of Ammon, the remains of which, archæologists, for many powerful reasons,* agree are extant in the enormous pile known as the Temple of Carnac, and described by Denon, Hamilton, Belzoni, Champollion, and other visitors, with so much lively admiration, is by far the most extensive, as well as the most ancient, of the Theban edifices; being the only one of them whose origin seems lost in the abyss of time. The progress of hieroglyphic discovery enables us to refer the temples or palaces of Luxor, the Memnonium, of Medinet Abou, Ypsambol, &c. each to its proper epochs and constructors, during the most flourishing period of the arts and empire of Egypt; while the gigantic pile at Carnac properly belongs to the whole period of the monarchy, and may with propriety be termed *The Temple of the Pharaohs*, the majority of whom in succession, more particularly such as are celebrated in history, contributed

* This is the only pile of Theban remains, the age of which will admit of its being the original temple of Ammon. its situation, in eastern Thebes, agrees with this supposition. The boat in which the image of Ammon was transported annually to the Libyan side of the Nile (Diod.), is found sculptured repeatedly on its walls; and the longest hieroglyphic catalogue of kings is here found. Of this catalogue, Thothmos Meca, the admitted Mœris of Herodotus, is the thirtieth; a number possibly magnified, by the priestly authorities of that historian, to three hundred and thirty. According to the father of history, the temple of the Theban Jupiter likewise contained a number of sacerdotal images, corresponding with that of the kings; and although these appear now to be wanting, the contemporary royal succession remains, each name being accompanied by a figure of the monarch: which is also the case in the shorter successions found in the Memnonium, and the palace of Medinet Abou.

their efforts to its enlargement and magnificence. In tracing the history of this pile, which, while it ascends to ages impenetrable to hieroglyphic research, comes down lower than that of any of the other great monuments, we therefore trace the history, not only of the monarchy, but of the arts of Egypt, with all their variations, through every known age. Hence the chronology of such an edifice cannot fail to be of universal interest; and the more so, because, in consequence of the imperishable registers of additions and repairs furnished by the inscriptions on its walls, the necessary dates may be obtained with far greater relative accuracy than those of any edifice of modern times, which has been erected at intervals during several centuries, and for the details of which we are dependent on the veracity and judgment of historians, as well as their authorities. But previously to descending to the contemporary hieroglyphic chronometer, let us take a short view of what written history says on the subject of the first foundation of the temple of Ammon.

According to Diodorus, whose authorities were the priests of Thebes, the temple of Jupiter Ammon was originally built on the eastern side of the Nile (the site of the ruins of Carnac) by his son Osiris, the first coloniser of Egypt. But Ammon himself reigned at Thebes, according to the same writer, and was supposed to be identical with Osiris; and Plato acquaints us that "Thamus (a well-known name of Osiris), king of all Egypt, who reigned in a great city in the upper country, which the Greeks called the Egyptian Thebes, was named Jupiter Ammon." The same is evident from Bachus, cited by Nonnus (Dionysiac. lib. xl.), while the Plutonic dominions of Osiris were called Amun-ti; so that the historical Ammon and Osiris were, by general consent, one and the same person, and the temple of Jupiter Ammon was founded by that personage himself, who was the father of Menes, the founder of the dynasties; for Menes signifies *Dionius*, or Jove-born (Μηνης, as the Greek authors write Mon-se, or Amon-se, the son of Amon*). The latter was succeeded by his own son Thoth, or Athothes, as Eratosthenes and Manetho inform us, from the records preserved in the Egyptian temples. We find the same genealogy in the much older translation of those records by Sanchoniatho — Amun, Misor and Taut, or Thoth, king of Egypt — and are by this more literal version of the names immediately directed to the Ham and Mizraim of Scripture, the true founders of the Egyptian nation; from the former of whom the country was called the land of Ham, or Cham, in the sacred as well as in the Egyptian language (the Enchorial writings have [illegible] Chem, or [illegible] Chemi), and its inhabitants the Mizraim, from the latter. Hence the Mestræi of the old Egyptian chronicle, and the Mestræa of Manetho. So we find the names of the Pathrusim, the Caphtorim, and the Naphtuhim of Genesis x. 13, 14, preserved in the ancient divisions of Egypt,— Pathros and Caphtor (the latter preserved in the Coptos of the Greeks, and the modern name of the aboriginal inhabitants of Egypt), and the district of Noph,† the scriptural appellation of Memphis. We also find the Lehabim in the adjacent region of Libya, and the Philistim in Palestine.

But as Egypt is called the land of Ham in the sacred records, so the scriptural name of the most ancient city of Thebes is No-Ammon, or the city of Ham (in the monuments, the *abode of Amon*); so all Libya (the country of the Lehabim) was anciently called Ammonia, from Ammon (Steph. Byz. *in voce*); and in Arabia there was a river Ammon, a people called Ammonii (Plin. l. vi. c. 28), and the promontory Ammonium (Ptol. l. vi. c. 7): while we find Osiris, the other Egyptian name of Ammon or Ham, perpetuated in Sihor, the scriptural appellation of the Nile (called also Osiris by Plutarch and

* The name is found more complete in Amenses, the fifty-fifth king of the Syncelline catalogue, and in Queen Amon-set, or Amense (the daughter of Amon), of the eighteenth dynasty. It is worthy of notice, that the monumental names, Amon and Menai, are composed of the same phonetic letters. Jablonski replaces Διονιος, the import of Menes, according to Eratosthenes, by Αιωνιος (*æternus*), the import of the Coptic Meneh; but this does not accord with history.

† No-Phtha, the city of Phtha, as No-Ammon, the city of Ammon?

other writers), in the Syriadic district of Manetho and Josephus, in Sereia an ancient name of the Delta, according to Heliodorus, and in "Shur that is before Egypt." (Gen. xxv. 18; 1 Sam. xv. 7.)—Σοὺρ in the LXX.

From all this it seems clear that Ham, the son of Noah, the Amun, Ammon, or Osiris, of the Egyptians, must be considered as the original founder of Thebes, or the city of Ammon, called by the Greeks Diospolis, which means the same thing; as his son Mizraim, Misor, or Menes, was, by common consent, the founder of Memphis; so that the temple of Ammon, or Ham, was, in all probability, originally named from its founder, like the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. And there can be little reason to doubt but that the temple of Ham was first erected for the worship of the true God, as well as the temple of Solomon, although converted to the worship of its founder, under the title of Jupiter Ammon, by his descendants; for it is difficult to suppose the religion of Noah to have been so far corrupted during the life-time of the great patriarch of Egypt, as that he should have erected a temple of which himself was to be the divinity. Besides, Lucian acquaints us, that the Egyptians were the first who erected temples, and that the most ancient temples among them were without statues. This does not look like idolatry; and if we refer to the history of Abraham's visits to Pharaoh and Abimelech, we shall find no reason to suppose that the patriarchal religion had much degenerated in that age among the Egyptians and their Philistine descendants.

When the foregoing chain of evidence is duly considered, it will perhaps appear not improbable that the Theban temple of Ammon, the remains of which form our present subject of consideration, was the first edifice of the kind erected in the post-diluvian world; for there is no reason to suppose that the tower of Babel, afterwards the temple of Belus, was originally consecrated to the purposes of either true or false religion; and Lucian expressly tells us, that the Assyrians received the worship of the gods from the Egyptians, and began to erect temples not long after the former nation. The original, perhaps massive and unadorned temple of the patriarch Ammon, was, it seems evident, after his death and apotheosis, enlarged and surrounded with other buildings, and adorned with sculptures by a long line of his descendants, the Pharaohs.

We should not pass over the epoch of the foundation of the city and temple of Ammon, in a paper intended to elucidate the progressive erection of the latter. The evidence of the ancients on this subject is perfectly harmonious. 1. The period from the reign of Ammon or Osiris, till Alexander's conquest of Asia, was about 23,000 revolutions of the moon, according to the priestly authorities of Diodorus. This interval, reduced to solar time, amounts to 1860 years in ascent from B.C. 330. 2. Again, the descendants of Menes the son of Ammon reigned during 1400 years, according to the same authority. Adding sixty years for the reign of Menes (sixty or sixty-two years being his time, in the different versions of Manetho's history), the period will be 1460 years in ascent from B.C. 730, when the Ethiopian conquest put an end to his line. 3. This prince began to reign at Thebes 1008 years before the taking of Troy, according to Dicæarchus and Eratosthenes—that is, before the year B.C. 1183, where the latter writer fixes the Trojan era. 4. Varro, who wrote in the first century B.C., fixes the foundation of the most ancient Thebes* 2100 years earlier than his own time. 5. Josephus, on the authority of Manetho, refers the foundation of Memphis by Menes to the commencement of the seventh century before the departure of the Jews from Egypt,† the recognised date of which event falls in the year B.C. 1491. 6. Constantine Manasses fixes the Tanite era of Lower Egypt at 1663 years before the Persian conquest, B.C. 525. 7. Lastly, the

* The foundation of Bœotian Thebes might seem to be alluded to by Varro, but the Cadmean era, 1400 years before he wrote, was well known to him; and the context shows that the date mentioned is that of the parent Thebes, as the best chronologers agree.

† Or 1300 years before the marriage of Solomon with Pharaoh's daughter, and the foundation of the temple; events which, according to the system of Josephus, took place from 590 to 610 years after the Exode, leaving 700 years for the previous interval.

author of the old Egyptian chronicle refers the colonisation of Egypt by the Mestræi, or Mizraim, to the 598th year of the canicular period, answering to the year before the Christian era 2188; the date with which all the before-mentioned elements will be found to agree within two or three years. Thus it would appear from a number of independent witnesses, that the foundations of the city and temple of Ammon were laid about 4000 years ago; and there is no original authority extant, which will justify us in either raising or depressing this era.

The next stage in the history of the temple of Ammon is its probable desecration by the Shepherd-invaders of Egypt; for these destroyers, according to Manetho, overthrew the temples, and attempted to eradicate the religion of Egypt. This event occurred, and the shepherds established their dynasty at Memphis, when the monarchy had subsisted 190 years, according to the numbers of Manetho, as quoted by Josephus and Eusebius; and it appears from the chronicle of Eratosthenes, that, in the same year, the royal line of Memphis was removed to Thebes; the Theban and Memphite successions, which were before this time of different lines, being henceforward identical for several centuries.

Although Manetho lets us know that several princes reigned in Egypt at this epoch, the only one mentioned in his account of the Shepherd invasion is named Timaus. This brings us to the origin of the rites of Osiris, or Thamus, which from their nature could not have been instituted until after his death; an event which, according to the historical mythology of Egypt, did not occur until the conquest of the country by the Shepherds. Thamus or Timaus was still alive, as above; and the first of the Shepherd rulers was Salatis, Saites, or Seth,— one of the names of Typhon, the brother and destroyer of Osiris. The part of Egypt in which these invaders first settled was thence called the Sethroite Nome, and the frontier city which they erected was Sethron, the city of Seth, or Typhon (or a Typhonian city), as Manetho acquaints us.

All this appears to fix the time of the death of Osiris, Thamus, Ammon, or Ham, and consequently the earliest date at which the lamentations for Osiris or Thamus (Ezek. viii. 14) could have originated, in a satisfactory manner. The rites might not, however, have been established until the abolition of the Shepherd tyranny—the historical death of Typhon; for we are told (Syncellus, ed. Par. p. 123) that the bull Apis, which was supposed to be inhabited by the soul of Osiris, was consecrated in the reign of the last Shepherd-prince Assis, or Aseth (Typhon).

The death of Osiris, or Ammon, would thus be placed about 1998 years before the Christian era, which is precisely the date of the death of Noah (whose history is mixed up with that of his son in the Egyptian system), according to the Hebrew computation; and will therefore allow to Ham a post-diluvian life of 350 years, or 150 less than that of his more favoured brother Shem, who doubtless died of old age; nor, if we look to the terms of their father Noah's prediction, will this appear surprising.

It is very remarkable, that as Osiris has the name of Ammon, or Ham, so Typhon, the brother and destroyer of Osiris, has that of Japetus (Japheth), the brother of Ham. Did the prediction of Noah, respecting the servitude of the race of Ham to Japhet, begin at this early date to receive its accomplishment in the captivity and death of the patriarch of Egypt? It is certain that the degraded race of the Egyptian monuments answer closely to the Typhonians, or *red men*, who, according to ancient writers, were sacrificed on the tomb of Osiris; and that they have the physical character of the line of Japhet, as it exists in the northern nations, more than of the Chamidæ, or Shemidæ; while the doubts of the Egyptian annalist regarding the origin of this Shepherd race, leaves the supposition of their Japhetian origin uncontradicted; and the rivalry of the Egyptians and Scythians, in later ages, about the antiquity of the respective empires, together with the attempt of the latter upon Egypt, as if to recover their ancient possession, which was repelled by the policy of Psammiticus, appears further to sanction it.

The period of the Shepherd dominion, or of the historical reign of Typhon, was, according to Manetho, 260 years. This brings us down to about the year B.C. 1740, for the revival of the arts and the restoration of the temples of Egypt. But as the power of these tyrants necessarily began to decline a considerable

period before its final abolition, we may perhaps infer, that the period of restoration commenced half a century earlier, or about B.C. 1790, when Aseth, the last of the race, mounted the throne of Memphis; and the consecration of Apis in his time, as before mentioned, is sufficient proof that the native power was recovering its predominancy.

Soon after this (B.C. 1706) we find the family of Jacob arriving in Egypt; at which time the hated tyranny of the Shepherds was fresh in the recollection of the natives,*—a conclusive proof of that tyranny having been but recently abolished. But what appears immutably to fix the end of the historical reign of Typhon, the consecration of Osiris, and the revival of the power and religion of the native Egyptians, is the celebration of the rites of Osiris on the 17th of the third month Athyr, in the fixed Egyptian or Augustan year, as we learn from Plutarch. The day in question corresponded with the 14th of November, in the Julian year. But the ancient Egyptian calendar being without the intercalation of a quarter of a day, the festivals receded through all the seasons, in the space of a canicular period of 1461 erratic years. For the epoch of the Osirian rites, which was that of the renovation of Egypt, we must therefore ascend to a period when the Thoth, or first day of the erratic year, corresponded with the 17th of the Augustan Athyr, or the 14th of the Julian November. The certainty with which the epochs of the erratic cycle are known, enables us at once to refer this coincidence to B.C. 333-329, answering to the date of the Macedonian conquest. This is manifestly too low, for the kingdom of the Pharaohs had then ceased to exist.

Ascending, however, the space of a canicular cycle, or 1460 years higher, we find the same phenomenon occurred B.C. 1793-1789, which falls in with the commencement of the reign of Aseth, in whose time the soul of Osiris was consecrated, as above. But in addition to this consecration, we are informed, in the same passage of Syncellus, that the five Epagomenæ, or intercalary days, which were named after Osiris, his brothers Orus and Typhon, and his sisters Isis and Nephthe, were added to the end of the primitive year of 360 days, likewise in the reign of Aseth. Here then we have the perfect commencement of a new calendar at the setting out of the Osirian era, which immutably fixes its epoch to the origin of the current erratic year of 365 days, as above.

But this convincing astronomical determination receives its final confirmation from the monthly calendar, in which every hieroglyphic inscription is dated,—*i. e.* all which bear any date whatever, from the earliest ages till the time of the Roman dominion. This calendar is distributed into three seasons of four months each, answering to the Hori or seasons into which Diodorus, Censorinus, and other ancient authorities, acquaint us that Horus the son of Osiris and Isis, and the destroyer of Typhon, distributed the year. It follows that, provided the foregoing conclusions be valid, the epoch of the monumental calendar ought to come out the same with that of the Osirian calendar, above mentioned.

Of the three seasons, the first four months are denominated "the season of the garden;" the second, "the season of the plough;" the third, "the season of the inundation." It hence follows, that at the era of this calendar, the erratic year (in which Egyptian history, whether written or monumental, is uniformly dated,) originated from the subsidence of the Nile, or within one month after its commencement, by which the four months of the season of inundation exceed the interval between the solstice and equinox—the limitation for the highest elevation of the waters assigned by the ancients. But the erratic year originated from the autumnal equinox, October 8, in the year B.C. 1645, and a month of thirty days later B.C. 1769. The last-mentioned date differs twenty years only from that of the Osirian calendar, B.C. 1793-1789, as above. It likewise falls in with the reign of Aseth, and therefore possesses the requisite character of the original calendar to which the five Epagomenæ were first added.

Thus is the epoch of the abolition of the Shepherd or Typhonian, tyranny, and of the revival of the religion and the arts of Egypt, confirmed on all hands; while, by the hieroglyphic determination last mentioned, chronological limits are assigned above which no inscription bearing date in the hie-

* Gen. xliii. 32; xlvi. 34.

roglyphic calendar, and no reign in which any such inscription shall appear to have been sculptured, can be raised.

We, moreover, possess in this singular calendar the epoch of the civil Egyptian year, which was altered by Divine appointment at the time of the Exode; and the prototype of the numerical months which the Hebrew legislator brought out of Egypt; as the Chaldæan nomenclature was in after-ages brought from Babylon,—a discovery which would repay all the labour of hieroglyphic research, were there not another result; for the Egyptian names used in the Macedonian age, the absence of which from the Pentateuch has been urged as a difficulty by some writers, no where appear in the hieroglyphic records.

The three seasons of the hieroglyphic calendar answered, at the time of its institution, to *autumn*, *winter*, and *summer*. The order mentioned by Diodorus is *summer*, *winter*, and *spring*, which refers to a subsequent epoch, when the Thoth of the erratic year had receded from the subsidence to the commencement of the inundation, about 480 years later, or at the epoch of the canicular period. The ancient Persians, in the time of Cyrus, likewise distributed the year into three seasons, although unequally divided,—*spring three months*, *summer two months*, and *winter seven months*,—as we learn from Xenophon. The annals of all nations furnish instances of the months being named from the seasons to which they originally answered, as in the patriarchal calendar, the Chinese and Persian solar calendars, the Chinese and Hindu lunar calendars, the Greek zodiacal calendar, and, in our own age, the French republican calendar, &c.

Here let us add, that the account of the patriarchal ages preserved in the Egyptian mythology is in singular harmony with the results of true history. The three sons of Cronus, the Egyptian and likewise the Chaldean* post-diluvian Noah, were Osiris, Typhon, and Aroeris or Orus the elder. We have already seen, that the identity of Osiris and Typhon with Ham and Japhet, is complete. If this be admitted, Orus senior remains to be the representative of Shem. It has been seen, that to the native Osirians, or Chamidæ, succeeded the Typhonians, or Japhetidæ, who, according to the mythological history, were conquered and succeeded by Orus; and, accordingly, we find the genuine race of Orus, or Shem, settled in Egypt at the required epoch, and in the district of Avaris, or Goshen, which was the stronghold of the Typhonians. This will perhaps explain why Io, the Argive princess, who was about the same time† brought into Egypt by the Phœnician mariners, is said to have married the son of *Orus the Shepherd* (Euseb. Chron.); and as the majority of ancient writers make Io the same with the Egyptian Isis, there can be no doubt that the relation, however confused, has reference to the history of Isis and Orus, the conquerors of Typhon. The race of Io continued in Egypt until the departure of Israel, and was at the same time expelled, as Diodorus expressly informs us (lib. xl. Frag.); in agreement with the dates fixed by the Parian chronicle for the departure of Cadmus and Danaus, B.C. 1494 and 1486, or three years before and five years after the Exodus. The residence of another race of Shepherds besides the Israelites at this time in Egypt, is apparent from the "men of Gath *that* were born in *that* land," who were at enmity with Israel in the days of the patriarch of Ephraim (1 Chron. vii. 21, 22).

Another important confirmation of the age to which we have referred the conquest of the Typhonians, and the rise of Egyptian idolatry, is to be found in the history of Apis, the third king of the Argives, a colony from Egypt; for Orus the Shepherd was, according to tradition, the seventh in descent from Inachus, the founder of the Argive nation (Euseb. Chron.). The reign of Apis fell between the years B.C. 1791 and 1756, if we follow Africanus and Porphyry; 1758 and 1725, according to Castor Rhodius; or 1746 and 1711, as Eusebius computes it: while the time of Aseth, the last Typhonian prince, fell B.C. 1788-1739. Eusebius and Syncellus have

* Eupolemus.

† Criasus, king of Argos, the brother of Iasus father of Io, began to reign B.C. 1698, 1665, or 1653, according to Africanus, Castor, and Eusebius respectively; so that the age of Io is sufficiently consistent with that of Orus, the expeller or successor of the Typhonians.

preserved a tradition, which bears, that King Apis made a voyage to Egypt, and built the city of Memphis, where he was deified under the name of Serapis. However disguised, we have here a manifest account of the consecration of Apis, and the consequent origin of the Osirian worship, and of the recovery of Memphis from the Typhonians, at the right era.

Again, the same writers have preserved a curious passage from Polemo, to the effect that in the time of Apis, king of Argos, there occurred a defection of part of the armies of Egypt, and that the deserters emigrated to that part of Syria, on the confines of Arabia, called Palestine. This event Eusebius and Syncellus, after the manner of all the ancient ecclesiastical writers, refer to the departure of the Jews under Moses; but the departure of a portion of the Typhonian race seems more clearly indicated, when the substance of this tradition is coupled with that of the former relating to the same reign.

The emigrants spoken of by Polemo, in their route to Syria necessarily passed through the country of the Ishmaelites, "whose dwelling was from Havilah unto Shur, that is before Egypt, as thou goest towards Assyria" (Gen. xxv. 18*). It is not likely they were suffered to proceed unmolested by the Ishmaelites, as may be inferred from the opposition which Israel afterwards experienced from the inhabitants of these countries; and it is a very remarkable circumstance, that in the year B.C. 1773 or 1774, the patriarch Ishmael, at the age of 137, "*fell* in the presence of all his brethren" (Gen. xxv. 18), according to the original Hebrew. The battle in which Ishmael, from hence, appears to have been slain, may therefore fix the actual date of the Typhonian migration.

It thus appears, that all accounts conspire in referring the recovery of the power of the native princes of Egypt, the conquest of the Typhonian race, and the consecration of the soul of Osiris, or Ammon, to the first half of the eighteenth century before the Christian era. The reported transformation of the Argive Io, or Isis, into an *ox* (Euseb., Syncel., &c.), should not be passed over; nor her character as the inventress of Egyptian literature (Augustin); as both are exactly to our purpose, tending further to establish the synchronism between the origin of the Apian worship of Osiris, and that of the idolatrous hieroglyphic inscriptions, as below.

There is a remarkable passage in Pliny (Hist. Nat. l. vii. c. 56), in reference to the origin of hieroglyphic literature, which bears directly on the subject. It imports that Anticlides "*endeavoured to prove from the monuments*" that letters were known in Egypt "*fifteen years before Phoronæus*," king of Argos. This would ascend to B.C. 18[illegible], according to Castor's Argive canon, given by Eusebius; or to B.C. 1769, according to the version of Syncellus. The latter is the year to which the hieroglyphic calendar ascends, as above.

Let us here remark, that the true Orites, the race of the elder Orus or Shem, must not be confounded with the race of Orus the younger, the reputed son of Osiris and Isis, to whom the destruction of Typhon is ascribed in the mythological history of Egypt, the restoration of the native Osirian or Ammonian dominion being thus represented.

Another interesting point connected with these observations, is the origin of embalming the dead, which must have been synchronous with that of the Osirian institutions. It was, in fact, one of them. The most complete mummies were, according to Herodotus, formed in imitation of the figures of Osiris;† (after the scattered fragments of his body had been collected and bound together?) and hence the figure of a mummy is one of the well-known symbols of Osiris. In the language of Egypt, *an Osirian* is equivalent to *a deceased or mummied person*, whose soul was supposed to inhabit the infernal dominions of Osiris (Amun-ti,

* The Amalekites appear to have possessed the same region in the days of Saul (1 Sam. xv. 7).

† That Herodotus means Osiris is sufficiently evident, and generally agreed to by critics; although the name of the god was esteemed so sacred that the historian forbears to mention it. This sacred character became transferred to the mummy, and hence the dissector who made the first incision in the body fled for his life, pursued by the relatives, with stones and execrations, as if he were Typhon, the murderer of Osiris.

the temporary abode of the dead. See Wilkinson's *Materia Hieroglyphica*, No. I. p. 19), and thence to be restored to the body on the fulfilment of time. Indeed the manifestly prospective view of the rites of Osiris, in common with the sacrificial rites of the ancients--all of which may clearly be traced to original revelation—combined with the provision supposed by the embalming system for the *resurrection of the dead* (of which Osiris, in the corrupted theology of Egypt, is "the first-fruits"), appears to place the origin and epoch of mummies on a far more satisfactory and comprehensive footing than any heretofore proposed. It was, in fact, carrying superstitious interpretation only a little further than is done at the present day by the prophetic representative of Egypt. There can be no doubt, but that the reappearance on earth of the mummied Osiris, or Amon, was anticipated by the Egyptians. The place of Amun-ti in the nether hemisphere, or from the setting to the rising of the sun—in impersonation of Osiris—is demonstrative of the whole system. The book of Job, which belongs to the age to which the rites of Osiris are here referred, assures us that the doctrine of the resurrection was then known. To the same age, and perhaps also to an earlier one, belong some of the most ancient tombs in the neighbourhood of Memphis, and at Benihassen; but whether the contents of any of them have been examined, I am ignorant. It would be alike interesting and important to determine the existence or non-existence of mummies in any of them whose epochs could be identified by the royal hieroglyphic catalogues. Such is the tomb of Neboph, at Benihassan, on which is inscribed the most ancient known list of kings; but this is of a date posterior to the death of Jacob, whose history enables us to ascend to the year B.C. 1689 for the art of embalming, which, if the views here advanced are well founded, was then not far removed from its infancy. These views are thrown out as not unlikely to forward the *quæstio vexata* regarding the origin of mummies, and, what is more important, as tending to establish, from the corruption, the existence of the thing corrupted; viz. that of the true doctrine of the Christian religion in the patriarchal ages.

Having now traced the history of the temple of Ammon from its probable foundation by the patriarch of Egypt, during the 190 years of his subsequent life, and of the probably uncorrupt state of the Egyptian church; and, secondly, during the Shepherd or Typhonian interval of desecration and tyranny, under which, religious rites being abolished, the first grand corruption doubtless occurred; and, finally, having arrived at the age when the Egyptians, having recovered their liberty, but lost their primitive purity and simplicity, consecrated the founder of their nation and religion, restored the temples which he had erected, and dedicated them to the worship of himself, instead of that of the God whom he adored; our way is at length fully cleared for proceeding with the hieroglyphic registers, which the calendar already adduced determines to set out from this point of time.

From the first foundation of the temple of Ammon, we hear no more of it individually until the dawn of hieroglyphic history; nor should we have ever known any thing further on the subject, beyond its probable desecration or demolition by the Shepherds, some probable additions made to it by Sesostris, among his general improvements and additions to the Egyptian temples, and the fact of its existence under the Persian dynasty in the days of Herodotus, and under the Macedonians in the time of Diodorus; but for the revival of hieroglyphic literature. Aided, however, by this most unhoped-for source of history, there are few edifices of either ancient or modern times, which occupied any length of time in their erection, of which we possess so complete a chronicle as that of the temple of Ammon at Carnac. We find the first Pharaoh of whose reign any important remains have been discovered, occupied in its improvement —perhaps restoration; and thenceforward a continuous series of royal additions to this temple, down to the last dynasty which swayed the native sceptre of Egypt. The subjoined chronological account of repairs and additions has been collected from the researches of our countryman, Mr. Wilkinson, on the spot, and of his able coadjutors in this field of research. Many more items might, doubtless, be added from the published collections of plates, did time permit the search. The list as it now stands is, however,

of remarkable interest and authenticity. Notices of the epochs of some of the other great Egyptian edifices are included; but the erection of these, compared with that of the vast pile of Carnac, is like that of a parish-church compared with the progressive raising up of the Westminster Cathedral.

The dates of the reigns during the hieroglyphic age are well supported, but down to the age of Sheshonk will be found about four centuries lower than those grounded on the system of M. Champollion; after which there is no disagreement. The hieroglyphic contemporary successions, which M. Champollion did not detect, enforces this chronological adjustment; while the reader will perceive, that the calendar above mentioned places its validity beyond question. We have found it necessary, with Josephus (on the authority of Manetho), to interpose 251 years between the end of the Shepherd or Typhonian tyranny, and the reign of Amos, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty; because the monuments shew a series of seven Pharaohs, who governed and enriched all Egypt with splendid edifices during that interval — circumstances incompatible with the coexistence of the Shepherd tyrants and destroyers, who held every part of the country in subjection. This arrangement renders the residence of the Jews in Egypt, during the 215 years which immediately precedes the reign of Amos, in conformity with the opinion of Josephus, Africanus, and every writer of authority who preceded Eusebius, altogether consistent with history. It refers the Shepherd line to the fifteenth dynasty, with Africanus, rather than to the seventeenth, with Eusebius, Syncellus, and the moderns; and must ultimately receive general adoption, in consequence of the monumental negative to the coexistence of the Shepherds and the seven native predecessors of Amos, above mentioned. The arrangement of Dr. Hales, however faulty in other respects, has alone, of all the published systems which we recollect to have seen, provided for this important contingency.

With regard to the era of the foundation of Thebes and Memphis, which I have stated, as above, on the authority of the old Egyptian chronicle, confirmed by every original testimony, in the year 598 of the current canicular period, in agreement with the Hebrew chronology of Scripture,—it is known to the learned that M. Champollion refers the same era to the first year of the period in question, or to the year B.C. 2782, as he calculates it. But as this date is opposed to the evidence of Egyptian history, so it is at issue with every version of the sacred computation of time; because, whichever of these versions we adopt for our chronological standard, it will be found considerably to anticipate the lifetime of Peleg, "in whose days the earth was divided"—a radical element which has been lost sight of in the systems of Champollion and too many others, the diluvian epoch being alone taken into account. For although the Greek and Samaritan intervals from the flood to the birth of Abraham exceed that of the Hebrew text by seven centuries, half of this difference belongs to the age preceding Peleg and the dispersion, which no scriptural reckoning will allow us to place higher than 2600 years before the Christian era; the received date of the vocation of Abraham B.C. 1921, which the learned hierologist recognises, being adopted as the basis of calculation. Champollion's Egyptian era, which was likewise adopted by Bailly, Playfair, and others, is founded on the circumstance of the author of the old Egyptian chronicle and Manetho having respectively called the first fifteen princes of the Diospolite and the first twenty-five of the Heliopolite succession, *the family of the cynic or canicular cycle*,—the period of the former being 443, and of the latter 700 years, reckoning from Menes. But this affords no data for referring the era of Menes to that of the canicular cycle of 1461 years; while the old Egyptian chronicle distinctly fixes it to the 598th year of the same period, *i.e.* the year 34,201 of the Hermaic revolution of the zodiac, consisting of twenty-five canicular cycles of 1461 years, or 36,525 years; for 34,201, the epoch of the monarchy, divided by 1461, gives 23 proleptical cycles, and the 598th year of the 24th. So, by dividing the years of our Julian period by 28, we obtain the number of past polar cycles, and the year of the current one — a system analogous to that of the Egyptians. The years of the reigns of sovereign princes not having been registered in the first ages, they were necessarily regulated in after-times by astronomical periods;

and hence *the princes of the canicular cycle*, &c.

Let us now proceed to the immediate chronology of the temple of Ammon.

Ante Chr. Nat. FIRST AGE.

2247. The birth of Peleg, "in whose days the earth was divided" and colonised.

2188. The city of Thebes or No-Ammon, and the temple of Ammon, founded by Ham, Ammon, Thamus, or Osiris, the father of Misor or Menes.

2008. The death of Peleg, after the settlement of nations.

1998. The Typhonians, Japhetidæ, or Shepherds, conquer Egypt, slay Thamus, Timaus, Osiris, or Ammon, and desecrate and overthrow the temples; they reign at Memphis, and place the princes of Thebais and Lower Egypt under tribute.

1920. Abraham and Sarah visit Egypt.

1789. Aseth, the last Typhonian prince, reigns.

1789. The Shepherd yoke dissolved. The soul of Osiris, Thamus, or Ammon, consecrated in the bull Apis; and the founder of the temple of Ammon henceforward worshipped, instead of the God of heaven, whom Ammon adored. The restoration of the arts and temples of Egypt commences. The five Epagomenæ added to the year, and named from the family of Osiris or Ammon.

AGE OF THE HIEROGLYPHIC RECORDS.

1769. } The epoch of the Osirian and
1769. } hieroglyphic calendar, in which the Epagomenæ first appear; and likewise the Hori, or seasons of four months each. The age of hieroglyphic repairs and edifices begins.

Pharaoh Osirtesen I.* (Orus?) the seventh predecessor of Amos, the founder of the great Theban family, enlarged the temple of Carnac by a colonnade at the back of the sanctuary. This prince erected the temple of Heliopolis, and constructed the oldest of the rock temples of Benihassan. He is the most ancient Pharaoh of whom any known edifice remains.

1715. The administration of Joseph commences.

1706. The arrival of Jacob.

1491. Departure of the Jews.

1488. The Egyptian era of Amos, whose reign commenced immediately after the Exode, according to all original authorities: he worked the quarries at Memphis.

1406. Thothmos I., the second successor of Amos, added the two smaller obelisks to the temple of Carnac.

1399. Amon-neith, the son-in-law of Thothmos, who appears to have exercised the functions of regent, erected the great obelisks in front of the sanctuary of Carnac, and added several chambers around it. This prince erected the small temple of Koorneh, and commenced the smaller temple of Medinet Abou.

1367. Thothmos III. (Mera) rebuilt the sanctuary of Carnac with red granite. He added more elegant and finished sculptures to the side-rooms, with a singular colonnade, having the columns inverted, at the back of the great court or enclosure of the temple; and several lateral chambers, one the chamber of kings; with two obelisks. He finished the smaller temple of Medinet Abou, and constructed the Alexandrian obelisks, &c. With him the best age of Egyptian art and the age of foreign conquest commence.

Hierologists recognise in this prince the Meris of Greek writers, who died 900 years before Herodotus visited Egypt, in the fifth century B.C. (lib. ii. c. 13); and from his reign the canicular period of 1461 erratic years, ending A.D. 136–140, is dated (Theon).†

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* Osir-te-se-n means *the son of Osiris*, and hence appears to be the Orus of mythical history, with whom his place agrees.

† Theon calls this prince Menophres, *the beloved of Phra, or Ra* (the sun), answering to Me-phres in Manetho, the particle N, *of*, being indifferently used or omitted; of which many instances might be given from the hieroglyphic records: while Champollion and all hierologists agree as to the identity of Mœris, or Me-ra, with Me-phres, or Me-phra. It hence appears astonishing, that the learned Frenchman should have raised the reign of Me-ra, or Mœris, 400 years higher than it is fixed by Herodotus and Theon, assuming an identity between the Menophres of Theon with the Amenophis of Manetho's nineteenth dynasty—names which bear no analogy. The inadequacy of the data on which this system is founded, caused Dr. Young to consider it hopeless to seek for Menophres among Manetho's kings.—*Rudiments of an Egypt. Dict.* p. 2.

1328. Amonoftep II., his son, made a few additions at Carnac.

1297. Thothmos IV., son of the preceeding. The sphynx of the pyramid appears to have been cut by his order.

1248. Amonoftep III., and his brother, sons of Thothmos. They made additions to the great temple at Carnac, and added a smaller one. The Amonophium with the two colossal statues, known as the statues of Memnon, erected by them. The temple or palace of Luxor commenced.

1209. Amon-me-anemek (the Horus of Champollion), son of Amonoftep III. He added a granite propylon and an avenue of sphynxes to the temple at Carnac.

1184. Amon-me-Osireen erected the magnificent colonnade of the great temple at Carnac, with a portico, and adorned its walls with elegant military sculptures. It is the tomb of this prince which was opened by Belzoni. His father, Ramses I., was the first Pharaoh who was buried in the valley of Biban-el-moluk.

1179. Amon-me-Ramses, the great. He made considerable additions to the buildings and sculptures at Carnac. He completed the temple of Luxor, adding the beautiful obelisks; constructed the temple called the Memnonium at Koorneh, the great temple of Ypsambol, &c. and left monuments in all parts of Egypt and Nubia.

1094. Osirec-Menephtha added the great avenues of sphynxes at Carnac, with the small chambers in the front court. This is the most ancient Pharaoh of the monuments, according to the system of M. Champollion; but his place here is indisputably fixed by the catalogues of Medinet Abou.*

1043. Ramses III. added a side temple to the front court at Carnac, with another temple at the sacred lake to the south. This prince erected the great temple or palace of Medinet Abou, and appears by his sculptures to have been engaged in naval expeditions—the only known instance in monumental history.

1012. The temple of Jerusalem founded by Solomon, who would appear to have married the daughter of Ramses III., whose naval expeditions harmonise with those of Solomon. The best age of Egyptian art ends with this reign, as if the flourishing state of idolatrous architecture were incompatible with the age of sacred architecture, commenced by the erection of Solomon's temple. Analogous to this we find that the glories of Babylonian architecture (including the magnificent restoration of the temple of Belus, &c. by Nebuchadnezzar) did not originate until the spoliation of the temple of Jerusalem.

983. Sheshouk I. added a fine gateway to the temple at Carnac, with a wall adorned by military sculptures. The interval between the epoch of Ramses III. and that of this prince is, according to M. Champollion, nearly five centuries, during which no additions or repairs appear to have been effected in the temple of Carnac. So long an interval is manifestly inconsistent with the continued works of the Pharaohs in this temple, both before and after the reign of Sheshouk.

971. Shishak's expedition against Jerusalem, which is supposed to be commemorated in the last-mentioned sculptures.

905. Sheshouk II. sculptured a tablet in the sanctuary at Carnac.

706. Taharak (the Tirhaka of Scripture) either added the columns of the first court at Carnac, or the sculptures on them (afterwards effaced by Psammiticus I.), with additions to other parts of this temple.

586. Jerusalem destroyed by the Babylonians. The glories of Pagan architecture, now transferred to Babylon, revived about this time.

572. Psammetek I. replaces the sculptures of Taharak on the columns at Carnac, by his own.

379. Nectanebo erected a propylon at Carnac.

360—330. Philip of Macedon, and Alexander, repaired the granite sanctuary of Thothmos III. at Carnac.

Thus it appears that the temple of Ammon at Thebes, like that of Hephæstus (the Demiurge, or artificer of the universe) at Memphis, which Herodotus describes on the authority of the

* It appears by a note to Champollion's eighteenth letter from Egypt (collected edition, published since the present essay was written), that he had restored Osirec-Menephtha to his true place, under the name of Menephtah III.

Memphite priests, as having been founded by Menes, continued at distant intervals of time by Mœris, Sesostris, Rampsinitus, and Asychis, and completed by Psammiticus, belongs to every age of the annals of the Pharaohs; and that the traditional account of the reputed father of history is vindicated and replaced by a perfect example of the manner in which the age and records of a single edifice may represent the age and history of a lasting empire. We have likewise, in the progress of this wonderful structure, a signal instance of the utility of hieroglyphic discovery in rectifying the theories which have heretofore supplied the place of authentic history. Sir Isaac Newton, for example, argued that Menes, who founded the temple of Hephæstus, or Vulcan, "could not be above two or three hundred years older than Psammiticus, who finished it, and died 617 years before Christ;" and hence took occasion to lower the era of Menes and his temple to the year B.C. 912,—a century after the foundation of the temple of Solomon, and an epoch when the greatness of the house of Menes is now demonstrably proved to have passed its meridian. The chronology of several modern edifices would have sufficiently combated such an argument. But here it is confuted at the fountain-head, by the contemporary records of the royal line of Menes; which prove that an edifice—probably the most ancient on earth, and perhaps the first temple erected to the God of Heaven—was, after having existed for centuries, continued at intervals, during the reigns of more than forty successive monarchs, extending through a period of nearly fifteen hundred years.

On the walls of the temple of Ammon, we therefore, during this period, trace the progress of Egyptian art, from its revival on the restoration of the native dominion and the setting up of idolatry under the Osirtesens, through its meridian splendour under the conquering Thothmoses, the Amonofteps, the Osirees, and the Ramses, until its decline with the declining power of Egypt under the latter Ramses, the Sheshouks, and the Psameteks. The first period corresponds with the interval between the age of Joseph and the departure of the Jews from Egypt; the second to that between the times of Moses and Solomon; and the third answers to the period from the reign of that monarch till the overthrow of the kingdom of Judah by the Babylonians. These correspondences will perhaps appear as important as they are remarkable, when viewed in connexion with their relative characters of Egypt, Israel, and Assyria or Babylon, in the machinery of the inspired volume; these being the three grand national types by whose temporal fortunes were shadowed forth those of the church and her adversaries in all succeeding ages. The idolatrous empire of Egypt having been therefore permitted for a foreordered purpose, we seem taught to look for its first appearance on the stage of the world at the epoch when that purpose was to be answered by the synchronous birth of the nation of the Jews; while an eclipse of Egyptian power would appear to have been as necessary to the most brilliant period of Jewish history, that the empire of Solomon might be without an equal. It is certain that imperial Babylon was raised up at the precise time when its preordered purpose of being the scourge and prison of the declining house of Israel was to be answered; and the case of Egypt being perfectly analogous, we are perhaps justified in expecting the disentombed records of that nation to unfold, as they evidently do, an analogous course of events. Were the ultimate import of these historical correspondences followed up, their validity might be rendered still more apparent. This would, however, be foreign to the purpose of a memoir intended only for the illustration of history.

HERMES.

THE GALT MANUSCRIPTS.

OLIVER YORKE TO THE READERS.*

Courteous Ladies and Gentlemen,

One morning last week our publisher called on us early, and mentioned that he had received for us a copy of John Galt's *Autobiography*, modestly hinting that he hoped it was not against our independent principles to give a favourable review of that work; delicately insinuating that, as Galt was well known as one of our regular "hacks," it would be expected Regina would say a good word of him, especially as all the press had been very kind and cordial. But this attempt to cajole us from the strictness of our integrity justly met with the rebuff it merited.

"Mr. Fraser," said we, "when we undertook to superintend your Magazine, you ought well to recollect we stipulated that there should be no endeavour, directly or indirectly, to bias our judgment. Galt's *Autobiography* must therefore take its chance like any other book; nor will we say good or ill of it till we have carefully perused it—a trick that is not very common among critics now-a-days."

Mr. Fraser did not seem too well pleased with our stern virtue, but, shifting the discourse, said he had no doubt Galt had a number of old papers that might be worth the having; and as we had not been at his house for some time—the more shame to us, we confess!—we might not employ the forenoon better than by walking to call on him, and seeing how the matter stood. "If," said the bookseller, "the papers are considerable, I will go the length of a thousand guineas for the manuscripts." In that moment, however, the cautious and cold feeling of the trade came over him, and he added: "But until you have ascertained, Mr. Yorke, that the papers are bulky, and of a prime quality, I must restrict you not to exceed in your offer five hundred."

It is not necessary to tell what further then passed, but we accordingly *geared* ourself, and, switch in hand, debonairly smiting the legs of our Wellingtons, we sallied out to pay the invalid a merciful and mercenary visitation, taking Conduit Street in our way.

Having passed down Bond Street, we threw ourselves into one of the omnibi at the White Horse Cellar, and were landed within a short distance of the "wished-for mansion."

When we had pulled the bell at the gate (or, as the illustrious inhabitant himself would say, "tirled at the pin"), we were admitted; and being shewn into his study, offered at once our congratulations on the recent improvement which had taken place in his health. To all which he made a most suitable reply. Afterwards, deeming it not fit that we should at once enter upon the negotiation for the papers, we walked into the conservatory, admired the orange-trees and the pomegranates, interspersing our remarks on the different plants with marginal notes on the *otium cum dignitate* of authors in general; and then returned into the room, where we left the great man sitting on his "lone seat."

Still having our purchase in view, but being naturally bashful, we talked to him of the honour the press had done to itself by praising his work so much.

"Oh," replied the philo, "say not that it was on account of any merit in the book, but altogether from the benevolence of its own heart. No one, however, can be more sensible than I am of so much friendship; but, dear Mr. Yorke," added he characteristically, "the press and I are like the piper and his cow in the old ditty:

> 'There was a piper had a cow,
> And he had nought to give her;
> He took his pipes, and played a spring,
> And bade the cow consider.
>
> The cow considered wi' hersel
> That mirth would ne'er fill her;
> 'Gie me a pickle peastrae,
> And sell your wind for siller.' "

Having laughed at this touch of the old man, we saw that it might be turned by address to the occult purpose of our visit; so we said, "Talking of siller, we daresay you have a number of old scraps about you, that, not being worth much, you would let us have."

"O yes," said he; "but as I cannot now give them, what will you gie me?"

"I did not," was my reply, with a throbbing heart, "expect you would set any value on your things; but, in consideration of circumstances, I will give you, on blind chance, twenty pounds."

"Gracious!" said Galt; "surely, you have no idea of the quantity. Say you will give me a hundred guineas, and all I have are yours."

Knowing that friend John was not very idolatrous about his productions, and remembering what our liberal publisher had said, we at once, on hazard, struck a bargain, and thus became master of his papers. Such a purchase! such a trunk-full!! such gems!!! On our return, we mentioned the weight of the bargain to Mr. Fraser; letting him know that we had got all for only four hundred and fifty guineas. "Well," said Fraser, "I think you have earned the odd fifty; there is a check for five hundred, and I only expect you will make a selection for the Magazine with your wonted acumen."

Thus it came to pass, that for our courteous readers we acquired the invaluable trunk; the contents of which, like the sibylline books, increase in worth every time they are looked into: insomuch that any sort of culling is quite out of the question. We have only to take the articles out as they come to hand; witness the superiority of the following:

OLIVER YORKE.

THE GUDEWIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ANNALS OF THE PARISH."

INTRODUCTION.

I AM inditing the good matter of this book for the instruction of our only daughter when she comes to years of discretion, as she soon will, for her guidance when she has a house of her own, and has to deal with the kittle temper of a gudeman in so couthy a manner as to mollify his sour humour when any thing out of doors troubles him. Thanks be and praise I am not ill qualified! indeed, it is a clear ordinance that I was to be of such a benefit to the world; for it would have been a strange thing if the pains taken with my education had been purposeless in the decrees of Providence.

Mr. Desker, the schoolmaster, was my father; and, as he was reckoned in his day a great teacher, and had a pleasure in opening my genie for learning, it is but reasonable to suppose that I in a certain manner profited by his lessons, and made a progress in parts of learning that do not fall often into the lot of womankind. This much it behoves me to say, for there are critical persons in the world that might think it was very upsetting of one of my degree to write a book, especially a book which has for its end the bettering of the conjugal condition. If I did not tell them, as I take it upon me to do, how well I have been brought up for the work, they might look down upon my endeavours with a doubtful eye; but when they read this, they will have a new tout to their old horn, and reflect with more reverence of others who may be in some things their inferiors, superiors, or equals. It would not become me to say to which of these classes I belong, though I am not without an inward admonition on that head.

It fell out, when I was in my twenties, that Mr. Thrifter came, in the words of the song of Auld Robin Gray, "a-courting to me;" and, to speak a plain matter of fact, in some points he was like that bald-headed carle. For he was a man, considering my juvenility, well stricken in years; besides being a bachelor, with a natural inclination (as all old bachelors have) to be dozened, and fond of his own ayes and nays. For my part, when he first came about the house, I was as dawty as Jeanie—as I thought myself entitled to a young man, and did not relish the apparition of him coming in at the gloaming, when the day's darg was done, and before candles were lighted. However, our lot in life is not of our own choosing. I will say—for he is still to the fore—that it could not have been thought he would have proved himself such a satisfactory gudeman as he has been. To be sure, I put my shoulder to the wheel, and likewise

prayed to Jupiter; for there never was a rightful head of a family without the concurrence of his wife. These are words of wisdom that my father taught, and I put in practice.

Mr. Thrifter, when he first came about me, was a bein man. He had parts in two vessels, besides his own shop, and was sponsible for a nest-egg of lying money; so that he was not, though rather old, a match to be, as my father thought, discomfited with a flea in the lug instanter. I therefore, according to the best advice, so comported myself, that it came to pass in the course of time that we were married; and of my wedded life and experience I intend to treat in this book.

Chap. I.

Among the last words that my sagacious father said when I took upon me to be the wedded wife of Mr. Thrifter were, that a man never throve unless his wife would let, which is a text that I have not forgotten; for though in a way, and in obedience to the customs of the world, women acknowledge men as their head, yet we all know in our hearts that this is but diplomatical. Do not we see that men work for us, which shews that they are our servants? do not we see that men protect us, are they not therefore our soldiers? do not we see that they go hither and yon at our bidding, which shews that they have that within their nature that teaches them to obey? and do not we feel that we have the command of them in all things, just as they had the upper hand in the world till woman was created? No clearer proof do I want that, although in a sense for policy we call ourselves the weaker vessels—and in that very policy there is power—we know well in our hearts that, as the last made creatures, we necessarily are more perfect, and have all that was made before us, by hook or crook, under our thumb. Well does Robin Burns sing of this truth in the song where he has—

> "Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
> And syne she made the lassies oh!"

Accordingly having a proper conviction of the superiority of my sex, I was not long of making Mr. Thrifter, my gudeman, to know into what hands he had fallen, by correcting many of the bad habits of body to which he had become addicted in his bachelor loneliness. Among these was a custom that I did think ought not to be continued after he had surrendered himself into the custody of a wife, and that was an usage with him in the morning before breakfast to toast his shoes against the fender and forenent the fire. This he did not tell me till I saw it with my own eyes the morning after we were married, which when I beheld gave me a sore heart, because, had I known it before we were everlastingly made one, I will not say but there might have been a dubiety as to the paction; for I have ever had a natural dislike to men who toasted their shoes, thinking it was a hussie fellow's custom. However, being endowed with an instinct of prudence, I winked at it for some days; but it could not be borne any longer, and I said in a sweet manner, as it were by the by,

"Dear Mr. Thrifter, that servant lass that we have gotten has not a right notion of what is a genteel way of living. Do you see how the misleart creature sets up your shoes in the inside of the fender, keeping the warmth from our feet? really I'll thole this no longer; it's not a custom in a proper house. If a stranger were accidentally coming in and seeing your shoes in that situation, he would not think of me as it is well known he ought to think."

Mr. Thrifter did not say much, nor could he; for I judiciously laid all the wyte and blame of the thing to the servant; but he said, in a diffident manner, that it was not necessary to be so particular.

"No necessary! Mr. Thrifter, what do you call a particularity, when you would say that toasting shoes is not one? It might do for you when you were a bachelor, but ye should remember that ye're so no more, and its a custom I will not allow."

"But," replied he with a smile, "I am the head of the house; and, to make few words about it, I say, Mrs. Thrifter, I will have my shoes warmed any how, whether or no."

"Very right, my dear," quo' I; "I'll ne'er dispute that you are the head of the house; but I think that you need not make a poor wife's life bitter by insisting on toasting your shoes."

And I gave a deep sigh. Mr. Thrifter looked very solemn on hearing this, and as he was a man not void of understanding, he said to me,

"My dawty," said he, "we must not stand on trifles; if you do not like

to see my shoes within the parlour fender, they can be toasted in the kitchen."

I was glad to hear him say this; and, ringing the bell, I told the servant-maid at once to take them away and place them before the kitchen-fire, well pleased to have carried my point with such debonair suavity; for if you get the substance of a thing, it is not wise to make a piece of work for the shadow likewise. Thus it happened I was conqueror in the controversy; but Mr. Thrifter's shoes have to this day been toasted every morning in the kitchen; and I daresay the poor man is vogie with the thoughts of having gained a victory; for the generality of men have, like parrots, a good conceit of themselves, and cry "Pretty Poll!" when every body sees they have a crooked neb.

Chap. II.

But what I have said was nothing to many other calamities that darkened our honeymoon. Mr. Thrifter having been a long-keepit bachelor, required a consideration in many things besides his shoes; for men of that stamp are so long accustomed to their own ways, that it is not easy to hammer them into docility, far less to make them obedient husbands. So that although he is the best of men, yet I cannot say on my conscience that he was altogether free of an ingrained temper, requiring my canniest hand to manage properly. It could not be said that I suffered much from great faults; but he was fiky, and made more work about trifles that didna just please him than I was willing to conform to. Some excuse, however, might be pleaded for him, because he felt that infirmities were growing upon him, which was the cause that made him think of taking a wife; and I was not in my younger days quite so thoughtful, maybe, as was necessary: for I will take blame to myself, when it would be a great breach of truth in me to deny a fault that could be clearly proven.

Mr. Thrifter was a man of great regularity; he went to the shop, and did his business there in a most methodical manner; he returned to the house and ate his meals like clockwork; and he went to bed every night at half-past nine o'clock, and slept there like a door-nail. In short, all he did and said was as orderly as commodities on chandler-pins; but for all that, he was at times of a crunkly spirit, fractiously making faults about nothing at all: by which he was neither so smooth as oil nor so sweet as honey to me, whose duty it was to govern him.

At the first outbreaking of the original sin that was in him, I was vexed and grieved, watering my plants in the solitude of my room, when he was discoursing on the news of the day with customers in the shop. At last I said to myself, "This will never do; one of two must obey: and it is not in the course of nature that a gudeman should rule a house, which is the province of a wife, and becomes her nature to do."

So I set a stout heart to the steybrae, and being near my time with our daughter, I thought it would be well to try how he would put up with a little sample of womanhood. So that day when he came in to his dinner, I was, maybe, more incommoded with my temper than might be, saying to him, in a way as if I could have fought with the wind, that it was very unsettled weather.

"My dawty," said he, "I wonder what would content you! we have had as delightful a week as ever made the sight of the sun heartsome."

"Well, but," said I, "good weather that is to you may not be so to me; and I say again, that this is most ridiculous weather."

"What would you have, my dawty? Is it not known by a better what is best for us?"

"Oh," cried I, "we can never speak of temporal things but you haul in the grace of the Maker by the lug and the horn. Mr. Thrifter, ye should set a watch on the door of your lips; especially as ye have now such a prospect before you of being the father of a family."

"Mrs. Thrifter," said he, "what has that to do with the state of the weather?"

"Every thing," said I. "Isn't the condition that I am in a visibility that I cannot look after the house as I should do? which is the cause of your having such a poor dinner to-day; for the weather wiled out the servant lass, and she has in consequence not been in the kitchen to see to her duty. Doesn't that shew you that, to a woman in the state that I am, fine sunshiny weather is no comfort?"

"Well," said he, "though a shower is at times seasonable, I will say that I prefer days like this."

"What you, Mr. Thrifter, prefer, can make no difference to me; but I will uphold, in spite of every thing you can allege to the contrary, that this is not judicious weather."

"Really now, gudewife," said Mr. Thrifter, "what need we quarrel about the weather? neither of us can make it better or worse."

"That's a truth," said I; "but what need you maintain that dry weather is pleasant weather, when I have made it plain to you that it is a great affliction? And how can you say the contrary? does not both wet and dry come from Providence? Which of them is the evil?—for they should be in their visitations both alike."

"Mrs. Thrifter," said he, "what would you be at, summering and wintering on nothing?"

Upon which I said, "Oh, Mr. Thrifter, if ye were like me, ye would say any thing; for I am not in a condition to be spoken to. I'll not say that ye're far wrong, but till my time is a bygone ye should not contradict me so; for I am no in a state to be contradicted: it may go hard with me if I am. So I beg you to think, for the sake of the baby unborn, to let me have my own way in all things for a season."

"I have no objection," said he, "if there is a necessity for complying; but really, gudewife, ye're at times a wee fashous just now; and this house has not been a corner in the kingdom of heaven for some time."

Thus, from less to more, our argol-bargoling was put an end to; and from that time I was the ruling power in our domicile, which has made it the habitation of quiet ever since; for from that moment I never laid down the rod of authority, which I achieved with such a womanly sleight of hand.

Chap. III.

Though from the time of the conversation recorded in the preceding chapter I was, in a certain sense, the ruling power in our house, as a wedded wife should be, we did not slide down a glassy brae till long after. For though the gudeman in a compassionate manner allowed me to have my own way till my fulness of time was come, I could discern by the tail of my eye that he meditated to usurp the authority again, when he saw a fit time to effect the machination. Thus it came to pass, when I was delivered of our daughter, I had, as I lay on my bed, my own thoughts anent the evil that I saw barming within him; and I was therefore determined to keep the upper hand, of which I had made a conquest with such dexterity, and the breaking down of difficulties.

So when I was some days in a recumbent posture, but in a well-doing way, I said nothing; it made me, however, often grind my teeth in secrecy, when I saw from the bed many a thing that I treasured in remembrance should never be again. But I was very thankful for my deliverance, and assumed a blitheness in my countenance that was far from my heart. In short, I could see that the gudeman, in whose mouth you would have thought sugar would not have melted, had from day to day a stratagem in his head subversive of the regency that I had won in my tender state; and as I saw it would never do to let him have his own will, I had recourse to the usual diplomaticals of womankind.

It was a matter before the birth that we settled, him and me, that the child should be baptised on the eighth day after, in order that I might be up, and a partaker of the ploy; which, surely, as the mother, I was well entitled to. But from what I saw going on from the bed and jaloused, it occurred to me that the occasion should be postponed, and according as Mr. Thrifter should give his consent, or withhold it, I should comport myself; determined, however, I was to have the matter postponed, just to ascertain the strength and durability of what belonged to me.

On the fifth day I therefore said to him, as I was sitting in the easy chair by the fire, with a cod at my shoulders and my mother's fur-cloak about me—the baby was in the cradle close by, but not rocking, for the keeper said it was yet too young—and sitting as I have said, Mr. Thrifter forenent me,

"My dear," said I, "it will never do to have the christening on the day we said."

"What for no?" was the reply; "isn't it a very good day?"

So I, seeing that he was going to be upon his peremptors, replied, with my usual meekness,

"No human being, my dear, can tell what sort of day it will be; but be it good or be it bad, the christening is not to be on that day."

"You surprise me!" said he. "I considered it a settled point, and have asked Mr. Sweetie, the grocer, to come to his tea."

"Dear me!" quo' I; "ye should not have done that without my consent; for although we set the day before my time was come, it was not then in the power of man to say how I was to get through; and therefore it was just a talk we had on the subject, and by no manner of means a thing that could be fixed."

"In some sort," said Mr. Thrifter, "I cannot but allow that you are speaking truth; but I thought that the only impediment to the day was your illness. Now you have had a most blithe time o't, and there is nothing in the way of an obstacle."

"Ah, Mr. Thrifter!" said I, "it's easy for you, who have such a barren knowledge of the nature of women, so to speak, but I know that I am no in a condition to have such a handling as a christening; and besides, I have a scruple of conscience well worth your attention concerning the same—and its my opinion, formed in the watches of the night, when I was in my bed, that the baby should be christened in the kirk on the Lord's-day."

"Oh," said he, "that's but a fashion, and you'll be quite well by the eighth; the howdie told me that ye had a most pleasant time o't, and cannot be ill on the eighth day."

I was just provoked into contumacy to hear this; for to tell a new mother that childbirth is a pleasant thing, set me almost in a passion; and I said to him, that he might entertain Mr. Sweetie himself, for that I was resolved the christening should not be as had been set.

In short, from less to more I gained my point; as, indeed, I always settled it in my own mind before broaching the subject: first, by letting him know that I had latent pains, which made me very ill, though I seemed otherwise; and, secondly, that it was very hard, and next to a martyrdom, to be controverted in religion, as I would be if the bairn was baptised any where but in the church.

Chap. IV.

In due time the christening took place in the kirk, as I had made a point of having; and for some time after we passed a very happy married life. Mr. Thrifter saw that it was of no use to contradict me, and in consequence we lived in great felicity, he never saying nay to me; and I, as became a wife in the rightful possession of her prerogatives, was most condescending. But still he shewed, when he durst, the bull-horn; and would have meddled with our householdry, to the manifest detriment of our conjugal happiness, had I not continued my interdict in the strictest manner. In truth, I was all the time grievously troubled with nursing Nance, our daughter, and could not take the same pains about things that I otherwise would have done; and it is well known that husbands are like mice, that know when the cat is out of the house, or her back turned, they take their own way: and I assure the courteous reader, to say no ill of my gudeman, that he was one of the mice genus.

But at last I had a trial, that was not to be endured with such a composity as if I had been a black snail. It came to pass that our daughter was to be weaned, and on the day settled—a Sabbath-day—we had, of course, much to do, for it behoved in this ceremony that I should keep out of sight; and keeping out of sight, it seemed but reasonable, considering his parentage to the wean, that Mr. Thrifter should take my place. So I said to him in the morning, that he must do so, and keep Nance for that day; and, to do the poor man justice, he consented at once, for he well knew that it would come to nothing to be contrary.

So I went to the kirk, leaving him rocking the cradle and singing hush, ba! as he saw need. But oh, dule! scarcely had I left the house when the child screamed up in a panic, and would not be pacified. He thereupon lifted it out of the cradle, and with it in his arms went about the house; but it was such a roaring buckie, that for a long time he was like to go distracted. Over what ensued I draw the curtain, and must only say, that when I came from the church, there he was, a spectacle, and as sour as a crab-apple, blaming me for leaving him with such a devil.

I was really woful to see him, and sympathised in the most pitiful manner with him, on account of what had happened; but the more I condoled with him the more he would not be comforted, and for all my endeavours to

keep matters in a propriety, I saw my jurisdiction over the house was in jeopardy; and every now and then the infant cried out, just as if it had been laid upon a heckle. Oh! such a day as that was for Mr. Thrifter, when he heard the tyrant bairn shrieking like mad, and every now and then drumming with its wee feetie like desperation, he cried,

"For the love of God, give it a drop of the breast! or it will tempt me to wring off its ancles or its head."

But I replied composedly that it could not be done, for the wean must be speant, and what he advised was evendown nonsense.

"What has come to pass, both my mother and other sagacious carlines told me I had to look for; and so we must bow the head of resignation to our lot. You'll just," said I, "keep the bairn this afternoon; it will not be a long fashery."

He said nothing, but gave a deep sigh.

At this moment, the bells of the kirk were ringing for the afternoon's discourse, and I lifted my bonnet to put it on and go; but ere I knew where I was, Mr. Thrifter was out of the door and away, leaving me alone with the torment in the cradle, which the bells at that moment wakened: and it gave a yell that greatly discomposed me.

Once awa and aye awa, Mr. Thrifter went into the fields, and would not come back when I lifted the window and called to him, but walked faster and faster, and was a most demented man; so that I was obligated to stay at home, and would have had my own work with the termagant baby, if my mother had not come in and advised me to give it sweetened rum and water for a pacificator.

Chap. V.

Mr. Thrifter began in time to be a very complying husband, and we had, after the trial of the weaning, no particular confabulation; indeed he was a very reasonable man, and had a rightful instinct of the reverence that is due to the opinion of a wife of discernment. I do not think, to the best of my recollection, that between the time Nance was weaned till she got her walking shoes and was learning to walk, that we had a single controversy; nor can it be said that we had a great ravelment on that occasion. Indeed, saving our daily higling about trifles not worth remembering, we passed a pleasant life. But when Nance came to get her first walking shoes, that was a catastrophe well worthy of being rehearsed for her behoof now.

It happened that for some months before, she had, in place of shoes, red worsted socks; but as she began, from the character of her capering, to kithe that she was coming to her feet, I got a pair of yellow slippers for her; and no mother could take more pains than I did to learn her how to handle her feet. First, I tried to teach her to walk by putting a thimble or an apple beyond her reach, at least a chair's breadth off; and then I endeavoured to make the cutty run from me to her father, across the hearth, and he held out his hands to catch her.

This, it will be allowed, was to us pleasant pastime. But it fell out one day, when we were diverting ourselves by making Nance run to and fro between us across the hearth, that the glaiket baudrons chanced to see the seal of her father's watch glittering, and, in coming from him to me, she drew it after her, as if it had been a turnip. He cried, "Oh, Christal and—" I lifted my hands in wonderment; but the tottling creature, with no more sense than a sucking turkey, whirled the watch, the Almighty knows how! into the fire, and giggled as if she had done an exploit.

"Take it out with the tongs," said I.

"She's an ill-brought-up wean," cried he.

The short and the long of it was, before the watch could be got out, the heat broke the glass and made the face of it dreadful; besides, he wore a riband chain—that was in a bleeze before we could make a redemption.

When the straemash was over, I said to him that he could expect no better by wearing his watch in such a manner.

"It is not," said he, "the watch that is to blame, but your bardy bairn, that ye have spoiled in the bringing up."

"Mr. Thrifter," quo' I, "this is not a time for upbraiding; for if ye mean to insinuate any thing to my disparagement, it is what I will not submit to."

"E'en as you like, my dawty," said he; "but what I say is true—that

your daughter will just turn out a randy like her mother."

"What's that ye say?" quo' I, and I began to wipe my eyes with the corner of my shawl—saying in a pathetic manner, "If I am a randy, I ken who has made me one."

"Ken," said he, "ken! every body kens that ye are like a clubby foot, made by the hand of God, and passed the remede of doctors."

Was not this most diabolical to hear? Really my corruption rose at such blasphemy; and starting from my seat, I put my hands on my haunches, and gave a stamp with my foot that made the whole house dirl: "What does the man mean?" said I.

But he replied with a composity as if he had been in liquor, saying, with an ill-faured smile, "Sit down, my dawty; you'll do yourself a prejudice if ye allow your passion to get the better of you."

Could mortal woman thole the like of this; it stunned me speechless, and for a time I thought my authority knocked on the head. But presently the spirit that was in my nature mustered courage, and put a new energy within me, which caused me to say nothing, but to stretch out my feet, and stiffen back, with my hands at my sides, as if I was a dead corpse. Whereupon the good man ran for a tumbler of water to jaup on my face; but when he came near me in this posture, I dauded the glass of water in his face, and drummed with my feet and hands in a delirious manner, which convinced him that I was going by myself. Oh, but he was in an awful terrification! At last, seeing his fear and contrition, I began to moderate, as it seemed; which made him as softly and kindly as if I had been a true frantic woman; which I was not, but a practiser of the feminine art, to keep the ruling power.

Thinking by my state that I was not only gone daft, but not without the need of a soothing, he began to ask my pardon in a proper humility and with a most pitiful penitence. Whereupon I said to him, that surely he had not a right knowledge of my nature: and then he began to confess a fault, and was such a dejected man, that I took the napkin from my eyes and gave a great guffaw, telling him that surely he was silly daft and gi'en to pikerry, if he thought he could daunton me. "No, no, Mr. Thrifter," quo' I, "while I live, and the iron tongs are by the chumly lug, never expect to get the upper hand of me."

From that time he was as bidable a man as any reasonable woman could desire; but he gave a deep sigh, which was a testificate to me that the leaven of unrighteousness was still within him, and might break out into treason and rebellion if I was not on my guard.

THE POETS OF THE DAY.

BATCH THE THIRD.

So the Rev. William Ellis Wall thinks that he has produced an epic poem! Mercy on the poor daft creature! Mercy? ay, Mercy, sweetest daughter of Heaven! hover, and shed thy choicest influence down upon our grey goose-quill; for, verily, need is there that compassion should be had on the poor infatuated *philister!* His poem, however, is meetly enough entituled—*Christ Crucified!* * But the Rev. William Ellis Wall is worse than Pilate. That "wretch," as this *miserable* calls the Roman governor, was careful to wash his hands of all guilt in the transaction; but the Rev. William Ellis Wall holds forth triumphantly his two unhallowed and incarnadine maniples of reeking digits, boasting of the infamous achievement in a most egregious preface. But it is clear that the man is mad. Sufficient evidence have we to prove him, at any rate, a *monomaniac*. *Ecce signum*,—his coinage and constant employment of a certain word—verily, a pretty pet. Take a few instances out of a thousand. We allude to that sweet verb—*to advene*.

1. "Behold the time foredoom'd *adven'd!* and lo!" P. 6.
2. "Than languishing to wait *advening* woe,
   Advening woe strange portents sure forebode." P. 13.
3. "His followers loved of his *advening* death." P. 22.
4. "Satan approach'd, nor near presumed to *advene*." P. 64.
5. "The Passover *advenes*." P. 72.
6. "Remain'd unopened. In th' *advening* light." P. 76.
7. "This your Messiah long foretold, *advened*." P. 85.
8. ——" Now *advened*
   The fated time so near." P. 109.
9. "The Paschal feast to celebrate, *adven'd*." P. 111.
10. "Whose time now near *adven'd*." P. 130.
11. "The hour *advenes!*" P. 137.
12. "On future fates intent, *advening* death." P. 156.
13. "There under covert of *advening* night." P. 164.
14. "Of danger, and of trial high *advenes*." P. 166.
15. "Leading her starry groups, began to *advene*." P. 175.
16. "He, that *advenes* in great Jehovah's name." P. 176.
17. ——" Her soft train *advene*." P. 181.
18. "With terrors dire, some evil near *advenes*." P. 188.
19. "Scared at the *advening* storm." P. 192.
20. "Immixed, *adven'd*, shooting sagittal war." P. 193.
21. "Zion, uprise! a God, a God *advenes!*" P. 261.
22. "Satan! *adven'st* thou here to tempt despair!" P. 276.
23. ——" *Advenes*
   After me now." P. 283.
24. "Messiah now *adven'd*." P. 284.
25. "But now the Paschal festival *adven'd*." P. 286.
26. "When he *advenes*." P. 287.
27. "As fades the matin stars' fair annulet
   Before the *advening* chariot of day." P. 289.
28. "She, gradual bleeding into death, *advened*." P. 304.
29. "These, now the Paschal feast *advening* nigh." P. 313.
30. ——" 'Men walk as trees' (*the* WRETCH
   Cried joyful at the *advening* view.)" P. 316.
31. "Seeming as they th' *advening* day deplored." P. 340.
32. "And night *advenes* ere her appointed hour." P. 363.
33. "And in their hands sweet *cardiack juleps* bore;
   Simples found friendly to *advening* death." P. 368.
34. "With tongue that trembled, through *advening* death." P. 378.
35. "Which in due age *advenes*." P. 478.
36. "The dark sealed secrets of *advening* years." *Ibid.*

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* Christ Crucified: an Epic Poem, in Twelve Books. By William Ellis Wall, M.A. of Trinity College, Oxford. Published by J. H. Parker, Oxford; J. Deighton, Cambridge; Whittaker and Co. London; and W. Ridge, Worcester. 1833.

Here are just three dozen neat specimens of the seemly use of this most seemly word. But though this is the word most constantly employed, the Rev. William Ellis Wall has some other choice phrases to render his *poem!!!* more attractive, *e.g.*

" Her *virent vesture* hung with dewy bells." P. 182.
" Searing with death their *virent vesture*." P. 193.
" Of spring, and from her *virid vestured* trees." P. 254.

There are two or three more *virent vestures*,—but these will do. Now for others:

" That *bibulous*, drain the fulness of the sky." P. 10.
——" *tri-horrid* desert." *Ibid.*
" Into the clouds *vertiginous*." P. 25.

All these words are of frequent occurrence. " *Sagittal shower* " is another pet lamb.

" *Obliques* his swelling canvass." P. 45.
" And on the scalded tongue of Thirst pours drink
Refrigerant." P. 146.
" From th' orient to *advesperating* suns." P. 155.
" *Halitous* as it were of peace and love." P. 169.
——" the rites
Cruentate." P. 170.
——" Despair presents her cup
Apsinthian." P. 194.
——" *mugient* thunders." P. 220.
" *Wise enodation* of a point abstruse." P. 258.
" *Aculeate* spire." P. 277.
" Bore him *altivolant* from Salem's towers." P. 278.
" Myself, *fatidical*, best schemes narrate." P. 281.
" Herod in battles brave *expugns* his foes." P. 282.
" Of faith, th' efflux, *fatiferous*, to stream." P. 305.
" *Ointed* his eyes night-shrouded, and *imposed*
Sputation dews." P. 316.
" Blotted, by faith in Jesus, he *elutes*." P. 319.
——" th' unwreathing veil
Of the *sudarium*." P. 321.
" A visitant celestial, *prepotent*
With will." P. 325.
" The milk libations streamed down *lutulent*." P. 339.
" A double *livid liver*, whose one *lobe*
Lusurious leaped." *Ibid.*
" In sheets of flame had into nothing *swaled*." P. 369.
" By *textrine* skill whole wrought, *no suture* knew." P. 372.
" In mockery, *acetous* drinks *protending*
To quench his thirst on cany hysop raised,
Ingustable: to aggravate the draught
Of death with fragrant odour and the touch
Refrigerant." P. 374.
" The two *sicarii* writhe." P. 375.
" So oft a cloud will *inumbrate* with gloom." *Ibid.*
" *Muffled* with dying accents." P. 384.
" Some in his *acrid* potion sponges soak
Bibulous." P. 385.
" In gory light with light celestial *swaling*." P. 387.
" And groans *horrisonous* from th' hollow graves." P. 389.
" *Sequacious* prodigies." P. 390.
" *Indesinently* onward flowing down." P. 398.
" Faithless recede *ingustible* away." P. 405.
" On a steep summit of th' *ignivomous* vale." P. 411.
" Glimmer faint with *fuscous* hue." P. 414.

It scarcely adds to the manifest absurdity of such phraseology to state the fact, that most part of it is put into the mouth of the Virgin Mary, who gives a long narrative of her Son's life to Pontius Pilate. Perhaps Mr. Wall designed to typify the *Lady Mary* of Catholic states. At any rate, she was enabled, according to Mr. Wall's authority, to give the infant Jesus the advantages of a classical education.

" Now all learning was his own:
He Greek and Roman lore devoted read;
Their poets, orators, historians,
Dialectitians and philosophers." P. 256.

Thus the question is satisfactorily answered once put by the Jews,—" How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" John, vii. 15. Neither from this reply of Mr. Wall can there be any appeal, as he tells us he has been very, very particular in the delineation of character,—so particular, that he is fearful, in regard to his vicious characters, of having inserted sentiments or expressions calculated to wound the pious mind. He certainly has been desirous of putting blasphemy into the mouth of Satan, by way of imitation of Klopstock's devils, as recited by Goethe and his sister, to the great horror of their father's barber, and no less of their father's self. We recommend the whole of pages 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15, to any one who likes such reading for a joke. Take one specimen:

"O! why could not created being [s?] inflict
Upon their great Creator all the griefs
Themselves have suffered? God, thence taught to feel,
By taste of ill self-tortured, might devise
A better system; natural and moral laws
Blend into sweetest discord; banish woe,
Sorrow, and pain, and evil ne'er be known,—
Then would I bow adoring, and him love."

And this is the stuff that Satan conscientiously soliloquises to himself, and this is part of the machinery proper to Mr. Wall's epic,—"An epic poem without machinery would be merely a versified history." Bless the man! Is the *Christ Crucified* aught other? and badly versified too! Not a spark of invention gleams throughout any page or line. Even his similes, one and all, are borrowed, and most of them referable to a schoolboy's mythology. Of the fable of Tantalus he makes especial use in the way of figure. He also hopes that the versification will be found easy and harmonious. We never read any thing more rugged; *e. g.*

"Memorial perpetual obtain."
"Multitudinous; air scarce floats their weight."
"Vesuvius or Etna, sate exalt."
"By him then hungry, defenceless, and cold."
"Futile; foolish; why did God metals make?"
"See the world's state and politics at this day."
"Obedience that knows no brighter joy."
"With dignity imperial, dissolved"
"His 'sociates in evil; they well pleased"
"But oft'ner prevail in Pleasure's dress."
"Experience their crime, but not discern."
"And Nain, beauteous and young, far-famed."
"Ingress to aliens, on pain of death."
"Within this city, me necessitate
Opinions and tenets to conceal."
"Admitted t' immortality by grace,
Perpetual fruition of all bliss."
"Then, trembling, with coward feet shall fly."
"He, moody, thus his 'sociates addressed."
"A dastardly dissembler to power."
"With pomegranates pendent were the boughs."
"Unwonted convulsion. Shiv'ring tremors shake."
"Lo! his dread groans and passing breath agonise."
"Vertiginous grew: and, midst harsh agony."
"With biting desires. Here Horror and Despair."
"Messiah t' advene, when now Messiah has come."

But enough of this branch of the subject. Wherever it exists, wisely saith Mr. Wall, "the nakedness of poetical land is instantly visible in blank verse." Of this we have abundant proof in this pretended epic, wherever we turn the page to read it. What can we think of passages like these?

"Which, what and whence, how just, how good, how meet,
Thou, Muse! who knowest all things, shall rehearse."
"Thou knowest that money will procure thee friends
Both fast and firm; and e'en thy foes convert
To amity, if well employed the boon."
"Next him the fell destroying angel spake—
Abaddon termed in Hebrew, but in Greek
Apollyon."
"In part with the last speaker I agree."
"When his *permissive* will, for wisest ends,
Permits them."
"At th' upper eastern end, a massive work,
Basso relievo, spoke the sculptor's power."
"As in the mirror bright, or camera
Obscure, the varied shapes of entity
Are painted forth to sight."
"She pierced the tongue, once vocal with God's truth,
With bodkins."
"Lo! sanguine drops the wounding thorn bedew,
And jewel round his tiar of woe with rubies
Of suffering!"

The last specimen is truly a lamentable and abortive attempt at the poetic! What a precious specimen of versification is that of *jewelling round*

his tiar of woe with rubies of suffering! It is outdone, however, by the following spasmodic effort at alliteration.

> "Coruscant round
> The *l*ambent *l*ightnings, *b*roadly *fl*ashing, *b*laze,
> Kindling the skies that *fl*are with *fl*aky *f*ire,
> That on the *f*aded *f*aces of the dead
> And *d*ying ghastly glares."

Why, this is as bad as Shakespeare's burlesque on some poetasters of his time, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Thus speaketh Prologue to the world-celebrated interlude of *Pyramus and Thisbe*:

> "Whereat with blade, with bloody, blameful blade,
> He bravely broached his boiling, bloody breast;
> And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
> His dagger drew and died."

Perhaps Mr. Wall had this famous passage in his eye, and emulated an imitation? It is very possible; for he tells us of the vast extent of learning which he has expended on this same handy work of his. He confesses to the employment of every portion of the Scriptures; of the best ancient and modern critics and commentators, both upon the Scriptures themselves, as well as upon detached points of theology, ecclesiastical history, and sacred antiquities; of the writings of oriental and other travellers; of the Targums of Onkelos and Jonathan; the two Talmuds; the works of Marinarides, and the invaluable writings of Josephus; of the Christian fathers; of the ancient profane historians; of the ecclesiastical and civil historians of each period, from Eusebius, Sozomen, Socrates, and Arminianus Marcellina, to the close of the Byzantine series; and of the golden treasures of Greece and Rome. He has, he says, "endeavoured to improve by the study of the best models of the epic muse; and, as Pope says in reference to his own studies, 'I have served myself *all I could* by reading.'"

All he could! Verily, he has made as much use of his stores as possible; for instance, one passage in Milton is imitated twice in one book.

> "Then grisly forms and spectres dire I raised
> Around him, that with hellish screams him called
> To hell. The rocks re-echoed, and scream'd 'Hell!'" P. 29.

> "With a writhing scowl, that wrung
> All hell with agony, convulsive cried,
> 'Pain!' and the depths of hell yawn'd, echoing, 'Pain!'" P. 40.

What an abominable and absurd travestie of Milton's sublime—

> "I fled and cried out 'Death!'
> Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
> From all her caves, and back resounded, 'Death!'"

The following, too, about the moon, is very original, and very appropriately placed.

> "He reached the lunar sphere, where follies dwell.
> There titles vain, and idle pompous pride,
> False flatteries of fools, and harlot loves,
> Court promises, court friendships, fond designs,
> Wisdom rejected, precious time mispent,
> Death-bed repentances, and atheist's dreams,
> And Gordian metaphysic knots, disputes
> In myriad theoretic shapes appear.
> O'er th' argent globe mysterious fable reigns
> With mythic sceptre, and her dreamy wings
> Stretches o'er all, and shadows with her shades."

But we must have done: to expose all the absurdity and pretension of the book would occupy a Number. And now, O William Ellis Wall! we might call on thee to strip, that we might administer the requisite five hundred lashes, for thou deservest them all. Amidst all thy quotations, why stumbledst thou not upon this one, that

> "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"?

But thou art more than fool; for with profane violence thou hast broken into the sanctuary, and brought forth into the public highway the stolen treasure, of silver and of gold, and of cunning needle-work, and madest therewith such antics in the world's eye, as must inevitably expose those sacred things, so far as thou art concerned, to scorn and contumely. It was with a prophetic sense, surely, that thou chosest for thine epigraph—

> "Facilis descensus Averno."

Yes, thou wert a prophet, but a blind one, and unintelligent of thine own prediction. The climax of absurdity is perhaps reached in the preface to this arrogant and presumptuous piece of insanity, wherein this profaner of hol

writ has the impudence to tell his readers that it was his intention to accompany the poem!!! with historical and critical notes from the writings of the Christian fathers, commentators, and others whose works he had perused, with a view in some degree to the present publication; but finding that so extensive a plan would swell out the work to two, or possibly three, octavo volumes, without any greater probability of success; he thought better of it, and ventured on the text only—for the present. In another edition!! he will give notes and all. Three volumes of five hundred pages each, from the pen of the reverend William Ellis Wall! Such a threat as this is too much—past mortal endurance! Verily, the conceit must be taken out of the egregious ass, or we shall be bored to death with his braying. As a variety in natural harmony there is, we confess, some sort of music even in the bray of the ass; but an eternal bray like this, would drive OLIVER YORKE as *enragé* as the musician of Hogarth; nay, make him as mad as the Rev. William Ellis Wall himself, M.A. of Trinity College, Oxford. By the way, the fool makes our Saviour prophesy the foundation of Oxford and Cambridge Universities—but his vision extends not to King's College and the London University. It is not only that Mr. Wall has simply sinned in writing such a work—he has committed a flagrant crime. He is a disgrace to Alma Mater—and to the church—for he knows as little of the principles of Christianity, and the spirit of religion, as of poetry; he is as ignorant of both as Judas, who betrayed his Master with a kiss, whose crime in publishing this absurd compilation the Rev. William Ellis Wall has re-committed. This is evident in every line of his book. Not only is there nothing in the book creditable to his head, but it is a fact that there is in no one instance any thing to lead us to conclude that he possesses a heart. There is not one passage in which any emotion of passion is found throbbing. We should take it that the book was written by a convulsive effort of some galvanised body—*secundum artem*—or that, in some way incomprehensible to us, it was an epic produced by a steam-engine.

Beattie has told us, in his *Minstrel*, that

"The end and the reward of toil is rest;"

and *rest*, we feel convinced, will be, for a few years at least, the best "end and reward" of whatever "toil" the muse of our friend Folkestone Williams may have undergone for his sake or that of the public. We have been led into this remark by a perusal of the *Rhymes and Rhapsodies** now under our review; a work, upon the faults of which—albeit published by Mr. Fraser—we shall fearlessly descant; while to its merits, from the knowledge we possess of its author, we shall be inclined to deal as Erskine's heroes did with the laws,

"And guard *their* rights to save *our own*."

When we say that Mr. Williams has been on several occasions a contributor to REGINA, we are at once implying that he is a young man of talent and capability; and when we go further, and refer our readers to the *Song of Greece*, and the poem on *The Sea*, both from his pen, published in two of our former Numbers, we may at once declare that he is the master of no small share of poetic genius. After having read his book, however, we cannot help pronouncing that genius to be of a cold and spiritless order; arising partly from a want of truth to nature and tenderness of expression; partly from a desire to infuse into his verse that which education has not given him—a classical tone and spirit—and partly from a studious imitation of *Wordsworth*, whose beauties—painted by that immortal poet from life—are inimitable; and whose metaphysics and philosophy, derived from a deep study of external nature and the mind of man, can only be understood, and seldom paralleled, by those who, having the same capacities, have had them exercised in the same school. These are advantages which Mr. Williams (as yet a young and self-educated person) of course does not possess. We have, however, too indulgent a feeling towards the faults of genius—where we believe genius really exists—not readily to pardon Folkestone for the errors into which a Wordsworthian infatuation, and a searching after philosophy (as Cœlebs went in search of a wife), may have led his early muse;

* 'Rhymes and Rhapsodies.' By Robert Folkestone Williams. One vol. small 8vo. London, 1833. Fraser.

but as in some more mature production of his we should like to see these errors corrected, we shall get rid of the unpleasant task of pointing them out, before we bestow "sweet praise" upon the better portion of his volume.

We pronounce the *Rhymes and Rhapsodies*, then, to be a somewhat clever book by an inexperienced writer; who, if he fancied that it was to be blown by the mighty winds of popular favour bang up to the gates of Fame's temple, must ere this have discovered, that, as Kirke White has told of the melody of the Æolian harp:

> "So ravishingly soft upon the tide
> Of the infuriate gust it did career,
> It might have soothed its rugged charioteer,
> And sunk him to a '*zephyr*.'"

Which, after all, is a puffy and perhaps not a bad title for a milk-and-water poet of modern time, who is anxious to

> "Walk in beauty like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies!"

The book opens with a dedication to *Laura*, which begins thus:

> "Thou knowest of what melancholy mood
> The world hath made me."

This is affected and *Montgomeryish* — the more so, as we can positively state, that the last time we saw Williams, he was singing, over a bowl of punch—

> "Here's a health to jolly Bacchus,
> Heigho! heigho! heigho!"

at the top of his voice; and we are sure that no one present knew

> "Of what melancholy mood
> The world had made him."

The first poem in the volume is entitled "The Young Napoleon," in which the sense of the first few verses is entirely lost in a maze of unintelligible figures, and the last ends with

> "O! mon père!—*Je* viens à toi!—and died."

— a specimen of French eloquence which proves, by the measure of the line, that our author considers *father* — Parisian as well as Cockney — to be a word of *two syllables*.

We have next "A Monody on Sir Walter Scott;" and this is full of the incongruities and contradictions against which we are anxious to guard Mr. Williams for the future. He commences by saying,

> "The mind hath no decease,—
> It fadeth not away like other things:
> *Man's dissolution*, though it doth release
> His spirit from the clay to which it clings,
> *Keeps the bright soul*, like an unfading star," &c.

Now, to say nothing of *man's dissolution keeping a bright soul* — of course arrant nonsense — let us see how the author bears out his assertion that

> "*The mind hath no decease*;"—

why, by the following contradiction, which we find in p. 14,

> "And must it come to this?
> The *pregnant mind* that fed our famished souls
> Is swallowed in *Death's* fathomless abyss!"

And so in a dozen more instances; among which is (speaking of Scott)

> "The mighty mind, to whom ALL *hearts were known*,
> *Hath lost at last the secrets of its own*."

Mr. Williams ought to have remembered, even in his reverence for Scott, that "all hearts are known" only to a higher Being.

There is coarseness in the italic line of the following stanza:

> "How busy Death hath been,
> Riding upon the dark-winged pestilence,
> And blighting life's fair crop when fresh and green,
> *To fatten the dull earth with breathless sense*."

And besides the "*breathless sense*," the buried intellect, disgustingly alluded to as being a fattening manure for the earth, is another contradiction advanced by the author *against* the author to the assertion that

> "*The mind hath no decease*."

Turn to other verses.

> "He (Scott) read the human heart,
> And then interpreted its wondrous lore;
> And LIFE he drew as if it were a *chart*—
> The PASSIONS were the breakers on its *shore*;
> While LOVE he marked in all its dazzling forms,
> *Like a tall lighthouse smiling amid storms*."

Now, in another page (42), Mr. Williams has written —

> "Why should that fair stream meander,
> And such *foul deceit* should prove?
> *Let not any near it wander* —
> *Drink it not* —'*tis* LOVE!"

Plainly proving, that he considered

LOVE as something *luring us to danger*, and therefore precisely the reverse of, and not *like*

"*A tall lighthouse smiling amid storms*;"

which only points out how we may AVOID IT. Add to this, the theory of a *chart* with a *shore*, and the correctness of the two similes is at once overturned. Now and then there is an irreverence for the rules of grammar, which should be conquered. Thus:

"And far and wide hath spread
The gladdening knowledge of his magic page,
And where *those honoured volumes* have been read,
The rich, the poor, the simple, and the sage," &c.

Where is the nominative case to "*those honoured volumes?*" and *what* honoured volumes does Folkestone mean? Another contradiction:

"All excellence, all good,
Seemed shrined within the garners of his brain,
Wherein were gathered stores of moral food —
A harvest cultured for the wide world's gain;
Which frequently a priceless crop would yield,
And he the only reaper in the field."

So that, although telling how all "the wide world" had reaped the benefit of the harvest which had grown out of the seeds of Scott's genius, Mr. Williams calls Sir Walter the *only reaper* after all; reminding us of the riddle,

"I *am not* what I was, but quite the reverse;
I *am* what I was, which is still more perverse."

We ought to notice, that all through the volume there is a tendency to repetition and the coining of words: take one or two instances of the former—

"The dreams enshrined within our *sleepless eyes.*" P. 1.

"But tell of that sweet kindness of the breast,
Which with his *sleepless soul* hath gone to rest." P. 13.

"Haunting my *sleepless soul* with wondrous change." P. 33.

By the way, before we continue these, we may mention, that in p. 68 Mr. Williams speaks of

"*Waking the soul* from its insensate

which, considering he has called the soul *sleepless* at least a dozen times, looks very like a bull. But never mind, we must go on in spite of it; and so —

"Ye realms of *sleep*,
That cast a shadow o'er my *sleepless soul.*" P. 80.

"Thy presence dwells upon the *sleepless* one," P. 160.

"And then the warring myriads on thy breast
Were hushed in *sleepless rest!*" P. 53.

But it is needless to follow up this everlasting sleeplessness; better turn to the homage, which we are glad to see Mr. Williams paying to the ladies, only that he, not knowing the French language, chooses a chorus to his ditty in which they are saluted in the *plural*, while he, himself, in the body of the song, addresses woman in the *singular*. *Par exemple*:

"The rudest states, the fairest climes,
The sagest nations of the earth —
All ages of the olden time
Have owned *thy* worth —
Hommage AUX *dames!*"

And, with equal ignorance of the Italian language and its poetry, he declares in a note, that his "Ode to Young Napoleon" is in imitation of the *terza rima* of Dante; when, in fact, there is scarcely an instance of *terza rima* in the whole of the very irregular stanzas of which it is composed. And here we would pause to hint, that this affected knowledge of many languages, of whose common rudiments and pronunciation he is evidently ignorant, is unbecoming in a young and self-taught writer, for whom the desire to learn may command admiration; while the desire to display what he has not learned, can only excite disgust. We would therefore advise Mr. Williams for the future to avoid all those schoolboy quotations of Greek and Latin which Macdonald's dictionary affords to those who have never met with the original writers; to eschew those pilferings from heathen mythology, with which (not knowing the right pronunciation of the names) he has spoilt the measure of some good verses; and to be content with the richness of his own language — sufficient, without foreign aid, for all the purposes of his muse, and abundant enough in force and beauty to illustrate all the promptings of his genius, without even putting

him to the trouble of coining such words as "perishless," "gore-bespotted," and numerous others of the same family, without any legitimate derivation. We have noticed before that Mr. Williams has imitated Wordsworth — not a bad, but certainly a very difficult model; we must now mention, that he has also condescended to borrow from some sources as much beneath him as the poet of the *Excursion* is above. For instance, "Time hurries on," verbatim from the *Butterfly Duet*.

> "Cynosure of all men's gaze,"

taken from the *Il Penseroso* of Milton (rather *above* him, Milton, by the way)—

> "Near a sleeping beauty lies,
> *Cynosure of all men's eyes.*"

Again, p. 176:

> "I think of thee at silent eve,
> When heaven and earth are wrapt in sleep,
> And silver lights are seen to leave
> A pathway o'er the deep."

Altered from T. K. Hervey's beautiful ballad:

> "I think of thee in the night,
> When all beside is still;
> And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad light,
> To sit on the lonely hill."

Another, p. 192:

> "We met, 'twas in the joyous hours," &c.

The idea taken from

> "We met, 'twas in a crowd."

And lastly, in dismissing his volume—

> "Now to the world, my little book, go forth;"

word for word what Southey said before, and what Byron quizzed him for saying.

We are now on the high road to praise, but must first pause to notice a few of those passages which, in imitation of the metaphysical scraps and similes of Coleridge and Shelley, have all their obscurity without any of their sense: in short, they are positively unintelligible.

> "The azure skies gazed low into the streams,
> *Whose banks the lilies hallowed with their dreams.*" P. 8.

> "The giant-struggles of the wave's commotion
> *Have haunted me with their unwritten lore.*" P. 8.

> "The thoughts which mingle
> Like children crowding round the blazing ingle." P. 1.

> "I sit me down to dream
> * * *
> Of deathless souls, who PENNED *immortal lays!!*" P. 21.

> "*Like thoughts in childhood,*
> O'er the valley and the wild wood
> *Gleams the rainbow's arch!!!*" P. 36.

> "*Whose hills are verdant with immortal blood!!!*" P. 92.

And hundreds more, which we have no time to notice. We should remark, however, that Mr. Williams has fixed his fancy upon a few high-sounding words; and, as if they were alone sufficient to communicate originality or beauty to his verses, he repeats them with a most unmerciful liberality at every turn and corner of his volume. Take the word *imaginings* as an instance:

> *Wild* imaginings, p. 15.
> *Fond* ditto, p. 19.
> *Wild* ditto, p. 66.
> *Bright* ditto, p. 144.

That will do; four pages taken at random, and "imaginings" of a fond, or wild, or high, or bright nature, on every one! If the publisher had given the author only one shilling for each time this word occurs in the volume, the copyright must have amounted to a very considerable sum.

There are a few mistaken notions perceptible in the book; and among the rest, one (p. 6), that "*Posterity will think the battle of Waterloo a fiction!!!*"—an assertion which we think the Duke of Wellington will hardly give himself the trouble to dispute. It was also a little silly for so young a man to declare that

> "Love hath seemed to him a bubble,
> Life appeared a field of *stubble*,

(Surely he must be *chaff*-ing us!)

> Friendship but a farce!"

However, no more of this. Mr. Williams will and must take these remarks in a spirit of friendship — (no farce with us, we can assure him) — when we declare that we have made them solely with the view of correcting —should our hints be taken—the imperfect and imitative style of a young man who has given evidence, in his *Rhymes and Rhapsodies* (setting aside the faults we have criticised), of a great deal of natural poetical talent, only

spoiled by its possessor's desire to make it artificial. There are many passages in the volume of extreme beauty, and no slight combined force and elegance of expression; there are similes appropriate and ideas new; and there is in many cases an easy and harmonious flow of language, and a good deal of grace of versification. One poem, the "Hymn to Shakespeare," is decidedly excellent; and the subjoined stanzas, forming a fragment of it, we have a good deal of pleasure in quoting:

"Glory, and Power, and Beauty!—Now ye dwell
Round forms and features beautifully fair,
That rise before me, stirred by some deep spell,
In visions rare!
Behold th' immortal creatures of the brain—
A visionary train!

With jealous look the noble Moor appears,
Wronging, with cruel doubts, one fond and true;
The fair Venetian, pure as heaven's own tears—
The radiant dew;
Then doth approach the foul-mouthed knave, whose hate
This mischief did create.

I see an armèd ghost glide past—again
The kingly shadow rises and is gone;
Anon the young and melancholy Dane
Comes musing on;
Then doth a love-lost maid, with gentle look,
Bring blossoms from the brook.

See how th' inexorable Jew
Glares on the victim fastened in his mesh,
And with a fiend's voice demands anew
His pound of flesh;
Yearning, with feverish hate, to go beyond
The purport of his bond.

More dreadful grows the scene—wild, dark, and drear,
Is all I see, save where, 'mid magic flames,
Around a boiling cauldron grouped, appear
Three ancient dames;
And doing with such rites as hell might claim—
A deed without a name!

They're gone!—A queenlike form with restless eyes,
Who moves and speaks as if she knew it not,
Doth rub her busy fingers as she cries—
'Out, damnèd spot!'
And looks as if she saw the murderer's brand
Upon her pallid hand.

Fair is the earth with flowers—bright clouds above
Shed on the fragrant air their mellow light;
And forms are floating there with looks of love,
And wings as bright;
While fairy footsteps tread the magic ring,
Where pansies love to spring.

Then on my vision comes a noble youth,
Breathing with burning words the frequent sigh;
The while a gentle girl, as pure as truth,
Is standing by;
And love comes murmuring from the lips of each,
In fond and fervent speech.

And when their shadows had gone past, I saw
The aged king, grey-headed, in the storm,
The royal tyrant braving right and law,
The noble form
Of Rome's great chief, when Death his spirit stole,
Breathe out his mighty soul.

> And after them a merry troop went by,
> Joining in laughing chorus, led by one
> Who had a radiant world within his eye,
> That flashed with fun;
> A huge fat rogue, whose mirth had known no rest,
> Whose life seemed—but a jest.
>
> Then, last of all, came forms divinely bright,
> In beauty shaped—in female grace arrayed,
> And breathing words of poetry and light
> Which ne'er can fade;
> Passionate thoughts, deep ecstasies that lie
> Within us till we die."

Touching this "Hymn to Shakespeare," there is a note which tells us of a *Mulberry Club*, appointed to the honour of the Bard of Avon. We know a trifle of that same. What time, weary with the labours of the week, our friend Rhyming Rhapsody Williams, Leigh Hunt, Laman Blanchard of the *People's Press*, Corny Webb, Tom Holcroft, and a host besides, betake themselves, laden with their wages, on the night of Saturday, to the Garrick's Head in Bow Street; there do they eat suppers of mulberries, and drink potations deep to the memory of Shakespeare, in ale, rum, half-and-half, whisky, porter, or gin, as the fancy dictates, or the pocket may approve. Many a page of the *Chronicle*, many a column of the *Post*, many a sentence for the *Herald*, many a review for the *True Sun*, have taken their tone and *spirit* from the glasses of the Garrick's Head; and unto these and their inspiring influence are we for ever indebted to hundred of "wild and bright and fond imaginings" of the *Rhymes and Rhapsodies*, to which and to their author we now bid a well-wishing farewell. Let him repose his muse a few more years, drinking less poetry and more punch, and so imitating Falstaff rather than Wordsworth;—mulberries he may eat, but let it be in the fields and along the hedges; when he goes abroad to study "nature," and not the poets who have painted her before him as he never can;—and when he returns to Us with another book, if it be not truer, and better, and more poetical than the one before us, we will send him away with

> "Levant, you lazy lubber,
> Levant, you lazy lubber;
> If your muse refuse to do as you choose,
> Go tie her up and drub her."

And so long live Rhymes, Rhapsodies, and REGINA!

Miss Agnes Strickland! Albeit your pretty name is unknown to us, and we are as yet uncertain whether your face may claim affinity to the mild lustre of loveliness, or the blue tone and tint of a Morgan or Martineauish physiognomy; we are yet ready to welcome you to the regions of rhyme, forasmuch as we have been reading your neat duodecimo, entitled *Demetrius, and other Poems*,* and we find that you have an ear for flowing verses, and a taste that leads you after love. The theme, however, is not new, and you are doubtless, like ourselves, aware that Sappho once sung it in "burning numbers," and that L. E. L. herself has tuned it to "sweet sad strains" in modern time. The odorousness of comparisons will not allow of our placing you by the side of either of these fair ladies; but our own good wishes for you make us suggest that "poems long and legendary" are above the calibre of your muse, and that *Demetrius* and the *Improvvisatrice* may not be yoked in company to the same "golden car."

There is a great deal of melody in the smooth, harmonious stanzas of your poem, but melody is not the only test of song; and since Byron stirred the heart's strongest passions, and Wordsworth worked upon its gentlest chords, critics have learnt to look for more than comes to their finding one day in the thousand. For all this we will give you due praise for the one or two delightful episodes, descriptive of things natural and not imaginative, which shine upon the pages of your little volume with a graceful lustre, more mild than bright. Most musical are some of your lines:—

> "In the dark light of those uplifted eyes"

is a fair specimen; and the sonnet in p. 136 is worth quoting:

* Demetrius, a Tale of Modern Greece; in three Cantos: with other Poems. By Agnes Strickland. One vol. small 8vo. London, 1833. Fraser.

"*On an Evening Visit to Oxnead* Church.*

"We stood in silence in thy hallowed pile,
Romantic Oxnead! while the sun's last ray
Stole through the open portal worn and gray,
And shed a transient glory through the aisle,
As we, in pensive musings, gazed awhile
On records of the mighty of their day—
The fair and brave, o'er whose unconscious clay
The monumental marbles coldly smile—
Cold to the vanished glory of their race;
Cold to the desolation spread around;
Reckless that strangers o'er their resting-place
Unbidden trod; and deaf to that sweet sound
In which, around the wood-embosomed fane,
The choral birds poured forth their vesper strain."

But we like you, Miss Strickland; and we respect your nature's gentleness, if only for these two verses of an appeal in behalf of the Whig-ridden children of our factories.

"The bright bloom of health has forsaken my cheek,
My spirits are gone, and my young limbs grown weak;
Oh, ye Rich and ye Mighty! let Sympathy mild
Appeal to your hearts for the factory child!

Oh, pity my suff'rings, ere yet the cold tomb
Succeed my loathed prison, its tasks, and its gloom,
And the clods of the valley untimely are piled
O'er the pale, wasted form of the factory child!"

Sorely do we regret, however, that every appeal—whether coming from the bloodless lips of the infant victim—the kind hearts of those who suffer while they see—or the bolder voices of those who attack while they detest the system of searing and shortening the lives of children—is made despairingly and in vain. A base faction is in power; and when that power is to be increased in strength, profligacy, or duration, it matters little how humanity is outraged, or virtue despised. Thousands of suffering children may remain a year in brutal servitude, if a dozen of reckless ministers can be kept a day in place.

We must leave you now, fair Agnes, recommending you to the Annuals, and the Annuals to you; and next year we shall be happy to see some of your pleasant verses illustrating their "pictured charms."

Next upon the batch comes a *Rhymed Plea for Tolerance*;† and although the author has read some ancient and a good many modern books, and can, moreover, make capital verses, we shall have no *toleration* for his *Rhymed Plea.* He has made two grand mistakes in his work: first, in writing it at all, upon such a subject; and, secondly, in making it a satire. A satire upon toleration—and in defence of it, to boot! For ourselves, we will not listen patiently to hear it defended at all. What is in slang called *tolerance*, has already, both in politics and religion, carried the constitution to its overthrow—the church to the verge of destruction—and the whole country beyond the bounds of order, prosperity, and peace. Too much toleration carried the Catholic question, struck at the roots of the Protestant establishment in Ireland, and has led to the levelling of some of the best and wisest and most venerable of the institutions of the land. Too much toleration impregnated our West India colonies with the poisonous spirit of the Dissenters' creed, and alienating the affections of the slaves, bred insurrection in the beginning, and has led to ruin in the end. Too much toleration is even now combining with that anarchical hurricane, long brewing in the religious and political atmosphere of Great Britain, which, coming in the evil train of a

* "Oxnead, near Aylsham, in Norfolk, was the ancient seat of the Pastons, and afterwards of the Earls of Yarmouth."

† Rhymed Plea for Tolerance; in two Dialogues: with a Prefatory Dialogue. One vol. small 8vo. London, 1833. Moxon.

cursed and unconstitutional reform, is yet to abolish tithes—the rightful inheritance of the clergy—and to sever the church from the state, to which it has been united in greatness and glory that must vanish from our history when it is torn away. But we are sick of the theme, and would, after all, perhaps, rather turn to the absurdities of the man who treats so grave a subject in jest, than to the sorrowful survey of the consequences of toleration itself. To tell truth, we are sorry to be obliged to quarrel with the author of this book, seeing that he is certainly a man of talent, whom we should have been glad to meet upon any other ground than that which he has chosen. His versification is excellent; his style classic, and invested with no slight purity; and whenever he diverges from his theme, and touches upon a more general topic, he betrays considerable power and ability to please. Here is a good passage:

> "As one who sails with some long-lingering fleet,
> Till his brain fevers with the tropic heat,
> In the green hue that clothes the barren seas,
> Views his own native fields, his village trees;
> Vision or truth in vain he questions o'er,
> The strong delusion gains him more and more;
> Till down he dashes 'mid the ravening foam,
> And the wave closes o'er his dream of home.
> So on my youth the strong temptation came,
> The cheating view, the feverish thirst of fame.
> To me her sterile waves, her storm-ridged sands,
> Were thrifty meadows all and plough-turn'd lands.
> Long time I gazed, long ponder'd o'er the brink,
> And all but took the desperate plunge—in ink."

The following episode is rife with truth and beauty. We know not if the author has really been in the tropics, but we who have can safely aver that the sketch is natural.

> "Yet in our Carib isle, young savage yet,
> —My earliest playmates of the race of jet;
> With whom, unclad, I climb'd and crawl'd at will,
> And loved them then—and love in memory still;
> There if some palm-tree, to my wondering sight,
> Strained up aloft, as seemed to infinite;
> Or, flung from thunder-cloud, down-clashing rain
> Tore the live rock, then upward steamed amain;
> Or when some day of languid heat was done,
> And woke the land-breeze to the setting sun,
> Wafting—how sweet! its perfumed snatches by
> From citrons or ananas clustering nigh;
> Or when from 'mid night's darkly blue expanse
> Bright tropic stars by myriads met my glance;
> Or countless fire-flies, frisking as in mirth,
> Twinkled along, my little stars of earth;
> All these, if fancy cheat not, breathed for me—
> Young savage yet—their silent poesy."

There are two lines in p. 20, which seem to infer that this is the writer's first attempt at authorship. We regret that the necessity of condemning his subject should have robbed us of space which we might otherwise have devoted to a dissection of his merits as a new candidate for poetic fame; as it is, he must take what we have said as an encouragement to write again: but not to write again, either seriously or satirically, on so questionable a virtue as toleration.

"*Non dubito quin titulus,*" &c., quotes the author of *Pauline*,* our next poem, from Cornelius Agrippa; which we, shearing the sentence of its lengthy continuation, translate thus:—"We are under no kind of doubt about the title to be given to you, my poet;" you being, beyond all question, as mad as Cassandra, without any of the power to prophesy like her, or to construct a connected sentence like any body else. We have already had a *Monomaniac;* and we designate you "The Mad Poet

* Pauline; a Fragment of a Confession. One vol. small 8vo. London, 1833. Saunders and Otley.

of the Batch;" as being mad not in one direction only, but in all. A little lunacy, like a little knowledge, would be a dangerous thing.

We have weighty reasons for believing that *Pauline* is the production of one or all of the Whig ministers. The same folly, incoherence, and reckless assertion, which distinguish their pamphlet on the *Reform Ministry and Parliament*, is visible in each page of the book; and as we know well that there is no one public act of the ministers for which their restless conscience (if they have any) does not reproach them in private, this fact will account for the self-castigation which the author gives himself all through the work. We shall select one or two passages of the poem, subjoining the applications which we think they deserve. The following, then, seem to apply to the political unions:

" *That I am grown above them, and can rule them.*" P. 21.

The Grab Cabinet thinks so now.

" *But in that middle stage, when they were full,*
Ere yet I had disposed them to my will," (P. 21)

it was very different; then they were courted: for the author says (p. 21),

" *I shall shew how these elements*
Produced my present state."

Here, then, it is at last acknowledged that the unions brought them into power.

The following line, from p. 14, seems to be the adopted exclamation of each of the family of Lord Grey's cousins, on receiving some new gift of place:

" *I ne'er had ventured e'en to hope for this.*"

What comes next is emblematical of Althorp failing in one of his budgets, and forced by the Reformed House to

" *Come out of it*, as some dark spider crawls
From his foul nets, which some lit torch invades,
Yet opening still new films for his retreat." P. 14.

And "new films" he will shortly have to spin, by way of substitutes for the house and window taxes, which Messrs. Savage of the great Circus Street pothouse, and others, are forcing him to take off. Men may defy the law[illegible]; and what care the Whigs?

P. 19 gives us the history of a man

" *Altered, and worn, and weak, and full of tears;*"

which looks as if Brougham expected to see Grey turned out, and had pleasant anticipations of his personal appearance on the occasion. These two lines, from p. 22, appear to apply to Lord Durham:

" This is myself, and I should thus have been,
Though gifted lower than the meanest soul."

Here is a description of Brougham, buoyed up with self-prophesied greatness, about the time of his defence of Queen Caroline:

" So as I grew, I rudely shaped my life
To my immediate wants."

We know the old fellow did work hard in his early days; but never mind,

" Yet strong beneath
Was a vague sense of powers folded up;
A sense that, though those shadowy times were past,
Their spirit dwelt in me, and *I should rule.*"

More's the misfortune for the Court of Chancery. But we have no time to continue. We shall therefore conclude with a raving "apostrophe to place," which gives a good idea of the style of the book, and shews (if it be true that the "*Mad Poet of the Batch*" is only an ideal personation of the ministry) that the Grey crew are fast coming to their senses; that is, that they are fast going mad in private instead of in public: and their own peace of mind will be ruined before they have made a total wreck of the peace and prosperity of the empire.

" If place is going, save me, madden me,
Take from me powers and pleasures—let me die,
Place, so I keep thee: I am knit round
As with a charm, by sin, and lust, and pride;
Yet though my wandering dreams have seen all shapes
Of strange delight, oft have I stood by thee—
Have I been keeping lonely watch with thee,
In the damp night by dirty Downing Street,
Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less;
Or dying with thee on the lonely cross;
Or witnessing thy bursting from the tomb!"

SARTOR RESARTUS. IN THREE BOOKS.

Chapters V. to XI.

Chap. V.

The World in Clothes.

"As Montesquieu wrote a *Spirit of Laws*," observes our Professor, "so could I write a *Spirit of Clothes;* thus, with an *Esprit des Loix*, properly an *Esprit de Coutumes* we should have an *Esprit de Costumes.* For neither in tailoring nor in legislating does man proceed by mere Accident, but the hand is ever guided on by mysterious operations of the mind. In all his Modes and habilatory endeavours an Architectural Idea will be found lurking; his Body and the Cloth are the site and materials whereon and whereby his beautified edifice, of a Person, is to be built. Whether he flow gracefully out in folded mantles, based on light sandals; tower up in high headgear, from amid peaks, spangles and bell-girdles; swell out in starched ruffs, buckram stuffings and monstrous tuberosities; or girth himself into separate sections, and front the world an Agglomeration of four limbs,—will depend on the nature of such Architectural Idea: whether Grecian, Gothic, Later-Gothic, or altogether Modern, and Parisian or Anglo-Dandiacal. Again, what meaning lies in Colour! From the soberest drab to the high-flaming scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold themselves in choice of Colour: if the Cut betoken Intellect and Talent, so does the Colour betoken Temper and Heart. In all which, among nations as among individuals, there is an incessant, indubitable, though infinitely complex working of Cause and Effect: every snip of the Scissors has been regulated and prescribed by ever-active Influences, which doubtless to Intelligences of a superior order are neither invisible nor illegible.

"For such superior Intelligences a Cause-and-effect Philosophy of Clothes, as of Laws, were probably a comfortable winter-evening entertainment: nevertheless, for inferior Intelligences, like men, such Philosophies have always seemed to me uninstructive enough. Nay, what is your Montesquieu himself but a clever infant spelling Letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic Book, the lexicon of which lies in Eternity, in Heaven?—Let any Cause-and-Effect Philosopher explain, not why I wear such and such a Garment, obey such and such a Law; but even why *I* am *here*, to wear and obey any thing!—Much, therefore, if not the whole, of that same *Spirit of Clothes* I shall suppress, as hypothetical, ineffectual, and even impertinent: naked Facts, and Deductions drawn therefrom in quite another than that omniscient style, are my humbler and proper province."

Acting on which prudent restriction, Teufelsdröckh has nevertheless contrived to take in a well nigh boundless extent of field; at least, the boundaries too often lie quite beyond our horizon. Selection being indispensable, we shall here glance over his First Part only in the most cursory manner. This First Part is, no doubt, distinguished by omnivorous learning, and utmost patience and fairness: at the same time, in its results and delineations, it is much more likely to interest the Compilers of some *Library* of General, Entertaining, Useful, or even Useless Knowledge than the miscellaneous readers of these pages. Was it this Part of the Book which Heuschrecke had in view, when he recommended us to that joint-stock vehicle of publication, "at present the glory of British Literature?" If so, the Library Editors are welcome to dig in it for their own behoof.

To the First Chapter, which turns on Paradise and Fig-leaves, and leads us into interminable disquisitions of a mythological, metaphorical, cabalistico-sartorial and quite antediluvian cast, we shall content ourselves with giving an unconcerned approval. Still less have we to do with "Lilis, Adam's first wife, whom, according to the Talmudists, he had before Eve, and who bore him, in that wedlock, the whole progeny of aerial, aquatic, and terrestrial Devils,"—very needlessly, we think. On this portion of the Work, with its profound glances into the *Adam-Kadmon*, or Primeval Element, here strangely brought into relation with the *Nifl* and *Muspel* (Darkness and Light) of the antique North, it may be enough to say that its correctness of deduction, and depth of Talmudic and Rabbinical lore has filled perhaps not the worst Hebraist in Britain with something like astonishment.

But quitting this twilight region, Teufelsdröckh hastens from the Tower of Babel, to follow the dispersion of Mankind over the whole habitable and habilable globe. Walking by the light of Oriental, Pelasgic, Scandinavian, Egyptian, Otaheitean, Ancient and Modern researches of every conceivable kind, he strives to give us in compressed shape (as the Nürnbergers give an *Orbis Pictus*) an *Orbis Vestitus*; or view of the costumes of all mankind, in all countries, in all times. It is here that to the Antiquarian, to the Historian, we can triumphantly say: Fall to! Here is Learning: an irregular Treasury, if you will; but inexhaustible as the Hoard of King Nibelung, which twelve waggons in twelve days, at the rate of three journeys a day, could not carry off. Sheepskin cloaks and wampum belts; phylacteries, stoles, albs; chlamides, togas, Chinese silks, Afghaun shawls, trunk hose, leather breeches, Celtic philibegs (though breeches, as the name *Gallia Braccata* indicates, are the more ancient), Hussar cloaks, Vandyke tippets, ruffs, fardingales, are brought vividly before us,—even the Kilmarnock nightcap is not forgotten. For most part too we must admit that the Learning, heterogeneous as it is, and tumbled down quite pell-mell, is true concentrated and purified Learning, the drossy parts smelted out and thrown aside.

Philosophical reflections intervene, and sometimes touching pictures of human life. Of this sort the following has surprised us. The first purpose of Clothes, as our Professor imagines, was not warmth or decency, but ornament. "Miserable indeed," says he, "was the condition of the Aboriginal Savage, glaring fiercely from under his fleece of hair, which with the beard reached down to his loins, and hung round him like a matted cloak; the rest of his body sheeted in its thick natural fell. He loitered in the sunny glades of the forest, living on wild fruits; or, as the ancient Caledonian, squatted himself in morasses, lurking for his bestial or human prey; without implements, without arms, save the ball of heavy Flint, to which, that his sole possession and defence might not be lost, he had attached a long cord of plaited thongs; thereby recovering as well as hurling it with deadly unerring skill. Nevertheless, the pains of Hunger and Revenge once satisfied, his next care was not Comfort but Decoration (*Putz*). Warmth he found in the toils of the chase; or amid dried leaves, in his hollow tree, in his bark shed, or natural grotto: but for Decoration he must have Clothes. Nay, among wild people, we find tattooing and painting even prior to Clothes. The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is Decoration; as indeed we still see among the barbarous classes in civilised countries.

"Reader, the heaven-inspired melodious Singer; loftiest Serene Highness; nay thy own amber-locked, snow-and-rosebloom Maiden, worthy to glide sylphlike almost on air, whom thou lovest, worshippest as a divine Presence, which indeed, symbolically taken, she is,—has descended, like thyself, from that same hair-mantled, flint-hurling Aboriginal Anthropophagus! Out of the eater cometh forth meat; out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. What changes are wrought, not by Time, yet in Time! For not Mankind only, but all that Mankind does or beholds, is in continual growth, re-genesis and self-perfecting vitality. Cast forth thy Act, thy Word, into the ever-living, ever-working Universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day (says one) it will be found flourishing as a Banyan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a Hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years.

"He who first shortened the labour of Copyists by device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired Armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new Democratic world: he had invented the Art of Printing. The first ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, and Charcoal drove Monk Schwartz's pestle through the ceiling: what will the last do? Achieve the final undisputed prostration of Force under Thought, of Animal Courage under Spiritual. A simple invention was it in the old-world Grazier,—sick of lugging his slow Ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil,—to take a piece of Leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or *Pecus*); put it in his pocket, and call it *Pecunia*, Money. Yet hereby did Barter grow Sale, the Leather Money is now Golden and Paper, and all miracles have been outmiracled: for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts; and whoso has sixpence is Sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands Cooks to feed him, Philoso-

phers to teach him, Kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of sixpence.—Clothes too, which began in foolishest love of Ornament, what have they not become! Increased Security, and pleasurable Heat soon followed: but what of these? Shame, divine Shame (*Schaam*, Modesty), as yet a stranger to the Anthropophagous bosom, arose there mysteriously under Clothes; a mystic grove-encircled shrine for the Holy in man. Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity; Clothes have made Men of us; they are threatening to make Clothes-screens of us.

"But on the whole," continues our eloquent Professor, "Man is a Tool-using Animal (*Hanthierendes Thier*). Weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half square-foot, insecurely enough; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds! Three quintals are a crushing load for him; the Steer of the meadow tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. Nevertheless he can use Tools, can devise Tools: with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him; he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste; seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds. Nowhere do you find him without Tools; without Tools he is nothing, with Tools he is all."

Here may we not, for a moment, interrupt the stream of Oratory with a remark that this Definition of the Tool-using Animal, appears to us, of all that Animal-sort, considerably the precisest and best? Man is called a Laughing Animal: but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it; and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laugher? Teufelsdröckh himself, as we said, laughed only once. Still less do we make of that other French Definition of the Cooking Animal; which, indeed, for rigorous scientific purposes, is as good as useless. Can a Tartar be said to Cook, when he only readies his steak by riding on it? Again, what Cookery does the Greenlander use, beyond stowing up his whale-blubber, as a marmot, in the like case, might do? Or how would Monsieur Ude prosper among those Orinocco Indians who, according to Humboldt, lodge in crow-nests, on the branches of trees; and, for half the year, have no victuals but pipe-clay, the whole country being under water? But on the other hand, show us the human being, of any period or climate, without his Tools: those very Caledonians, as we saw, had their Flint-ball, and Thong to it, such as no brute has or can have.

"Man is a Tool-using animal," concludes Teufelsdröckh in his abrupt way; "of which truth Clothes are but one example: and surely if we consider the interval between the first wooden Dibble fashioned by man, and those Liverpool Steam-carriages, or the British House of Commons, we shall note what progress he has made. He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the Earth, and says to them, *Transport me, and this luggage, at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour*; and they do it: he collects, apparently by lot, six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, *Make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger, and sorrow, and sin for us*; and they do it."

Chap. VI.

Aprons.

One of the most unsatisfactory Sections in the whole Volume is that *on Aprons*. What though stout old Gao the Persian Blacksmith, "whose Apron, now indeed hidden under jewels, because raised in revolt which proved successful, is still the royal standard of that country;" what though John Knox's Daughter, "who threatened Sovereign Majesty that she would catch her Husband's head in her Apron, rather than he should lie and be a Bishop;" what though the Landgravine Elizabeth, with many other Apron worthies,—figure here? An idle wire-drawing spirit, sometimes even a tone of levity, approaching to conventional satire, is too clearly discernible. What, for example, are we to make of such sentences as the following?

"Aprons are Defences; against injury to cleanliness, to safety, to modesty, sometimes to roguery. From the thin slip of notched silk (as it were, the Emblem and beatified Ghost of an Apron), which some highest-bred housewife, sitting at Nürnberg Workboxes and Toyboxes, has gracefully fastened on; to the thick-tanned hide, girt round him with thongs, wherein the Builder builds, and at evening sticks his trowel; or to those jingling sheet-iron Aprons, wherein your otherwise half-naked Vulcans hammer and smelt in their Smelt-furnace,—is there not range enough in

the fashion and uses of this Vestment? How much has been concealed, how much has been defended in Aprons! Nay, rightly considered, what is your whole Military and Police Establishment, charged at uncalculated millions, but a huge scarlet-coloured, iron-fastened Apron, wherein Society works (uneasily enough); guarding itself from some soil and stithy-sparks, in this Devil's-smithy (*Teufels-schmeide*) of a world? But of all Aprons the most puzzling to me hitherto has been the Episcopal, or Cassock. Wherein consists the usefulness of this Apron? The Overseer (*Episcopus*) of Souls, I notice, has tucked-in the corner of it, as if his day's work were done: what does he shadow forth thereby?" &c. &c.

Or again, has it often been the lot of our readers to read such stuff as we shall now quote?

"I consider those printed Paper Aprons, worn by the Parisian Cooks, as a new vent, though a slight one, for Typography; therefore as an encouragement to modern Literature, and deserving of approval: nor is it without satisfaction that I hear of a celebrated London Firm having in view to introduce the same fashion, with important extensions, in England."—We who are on the spot hear of no such thing; and indeed have reason to be thankful that hitherto there are other vents for our Literature, exuberant as it is.—Teufelsdröckh continues: "If such supply of printed Paper should rise so far as to choke up the highways and public thoroughfares, new means must of necessity be had recourse to. In a world existing by Industry, we grudge to employ Fire as a destroying element, and not as a creating one. However, Heaven is omnipotent, and will find us an outlet. In the meanwhile, is it not beautiful to see five million quintals of Rags picked annually from the Laystall; and annually, after being macerated, hot-pressed, printed on, and sold,—returned thither; filling so many hungry mouths by the way? Thus is the Laystall, especially with its Rags or Clothes-rubbish, the grand Electric Battery, and Fountain-of-Motion, from which and to which the Social Activities (like vitreous and resinous Electricities) circulate, in larger or smaller circles, through the mighty, billowy, stormtost Chaos of Life, which they keep alive!"—Such passages fill us who love the man, and partly esteem him, with a very mixed feeling.

Farther down we meet with this: "The Journalists are now the true Kings and Clergy: henceforth Historians, unless they are fools, must write not of Bourbon Dynasties, and Tudors and Hapsburgs; but of Stamped Broadsheet Dynasties, and quite new successive Names, according as this or the other Able Editor, or Combination of Able Editors, gains the world's ear. Of the British Newspaper Press, perhaps the most important of all, and wonderful enough in its secret constitution and procedure, a valuable descriptive History already exists, in that language, under the title of *Satan's Invisible World Displayed;* which, however, by search in all the Weissnichtwo Libraries, I have not yet succeeded in procuring (*vermöchte nicht aufzutreiben*)."

Thus does the good Homer not only nod, but snore. Thus does Teufelsdröckh, wandering in regions where he had little business, confound the old authentic Presbyterian Witchfinder with a new, spurious, imaginary Historian of the *Brittische Journalistik;* and so stumble on perhaps the most egregious blunder in Modern Literature!

Chap. VII.

Miscellaneous-Historical.

Happier is our Professor, and more purely scientific and historic, when he reaches the Middle Ages in Europe, and down to the end of the Seventeenth Century; the true era of extravagance in Costume. It is here that the Antiquary and Student of Modes comes upon his richest harvest. Fantastic garbs, beggaring all fancy of a Teniers or a Callot, succeed each other, like monster devouring monster in a Dream. The whole too in brief authentic strokes, and touched not seldom with that breath of genius which makes even old raiment live. Indeed, so learned, precise, graphical, and every way interesting have we found these Chapters, that it may be thrown out as a pertinent question for parties concerned, Whether or not a good English Translation thereof might henceforth be profitably incorporated with Mr. Merrick's valuable Work *On Ancient Armour?* Take, by way of example, the following sketch; as authority for which Paullinus's *Zeitkurzende Lust* (II. 678) is, with seeming confidence, referred to:

"Did we behold the German fashionable dress of the Fifteenth Century, we might smile; as perhaps those bygone

Germans, were they to rise again, and see our haberdashery, would cross themselves, and invoke the Virgin. But happily no bygone German, or man, rises again; thus the Present is not needlessly trammelled with the Past; and only grows out of it, like a Tree, whose roots are not intertangled with its branches, but lie peaceably under ground. Nay it is very mournful, yet not useless, to see and know, how the Greatest and Dearest, in a short while, would find his place quite filled up here, and no room for him; the very Napoleon, the very Byron, in some seven years, has become obsolete, and were now a foreigner to his Europe. Thus is the Law of Progress secured; and in Clothes, as in all other external things whatsoever, no fashion will continue.

"Of the military classes in those old times, whose buff-belts, complicated chains and gorgets, huge churn-boots, and other riding and fighting gear have been bepainted in modern Romance, till the whole has acquired somewhat of a signpost character,—I shall here say nothing: the civil and pacific classes, less touched upon, are wonderful enough for us.

"Rich men, I find, have *Teusinke*" (a perhaps untranslateable article); "also a silver girdle, whereat hang little bells; so that when a man walks it is with continual jingling. Some few, of musical turn, have a whole chime of bells (*Glockenspiel*) fastened there; which especially, in sudden whirls, and the other accidents of walking, has a grateful effect. Observe too how fond they are of peaks, and Gothic-arch intersections. The male world wears peaked caps, an ell-long, which hang bobbing over the side (*schief*): their shoes are peaked in front, also to the length of an ell (and laced on the side with tags); even the wooden shoes have their ell-long noses: some also clap bells on the peak. Farther, according to my authority, the men have breeches without seat (*ohne Gesäss*): these they fasten peakwise to their shirts; and the long round doublet must overlap them.

"Rich maidens, again, flit abroad in gowns scolloped out behind and before, so that back and breast are almost bare. Wives of quality, on the other hand, have train-gowns four or five ells in length; which trains there are boys to carry. Brave Cleopatras sailing in their silk-cloth Galley, with a Cupid for steersman! Consider their welts, a handbreadth thick, which waver round them by way of hem; the long flood of silver buttons, or rather silver shells, from throat to shoe, wherewith these same welt-gowns are buttoned. The maidens have bound silver snoods about their hair, with gold spangles, and pendent flames (*Flammen*), that is, sparkling hair-drops: but of their mothers' headgear who shall speak? Neither in love of grace is comfort forgotten. In winter weather you behold the whole fair creation (that can afford it) in long mantles, with skirts wide below, and, for hem, not one but two sufficient handbroad welts: all ending atop in a thick well-starched Ruff, some twenty inches broad: these are their Ruff-mantles (*Kragenmäntel*).

"As yet among the womankind hoop-petticoats are not; but the men have doublets of fustian, under which lie multiple ruffs of cloth, pasted together with batter (*mit Teig zusammengekleistert*), which create protuberance enough. Thus do the two sexes vie with each other in the art of Decoration; and as usual the stronger carries it."

Our Professor, whether he have Humour himself or not, manifests a certain feeling of the Ludicrous, a sly observance of it, which, could emotion of any kind be confidently predicated of so still a man, we might call a real love. None of those bell-girdles, bushel-breeches, cornuted shoes, or other the like phenomena, of which the History of Dress offers so many, escape him; more especially the mischances, or striking adventures, incident to the wearers of such, are noticed with due fidelity. Sir Walter Raleigh's fine mantle, which he spread in the mud under Queen Elizabeth's feet, appears to provoke little enthusiasm in him; he merely asks, Whether at that period the Maiden Queen "was red-painted on the nose, and white-painted on the cheeks, as her tirewomen, when from spleen and wrinkles she would no longer look in any glass, were wont to serve her?" We can answer that Sir Walter knew well what he was doing, and had the Maiden Queen been stuffed parchment dyed in verdigris, would have done the same.

Thus too, treating of those enormous habiliments, that were not only slashed and galooned, but artificially swollen out on the broader parts of the body, by introduction of Bran,—our Professor

fails not to comment on that luckless Courtier, who having seated himself on a chair with some projecting nail on it, and therefrom rising, to pay his *devoir* on the entrance of Majesty, instantaneously emitted several pecks of dry wheat-dust; and stood there diminished to a spindle, his galoons and slashes dangling sorrowful and flabby round him. Whereupon the Professor publishes this reflection:

"By what strange chances do we live in History! Erostratus by a torch; Milo by a bullock; Henry Darnley, an unfledged booby and bustard, by his limbs; most Kings and Queens by being born under such and such a bed-tester; Boileau Despreaux (according to Helvetius) by the peck of a turkey; and this ill-starred individual by a rent in his breeches,—for no Memoirist of Kaiser Otto's Court omits him. Vain was the prayer of Themistocles for a talent of Forgetting: my Friends, yield cheerfully to Destiny, and read since it is written."—Has Teufelsdröckh to be put in mind that, nearly related to the impossible talent of Forgetting, stands that talent of Silence, which even travelling Englishmen manifest?

"The simplest costume," observes our Professor, "which I anywhere find alluded to in History, is that used as regimental, by Bolivar's Cavalry, in the late Columbian wars. A square Blanket, twelve feet in diagonal, is provided (some were wont to cut off the corners, and make it circular): in the centre a slit is effected, eighteen inches long; through this the mother-naked Trooper introduces his head and neck; and so rides shielded from all weather, and in battle from many strokes (for he rolls it about his left arm); and not only dressed, but harnessed and draperied."

With which picture of a State of Nature, affecting by its singularity, and Old-Roman contempt of the superfluous, we shall quit this part of our subject.

Chap. VIII.

The World out of Clothes.

If in the Descriptive-Historical Portion of his Volume, Teufelsdröckh, discussing merely the *Werden* (Origin and successive Improvement) of Clothes, has astonished many a reader, much more will he in the Speculative-Philosophical Portion, which treats of their *Wirken*, or Influences. It is here that the present Editor first feels the pressure of his task; for here properly the higher and new Philosophy of Clothes commences: an untried, almost inconceivable region, or chaos; in venturing upon which, how difficult, yet how unspeakably important is it to know what course, of survey and conquest, is the true one; where the footing is firm substance and will bear us, where it is hollow, or mere cloud, and may engulf us! Teufelsdröckh undertakes no less than to expound the moral, political, even religious Influences of Clothes; he undertakes to make manifest, in its thousandfold bearings, this grand Proposition, that Man's earthly interests "are all hooked and buttoned together, and held up, by Clothes." He says in so many words, "Society is founded upon Cloth;" and again, "Society sails through the Infinitude on Cloth, as on a Faust's Mantle, or rather like the Sheet of clean and unclean beasts in the Apostle's Dream; and without such Sheet or Mantle, would sink to endless depths, or mount to inane limbos, and in either case be no more."

By what chains, or indeed infinitely complected tissues, of Meditation this grand Theorem is here unfolded, and innumerable practical Corollaries are drawn therefrom, it were perhaps a mad ambition to attempt exhibiting. Our Professor's method is not, in any case, that of common school Logic, where the truths all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other; but at best that of practical Reason, proceeding by large Intuition over whole systematic groups and kingdoms; whereby we might say, a noble complexity, almost like that of Nature, reigns in his Philosophy, or spiritual Picture of Nature: a mighty maze, yet, as faith whispers, not without a plan. Nay we complained above, that a certain ignoble complexity, what we must call mere confusion, was also discernible. Often, too, must we exclaim: Would to Heaven those same Biographical Documents were come! For it seems as if the demonstration lay much in the Author's individuality; as if it were not Argument that had taught him, but Experience. At present it is only in local glimpses, and by significant fragments, picked often at wide enough intervals from the original Volume, and carefully collated, that we can hope to impart some out-

line or foreshadow of this Doctrine. Readers of any intelligence are once more invited to favour us with their most concentrated attention: let these, after intense consideration, and not till then, pronounce, Whether on the utmost verge of our actual horizon there is not a looming as of Land; a promise of new Fortunate Islands, perhaps whole undiscovered Americas, for such as have canvass to sail thither?—As exordium to the whole, stands here the following long citation:

"With men of a speculative turn," writes Teufelsdröckh, "there come seasons, meditative, sweet, yet awful hours, when in wonder and fear you ask yourself that unanswerable question: Who am *I;* the thing that can say 'I' (*das Wesen das sich* Ich *nennt*)? The world, with its loud trafficking, retires into the distance; and, through the paper-hangings, and stone-walls, and thick-plied tissues of Commerce and Polity, and all the living and lifeless Integuments (of Society and a Body), wherewith your Existence sits surrounded,—the sight reaches forth into the void Deep, and you are alone with the Universe, and silently commune with it, as one mysterious Presence with another.

"Who am I; what is this Me? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance;—some embodied, visualised Idea in the Eternal Mind? *Cogito ergo sum.* Alas, poor Cogitator, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough, I am; and lately was not: but Whence? How? Whereto? The answer lies around, written in all colours and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature: but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? We sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-coloured visions flit round our sense; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown? What are all your national Wars, with their Moscow Retreats, and sanguinary hate-filled Revolutions, but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers? This Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on Earth call Life; wherein the most indeed undoubtingly wander, as if they knew right hand from left; yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing.

"Pity that all Metaphysics had hitherto proved so inexpressibly unproductive! The secret of Man's Being is still like the Sphinx's secret: a riddle that he cannot rede; and for ignorance of which he suffers death, the worst death, a spiritual. What are your Axioms, and Categories, and Systems, and Aphorisms? Words, words. High Air-castles are cunningly built of Words, the Words well bedded also in good Logic-mortar; wherein, however, no Knowledge will come to lodge. *The whole is greater than the part:* how exceedingly true! *Nature abhors a vacuum:* how exceedingly false and calumnious! Again, *Nothing can act but where it is:* with all my heart; only where is it? Be not the slave of Words: is not the Distant, the Dead, while I love it, and long for it, and mourn for it, Here, in the genuine sense, as truly as the floor I stand on? But that same Where, with its brother When, are from the first the master-colours of our Dream-grotto; say rather, the Canvass (the warp and woof thereof) whereon all our Dreams and Life-visions are painted. Nevertheless, has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every climate and age, that the Where and When, so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to thought; that the Seer may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial Everywhere and Forever: have not all nations conceived their God as Omnipresent and Eternal; as existing in a universal Here, an everlasting Now? Think well, thou too wilt find that Space is but a mode of our human Sense, so likewise Time; there *is* no Space and no Time: We are—we know not what;—light-sparkles floating in the æther of Deity!

"So that this so solid-seeming World, after all, were but an air-image, our Me the only reality: and Nature, with its

thousandfold production and destruction, but the reflex of our own inward Force, the 'phantasy of our Dream;' or what the Earth-Spirit in *Faust* names it, *the living visible Garment of God:*

'In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion!
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of the Living:
'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time
I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou
seest Him by.'

Of twenty millions that have read and spouted this thunder-speech of the *Erdgeist*, are there yet twenty units of us that have learned the meaning thereof?"

"It was in some such mood, when wearied and foredone with these high speculations, that I first came upon the question of Clothes. Strange enough, it strikes me, is this same fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The Horse I ride has his own whole fell: strip him of the girths and flaps and extraneous tags I have fastened round him, and the noble creature is his own sempster and weaver and spinner: nay his own bootmaker, jeweller, and man-milliner; he bounds free through the valleys, with a perennial rainproof court-suit on his body; wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached perfection; nay, the graces also have been considered, and frills and fringes, with gay variety of colour, featly appended, and ever in the right place, are not wanting. While I—Good Heaven!—have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts; and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-house of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more slowly! Day after day, I must thatch myself anew; day after day, this despicable thatch must lose some film of its thickness; some film of it, frayed away by tear and wear, must be brushed off into the Ashpit, into the Laystall; till by degrees the whole has been brushed thither, and I, the dust-making, patent Rag-grinder, get new material to grind down. O subter-brutish! vile! most vile! For have not I too a compact all-enclosing Skin, whiter or dingier? Am I a botched mass of tailors' and cobblers' shreds, then; or a tightly-articulated, homogeneous little Figure, automatic, nay alive?

"Strange enough how creatures of the human-kind shut their eyes to plainest facts; and, by the mere inertia of Oblivion and Stupidity, live at ease in the midst of Wonders and Terrors. But indeed man is, and was always, a blockhead and dullard; much readier to feel and digest, than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver; mere use-and-wont everywhere leads him by the nose: thus let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable. Perhaps not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped, of any country or generation, be he gold-mantled Prince or russet-jerkined Peasant, that his Vestments and his Self are not one and indivisible; that *he* is naked, without vestments, till he buy or steal such, and by forethought sew and button them.

"For my own part, these considerations, of our Clothes-thatch, and how, reaching inwards even to our heart of hearts, it tailorises and demoralises us, fill me with a certain horror at myself and mankind; almost as one feels at those Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats (of striped sacking), in the meadows of Gouda. Nevertheless there is something great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappages; and sees indeed that he is naked, and, as Swift has it, 'a forked straddling animal with bandy legs;' yet also a Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries."

Chap. IX.

Adamitism.

Let no courteous reader take offence at the opinions broached in the conclusion of the last Chapter. The Editor himself, on first glancing over that singular passage, was inclined to exclaim: What, have we got not only a Sansculottist, but an enemy to Clothes in the abstract? A new Adamite, in this century, which flatters itself that it is the Nineteenth, and destructive both to Superstition and Enthusiasm?

Consider, thou foolish Teufelsdröckh, what benefits unspeakable all ages and sexes derive from Clothes. For example, when thou thyself, a watery, pulpy, slobbery freshman and new-comer in this Planet, sattest muling and puking in thy nurse's arms; sucking thy coral, and looking forth into the world in the blankest manner, what hadst thou been, without thy blankets, and bibs, and other nameless hulls? A terror to thyself and mankind! Or hast thou forgotten the day when thou first receivedst breeches, and thy long-clothes became short? The village where thou livedst was all apprised of the fact; and neighbour after neighbour kissed thy pudding cheek, and gave thee, as handsel, silver or copper coins, on that the first gala-day of thy existence. Again, wert not thou, at one period of life, a Buck, or Blood, or Macaroni, or Incroyable, or Dandy, or by whatever name, according to year and place, such phenomenon is distinguished? In that one word lie included mysterious volumes. Nay, now when the reign of folly is over, or altered, and thy clothes are not for triumph but for defence, hast thou always worn them perforce, and as a consequence of Man's Fall; never rejoiced in them as in a warm moveable House, a Body round thy Body, wherein that strange THEE of thine sat snug, defying all variations of Climate? Girt with thick double-milled kerseys; half-buried under shawls and broadbrims, and overalls and mudboots, thy very fingers cased in doeskin and mittens, thou hast bestrode that "Horse I ride;" and, though it were in wild winter, dashed through the world, glorying in it as if thou wert its lord. In vain did the sleet beat round thy temples; it lighted only on thy impenetrable, felted or woven, case of wool. In vain did the winds howl,—forests sounding and creaking, deep calling unto deep,—and the storms heap themselves together into one huge Arctic whirlpool: thou flewest through the middle thereof, striking fire from the highway; wild music hummed in thy ears, thou too wert as a "sailor of the air;" the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds was thy element and propitiously wafting tide. Without Clothes, without bit or saddle, what hadst thou been; what had thy fleet quadruped been?—Nature is good, but she is not the best: here truly was the victory of Art over Nature. A thunderbolt indeed might have pierced thee; all short of this thou couldst defy.

Or, cries the courteous reader, has your Teufelsdröckh forgotten what he said lately about "Aboriginal Savages," and their "condition miserable indeed?" Would he have all this unsaid; and us betake ourselves again to the "matted cloak," and go sheeted in a "thick natural fell?"

Nowise, courteous reader! The Professor knows full well what he is saying; and both thou and we, in our haste, do him wrong. If Clothes, in these times, "so tailorise and demoralise us," have they no redeeming value; can they not be altered to serve better; must they of necessity be thrown to the dogs? The truth is, Teufelsdröckh, though a Sansculottist, is no Adamite: and much perhaps as he might wish to go forth before this degenerate age "as a Sign," would nowise wish to do it, as those old Adamites did, in a state of Nakedness. The utility of Clothes is altogether apparent to him: nay perhaps he has an insight into their more recondite, and almost mystic qualities, what we might call the omnipotent virtue of Clothes, such as was never before vouchsafed to any man. For example:

"You see two individuals," he writes, "one dressed in fine Red, the other in coarse threadbare Blue: Red says to Blue, 'Be hanged and anatomised;' Blue hears with a shudder, and (O wonder of wonders!) marches sorrowfully to the gallows; is there noosed up, vibrates his hour, and the surgeons dissect him, and fit his bones into a skeleton for medical purposes. How is this; or what make ye of your *Nothing can act but where it is?* Red has no physical hold of Blue, no *clutch* of him, is nowise in *contact* with him: neither are those ministering Sheriffs and Lord-Lieutenants and Hangmen and Tipstaves so related to commanding Red, that he can tug them hither and thither; but each stands distinct within his own skin. Nevertheless, as it is spoken, so is it done: the articulated Word sets all hands in Action; and Rope and Improved-drop perform their work.

"Thinking reader, the reason seems to me twofold: First, that *Man is a Spirit*, and bound by invisible bonds to *All Men;* Secondly, that *he wears*

Clothes, which are the visible emblems of that fact. Has not your Red, hanging-individual, a horsehair wig, squirrel skins, and a plush gown; whereby all mortals know that he is a JUDGE?— Society, which the more I think of it astonishes me the more, is founded upon Cloth.

"Often in my atrabiliar moods,' when I read of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Drawing-rooms, Levées, Couchees; and how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke this is presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries, are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence; and I strive, in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity,—on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the —shall I speak it?—the Clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps; and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them; and I know not whether to laugh or weep. This physical or psychical infirmity, in which perhaps I am not singular, I have, after hesitation, thought right to publish, for the solace of those afflicted with the like."

Would to Heaven, say we, thou hadst thought right to keep it secret! Who is there now that can read the five columns of Presentations in his Morning Newspaper without a shudder? Hypochondriac men, and all men are to a certain extent hypochondriac, should be more gently treated. With what readiness our fancy, in this shattered state of the nerves, follows out the consequences which Teufelsdröckh, with a devilish coolness, goes on to draw:

"What would Majesty do, could such an accident befall in reality; should the buttons all simultaneously start, and the solid wool evaporate, in very Deed, as here in Dream? *Ach Gott!* How each skulks into the nearest hiding-place; their high State Tragedy (*Haupt- und Staats-Action*) becomes a Pickleherring-Farce to weep at, which is the worst kind of Farce; *the tables* (according to Horace), and with them, the whole fabric of Government, Legislation, Property, Police, and Civilised Society, *are dissolved*, in wails and howls."

Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords? Imagination, choked as in mephitic air, recoils on itself, and will not forward with the picture. The Woolsack, the Ministerial, the Opposition Benches—*infandum! infandum!* And yet why is the thing impossible? Was not every soul, or rather every body, of these Guardians of our Liberties, naked, or nearly so, last night; "a forked Radish with a head fantastically carved?" And why might he not, did our stern Fate so order it, walk out to St. Stephen's, as well as into bed, in that no-fashion; and there, with other similar Radishes, hold a Bed of Justice? "Solace of those afflicted with the like!" Unhappy Teufelsdröckh, had man ever such a "physical or psychical infirmity" before? And now how many, perhaps, may thy unparalleled confession (which we, even to the sounder British world, and goaded on by Critical and Biographical duty, grudge to re-impart) incurably infect therewith! Art thou the malignest of Sansculottists, or only the maddest?

"It will remain to be examined," adds the inexorable Teufelsdröckh, "in how far the SCARECROW, as a Clothed Person, is not also entitled to benefit of clergy, and English trial by jury: nay, perhaps considering his high function (for is not he too a Defender of Property, and Sovereign armed with the *terrors* of the Law?), to a certain royal Immunity and Inviolability; which, however, misers and the meaner class of persons are not always voluntarily disposed to grant him." * * * * "O my Friends, we are (in Yorick Sterne's words) but as 'turkeys driven, with a stick and red clout, to the market:' or if some drivers, as they do in Norfolk, take a dried bladder and put peas in it, the rattle thereof terrifies the boldest!" *

CHAP. X.

Pure Reason.

It must now be apparent enough that our Professor, as above hinted, is a speculative Radical, and of the very darkest tinge; acknowledging, for most part, in the solemnities and paraphernalia of civilised Life, which we make so much of, nothing but so many Cloth-rags, turkey-poles, and "Bladders with dried Peas." To linger among such speculations, longer than mere Science

requires, a discerning public can have no wish. For our purposes the simple fact that such a *Naked World* is possible, nay actually exists (under the Clothed one), will be sufficient. Much, therefore, we omit about "Kings wrestling naked on the green with Carmen," and the Kings being thrown: "dissect them with scalpels," says Teufelsdröckh; "the same viscera, tissues, livers, lights, and other Life-tackle are there: examine their spiritual mechanism; the same great Need, great Greed, and little Faculty; nay ten to one but the Carman, who understands draught-cattle, the rimming of wheels, something of the laws of unstable and stable equilibrium, with other branches of waggon-science, and has actually put forth his hand and operated on Nature, is the more cunningly gifted of the two. Whence, then, their so unspeakable difference? From Clothes." Much also we shall omit about confusion of Ranks, and Joan and My Lady, and how it would be every where "Hail fellow well met," and Chaos were come again: all which to any one that has once fairly pictured out the grand mother-idea, *Society in a state of Nakedness,* will spontaneously suggest itself. Should some sceptical individual still entertain doubts whether in a World without Clothes, the smallest Politeness, Polity, or even Police, could exist, let him turn to the original Volume, and view there the boundless Serbonian Bogs of Sansculottism, stretching sour and pestilential: over which we have lightly flown; where not only whole armies but whole nations might sink! If indeed the following argument, in its brief rivetting emphasis, be not of itself incontrovertible and final:

"Are we Opossums; have we natural Pouches, like the Kangaroo? Or how, without Clothes, could we possess the master-organ, soul's-seat, and true pineal gland of the Body Social: I mean, a Purse?"

Nevertheless it is impossible to hate Professor Teufelsdröckh; at worst, one knows not whether to hate or to love him. For though in looking at the fair tapestry of human Life, with its royal and even sacred figures, he dwells not on the obverse alone, but here chiefly on the reverse; and indeed turns out the rough seams, tatters, and manifold thrums of that unsightly wrong-side, with an almost diabolic patience and indifference, which must have sunk him in the estimation of most readers,—there is that within which unspeakably distinguishes him from all other past and present Sansculottists. The grand unparalleled peculiarity of Teufelsdröckh is, that with all this Descendentalism, he combines a Transcendentalism no less superlative; whereby if on the one hand he degrade man below most animals, except those jacketted Gouda Cows, he, on the other, exalts him beyond the visible Heavens, almost to an equality with the gods.

"To the eye of vulgar Logic," says he, "what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason what is he? A Soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition. Round his mysterious Me, there lies, under all those wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contextured in the Loom of Heaven; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in Union and Division; and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange Garment; amid Sounds and Colours and Forms, as it were, swathed in, and inextricably overshrouded: yet is it sky-woven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities? He feels; power has been given him to Know, to Believe; nay does not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments, look through? Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, 'the true Shekinah is Man:' where else is the God's-Presence manifested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow man?"

In such passages, unhappily too rare, the high Platonic Mysticism of our Author, which is perhaps the fundamental element of his nature, bursts forth, as it were, in full flood: and, through all the vapour and tarnish of what is often so perverse, so mean in his exterior and environment, we seem to look into a whole inward Sea of Light and Love;—though, alas, the grim coppery clouds soon roll together again, and hide it from view.

Such tendency to Mysticism is every where traceable in this man; and indeed, to attentive readers, must have been long ago apparent. Nothing that

he sees but has more than a common meaning, but has two meanings: thus, if in the highest Imperial Sceptre and Charlemagne-Mantle, as well as in the poorest Ox-goad and Gipsy-Blanket, he finds Prose, Decay, Contemptibility; there is in each sort Poetry also, and a reverend Worth. For Matter, were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit: were it never so honourable, can it be more? The thing Visible, nay the thing Imagined, the thing in any way conceived as Visible, what is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible, "unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright?" Under which point of view the following passage, so strange in purport, so strange in phrase, seems characteristic enough:

"The beginning of all Wisdom is to look fixedly on Clothes, or even with armed eyesight, till they become *transparent*. 'The Philosopher,' says the wisest of this age, 'must station himself in the middle:' how true! The Philosopher is he to whom the Highest has descended, and the Lowest has mounted up; who is the equal and kindly brother of all.

"Shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, whether woven in Arkwright looms, or by the silent Arachnes that weave unrestingly in our Imagination? Or, on the other hand, what is there that we cannot love; since all was created by God?

"Happy he who can look through the Clothes of a Man (the woollen, and fleshly, and official Bank-paper and State-paper Clothes), into the Man himself; and discern, it may be, in this or the other Dread Potentate, a more or less incompetent Digestive-apparatus; yet also an inscrutable venerable Mystery, in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes!"

For the rest, as is natural to a man of this kind, he deals much in the feeling of Wonder; insists on the necessity and high worth of universal Wonder, which he holds to be the only reasonable temper for the denizen of so singular a Planet as ours. "Wonder," says he, "is the basis of Worship: the reign of Wonder is perennial, indestructible in Man; only at certain stages (as the present), it is, for some short season, a reign *in partibus infidelium*." That progress of Science, which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favour with Teufelsdröckh, much as he otherwise venerates these two latter processes.

"Shall your Science," exclaims he, "proceed in the small chink-lighted, or even oil-lighted, underground workshop of Logic alone; and man's mind become an Arithmetical Mill, whereof Memory is the Hopper, and mere Tables of Sines and Tangents, Codification, and Treatises of what you call Political Economy, are the Meal? And what is that Science, which the scientific Head alone, were it screwed off, and (like the Doctor's in the Arabian Tale) set in a basin, to keep it alive, could prosecute without shadow of a heart,—but one other of the mechanical and menial handicrafts, for which the Scientific Head (having a Soul in it) is too noble an organ? I mean that Thought without Reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous; at best, dies like Cookery with the day that called it forth; does not live, like sowing, in successive tilths and wider-spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase to all Time."

In such wise does Teufelsdröckh deal hits, harder or softer, according to ability; yet ever, as we would fain persuade ourselves, with charitable intent. Above all, that class of "Logic-choppers, and treble-pipe Scoffers, and professed Enemies to Wonder; who, in these days, so numerously patrol as night-constables about the Mechanics' Institute of Science, and cackle, like true Old-Roman geese and goslings round their Capitol, on any alarm, or on none; nay who often, as illuminated Sceptics, walk abroad into peaceable society, in full daylight, with rattle and lantern, and insist on guiding you and guarding you therewith, though the Sun is shining, and the street populous with mere justice-loving men:" that whole class is inexpressibly wearisome to him. Hear with what uncommon animation he perorates:

"The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories with their results, in his single head,—is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye. Let those who have Eyes look through him, then he may be useful.

"Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism; wilt walk through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest Truth, or even by the Handlamp of what I call Attorney-Logic; and 'explain' all, 'account' for all, or believe nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt attempt laughter; whoso recognises the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands; to whom the Universe is an Oracle and Temple, as well as a Kitchen and Cattle-stall,—he shall be a (delirious) Mystic; to him thou, with sniffing charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy Handlamp, and shriek, as one injured, when he kicks his foot through it?—*Armer Teufel!* Doth not thy Cow calve, doth not thy Bull gender? Thou thyself, wert thou not Born, wilt thou not Die? 'Explain' me all this, or do one of two things: Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; or, what were better, give it up, and weep, not that the reign of wonder is done, and God's world all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou hitherto art a Dilettante and sandblind Pedant."

Chap. XI.

Prospective.

The Philosophy of Clothes is now to all readers, as we predicted it would do, unfolding itself into new boundless expansions, of a cloudcapt, almost chimerical aspect, yet not without azure loomings in the far distance, and streaks as of an Elysian brightness; the highly questionable purport and promise of which it is becoming more and more important for us to ascertain. Is that a real Elysian brightness, cries many a timid wayfarer, or the reflex of Pandemonian lava? Is it of a truth leading us into beatific Asphodel meadows, or the yellow-burning marl of a Hell-on-Earth?

Our Professor, like other Mystics, whether delirious or inspired, gives an Editor enough to do. Ever higher and dizzier are the heights he leads us to; more piercing, all-comprehending, all-confounding are his views and glances. For example, this of Nature being not an Aggregate but a Whole:

"Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist: 'If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the universe, God is there.' Thou too, O cultivated reader, who too probably art no Psalmist, but a Prosaist, knowing God only by tradition, knowest thou any corner of the world where at least Force is not? The drop which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it falls, but to-morrow thou findest it swept away; already, on the wings of the Northwind, it is nearing the Tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motionless? Thinkest thou there is aught motionless; without Force, and utterly dead?

"As I rode through the Schwarzwald, I said to myself: That little fire which glows star-like across the dark-growing (*nachtende*) moor, where the sooty smith bends over his anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-shoe,—is it a detached, separated speck, cut off from the whole universe; or indissolubly joined to the whole? Thou fool, that smithy-fire was (primarily) kindled at the Sun; is fed by air that circulates from before Noah's Deluge, from beyond the Dogstar; therein, with Iron Force, and Coal Force, and the far stronger Force of Man, are cunning affinities and battles and victories of Force brought about: it is a little ganglion, or nervous centre, in the great vital system of Immensity. Call it, if thou wilt, an unconscious Altar, kindled on the bosom of the All; whose iron sacrifice, whose iron smoke and influence reach quite through the All; whose Dingy Priest, not by word, yet by brain and sinew, preaches forth the mystery of Force; nay preaches forth (exoterically enough) one little textlet from the Gospel of Freedom, the Gospel of Man's Force, commanding, and one day to be all-commanding.

"Detached, separated! I say there is no such separation: nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all; is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of Action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are Forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order; else how could it *rot?* Despise not the rag from which man makes Paper, or the litter from which the Earth makes Corn. Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself."

Again, leaving that wondrous Schwarzwald Smithy-Altar, what va-

cant, high-sailing air-ships are these, and whither will they sail with us?

"All visible things are Emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken, is not there at all: Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the King's mantle downwards, are Emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven: must not the Imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, and first become all-powerful; — the rather if, as we often see, the Hand too aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye?

"Men are properly said to be clothed with Authority, clothed with Beauty, with Curses, and the like. Nay, if you consider it, what is Man himself, and his whole terrestrial Life, but an Emblem; a Clothing or visible Garment for that divine ME of his, cast hither, like a light-particle, down from Heaven? Thus is he said also to be clothed with a Body.

"Language is called the Garment of Thought: however, it should rather be, Language is the Flesh-Garment, the Body, of Thought. I said that Imagination wove this Flesh-Garment; and does she not? Metaphors are her stuff: examine Language; what, if you except some few primitive elements (of natural sound), what is it all but Metaphors, recognised as such, or no longer recognised; still fluid and florid, or now solid-grown and colourless? If those same primitive elements are the osseous fixtures in the Flesh-garment, Language,—then are Metaphors its muscles and tissues and living integuments. An unmetaphorical style you shall in vain seek for: is not your very *Attention* a *Stretching-to?* The difference lies here: some styles are lean, adust, wiry, the muscle itself seems osseous; some are even quite pallid, hunger-bitten, and dead-looking; while others again glow in the flush of health and vigorous self-growth, sometimes (as in my own case) not without an apoplectic tendency. Moreover, there are sham Metaphors, which overhanging that same Thought's-Body (best naked), and deceptively bedizening, or bolstering it out, may be called its false stuffings, superfluous show-cloaks (*Putz-Mäntel*), and tawdry woollen rags: whereof he that runs and reads may gather whole hampers, —and burn them."

Than which paragraph on Metaphors did the reader ever chance to see a more surprisingly metaphorical? However, that is not our chief grievance; the Professor continues:

"Why multiply instances? It is written the Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture; which indeed they are: the Time-vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season, and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of CLOTHES, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been: the whole external Universe and what it holds is but Clothing; and the essence of all Science lies in the PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES."

Towards these dim infinitely-expanded regions, close-bordering on the impalpable Inane, it is not without apprehension, and perpetual difficulties, that the Editor sees himself journeying and struggling. Till lately a cheerful daystar of hope hung before him, in the expected Aid of Hofrath Heuschrecke; which daystar, however, melts now, not into the red of morning, but into a vague, gray, half-light, uncertain whether dawn of day or dusk of utter darkness. For the last week, these so-called Biographical Documents are in his hand. By the kindness of a Scottish Hamburgh Merchant, whose name, known to the whole mercantile world, he must not mention; but whose honourable courtesy, now and often before spontaneously manifested to him, a mere literary stranger, he cannot soon forget,—the bulky Weissnichtwo Packet, with all its Customhouse seals, foreign hieroglyphs, and miscellaneous tokens of Travel, arrived here in perfect safety, and free of cost. The reader shall now fancy with what hot haste it was broken up, with what breathless expectation glanced over; and, alas, with what unquiet disappointment it has, since then, been often thrown down, and again taken up.

Hofrath Heuschrecke, in a too long-winded Letter, full of compliments,

Weissnichtwo politics, dinners, dining repartees, and other ephemeral trivialities, proceeds to remind us of what we knew well already: that however it may be with Metaphysics, and other abstract Science originating in the Head (*Verstand*) alone, no Life-Philosophy (*Lebensphilosophie*), such as this of Clothes pretends to be, which originates equally in the Character (*Gemüth*), and equally speaks thereto, can attain its significance till the Character itself is known and seen; "till the Author's View of the World (*Weltansicht*), and how he actively and passively came by such view, are clear: in short, till a Biography of him has been philosophico-poetically written, and philosophico-poetically read." "Nay," adds he, "were the speculative scientific Truth even known, you still, in this inquiring age, ask yourself, Whence came it, and Why, and How?—and rest not, till, if no better may be, Fancy have shaped out an answer; and, either in the authentic lineaments of Fact, or the forged ones of Fiction, a complete picture and Genetical History of the Man and his spiritual Endeavour lies before you. But why," says the Hofrath, and indeed say we, "do I dilate on the uses of our Teufelsdröck's Biography? The great Herr Minister von Goethe has penetratingly remarked that 'Man is properly the *only* object that interests man:' thus I too have noted, that in Weissnichtwo our whole conversation is little or nothing else but Biography or Autobiography; ever humano-anecdotical (*menschlich-anecdotisch*). Biography is by nature the most universally profitable, universally pleasant of all things: especially Biography of distinguished individuals.

"By this time, *mein Verehrtester* (my Most Esteemed)," continues he, with an eloquence which, unless the words be purloined from Teufelsdröckh, or some trick of his, as we suspect, is well nigh unaccountable, "by this time, you are fairly plunged (*vertieft*) in that mighty forest of Clothes-Philosophy; and looking round, as all readers do, with astonishment enough. Such portions and passages as you have already mastered, and brought to paper, could not but awaken a strange curiosity touching the mind they issued from; the perhaps unparalleled psychical mechanism, which manufactured such matter, and emitted it to the light of day. Had Teufelsdröckh also a father and mother; did he, at one time, wear drivel-bibs, and live on spoon-meat? Did he ever, in rapture and tears, clasp a friend's bosom to his; looks he also wistfully into the long burial-aisle of the Past, where only winds, and their low harsh moan, give inarticulate answer? Has he fought duels;—good Heaven! how did he comport himself when in Love? By what singular stair-steps, in short, and subterranean passages, and sloughs of Despair, and steep Pisgah hills, has he reached this wonderful prophetic Hebron (a true Old-Clothes Jewry) where he now dwells?

"To all these natural questions the voice of public History is as yet silent. Certain only that he has been, and is, a Pilgrim, and Traveller from a far Country; more or less footsore and travel-soiled; has parted with road-companions; fallen among thieves, been poisoned by bad cookery, blistered with bugbites; nevertheless, at every stage (for they have let him pass), has had the Bill to discharge. But the whole particulars of his Route, his Weather-observations, the picturesque Sketches he took, though all regularly jotted down (in indelible sympathetic-ink by an invisible interior Penman), are these nowhere forthcoming? Perhaps quite lost: one other leaf of that mighty Volume (of human Memory) left to fly abroad, unprinted, unpublished, unbound up, as waste paper; and rot, the sport of rainy winds?

"No, *verehrtester Herr Herausgeber*, in no wise! I here, by the unexampled favour you stand in with our Sage, send not a Biography only, but an Autobiography: at least the materials for such; wherefrom, if I misreckon not, your perspicacity will draw fullest insight; and so the whole Philosophy and Philosopher of Clothes stand clear to the wondering eyes of England; nay thence, through America, through Hindostan, and the antipodal New Holland, finally conquer (*einnehmen*) great part of this terrestrial Planet!"

And now let the sympathising reader judge of our feeling when, in place of this same Autobiography with "fullest insight," we find—Six considerable PAPER-BAGS, carefully sealed, and marked successively, in gilt China-ink, with the symbols of the Six southern Zodiacal Signs, beginning at *Libra*; in the inside of which sealed Bags, lie miscellaneous masses of Sheets, and oftener Shreds and Snips, written in

Professor Teufelsdröckh's scarce-legible *cursiv-schrift;* and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, but of his own personal history only at rare intervals, and then in the most enigmatic manner!

Whole fascicles there are, wherein the Professor, or, as he here speaking in the third person calls himself, "the Wanderer," is not once named. Then again, amidst what seems to be a Metaphysico-theological Disquisition, "Detached Thoughts on the Steam-engine," or "The continued Possibility of Prophecy," we shall meet with some quite private, not unimportant Biographical fact. On certain sheets stand Dreams, authentic or not, while the circumjacent waking Actions are omitted. Anecdotes, oftenest without date of place or time, fly loosely on separate slips, like Sibylline leaves. Interspersed also are long purely Autobiographical delineations, yet without connexion, without recognisable coherence; so unimportant, so superfluously minute, they almost remind us of "P. P. Clerk of this Parish." Thus does famine of intelligence alternate with waste. Selection, order appears to be unknown to the Professor. In all Bags the same imbroglio; only perhaps in the Bag *Capricorn*, and those near it, the confusion a little worse confounded. Close by a rather eloquent Oration "On receiving the Doctor's-Hat," lie washbills marked *bezahlt* (settled). His Travels are indicated by the Street-Advertisements of the various cities he has visited; of which Street-Advertisements, in most living tongues, here is perhaps the completest collection extant.

So that if the Clothes-Volume itself was too like a Chaos, we have now instead of the solar Luminary that should still it, the airy Limbo which by intermixture will farther volatilise and discompose it! As we shall perhaps see it our duty ultimately to deposit these Six Paper Bags in the British Museum, farther description, and all vituperation of them, may be spared. Biography or Autobiography of Teufelsdröckh there is, clearly enough, none to be gleaned here: at most some sketchy, shadowy, fugitive likeness of him may, by unheard-of efforts, partly of intellect partly of imagination, on the side of Editor and of Reader, rise between them. Only as a gaseous-chaotic Appendix to that aqueous-chaotic Volume can the contents of the Six Bags hover round us, and portions thereof be incorporated with our delineation of it.

Daily and nightly does the Editor sit (with green spectacles) deciphering these unimaginable Documents from their perplexed *cursiv-schrift;* collating them with the almost equally unimaginable Volume, which stands in legible print. Over such a universal medley of high and low, of hot, cold, moist and dry, is he here struggling (by union of like with like, which is Method) to build a firm Bridge for British travellers. Never perhaps since our first Bridge-builders, Sin and Death, built that stupendous Arch from Hell-gate to the Earth, did any Pontifex, or Pontiff, undertake such a task as the present Editor. For in this Arch too, leading as we humbly presume, far otherwards than that grand primeval one, the materials are to be fished up from the weltering deep, and down from the simmering air, here one mass, there another, and cunningly cemented, while the elements boil beneath: nor is there any supernatural force to do it with; but simply the Diligence and feeble thinking Faculty of an English Editor, endeavouring to evolve printed Creation out of a German printed and written Chaos, wherein, as he shoots to and fro in it, gathering, clutching, piecing the Why to the far-distant Wherefore, his whole Faculty and Self are like to be swallowed up.

Patiently, under these incessant toils and agitations, does the Editor, dismissing all anger, see his otherwise robust health declining; some fraction of his allotted natural sleep nightly leaving him, and little but an inflamed nervous-system to be looked for. What is the use of Health, or of Life, if not to do some work therewith? And what work nobler than transplanting foreign Thought into the barren domestic soil; except indeed planting Thought of your own, which the fewest are privileged to do? Wild as it looks, this Philosophy of Clothes, can we ever reach its real meaning, promises to reveal new-coming Eras, the first dim rudiments and already-budding germs of a nobler Era, in Universal History. Is not such a prize worth some striving? Forward with us, courageous reader; be it towards failure, or towards success! The latter thou sharest with us, the former also is not all our own.

POLITICAL UNIONS.

No. II.

THE MEMBERS OF THE NORTHERN UNION. NO. I.

It may be supposed, that because the principal members of this society have been but a short while known, and that but locally, they are not considerable enough as public characters for the full and rigid examination of criticism. It must not be forgotten, however, that the persons whom we are about to introduce have been, and are still, the leaders of multitudes of men; and may, at no distant period (such are the signs of the times), be actually enrolled amongst the rulers of the land. It therefore becomes with us a kind of duty, to look well into the motives of men who have obtruded themselves on notice, as they pretend, for the general good. We have had instances enough of the misplaced reliances of the people. The French, in 1792, had surely a terrible lesson! Robespierre was considered a saint, until he had an opportunity to shew himself a monster; and the dreadful butcheries and inhuman crimes committed by his colleagues — men who, before they became possessed of power, were looked upon as the true disciples of Justice—ought to make us pause and look about us ere we trust ourselves with any new professors of patriotism. Say they, "Examine our public conduct as you choose, but remember private life is sacred?" We are prepared with our answer. "No! that man who takes upon himself the admired character of a patriot, becomes, as it were, immediately enrobed in excellence; Virtue takes him by the hand, and every vice steps aside, that he may shine with full effect upon the gazing eyes of an ignorant multitude. We must be sure that this is really the case; if not, our delusion would be fatal. When he has entered into office, and is intrusted with our lives and fortunes, then indeed, and not till then, does that demon Interest lift off the cloak, and display to our wondering senses that he is not only a man who has been our guide, but (what is but too frequently the case), a man with something of the spirit infernal in him. Are we to wait for this lucky moment?"

Plutarch, in sketching the *Lives of Eminent Men*, says it is not by their public transactions that we can judge of them, for in those they are guarded; but in the trivial affairs in private life, for there they unsuspiciously discover the secret springs of nature. Lord Byron's eccentricities, peccadilloes, and even family secrets, were considered fair subjects for criticism; and why Lord Byron, more than any other public man? Is a man, we would ask, permitted to preach morality to us, and are we not allowed the liberty to inquire whether he himself be moral or not? Or shall that old maxim be followed, "Mind what the monk says, and not what he does?" Are we to take a man upon his word, who, without any apparent motive, comes forward to be our friend, without our inquiring into the causes of such extraordinary liberality? And how are we to penetrate into his motives? Why, by his general character! by what he has been, and by what he is. Now in like manner, then, will we examine those men who have thus come forward to be the friends of the people; not by what they are professing to be, but by what they have been known to be, and what they are known to be now: and mark, in doing this we are not going to enter into the secret chamber, to see how they conduct their family or transact their business, but by their general character and appearance — by that which, though not distinctly public, yet comes under the public eye. And how, or in what other way, we would ask, is it possible for us to judge of candidates?

Before entering upon our task, we shall just take the liberty to drop a word or so to those who delight so much in the hard names, scurrility, and personality, when they are on the wrong side of the question. Scurrility is abuse applied without proof; and what is called personality is even in some cases allowable. Speakers lay claim to all the outward gifts of nature, such as a fine person, a natural grace, &c.; and what is considered to be subject to praise, is surely equally liable to censure. Writers who only offer their thoughts to the public, can only have their thoughts criticised; but speakers

—men who back their opinions with all the assistance of their person, of course subject both to the free remarks of the public. With this preface, then, will we introduce those individuals who have made themselves so popular in this Northern Union.

Eneas Mackenzie, though now deceased, yet as he may be considered to have been one of the founders of this society, as well as for a number of years the principal support of Radicalism in the north of England, is certainly deserving of the most especial notice. Mr. Mackenzie was by birth a Scotchman, and was brought from that country at the age of three or four years, and settled in Newcastle. He was taught no trade, and his first attempt to creep out of obscurity was, when a schoolmaster, in endeavouring to draw together a congregation of the religious of his country, by preaching in his school-room on Sundays; but neither his labours as a minister, nor his abilities as a pedagogue, seem to have been much adapted to his taste, for he soon laid these aside and commenced printer and publisher, with a person of the name of Dent. Their first publication was the *History of Northumberland*, and of which Eneas Mackenzie had the honour of being the author, or rather compiler. With such like works as this did he gradually usher his name into notice, as a man of talent; and, like a true candidate for popularity, took every advantage of the distracted state of the country in 1819 to gratify that universal taste—a wish to be known. In conjunction with others, he established political clubs in the neighbourhood, and got up the meeting about the Manchester business before detailed; and what was more, like a good politician as he was, secured all the honours of those affairs to himself. The times getting settled, he sunk again into a state of comparative obscurity, and was for a considerable period only remembered as the late agitator of that neighbourhood. His active spirit, however, did not allow him to remain long idle; for about the year 1824, with a few tradesmen of Newcastle, he founded the Mechanics' Society of that town: and, indeed, until the day of his death, took the leading part in all the affairs of that institution. Here, while the political world was all hushed around him, did he contrive to give full scope to that darling passion of all great men—a desire to rule alone. He formed a committee of a number of individuals, who had nothing to recommend them but their confidence and officiousness, and who were, in every respect, much his inferior in point of tact and knowledge; always, however, taking particular care to reserve for himself that most important post, the secretaryship. With these decent tools, he for a number of years acted to perfection the premier statesman in miniature; every rule and regulation emanated from his all-inventive brain: a new building was erected for the society, and every job—masons, joiners' work, and all—were at his nod disposed of to proper persons. If a travelling lecturer came to the town, the institution was sure to patronise the literary wanderer; and during his stay Mr. Mackenzie was generally seen in his company, as the understood patron. The rules—for there were always new rules wanting—required, of course, to be printed, and, consequently, were all executed by this type of a patriot; until his bill, at the year's end, invariably amounted to a very gentlemanlike salary. In short, Mr. Mackenzie, like a most sagacious man, contrived to make this noble institution a source of honour, profit, and power to himself.

A coalition was formed in the society against him, but he easily baffled his opponents by that secret power of his, the committee. Nearly every member of this select party was year after year re-elected into his snug place; and if two or three fresh faces were admitted for the sake of appearance, care was taken that they were only such as would bend to the particular look of this Radical dictator. At last his intriguing conduct became so notorious, that to attack him, month after month, was for a considerable time the principal support of a magazine of that town, called the *Northern John Bull;* in one of the mechanic articles of which publication (vol. ii. p. 226) we observe the following encomium upon this old advocate of the rights of man. In remarking upon his well-known talent of securing every thing to himself, the writer proceeds: "As for ourselves, we can venture to say, that we are acquainted with persons who have left the society entirely from the monopolising conduct of Mr. Mackenzie. After this, let no man

call Eneas Mackenzie a Radical," &c. &c. With this institution, however, although he was for a short while driven away by these exposures, did he continue to amuse himself, until Reform once more sounded from his turbulent voice.

In establishing the Union, he was not quite so much at home; not that he had any dislike to hear the stormy roar of Radicalism, but to be in union, he well knew, was not to command alone: there were too many for him to share the glory of the day. Attwood was immensely above him in wealth, Fife was his superior in rank, and Larkin a much better speaker; and, as we observed before, to figure as the third person was not Mr. Mackenzie's *forte*. He certainly exerted himself for this association, yet he always spoke of his moderate colleagues with great contempt to his Radical cronies. He lived to see the Union firmly established, when, at the beginning of the last year (at the time the cholera was raging at Newcastle), he was seized by that fatal disorder, and died in the course of one night. His death would have brought his family into great distress, but for the timely assistance of Messrs. Attwood and Fife; for in dying, he unfortunately carried away with him all the ability of his house: his son, though of age, and of the school of Levellers, being a vain and simpering sort of a young man, and incapable of managing his father's business. Several petty attempts have lately been made to bring this man once more into notice. A penny subscription was some time since entered into by the Reformers of Newcastle, to present to Earl Grey a piece of plate, as a token of their approval of his conduct on the Reform-bill; but, somehow or other, it got expended in the purchase of elegantly bound copies of Mackenzie's *Histories of Northumberland and Newcastle*, which were sent off some weeks ago to our chief statesman, accompanied by a very flattering epistle from John Fife. The premier, as in duty bound, certainly returned an answer, civil indeed, but not very remarkable for gratitude. Poor Grey! The *Newcastle Journal* has extracted some sportive waggery from these proceedings.

We are particular in our description of Mr. Mackenzie, as for a number of years he was the leading Radical in the north of England. Undoubtedly he was a man of great industry, of determined perseverance, and, for one self-educated, of the most extensive information, as well as being what may be called a perfect calculator, that is, a politician in the real sense of the word; for although popularity may be said to have always been his god, yet upon every occasion he knew well, as the old adage has it, on which side of the dike the sun shone upon. As a speaker, he was more distinguished for calm reasoning than animation, or any of the other graces of oratory. Indeed his appearance was not much adapted for the forum, being of the majestic height of four feet some two or three inches, with a small head and small eyes; and though we believe he could trace his blood as far back as the days of Ossian, he was not of the long-legged tribe: his voice, too, corresponded with his inches. The great secret of his power lay in his subtle management of particular individuals, with a judicious regard to the interests of all; qualities, certainly, very essential for a leader, and which would have gained him the esteem of all his party, but for that gigantic desire of his to rule alone: a weakness which broke out more frequently than was consistent with policy, and in the stormy period of 1819 disgusted many of his friends.

In forming an idea of a character who would wish to bring mankind down to a level, one would naturally imagine a being whose notions were too rough to relish the tinsel fopperies of the day; the ostentatious but useless luxury of costly furniture; and, above all, what is in the eye of the Libertist, that most senseless of all distinctions, a title. Such, however, was not the character of this old Reformer, whatever he might say in public about the equality of man, and the absurdity of there being any other distinction than that of worth and talent. Such assertions went no farther with him than in the theoretical part; in the practical department he shewed his refined taste, by adopting the very vices which his professions condemned. In his dress, he not only displayed that scrupulous nicety so remarkable in men of his inches, but was even gaudy, and displayed a boyish fondness for the silly fashions of the time that was certainly far beneath his years. The style of his house, too, was magnificent—it was

perfectly loaded with the superfluities of finery; and he was considered by all who knew him to have the most lordly taste of any tradesman in the town. Nor were his ideas confined to this mere solid and outward shew of grandeur; honoured appellations, however strange they may seem, had their singular sound even upon his ears: his daughter (who, by the by, was carefully educated in all the French nonsense of the age), in writing to him, never directed in the plain republican style of "To Mr. Mackenzie," &c., but by the more courtly designation of "To Eneas Mackenzie, Esq.," &c. &c. In short, every thing that we can recollect about this man gives the lie to his professions, and clearly proves, that though Fortune brought him out in the rough and open character of a Radical, Nature had evidently intended him for an aristocrat, if not for an autocrat.

Charles Attwood, Esq., of the Northern Political Union, and brother to Thomas Attwood, of the Birmingham Union, is a gentleman who stands high in the monied world, and is of considerable note on what is called the turf, being the owner of a number of race-horses, and a great patron of those old English sports. He lives in elegant style at Wickham, a village in the county of Durham, five miles from Newcastle, and is the proprietor of a large glass-manufactory on the south side of the Tyne; at which, it is said, he employs upwards of five hundred men, and by whom he is spoken of in the highest terms for his kindness and liberality as a master. He first became known as a public man by presiding over the Gateshead meeting, and at the time the Reform-bill was in agitation, offered himself as a candidate for that then-talked-of new borough; but, unfortunately, at one of the festivities which usually take place at those friendly seasons, the wine operated so powerfully as to cause him to give the most unequivocal demonstrations that he was more of an Anti- than a Radical Reformer. At the sight of the cloven foot the electors shrunk away, and left our politician full leisure to reflect what an evil thing it is to put an enemy into one's brains. Money, however, is something like magic; for this small slip was soon hushed into forgetfulness, and stepping over to the other side of the water, he was received with open [illegible] Mackenzie and Co.; his wealth, like the king's name, as Richard says, being as a tower of strength to their cause. He was the first chairman of the Union, and at the commencement displayed considerable activity and address; but when it became so dangerously hot by the agency of that firebrand Larkin, his zeal somewhat abated, and he was suspected of again leaning towards his old failing—Toryism. His ardour, however, returned in its full might with the Union a little before the late general election; he no doubt considering it wise to gather his friends around him before an expected storm. On the dissolution of parliament, he became a candidate for the representation of Newcastle; but notwithstanding he was proposed by his elegant friend John Fife, and backed by the powerful aid of the united Reformers, he was on the appointed day weighed and found wanting. He has since retired, as it were, into the very bosom of this political society, and has, we believe, received much consolation in being able now and then to annoy his more successful opponents; and was, we understand, not the last man who assisted in forwarding the petition for the return of Matthew Bell, the Tory member for Northumberland.

Mr. Attwood's character may be summed up in a few words: he is a vain, lively, and an exceedingly loquacious man, and, like all great talkers, delights most in that subject which relates to himself. The case which we introduced in our former number about Hepburn, the leader of the pitmen, at the meeting in the Spital, was certainly a good point; but with this exception, we remember of him no other instances of superior intellect: it was one of those lucky hits which occasionally flash from shallow vivacity. Eneas Mackenzie always spoke of his judgment with great contempt, and considered his opinions upon religious matters to be much upon a par with the superstitious dreamings of an old woman. His sincerity has been long and generally suspected; the truth is, he is no Reformer, but makes use of this society merely as it tends to gratify his whim or to forward his interest. Little more can be said about him, but that, besides being a man of wealth, Charles Attwood is an able chatterer.

John Fife, the Radical, who during the time of the Reform-bill occu-

pied so frequently the pages of the newspaper press, is a native of Newcastle, and, to make use of our northern saying, so were his fathers before him. His grand-papa, who was a very decent sort of man, kept a staymaker's shop in a narrow but ancient lane of that *canny* town, called Denton Chare; and, God knows, would have lifted up his hands with amaze could he have been told that the son of his son would by and by roll past that very street in his chariot and four; but the days now are far finer than the days of old. Their son, that is the father of the present subject, was (for it seems they had some sprinkling of the aspiring blood in their veins) put to be a surgeon; and, as the land at that time was not overspread with those locust-like gentlemen, he had a fair opportunity to raise himself upon a proper footing with the punctilious gentry of a country town; and John, our present man, was of course ushered into the world a born *nob*. The whole family—and they were not a few—were remarkable for their tonish air; they looked, indeed, as if fashion had adopted them as her especial favourites; their dress, their manners, and their language being all most exquisitely fine. Our young Radical (who, by the by, would at that time, to use his own country's phrase, have burnt to the bone at the very name) was at a proper age presented with the lancet; and, if report goes true, was in no ways backward in cutting and maiming; and, though the times were not then so excitable as they are now, he yet gave some strong indications of his inclination for notoriety. The intervals between this and manhood were filled up by carefully cultivating an acquaintance with Madame Show; during which he became the envy of all the medical beaux of the town, the leader in the neighbourhood of those break-neck sports—a hunt; and, as loyalty was then all the vogue, paraded in most magnificent style in plumes, sword, and tassels, the formidable chevalier of that tremendous body, the Tyne Cossacks. At that period when man fairly begins to seek the bubble reputation, and our friend had planted his foot upon the world for himself, the first scheme that was put in operation was to offer himself as a candidate for the Infirmary of Newcastle, to be put upon the list of the different bone-setters and bone-breakers of that establishment; but, as envy, they say, hath a thousand tongues, and the devil himself cannot bear merit, so our hero, at the close of the struggle, found himself in the same predicament as his friend Attwood did at the wind-up of the last election. Disappointment is certainly a provoking thing, and no man of spirit will put tamely up with it; so Mr. Fife, to solace himself for this mortification, very wisely thought of getting an infirmary of his own; and as he could not conveniently attend to all parts of the body, so, in conjunction with another gentleman, he erected (that is, by subscription) an establishment for the diseases of the eye. And here, if you please, we will just take a glance at this gentleman's surgical or medical abilities: as his style was original, it is deserving of notice. At the commencement of this institution, the grand system that was to eradicate all diseases of the visual organs was by a powerful and frequent application of the lancet, well assisted by that penurious wretch Low Diet; but a short description perhaps will not be unnecessary. Let the reader, if possible, imagine himself to be so unfortunate as to have just received an injury in the most valuable of all his senses—his sight, and to be so placed as to be too poor to pay for advice; eager for relief, you seek with a palpitating heart this hope-full asylum,—the hours between twelve and one,—when you are directed into the narrow passage of a common-sized house, amidst a group of half-blind beings, who are sitting huddled together, and who, moping over their misfortunes, are all as silent as the grave. Three or four young sprigs of fashion are strutting about, occasionally feeling a pulse, by way of learning their trade: at last your turn is announced, and you are ushered into the room for examination. The first object that strikes your trembling sight—that is, if you have any—is the table covered with lancets, setoning needles, lint, and the whole apparatus of slaughter. You are then placed before the surgeon-general, whom you find to be a man most elegantly fine, and so beaming with smiles, that you immediately feel it would be almost heaven to receive decapitation from his enchanting hands. After a few preliminaries—such as ascertaining the state of your tongue, the beat of your

wrist, &c.—you are then questioned as to the mode of your life, as—"Are you regular in your habits?" "Yes, sir." —"But you occasionally indulge in a little spirit and malt-liquors, don't you?" "No, sir." "What do you now generally take to your breakfast?" "Some coffee, and bread and butter, sir." "Bad, very bad; won't suit your case. What do you dine on?" "A little broth, perhaps, sir, some butcher-meat, and ——" "You'll go blind; you'll lose your sight; I am surprised that your eyes are as well as they are." And should you get so far as to attempt a description of a supper, it is,—"Just step on one side, if you please, we will take a little blood from you; but stay, remember, you must take no spirits." "No, sir." "No ale." "No, sir." "No butcher-meat." "No, sir." "No puddings, broth, eggs, milk, or butter." "Yes, sir." "You may have some coffee or tea, and——; but let me see, you had better take no coffee; dry toast and tea, I think, will suit your case best. Take two or three of these pills (presenting a box) every night, more or less, until they purge you well; and you must be punctual in your attendance here every other day. Your case is a bad one; and I am afraid at each time, for some weeks, you will have to lose a little blood. You may now go and sit down; you will be waited on by and by." A sentence with a blood-hound at the end of it; and as you go drooping out of the room, you will most probably hear that tremendous order thundered past your ear,—"Tell the girl to take the pails into the yard!" And, merciful heavens, what a scene is there! Some dozen wretches are stretched out, laying on their backs like stuck sheep; while the puppy apprentices, each one with a devoted being in his hand, are hard betting with one another who can make the blood squirt the farthest!

This description may very reasonably be supposed to be neither more nor less than the mere exaggeration of malevolence; but we beg to say, that so far from exceeding the bounds of truth, we have carefully abstained from entering into all the minute particulars, for fear that so accurate an account might have the appearance of a caricature. There is a young man, a hatter, now living at Newcastle, who was actually bled about thirty times, besides enjoying the comforts of a perpetual blister, and all the other dainties of physic and water gruel. He might have been seen regularly three times a-week staggering out of the Eye Infirmary, and reeling home in a style not much unlike that of the policeman, who a few weeks ago hurried with such haste from the Cold-bath Fields meeting. One morning, this medical friend had been so ardent in tapping as to cause him to lay for a considerable time in a state that rather alarmed the young practitioner, and which so effectually roused him to a sense of his situation, as to determine him for the future to take the matter entirely into his own hands; and we have frequently heard him say he had enough to do to catch hold of his fleeting life again, although well supported by the vigorous assistance of beef and bacon. Indeed, this person's case was for a while the common subject of conversation; and Mr. Fife was severely, but justly censured, for the reckless freedoms which he had taken with his patient. There is scarcely, we believe, an inhabitant of that town but who is perfectly familiar with the fact which we have just stated. Our friend of the lancet, however, like the most of visionaries, put too much faith in his own judgment to be swerved by the opinions of others, and continued this reducing system for a number of years, to the great amusement of the medical fraternity, and the sorrowful experience of those whom misfortune led to this miscalled asylum, when a periodical of a laughing or sarcastic nature started up in the town, and, amidst its numerous jokes, now and then cast a smile towards the Eye Infirmary;—not that we would insinuate that such trifling notices could shake the philosophical foundation of Mr. Fife's theory, but it must be remembered that enthusiasts are most acutely sensible to the touch of ridicule. A short while after this we had occasion to wait upon the matron—the lady who has the superintendence of this blind hospital—and amongst her general tattle about the affairs of the place, she observed, "Ah, you have no idea what a change there has now taken place. You remember what a blood, blooding time we used to have on it; but now there is actually not above two bled in the week." Mr. Fife, too, himself confessed, with something like a blush, that he was once a great enthusiast for the venesecting art, but that his ardour had gradually cooled

as he advanced into the science of the eye.

The publication to which we have alluded was a monthly magazine, commenced at Newcastle-upon-Tyne about four years ago,* and which was for a considerable period looked upon as the regular lampooner of that neighbourhood, attacking alike Whig, Tory, and Radical. It is not likely that a work so distinguished for noise as this would escape the notice of such a popularity hunter as John Fife; indeed the proprietors always imagined that he cast towards them a singular sort of a look, something between fear and affection. When, amongst the many visits which this castigator paid to the public characters round about, a strong attack was made upon the first church dignitary of the town, which introduced the magazine to the particular notice of the upper classes; and Mr. Fife, without further delay, marched into the bookseller's shop, expressed his admiration of the paper in question, and declared that in future he himself would patronise the man who wrote the vicar's article. Such an unlooked-for event as this was like a Heaven-send to the publisher and his bully, for by this time they had already taken the tour of the place, and were fairly brought to a stand-still, who to strike down next; but this of course set their wits to work, and the two bosom cronies once more smiled upon one another—cast their eyes into futurity, and pictured out the Lord knows what. Here was a go; John Fife, the top of the town, the man who drove his four-in-hand!—my conscience, never more abuse Dame Fortune! And now for the plot. The magazine was completed up to the sixth number of the third volume—it was decidedly an established local periodical; and what a thing it would be to turn their catch-penny trap into a weekly newspaper. Just think of that! The publisher actually felt his bulk enlarging upon the occasion; and how his shop would look with "The Office for Advertisements," and "The Ed—— Box!" As for the poor wretch of a scribe, his brain literally whirled again with the idea of throwing his tatters over his shoulders. However, to cut matters short, it was determined, now since they had fallen in with a friend, to do as all wise men do, to make the most of him; and the conclusion was to turn this monthly magazine into a weekly newspaper. Typo was to produce his types, the scribe was to scrape well his quills, and Mr. F. was to hand forward the gilt;—all well imagined; and the only difficulty that remained was to bring their new friend to the same mind as themselves. With this speculation in their eye, our two fortune-hunters went to work. Their patron was seen to be a vain and weak, but ambitious man—the very character for a tool; and all that was wanted was to raise up a proper object, a sort of a goal, to where he on his high horse might be led, careering gallantly for the prize. Reform was just then beginning to raise his blustering voice, it being in the latter end of the year 1830; and Mr. F., who no doubt had his views too upon this new connexion, thought that their little magazine would be very useful in putting forth an opinion, bestowing a favour, or—in short, our medical gent felt the usual itching to appear in print, with a strong inclination to handle the whip; and as the old penman was not much of a plodder, he very quietly submitted to accept of a partner to take in a full share of the work. Those two amicable scribblers, then, be it understood, went hand in hand in their laudable undertaking, saluting each other with the sweetest affection imaginable as *brothers*. The castigations were not now administered round the neighbourhood with the strong rough arm of a John Bull as formerly, but with the dainty tickling of a lady's man. The hard-favoured bravo of the place now began to be more refined; was seen in drawing-rooms fingered with the delicate hands of a *gouvernante*, and—will it be believed?—jabbered French.

The poet and his patron, of course, are always understood to be upon familiar terms, and between two such friends hospitality is usually looked for. The scribe certainly received an invitation to spend an evening, to chat over the matters of Great Britain, and perchance to puff a cigar; but such is the frailty of human nature, that, notwithstanding this son of need was so far honoured in the estimation of pomp as to be allowed to tread upon Turkey, to rest his unmentionable upon the soft seat of Persia, and, what was by far more to his taste, welcomed by a long-necked friend placed at his elbow, the graceless dog so far forgot himself with the delicious nectar, that Mr. F.

(who, by the by, is a firm friend to economy; and were he in the House, would no doubt, Hume-like, teach the ministry how to cast up accounts) never more invited him to taste the sweets of his cellar. The publisher was afterwards selected as a man more adapted for sober business. During the *tête-à-tête*, however, it was discovered that the patron had a touch of the romantic; and amongst the various topics introduced, reform was blundered upon; a revolution was talked about; and those vast bodies of men, the pitmen, what a fine power there was for any man who had sense and spirit to use them; and how a newspaper would do that would advocate their cause. In fine, the newspaper scheme was all right. The patron had to be the backer; and to form the pitmen into classes was considered to be a very desirable thing.

In pursuance of this hint, the writer pushed his way into the society of the pitmen (who were then just commencing to form their union), got acquainted with the leaders, wrote a petition for them to parliament; and hearing that there had been some disturbance at Wallsend, hurried down to that place, and found that an Irishwoman, a notoriously bad character, had in a recent fray taken part with the owners, and followed and abused several of the union-men. One of them, to get rid of her noise, had taken hold of her by the arms, and led her to a little distance off. She swore that the fellow had used her in the most brutal and revolting manner. The young man was arrested, taken before Mr. Brandling, and finally sent to prison to take his trial at the assizes. Here was an excellent case—a lucky opening at once; and a surgeon was the very man to put the matter all to rights. Our adventurer immediately set to work, gathered a number of colliers together at one of their houses, and (finding that, with all their sympathy, they were dull and slow in purpose) harangued them strongly to exert themselves to release their comrade. The answer was, what could they do?—they had no money, and there was no law for a poor man. It was of course replied, that that was all very true; but in this case, as there was no evidence, but only the woman's word, a surgeon might soon set that aside; and he (that is our disinterested friend) thought he could hit upon the very man who would do their business—ay, and without fee or any pecuniary reward—and that was Mr. Fife. They all knew Mr. Fife, who, as they said, was a very fine man, and always travelled the country with his servant riding behind him; but they had likewise heard that he carried long bills, and much doubted that so grand a gentleman would stoop to do a poor man a kindness. At last, after a great deal of coaxing, half a dozen of them were persuaded to set off that very night to Newcastle. The doctor received them with his wonted politeness, and promised to see the woman on the next day. The doctor was punctual to his word, and reached Wallsend a little after the Rev. Mr. Brandling arrived there, with a few officers and dragoons from the barracks, and who was in the very act of squabbling with some of his workmen. Our philanthropist saluted the reverend gentleman, and the reverend gentleman very civilly returned the acknowledgment, little dreaming of his errand. The woman was visited, and for a long time refused an examination. But our politician was determined; and, by cross-questioning her too, learned sufficient to be able to contradict her statement.

A second examination of this affair took place a few days after this. Mr. F. attended as the young man's advocate, and received a very severe rebuke from Mr. Brandling for his interference, as the worthy magistrate was pleased to term it. The doctor, however, was bent upon his object; and meeting Mr. Macintyre, the surgeon of the colliery, he contrived to say enough to stop, we believe, the further prosecution of the case.

This Samaritan act had no doubt the proper effect with the workers under-ground; and our two fortune-hunters—that is, the publisher and his assistant—began seriously to think of making a good use of it, when the idea of getting up a union similar to the one established at Birmingham struck their attention. Larkin at that time was only known amongst a few religious controversialists. Eneas Mackenzie had been too much buffeted the previous year by their publication to expect his co-operation. But John Fife had in this instance proved himself to be a stanch follower after fame, and Mr. Attwood was known to be his dear friend and crony; therefore the letter, as detailed in our former paper,

was despatched to the Birmingham Union, and the answer and papers duly laid before their superintendent, the doctor, with the *canny* hint that now is the time. But their good leader, instead of joining with his colleagues, the original proposers, in this mighty undertaking, carried the plans and papers to Eneas Mackenzie, with whom he had lately become acquainted, got up the Union, and deputed the old veteran to be in future the plenipotentiary to the coal-dustmen. Thus giving the first proofs how qualified he is for the political trade.

This scheme of raising the Union, on the part of the publisher and the other individual, having failed, they now rested their hopes of future success on turning their little magazine into a weekly paper; and notwithstanding the scurvy trick which their patron had just played them, he was still allowed (by the way of making himself an adept with the pen) to have the full and free use of their periodical; the dulness to which it was obliged to be resigned being winked at, in the expectation that by this submission it would be enabled by and by to enlarge its bulk. The old scribe had formerly figured much in epistles, and why not our new one? Accordingly, "letters" was the order of the day; and the first tremendous charge that was made was at the military gents in the town. It was a perfect slasher — every soul of them unsheathed their swords; and a mercy it was that our Junius remained in the dark: for notwithstanding that he can "saw, saw," and with his pops tip the tips of his midnight taper, yet here he was likely to have the whole regiment upon him. But of that no more at present. The duke of the county, we believe, was twice nigh frightened out of his wits; Sir Robert Peel and Saint Perceval (as Mr. Perceval was termed) were dreadfully drummed at a distance; and the whole body of the unfortunate Tories slaughtered wholesale. It must not be supposed, that all this time the old scribe was unemployed. No, no; he had his regular department, and that was when his lord and patron attended the corporation meeting: for be it understood that Mr. F. is, "hallowed be the name!" a free burgess. It was therefore his imperative duty to carefully report the proceedings, and, above all, to see that his patron was splendid beyond all splendour; and though it could not be said that, Orpheus-like, the inspired knight of the lancet could make the trees and the stones to move, yet it might be very justly and very truly observed, that he made the drowsy pates of the pudding-headed burgesses to nod. While all this was going on, the new society (the Political Union) was rapidly gaining ground. Mr. Fife was indefatigable in his attendance on appointed evenings, and extremely assiduous in pushing on its affairs, either in council or debate. When that grand event to all bustling characters took place, an election, it was determined, by what was called the people, who were then certainly Grey mad, to carry Lord Howick, the poor son of that poor patriot, our present premier, into the House free of expense — that is, by subscription — John Fife, to shew how he had the public weal at heart, put down fifty pounds — (never more let it be said that patriots are mean or fond of money!) He figured away, and was now in the very climax of his glory — swaggered round the town arm in arm with several members of the aristocracy — blazed in his chariot and four at Lord Howick's grand entry into North Shields — harangued on the necessity of supporting such a Heaven-born minister as Earl Grey — squibbed, rhymed, and really could get no rest for public business. The two radical meetings, which we detailed in our former paper, coming as it were upon the top of this, very narrowly gave his brain the necessary whirl for Dr. Smith (a physician in the North, who keeps an establishment for fanciful gentlemen). Popularity could now do no more. John Fife — nothing was heard of but John Fife. And when his profession required him to take a drive into the country to take a little blood, or perchance to lop off some poor devil's unfortunate member, the bumpkins might be heard to hurra, and cry, "There goes Dr. Fife, the great Radical!"

Amidst this bustle, let us not forget the writer and his expected paper. The newspaper affair had certainly been settled, though not precisely to his satisfaction. The money was raised; John Fife was a fifty-pound share; and the establishment had already commenced at North Shields. But, bad luck to those knavish dogs the lawyers, it unfortunately got into the hands of a member of that fraternity, — a man who

for tact and cunning might be set against Satan himself; and the journal, instead of thundering out a rough Jack Radical, came out a true believer in every article of our constitution. At this turn of affairs, it may be supposed that the poor scribe was not of the benefited party; but much in the situation of one who might civilly be told to take the air, and walk where he thought would be most suitable for his health. In such a dilemma as this, then, what was he to do—to whom was he to apply, but to the man who professed to be his patron. He recollected that this gentleman had distinctly and frequently been heard to say, that he would patronise the man who wrote the vicar article, &c. &c.; and that, like a good dependent, or rather expectant, he had faithfully followed this gentleman through good report and evil report, taking especial care that his master did as he ought to do, or at least that the world should think so; and that for all these true services he had as yet (with the exception of his introduction to him) received neither wine, coin, nor victuals. He remembered, too, that Mr. Fife had lately been very bountiful to the public, in putting down fifty pounds at the election; and, of course, as he had been so generous to the whole, he would not be mean to a part, and forget the individual to whom he was indebted, and whom he had avowedly taken under his protection. With suchlike arguments as these, did our speculator endeavour to "arm his resolution;" and at length came to the determination to venture upon a personal application, considering that it would be but justice to give the man a fair trial. Accordingly, with this stout resolve, he measured his steps towards his patron's house—measured, indeed, God knows! for he pondered as he went. The magnificent was at home; and as the tasseled lackey ushered the starvling in, the Mecænas himself cried out, "Ah, what, Careless, is that you? How are you?" The stupid fellow, after a few demurs, stammered out something about that it was a bad job dropping the magazine (which had been his support for three years), to get up this paper, and now, after all, he was not to be employed upon it; that he was thinking of starting again something of his own, and had just called to see if Mr. Fife had any notion that way. At these *bothering* hints the patron grew grave, and assuming a serious aspect, said,—Well, speculations were what he had entirely done with; indeed, he was now getting too old for any thing of that sort; he had a family to look to, and must really devote all his time to business; and—and—and (as the shame-faced booby was shuffling away) he was extremely sorry that his circumstances were so at present, that he could not afford to give him any assistance. But observing the dog to be both dumb and *down*, as it were, affected a little sprightliness, with, "But don't lose heart, Careless; a man of your talents can never be buried—you must be heard of some day or another." And with this delectable farewell our adventurer shortly found himself in the open air. After shaking off the tremours, and rubbing up his ideas, to assure himself that he was still the same man, he began very naturally to inquire what this patronage was. What was it? why, nothing!

There is one small item in this magazine account that we had almost forgot; it happened while this gentleman was allowed, month after month, to fill up nearly the whole of the publication with what he called his strong articles. To encourage the proprietor, and perhaps to give greater publicity to the weighty productions of his own brain, he put down his name as a subscriber for three numbers—three sixpenny numbers! At the usual time for settling money matters, the publisher presented his bill; Mr. F. was surprised—he was astonished—he really thought that these numbers were given him for the contributions he sent. What a supposition for a patron and a patriot!

This same individual, the writer (for we are not yet done with him), at length got engaged for the already-mentioned paper, moderation having been found by the proprietors of the journal to be not now the way to wealth; flash and shallow, with a proper mixture of the ruffian, being the fellow of the day: so this mild and respectable advocate of church and state, and constitutional reform, in a few weeks turned round a furious blusterer for the rights of man, a sort of a sneerer at the priestcraft, and no great respecter of kingcraft. As policy is the politician's trade, so our old friend the scribe, when he first took up the profession of interest, thought that it would be but wisdom to wink at the economising

qualities of the gentleman who had promised to do so many good things. He therefore adopted something like that *canny* northern maxim — "hooly and fairly goes far;" indeed, as far as the favours of the tongue go, he had no reason to complain of any lack of liberality on the part of his patron: his lord showered those rewards about him with the prodigality of a man who knows that they cost him nothing, and it was but fair, if not politic, to pay a friend back in the same coin. The great meeting of the Northern Union on the town moor, Newcastle — that grand finish to its popularity — had just taken place, and the society, it may be said, now sat quietly down to consider of the best means to gather more strength, and acquire new laurels. Their correspondence with the government, and their opinions on the different national questions (in all of which this medical gentleman cut a conspicuous figure), were carefully made known by this N——, S—— paper; and the doctor himself generally honoured with an extra notice in the leading column. Besides copying the declaration of the members of the Birmingham Union (which we mentioned in our former article), that unless the Reform-bill was passed into a law, they would pay no taxes, &c., this radical leader had by this time made himself completely master of the tricks of the scribbling and spouting trade; such as, as Sawney says, "If ye wull claw my lug, I'll claw yor shoulder." It was therefore customary with him, whenever public affairs called upon him to exercise his lungs, to speak in warm language of the *Examiner* newspaper; as, in its usual strong way of remarking, "the *Examiner* says," &c. — "the *Examiner* eloquently depicts so and so;" and the *Examiner*, in return, in holding up the excellencies of Mr. F. to honour and esteem, of course could not help quoting along with them its own panegyric. But the principal way in which this gentleman, and the other aspirants "of the bubble reputation," endeavoured to propitiate the noisy goddess, was by establishing branch unions in the different villages and towns in the neighbourhood. On such occasions, those clubs were generally got up with a petition; Messrs. Fife, Larkin, and assistants, were sure to be invited; and though the visitors could not interfere with the proceedings, the guests could always be complimented on their visit. And it is not likely that such gentlemanly friends would forget to return thanks; indeed the joke was excellent; for the principals of the place were frequently not able to muster up a speech. The meeting was then closed as quick as possible, with some bungler, perhaps, recommending the petition to Earl Grey. Then would come the grand farce and entertainment. The doctor and the other gentlemen of the Union would mount upon their legs, as the voice of the multitude would call them, and rehearse for the hundredth time their old musty harangues upon reform, larded, perhaps, with a few fat stories about the tithes, the bishops, and God knows what besides; while the assembled people would ever and anon send forth their approbation in perfect raptures. Just imagine what an effect such a treat would have in a country village. The big, bustling men of the place, stickling about a few days before entreating their friends, far and near (as they term it), to meet on the important night; and then — setting aside the ringing of bells, playing of music, and the imposing effect of flags flying — to think that hewers of wood and drawers of water should have a carriage to roll in among them with the same condescension as a coal-cart — that they should be placed upon an equal footing with that lofty personage, Speaker Larkin — and, what would be more astounding, to have their horny fists shaken by the dandified palm of John Fife! Lord, the idea was electrifying! To refuse putting down their names as the well-wishers of their country would be impossible.

A similar affair to this was got up at N—— S——, to gratify the humours of this mangler of the human frame. The principal Reformers of the town being composed of that unaccountable body called Whigs, they looked, as may be supposed, somewhat askance on such rough Radicals as the Union-men: to raise up a meeting, therefore, it was necessary to go to the highways and byways, and all the other out-of-the-ways. The scribbler — that notorious rascal! — with a tradesman of the place, a fellow who is such an exquisite compound of fool and knave, and such an admirable specimen of what we would call a false Jack-Radical, that we intend to favour the world with a sketch

of his valuable character in another paper, to be entitled "the Branch Union." These two honest men set to work; and, in defiance of the respectables of the place (who were terribly enraged when they heard that John Fife was coming to be the mouth-piece of their town) got up a mob sufficient to do honour to Henry Hunt. On the memorable night, the crowds, drums, and colours, as is customary when great men are expected, were gathered together at the entrance of the town. It was not long before the aristocratical Radical made his appearance, wheeling along in his open chariot in the most lordly style; Larkin was by his side, with three or four other unexceptionable beings. A speech was attempted by the bungling native just mentioned, but failed. The swinish multitude, as patriotic Burke calls them, were for taking the horses out of the carriage and dragging the doctor in triumph to the inn; but the wily politician leaped down amongst them, and declared himself a complete leveller, by saying that he considered himself as no more than as one of themselves; or as the *jemmies* (that is, the pitmen who were going to do him the honour) would say, he was *but a man*. This won their hearts; the fifers struck up "Scots wha hae," and the grand procession moved in glorious mood to the George tavern. Thousands by this time were hurrying to the place of rendezvous, in the lively expectation of witnessing a spree; reports having gone forth, that several of the respectable inhabitants intended to come forward to express their disapprobation at the Newcastle gentry coming there to deliver opinions for them. Mr. F. was apprised of something of this, and getting upon his carriage at the tavern-door, he harangued the people on this misunderstanding. He had not come down to interfere with their proceedings, but only as one of their guests. Hurra, and well done, doctor! was the reply. But the best of the joke was yet to come: the hour to commence business was already past, and the people were beginning to be uproarious for the performance; when it was discovered, to the unutterable dismay of the leaders, that the person who had promised to officiate as chairman, terrified at the stormy appearance of the meeting, had slunk away, leaving the whole burden of that weighty night on the broad shoulders of Mr. Careless and his worthy colleague, who were the mighty muster in whom the voice of N—— S—— was to be centred on that night, no others being found hardy enough to join in so desperate an undertaking. At this, the gentlemen of the Union felt themselves in rather an awkward predicament, and began to think of something like a hoax; when John Fife (who, to do him justice, is seldom without his wits) soon settled this matter, by proposing that the honest gentleman — the aforesaid tradesman, being a native of the place — should take the chair and read the whole of the resolutions, and that his friend Mr. Careless (who was a sort of a rough radical fool, and the very type of a bully) should get up, back the string of prayers in a lump, bluster all before him, and, finally, close the meeting: thereby giving the guests, as they were termed, a fine opportunity to meet the opposition, should there be any.

The plan was excellent, and to work they went, amidst a thousand or two of heads, grinning with eager expectation at the approaching *lark*. The poor president was led to the chair like a lamb to the slaughter, and stammered through his task, dreadfully battered by the gibes and jests of a host of acquaintances. The bravo now took his turn, and thundered forth a flaming harangue against the whole fraternity of the aristocracy, the king, lords, and commons, not forgetting the bishops; and then wound up his burst of nonsense with a kind of a gladiator's challenge to those who had come there to disturb the proceedings, to come forward now and make their charge, and that he was ready to give them an answer. This audacity was rather too strong for the temperate expostulators who had come there that evening. Every thing was quiet after this: the meeting was almost immediately closed for want of speakers. The guests had their usual call, and their usual round of speeches. Three cheers were given for the king, three times three for Earl Grey, so many for the people, with a trio for the doctor; all was joy, mirth, and shaking of hands. John Fife congratulated the scribe on his successful *début* in the reforming business; but the rash fellow shook his head, and said that he was afraid it would turn out a bad job, the proprietors of the paper being Tories, or of the moderate party; and although they allowed their journal, for the sake

of interest, to take the rough side of the question, yet this bringing the members of the Union down to S—— might rub too hard against their vanity, and he might lose his situation by it. Then, replied the radical patron, should such an event happen, we will endeavour to support you. This liberal promise soon set care away from the careless fellow's brow. The party was invited to sup at the chairman's house, and—Gods! what will this world come to?—John Fife, who is certainly the very genius of policy, actually paraded the streets arm in arm with the humble individual whom he had taken under his protection. It was dark, to be sure; but who says that this man is not made for rising?—he is a very Absalom.

The fears of the writing gentleman proved to be too correct. A few weeks after, he received notice from his employers to seek another situation, his zeal for the public being of a nature rather too outrageous for their taste. To go to his friends—the party whom he had been advocating—was but natural; but patriots, say what we will, are but politicians, and politicians, as all the world knows, steadily pursue the main chance. The only answer that he could get from those sticklers for disinterestedness was, "You were a fool not to take care of number one;" that being in their eyes the very essence of politics. Patronage, however, in its signification differs widely from such an interpretation; though the former may merely mean a trick of interest, the latter clearly denotes liberal protection. It was, therefore, no wonder that, after all resources had failed to earn an independent livelihood, and distress had fairly begun to stare him in the face, he should at last turn his thoughts towards that gentleman who had promised so faithfully never to allow him to become a prey to want; and, without entering further into the pathetic, we may here state, that this rash speculator and most bungling politician resolved once more to try his luck in waiting upon the *great*. The gentleman was at home, and polite as usual; and, what was more, just in that happy frame of mind which an applicant would wish; he was quietly taking his rest after the toils of the day, and had a week or so before left the Union in the manner described in our former paper, and was, therefore, as we may say, ready to enjoy the chit-chat of an acquaintance, or receive the sympathy of a friend. After the usual *pros* and *cons* about the weather and news, our suitor, though certainly not a first-rate beggar, and indeed one who was more acquainted with the art of vexing than with Chesterfield's rules of pleasing, contrived, nevertheless, without directly asking a favour, to paint a tolerable picture of his case. As the getting up of that meeting at N—— S—— had turned out an unfortunate affair for him, he had been trying hard to make things answer, but found they would not do, and was really beginning to think of selling off, and going to that mart for genius, the metropolis. He was aware that it could not now be helped; it was therefore a folly to grieve; but (observing his host looking serious) he was perhaps taking up his time,—must think about going, and just make up his mind to bear with patience what could not be remedied. "Well, Careless," observed his host, rising with unusual feeling to bid him good night, "I believe it will be the best for you to go to London; there is nothing I see here for you to do. Sell off your things, and I and a few of my friends will subscribe, and endeavour to send you there comfortably; and in the mean time, for your present relief, take this"—slipping a sovereign into his hand. Staggered at such an unexpected display of liberality, the poor dependent dog for a few moments nearly lost both his sight and senses; and, gasping for breath, like a true booby actually returned the money, saying he would leave it, and get it with the rest when it should be gathered; for such was the dreadful state of his circumstances, that he was now glad to bend to any help. The gentleman, after some demurs, pocketed the affront, telling him to be of good cheer. "Sell off your goods," said he, "and I and my friends will muster the needful. London is your place, that's evident; country towns are not for men of genius. Be of good courage, your sun may yet shine out;" and away went this poor poet, bounding with hopes. Here were two promises,—the one of them must stand; but, as his head began to cool, something whispered that he had once more acted Master Cully, and had better been taking when his lord was in the vein. As such feelings, however, are seldom long-lived, and the times with him did

not admit of much wavering, his chattels were soon disposed of, considerably under prime cost. Nothing now remained but the subscription-money, and he was not long in jogging to the proper place for that. The errand was soon told; every thing was gone. "Ah," replied the doctor, "I am glad of that; you have done right, I think. Well, I have not seen any of my friends—I have been busy; but here is my mite (taking out the value of twenty shillings)—here is my mite." The poor wretch was chop-fallen at this second take in, if we may so term it; he mumbled something about taking a family to such a place as London with next to nothing, and where he had no friends and no expectations. "Well, that is certainly hard, very hard; you will have to exert yourself; there is nothing to be done without exertion; (and, taking up the light, with a polite motion to the door); but I wish you success; shall be happy to hear you do well, Careless. Good night." "Ay, and good night," muttered his dupe, "to all radical patrons," and, almost thought he, to Radicalism.

When John Fife left the Union, as described in the letter which we introduced to our readers last month, like all backsliders, he had recourse to sundry subterfuges to palliate his conduct; there was one in particular which we remember, and which so finely depicts the sneaking character of a shuffler, and the honest bluntness of true principle, that we cannot refrain from relating it. In endeavouring to persuade the Winlaton Radicals, or some of the old-established clubs on the Gateshead-side of the water (we cannot precisely recollect which), that his leaving the Union and abusing the leaders were perfectly consistent with his former professions. "So far," observed he, "from desiring to renegade," or something to that effect, "should such an event as a revolution take place, if you but send or wait upon me, you shall never be in the want of a leader." The answer of these sterling old levellers did honour to their spirit and judgment. They said, They had struggled through with their principles, and managed their affairs themselves since the stormy period of 1819; and that were such an event to take place as he describes, they thought they might still be able to come forward without their applying for assistance. An excellent rap over the knuckles for Master Fife.

We have, we believe, already stated, that after leaving the Union, he returned in a month or so back again; and was, at the last general election, the proposer of Charles Attwood for the representation of Newcastle, and of course backed with all the united aid of that society. We observe by the *Newcastle Journal*, April 13, that he had been extremely active in getting up a present for Earl Grey, consisting of elegantly-bound copies of *Mackenzie's Histories of Northumberland and Newcastle*, as an approval of his conduct on the Reform-bill, when, in May, at a public meeting in the town, he denounced Earl Grey as a political apostate, and honest Lord Althorp and his coadjutors as neither more nor less than public plunderers,—men who had not only grossly deceived him and the Union, but the country generally; and who, consequently, had lost his support for ever. Lamentable thing! John, we see, will be a man of consequence, though it be but in his own estimation.

In summing up this man's character, we find that, on whatever side we view him, popularity is decidedly the deity which he worships. To look at John Fife, one would be apt to imagine that the rough notions of a Radical were too uncouth for his refined ideas, he being, as we before observed, a man of the most fashionable appearance; indeed his superb dress and dashing military air might induce a stranger to suppose that he had spent all his life in camps and on the continent, although we know it to be absolutely a fact, that, so loyal a subject has he always been, as never to set his foot out of his majesty's dominions. His establishment is a perfect picture of one of the aristocracy's in miniature: high-bred horses are heard snorting in his stable; expensive dogs are seen sporting in his yard; a man and a boy are observed strutting about like dumb waiters; whilst a chariot and four rolls this reckless handler of the lancet to his trembling patients: nothing is seen there that is in any way related to plebeianism, excepting economy, and she has certainly her utmost to do to swell out pomp with a proper effect. Every thing about the house bespeaks my lord, excepting the servants' hall: there, indeed, and only there, are the nobles of the land not

imitated; John Barleycorn revels not on that board; Reform presides there, and what the King and his Whigs may gather in the shape of taxes from the beef and bacon swallowed at that table, would not serve to supply the twentieth cousin of Earl Grey with milk and water. The dazzling show in which he generally appeared in public was not lost in his radical career; for the mob, though they may have ever such a dislike to splendour and trappings in the enemy's camp, are always tickled with it when at the head of their own procession. His graceful person and fascinating manners, with the daring enthusiasm which he threw into his republican opinions, made him, for the time being, the greatest favourite in the Union, and the only man who possessed the power of leading the members on to deeds of rashness. It was, therefore, no little matter of surprise to the Reformers, both weak and strong, when this determined leveller declared that he could not consistently sit or act with the men who composed the Union. The truth is, that John Fife, though rigid and exact to a hair, yet somehow or other made a strange calculation on what might be the event of the Reform-bill; he no doubt thought of a revolution, and his warm imagination running before his judgment, pictured out himself charging gallantly at the head of 100,000 pikes, with all the immense power that must accrue therefrom, &c. But the unexpected return of quietness, and the singular looks of a large portion of that part of the community called respectable, who formerly patronised this fearless pricker of veins, but who now get bled to death elsewhere, were sufficient to convince weaker heads than John Fife's that this spec was any thing but a lucky hit.

It is but justice, however, to this great man, to say that he is not one of those believers in abuses who have just started up with the Grey administration, but one of long standing; for we know it for a fact, that he was one of the secret frequenters of the clubs of 1819.

It perhaps may not be unnecessary, after we have taken up so much time with this man's principles, and the story of his life, to take some little notice of the talent by which he leads so many men by the ears. As a speaker, his manner is pleasing, and, indeed, rather fascinating; and he is tolerably fluent, as speaking goes now-a-days. He has a good voice, but his eloquence is easily seen to be more adapted for the drawing-room than the forum. He can pretend neither to originality of thought nor brilliancy of wit, and is just what may be termed a pretty sort of a common-place speaker. The secret of his power lies in his rank, his engaging appearance, and in that dangerous and powerful quality in a revolutionist—the art of ingratiating himself into the good feeling of men of all degrees. Unlike that towering fool Larkin, of the Union, who is eternally soaring in the sublime, he neglects no man; but, Metternich-like, has always a smile at command. He has invention, and his invention is ever on the wing; and though, like most men of imagination, he sometimes carries more sail than ballast, yet these slips are soon set right again by his indefatigable industry. He is a wonderful economist of time, and seldom spends a moment without an object. John Fife sits not in that society surrounded by low plebeians, but in the high expectation that it will some day or another enable him to rise far above such company. The Union, as we have already shewn, owes its origin and success principally to his exertions; it has been the means of taking from him above two-thirds of his practice; and that he now, like a desperate man, clings to it, in the hopes of bettering himself, we might almost gather from his own words. In a speech which he made a few weeks ago, speaking of the necessity of having a democracy for our form of government, he goes on to say, that it is evident that some mighty change is at hand—a change that must be favourable to the many, but terrible to the few. Yes, the doctor no doubt looks forward to this change as the day of retribution, when he perhaps will be able to square accounts with the colliery owners and their agents, for the sad falling off in his yearly returns.

Notwithstanding all, however, it must be confessed that John Fife is by far the most able member of the Northern Union.

GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XLIII.

GRANT THORBURN, THE ORIGINAL "LAWRIE TODD."

OUR well-informed readers do not require to be told, that upwards of thirteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine regular subscribers to any monthly work is an acquisition not to be attained without great assiduity, and, we may add, some talent. We shall not, however, descant on our own laudable endeavours; although the portrait which faces this article of the celebrated Mr. Thorburn, the original "Lawrie Todd," bears witness that they are of no ordinary kind.

As soon as our Number with the autobiography of this eminent gentleman reached America, the whole republic was set astir, as if the election of the president was contested. Mr. Thorburn was obliged to forego the weighing of seeds, the feeding of birds, and the culling of flowers; in short, to do nothing all day but to state to the ladies and gentlemen who resorted to his store, the reasons which had hitherto prevented him from visiting London, with his precious manuscript of the instances of special providence which he himself had experienced. Indeed, the crowd became so great to hear him, that he was obliged to ascend into one of his galleries; and there, mounting on a barrel-head, by which he became visible to the crowd below, to hold forth on the subject.

All, however, that he could urge was of no avail; the ladies and gentlemen, assembled on the occasion, highly applauded, no doubt, his eloquent speech; but they could not listen to his argument. "London," they said, "was the mart of the mind; and though it was becoming his innate modesty to profess his contentation at the great *éclat* he had attained, still they thought that the candle of so rare a genius should not be hidden under such a bushel as New York." Accordingly, his blushes and diffidence were overcome, and he was constrained to come over the sea; and here he is, his likeness illuminating the pages of REGINA, and his person irradiating the streets and social parties of London — the press is big with his important work, and the day of the deliverance of which is at hand—as may be seen by the following advertisement, published verbatim in all the London daily papers:

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"As Mr. John Galt in his *Lawrie Todd*, and Sundrie other Periodicals, Magazines, Newspapers &c. in Europe and america have published So many *Scraps* and *Fragments* of my Life, I think its a duty I owe the Public and myself to send forth a true Copie.—I think the events of my Life are more Strange in Realitie, than many which I have read in fiction, and as I owe the giver of all good a Large Debt of Gratitude, I think its my dutie to make Sure that the world shall know it,—it will be published in a few days by Mr. James Fraser, No. 215, Regent Street, which is the only true history of my Life ever printed in Britain.

(Signed) "Grant Thorburn, Seedsman, New York.

"Now at No. 14, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden,
16 Novr. 1833."

It is not, however, so much by this announcement that the curiosity of our numerous particular readers, nor that of the public in general, ought to be excited, as by the nature of the book itself. For of late it has not been quite so much the fashion as it ought to have been, for literary men to acknowledge their experiences of a special providence; although it cannot be supposed that the teachers of the earth are less sensible of its aid than the rest of the human race. We therefore solicit attention to this great feature of the forthcoming volume; convinced that it will not only afford amusement in the perusal, but edification in that somewhat obsolete manner which our ancestors, with all their often-referred-to wisdom, deemed not unbecoming to feel and to confess. To be serious, Mr. Thorburn's book, written entirely by himself, will be no ordinary treat to those who discern the hand of Sustaining Succour in the various vicissitudes of private life, as well as in the more obstreperous transactions of the world, and humbly recognise that Impartial Power which beholds alike, unmoved from its purposes,

"A hero perish and a sparrow fall."



HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

The world (that is, the majority of the persons in it) for the most part spin out the web of life without considering the scenes and doings in it, beyond their own immediate sphere of action. Engaged either in the pursuits of business or pleasure, man runs out his short career of animal existence, heedless of what others are about, further than it affects his own personal comforts, and the especial interests of his family. Contemplating man as an individual, the secrets of the heart of one cannot be penetrated by another; nor can the extent of his powers and capabilities be correctly ascertained, as regards his capacity of either doing good or evil. If we attempt to define man as viewed in the general body of society, the description of him must be imperfect, from the mixed nature of his character, and the diversity of positions in which every individual is placed between the extremes of poverty and the splendour of the court—from the wretched *lazzaroni* to the monarch of a great nation. If it were possible to discover the motives and causes of action in each individual, we should find in many the character entirely factitious—that is to say, artificially made up, and formed under a peculiar system of ideas, imparted to them by the consent of all in the same class of life, and from which they derive their importance; whilst the character of the middle and lower classes, that is, forty-nine fiftieths of mankind, is cast in the mould of chance; the categories of each being formed by the daily and hourly surrounding externals of the walk of life in which they move. Circumstances are ever adjuncts in the character of man, which make the decisions of opinion but of short duration; hence it happens, that that which was sin in the last age is no longer so in this, and *vice versâ*, the science of the conscience ever varying with the times.

Probably the most effectual method of approximating to a good knowledge of the general character of man, will be for the cosmopolites of the day to consider each class separately, as they are found grouped in society; contemplating their moral character, habits of life, utility as to station, and relative connexions and influences on those immediately above and below them in the other grades of the community. If this were ably and (as far as practicable) correctly performed, dividing society into classes as it is found, and shewing the influences the various callings of man had on the mind, and the relative effects of these on other portions of society, what a fine basis would be laid for the law-makers to build up a new legal structure upon! These would be the true materials for the legislator to work with; he need look no further for data on which to found his opinions for instructing himself and others in the science of legislation. Pretenders and charlatans must, however, be cast out from each class, and come under a consideration by themselves. If such themes were more frequently brought before the public, the practices of bad men would be deservingly exposed; and, in time, the moral effects of all the movements of life ascertained. Having the furtherance of this object in view, Mr. Editor, I solicit a few pages in your Magazine for the consideration of the Character and Conduct of Household Servants.

There is not in the whole nation a body of persons who have so little to complain of, as regards their treatment, as household servants: this may be said of either sex, let the nature of their service be what it may. Born, generally, of poor parents, they undergo in early life many privations; and their fate, in prospect, must be the same as that from whom they spring, viz. hard labour and harder fare, with bare clothing and worse lodging; oftentimes without a crust, till the parish-officer doles out a mite to save the family from starving, when a bit of bread and a cup of water are deemed luxuries; besides many other hardships to which station condemns them, and to avoid which, when the opportunities offer, they eagerly enter into the service of those who can afford to employ household and personal attendants. The transition is great. They are suddenly transplanted into a more genial soil, being, generally considered, well fed, well clothed, and comfortably lodged, having every necessary of life supplied them in abundance: for these blessings

a moderate portion of labour is exacted, and an honest and faithful conduct expected. They have only to perform a certain easy duty which is pointed out to them, and in return are indemnified from all the other anxieties of life which occasion so much trouble to the middle classes of society. They have no rent or taxes to pay — nothing concerns them for the morrow, being always sure of food and clothing, besides having out of their wages something to expend in superfluities. When all these advantages are considered, and that by birth they were especially condemned to hard labour, the services which are required of them cannot but be deemed peculiarly light, and easy of endurance. In this country, menials are not only (when they deserve it) treated with mere kindness, but with positive affection; when overtaken by sickness they are provided with medical aid, and have every accommodation afforded them suitable to their condition. Those who spend their days in the service of the wealthy, are seldom left in their old age to pine in want. Such treatment, it would be expected, ought to draw from them feelings of contentment and gratitude, rendering them attentive and faithful to those under whose roof they were retained; but it is otherwise: their cupidity breaks through all these considerations, and they have no thoughts of serving their masters further than that it may enable them to appropriate as much of their property as possible to themselves, by any means, however dishonest. Having nothing when in place to disturb their minds, ambition steps in, and impels them to commit all kinds of dishonest tricks, under the fallacious notion of bettering their condition; that principle which rankles in the mind when every other passion is gratified or subdued.

Beginning with the *female servants* in the middle walks of life, every experienced housewife knows how needful it is to keep securely under lock and key all portable articles of plunder, such as tea, sugar, wine, spirits, and, in many cases, butter, &c.; and how certain it is, that in every family where a careful watch is not kept on these things, the grocer's and wine-merchant's bill will be doubled in amount. In common life these things are truisms, and require not the aid of any pen to make them better known; but taking the whole subject in detail, a consideration arises, how so large a body as the female servants are should all become tainted, and that such a total want of principle should be exhibited by the whole class. Many families send into the country — even as far as Wales — for servants, in hopes of finding them more trustworthy than those bred in London; but few who do so find themselves much better served. The most unsophisticated, after breathing for a short time the polluted atmosphere of London, under the advice of an experienced washer- or char-woman, or the proprietor of the nearest mangle (all of whom reside in a back street contiguous to her mistress's premises), is early informed of all the various modes of extracting what they call *trifles*, and *little matters-of-waste*, out of the family which fosters them, to make a shilling by, as they say; which they reconcile to their consciences under the modified terms of vails, or perquisites, which belong to them by right, "although master and mistress are mean enough to say that they won't allow them." All pilferings among the tradesmen's servants are disposed of at the neighbouring chandlers' shops, or to the women above spoken of, who are their advisers in all cases of emergency, and their refuge when out of place.

The moral character of the female servants belonging to the middle classes has been on the decline for many years past. Some forty years since, it was thought that the want of moral and religious instruction for the children of that class whence servants are drawn, was the cause of their almost universal tendency to pilfering tricks of dishonesty. It is now, however, a well-established fact, that those brought up in Lancasterian and workhouse schools are, of all the rising race of mortals, the most immoral, and prone to habits of dishonesty. This is a truth, and proved by every day's experience. There are many highly distinguished and other respectable persons, possessing the purest of motives, who have promoted this plan of education for the poor, and who will fly off in a tangent of rage at this declaration, denying that any evils have been brought on society under the national school system of education: so unwilling are men, in the very teeth of facts, to part with opinions they have once adopted, long

cherished, and universally promulgated. On a question of such vast importance to the nation, the truth must be told, offend whom it may. The experiment of national-school education for the poor, under the Lancasterian system, for the improvement of the moral character of the lower classes, *is a decided failure;* but this is no reason why those who have so very laudably advocated the cause of education for the poor should abandon them. The object is good, though the means used have been improper; the history of Scotland proves the efficacy of education. Dr. Currie, on the laws of Scotland, says, "The influence of the school establishment of Scotland on the peasantry of the country, seems to have decided by experiment a question of legislation of the utmost importance." He goes on to state, from authorities, that in the year 1698 there were in Scotland 200,000 persons begging from door to door; that the men and women were generally given to drunkenness; and that every horrible species of crime was common among them, open and shameless — incest being one of the most prevalent. Further, that the depraved state of the Scottish people was such, at this period, that the revival of domestic slavery was proposed as the only remedy. Dr. Currie adds, "A better remedy has been found, which, in the silent lapse of a century, has proved effectual. The statute of 1696, the noble legacy of the Scottish parliament to their country, began to operate; and, happily, as the minds of the poor received instruction, the Union opened new channels of industry and new fields of action to their view. At the present day there is, perhaps, no country in Europe in which, in proportion to its population, so small a number of crimes fall under the chastisement of the criminal laws as Scotland." It cannot be any longer a question, but that education is the only panacea for immorality; but in England we have mistaken the means for the end, and have in consequence done mischief by congregating such large numbers together, and by the indiscriminate mixture of a whole populous neighbourhood in one place. The evil effects of this were not seen when the public were engaged in disputes whether L. or Bell had the supposed right to the invention; a question which has been said to be similar to Gulliver's about the Big-endians and the Little-endians. More local schools are wanted, and a subdivision of the number of boys and girls into fifties is desirable, when moral and intellectual guardianship might supply the place of mere rote and boisterous tuition. Morality and a tenderness of conscience should be early inculcated; in the absence of which, the body of the people must ever be vicious and prone to evil.

As servants move out of the employ of tradesmen, and enter into the service of the more wealthy, their opportunities of gain increase, and in consequence their plans of operation become more systematic. Observation, should they not at first be instructed by the other servants of the family into which they first enter, is quite enough to instruct each what is to be done to augment their *little saving* — the mild term they all apply to the making money by peculation in each of their departments, from the scullery-maid, who plays off her many tricks on the cook, to the steward, who does business on a larger scale. Although a suite of servants is never in a state of harmony, being jealous of each other's gains, yet they never fail to agree in adhering to each other in all questions against the family interest, if it will but put one penny into their own pockets; the only consideration with the whole body is, who is the party they have to attack! Sometimes it is the master or mistress themselves; in other cases they have the battle to fight against a house-steward, or a *major-domo;* in smaller families, it is a butler, or a housekeeper of capacious rotundity, whose integer is destroyed if the bunch of keys be not suspended from her ample zone. The body of servants, however, in every case, hold this doctrine, — that if their master manage his own affairs, he is rich, and can afford it; if another does it for him, they at once say, We know that all he gets from us he puts into his own pocket, so that master will be none the better for our honesty. As *Susan* says in Fielding's Grub-street opera,—"Fie upon it, William; what have you to do with master's losses? He is rich, and can afford it; don't let us quarrel among ourselves — let us stand by one another; for, let me tell you, if matters were to be too nicely examined into, I am afraid it would go hard with us all. Wise servants always stick close to

one another, like plums in a pudding that's over-wetted, says Susan the cook. * * * * *

Every servant should be sauce to his fellow-servant; as sauce disguises the faults of a dish, so should he theirs. O, William, were we all to have our deserts, we should be finely roasted indeed!"

It is said, that fear only keeps men honest and women virtuous; and, without doubt, the law and shame have their effect on man and womankind much more than the pure love of virtue for itself. This observation is applicable to all ranks in the present day; but in the whole body of servants, neither fear nor shame restrains them; they plunder systematically every hour of the day, and in such ways that it is almost impossible, as the law now stands, to bring them under its punishment. In a lodging-house, where there were seven gentlemen who took breakfast and tea at home, having engagements in the city during the day, one female servant waited on them all. Each lodger kept his tea-caddy, having a lock and key. One of the young men, when at home among his friends, was, in conversation, asked by his sister how much tea and sugar he consumed. When he named the quantity, he was severely reprimanded for his extravagance. Subsequently, reflecting on the subject, he was convinced something was wrong, and he determined to make an experiment. He commenced by counting every day the number of knobs of sugar he left in the glass basin when he locked it up; he also put into the caddy a certain quantity of tea, which balanced to a nicety, keeping a weight by him for the purpose. Pursuing this plan regularly, he found, that between every interval of locking his caddy and again opening it, precisely four knobs of sugar were abstracted, and about one large teaspoonful of tea. He now communicated his discovery to his fellow-lodgers, who all adopted the same plan, and the same results occurred in every case. So that, supposing each caddy to be opened for use twice a-day, the aggregate daily loss would be fifty-six knobs of sugar and fourteen spoonsful of tea. This case strikingly shews the pilfering, calculating system of servants; for if the caddy were not opened (as would often happen) at tea-time in the afternoon, there was not a second depredation made that day, lest it should lead to a discovery; but if one or more visitors came to partake of the beverage, the caddy was always, on the succeeding visitation, heavily fined, calculating that the loss would of course be attributed to the consumption for the company. The girl must have had a master-key for the caddies, one of which, I believe, can be obtained for sixpence. Extending their discoveries further, it was soon made evident, that those who kept a liquor-frame were robbed in the same careful manner, little by little; even to sheets of writing-paper, which were taken one at a time.

In scanning the conduct of the servants of the higher classes, I will begin with the house-steward, but by the way will make a few remarks on the conduct of some *land-stewards*, who have risen in servitude, and, having acquired their masters' confidence, are sometimes rewarded with a situation of trust — being appointed to collect the rents, and act as agents between the owners of estates and the farmers. In these situations many fortunes have been made, and are now making. The gentlemen who entrust the management of business of this nature to favourite domestics, are most frequently men remarkable for allowing the farmer his land on easy terms—such as do not employ attorneys and land-surveyors to run the rent up to the uttermost the farmer can afford to pay. This feeling is of course known to the steward, who continually dins in the farmer's ear the cheapness of his land, saying, whenever he meets him, "Ah, neighbour, you have a good bargain of it here; master and I often talk of it, and he says you are making a fortune; but I always stand your friend, knowing you are a good sort of a man: 'tis I who protect you, by telling him, I think, on the whole, it is a fair price you give." These and other similar remarks are but too well understood by the farmer, and he readily translates them into plain English, thus: "I know my farm is cheap, and this steward informs me that he also knows it; and further gives me notice, that if I mean to keep it, he expects a slice of the profits, or he will make such representations to his employer as may cause a considerable rise in the rent." Consequently, nothing but a bank-note conveyed to the honest steward twice or thrice in a year, besides other presents, can keep him quiet. In some

instances, when farms are about to be leased or sold, no less a sum than 500*l.* has been sent to the steward (without comment, so well is the matter understood,) to accomplish the sale or lease to the satisfaction of both parties. If the evidence of a certain set of farmers could be taken on this subject, the character of land-stewards in this country would sink 50 per cent on the publication of it. Here is a recent case. About seven years ago, a gentleman died in the neighbourhood of Portland Place, leaving a widow, and two sons fourteen and fifteen years of age. His property consisted of some farms in Yorkshire, which were of considerable value; but at the time of his decease he was somewhat in debt. The widow, having a preternatural antipathy to all attorneys, resolved to go down and reside near her property; and, with the assistance of a *faithful* and an *intelligent* butler who had been long in the family, to manage her own affairs. Ready money being wanted to liquidate the immediate demands upon the estate of the deceased, a farm was sold to the then occupier at the price the family had generally estimated its value, without consulting attorney or surveyor, except for the simple conveyance of the property. Since this transaction, the farmer has not attempted to disguise that he purchased the property for one half its value — the butler (now land-steward) and he having negotiated the affair between them. The two sons, as they rose into manhood, turning out very uncontrollable and extravagant under a fond mother's superintendence, more money was wanted, and other farms disposed of, from time to time, to raise it; until about six months since, when the widow died. The sons being then of age, and wanting ready cash, sold the residue of the property privately, under the management of the butler-steward, who found purchasers among his country neighbours. The sequel of this little history was, that the butler is now retired to spend the remainder of his days in the character of the gentleman, and is living at this moment at a rate of certainly not less than from 450*l.* to 550*l.* per annum expenditure. This is not a rare case.

In every quarter of the country, if men will take the trouble to look about them, they may readily point their finger to individuals whose rise under similar circumstances is sufficiently indicative, and quite explanatory, of the means by which they became possessed of money enough to live in a state of independence. The sons in the instance above named are now verging towards a state of poverty. It is in cases of death, when property falls under the control of weak and too-confiding persons, that these advantages are taken, and enormous robberies are committed on the unsuspecting mind.

This is a subject which has often occupied my leisure reflections; and never having seen in print any proposition for a cheap and more efficient law for the administration of the property of deceased persons, although it may appear somewhat foreign to the subject now under consideration, I will avail myself of the opportunity to propound and give publicity to a plan which I think may be advantageously adopted. Imperfect and mishapen as the notions may be, perhaps they may be taken up by more able hands, or serve as hints to the legislature that some measure of the kind is a public desideratum. In all cases where there is much property at stake, a testator can make sure of his heirs having strict justice done them in the distribution of the property demised under his will, by making the lord chancellor his executor. Not so with the middle man in life, who, having but a few hundreds or thousands to bequeath, he is constrained to look around among his acquaintances for one or two on whom he may place confidence to fill the office of executor, or he must trust his wife, who, for many reasons (especially if there be a family), is an unfit person. So uncertain, however, is life, and the unstableness of the character and the solvency of man, that, in an infinity of cases, the man who in early life makes a will, generally finds occasion, every year of his existence, to erase the name of the individual whom he had previously chosen to intrust with the important duty of superintending the administration of his affairs for the benefit of his family, and substitute another. So many are the changes in society of trustworthiness and respectability, that he finds them varying every year, until he despairs of meeting with any man on whom he may rely. To obviate this evil, and to relieve the minds of

industrious and anxious parents as to the equitable distribution of their property after their demise, I propose that a public executor be appointed under the sanction of government; that an office be opened, and a sufficient number of clerks be employed to transact the business of a public executorship, on such terms as may pay the expenses of the establishment; with which may very usefully be connected a court of arbitration, which should settle all questions of dispute between claimants who were willing to sign a consent to that effect, without going into the interminable Court of Chancery. The system should be on the most economical principle, and the charges clearly defined, so that every testator might know precisely the sum his bequest would produce to the party to whom it was bequeathed. Large sums of money are now constantly diverted from their proper channel, through the death of executors and the occurrences of second or third executorships; the institution here proposed would be regular and uninterrupted in all its operations. The court might also be authorised to take cognizance of persons who, immediately after the death of the late possessor, become seised of lands, when complaint was made within a certain time that they had been unlawfully obtained. By a citation served on the possessors within the prescribed period, they should be compelled to appear and shew their right to the same; and if a doubt arose, the property should be placed in a state of abeyance, for the benefit of the lawful owner, until the superior courts decided the question of right. In the present state of things, if one who has no right to the property obtains possession, he either wastes it, or uses the proceeds to defeat the ends of justice. There is a case which has been twenty-five years before the public; had the court here recommended been instituted, the case would, in all probability, have been disposed of in one year, because neither of the disputants would have been allowed possession. In the question of right at issue is involved a very considerable sum of money; and he who has enjoyed the property for so long a period is now likely to be dispossessed of it. The late owner of the estates, an old lady, died on the continent, when her steward took possession of them, to the prejudice of the lawful heirs; and, with not a shadow of title to them but having possession, has, for twenty-five years, through the defects of the law and the influence of money got from the estates, retained them. From the appointment of a public executor many other advantages besides these here named would accrue to the public. But the digression is already too long; the hint is thrown out, which is all that is aimed at in this place; and I return to the subject of servants in general.

The *house-stewards*, or major-domos, in large and expensive families, hold situations which are turned to great profit. All the money for household expenses passes through their hands, and the bills for every description of goods which come into the house are chiefly paid through them, and on which they invariably exact a discount. The tradesmen know their mode of doing business, and previously lay on the price of the articles enough, over and above their own profits, to cover the payments they make back to the stewards, &c. Country horse-dealers have an ingenious mode of appeasing their consciences, when with dreadful imprecations they call down vengeance on themselves if they did not give a twenty-pound note for a horse they are offering for sale at the same price. In buying a horse it is their practice to say to the seller, "I will give you a twenty, thirty, or forty pound note for him, if you will give me so many pounds back." By this mode of dealing they reckon, according to their casuistry, that they do not false-swear themselves, when they affirm with an oath that they gave a twenty-pound note for a horse, which in fact cost them but twelve pounds, having received eight back. So the steward lays the flattering unction to his soul, that because the tradesmen are made the means of robbing their masters for them, that they are not guilty of dishonesty—that is, they do not actually put their hands into the master's pocket to take the money out, although they virtually do so. Gentlemen seeing their bills made out by the tradesmen with whom they deal, and corresponding receipts given when they are paid, do not reflect that their servants have previously informed the tradesmen how much in every pound they expect to be handed over to them, for their sole use and benefit, out of the amount of all bills paid, whether it should happen that the same be paid

either by master or servant. Nor are they generally aware, that the tradesman, whether heretic or saint, must in London, *nolens volens*, conform and fall into their honest propositions, even if it go to the extent of five shillings in the pound, or lose his trade.

The steward or butler, when they enter on their offices, ascertain through report, or by actual observation and experiment on their masters, how far they may venture to proceed in raising the price of the commodities consumed in the house; in other words, with what degree of vigilance or carelessness the domestic concerns are scanned by their employers. Hence there are situations which among themselves they speak of as 5 per cent up to 20 per cent places. A man having one or two thousand pounds to lay out in the purchase of a business, does not exhibit more circumspection and acumen in inquiry as to the returns and profits of the concern he is negotiating for, than servants do into the gains to be got out of the wealthy families of England. Custom has so brazed the whole fraternity to these nefarious practices, that among themselves they unblushingly boast to each other of the robberies they have committed in their several situations;—as with the common robbers, use has hardened them against all sense of shame and compunctions of conscience. Each class of servants form compacts among themselves, meeting at public-houses, where they discuss the degree of pliancy to which the different tradesmen fall into their views, and the extent to which their masters and mistresses may be plundered. Every morning during the season, at the west end of the town, at certain and well-known public-houses, from five to ten, or more, butlers and stewards hold regular meetings, to partake of a luncheon, and communicate with each other, iterating their schemes and tricks for the general improvement of them all, having a settled determination to oust all tradesmen who will not fall into their views of robbing those who unwittingly place any confidence in them. A few months since, the house-steward of a large family had some differences about discount with the brewer who served the house with beer. The brewer's bill had been standing rather longer than usual, and he thought this a good reason why he should not pay so heavily for the custom. When he told the steward of his determination to deviate from their original bargain, the steward went to another brewer, who advanced the sum to pay the bill due, which enabled him to stop the per centage, and set the other brewer at defiance; at the same time removing the custom of the family to the one who had accommodated him. Stewards and butlers are so much on the alert, that they do not allow a bottle of eau de Cologne or a pot of pomatum to be brought into the family without laying an impost on it. Among tradesmen and servants the understanding has become so general, that in most articles of consumption in a gentleman's house few words are used between them on the subject; they now imagine that the practice is legalised by custom, as some mercantile laws have been made by the custom and usage of merchants.

They are, however, not satisfied with their discounts; but they must have another profit—that is, overcharges on the bills. For instance, in the last case of the brewer, it was an understanding that on every seven barrels of beer brought to the house, one more should be put into the bill than actually had been consumed, so that eight would be paid for by the master, the steward pocketing the price of the extra one. This principle is acted on throughout all their dealings. Lord K——ton, observing very high prices charged in his bill for fish, bethought himself that he might as well inquire the price of fish at the shops. Stopping one morning at G—e's in Bond Street, he asked the price of fish similar in quality to that which came to his own table, and was surprised that it was one-third less than the charges in his own bills. On asking for an explanation, he was told that it just made that difference when it passed through the intermediate hands of the steward or butler, and that of going direct through his own. Mr. L*****, a wine-merchant of high respectability, residing near the newly erected column, has been in business many years, but never would condescend to connive or collude with servants in playing any unfair tricks. Families who have known his character, and the quality of his wines, have dealt with him for forty years, and have never had a bad bottle of wine from him; but his difficulties in retaining a good name for wines have been

many, owing to the war carried on against him by the butlers. In one instance, Mr. L—— was introduced to Lord E**** to serve him with wine. His first supply was highly approved; but very shortly afterwards every bottle of wine brought to his lordship's table was found to be of an inferior quality. Mr. L—— having refused to comply with the butler's demand of sharing the profits with him, he (the butler) took special care that all the bad wine in the cellar, as he decanted it, and placed it on the table, should bear the name of Mr. L.'s wine, while his own good wine was passed off on his lordship as being sent in by a wine-merchant who made handsome and proper allowances; in fact, as the servants express it, *one who did business like a tradesman*. The result of this baseness was, that Mr. L—— lost the custom, while the butler retained his place. It really does appear, in innumerable cases, that some gentlemen seem to have a pleasure in being led by the nose by their favourite servant or servants, or a very small effort of resolution, and a little cost of time, would put a stop to this system of robbery, so destructive to the moral welfare of the state.

The following anecdote, which was told me a few days since by my own tailor, shews the animus of these men. A gentleman, in Regent's Park, taking a fancy to some patterns in the tailor's shop-window, went in and ordered a suit of clothes, although he had not dealt there before. When the garments were brought home, they were approved and paid for. As the tailor was making his exit through the hall, the butler accosted him and demanded the usual per centage, which the tradesman refused, stating that the articles were made for ready money on the lowest terms, and that his profits would not admit of any deductions. "Very well," said the butler, "I'll take care that you bring no more of your rubbishing cloth to this house." A few days subsequently to this threat, the gentleman called on the tailor to complain that the cloth was damaged, as it had given way in several places, as if the fabric of it were rotten. The tailor, on examination, found that it had all the appearance of having been pulled with great violence in several places to effect slight rents in it; and he succeeded in convincing the gentleman of the soundness of the cloth, and that unfair play had been resorted to—informing him, at the same time, of the butler's threat, because he would not submit to extortion.

One of the most honest, respectable, and independent-spirited retired tradesmen which this metropolis can boast of, relates, among many similar anecdotes, the following. A customer stepping out of his carriage one morning, with a newly-made coat on his arm, throwing it on the counter violently, complained that it was made of such coarse cloth that it was a disgrace to the shop. The tailor very coolly took down the piece from which it had been made, and shewed his customer that the cloth was made of the very first-rate superfine Saxon wool. "Well," said the gentleman, "the cloth and the coat are unlike." "Yes," rejoined the tailor, "because your servant, now standing behind the carriage, has taken a shoe-brush and laboured with all his might to raise up the wool the contrary way of the cloth, like 'quills upon the fretful porcupine;' and if you will call him in, I will make the rascal confess his guilt:" continuing, "last week he wanted me to make a coat for himself, and lay it on your account; he then demanded two guineas, and subsequently one; all of which I refused to comply with, telling him I never joined in any species of robbery." The gentleman, however, declined any examination of his servant; and although the tailor carried his forbearance so far as to make another coat instead of the one spoilt, the gentleman removed his future orders to another shop. Such is the encouragement given to honesty!

Many butlers and stewards, in large families, have adopted the plan of becoming tradesmen themselves. As their avocations will not admit of their managing a business entirely themselves, they join in partnership with other individuals, and force a trade by calling on all persons with whom their masters deal to return the favour of buying goods of them. The better to accomplish this object, they generally trade in articles of common use, by dealing in wines and spirits, or coals, &c. So that, while they are in servitude, they have the tact to prepare a retreat, should their practices at any time occasion them loss of place, and also that of character, by which they may be excluded from other situations. The

writer of this article can at this moment point out many firms at the west end of the town so constituted; capitals having been advanced by servants to carry on the trade, and which capitals have been obtained in the way above described. Most servants are ambitious of embarking in business as soon as they can collect together enough money to enable them to do so. This desire is probably much increased, under a notion they have that the profits of tradesmen are enormous, from the allowances made to them; and that if they push their business more vigorously, and allow greater discounts, they shall monopolise the trade. One man who resides in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, after making some money in his situation of butler, went into business, but failed. He again procured a situation in a family, made money, and once more commenced tradesman, and again failed. He was, however, fortunate enough a third time to procure a place in a large family, where in a very few years he *saved* money sufficient to enable him to open his present shop, where he is now said to be doing well. Many similar instances might be adduced, exemplifying the great facilities some servants in large families have of making money. Now, what a state of society is this, wherein every man having property, and requiring a suite of servants, must necessarily harbour a set of rogues in his house, and that the honest tradesmen, as we were wont to style our shopkeepers, should so very generally consent to become partners in crime! If matters are allowed to progress in the manner they are now going on, there will in a short time be no virtue extant. It is a national and a humiliating reflection, that, more or less, some species of delinquency pervades almost every class of society in the present day. But shall no effort be made to cleanse and purge this perilous stuff out of the common bosom?

If dishonesty be the natural result of refinement, we had better retrace our steps, and cease to educate. Virtue, with rough and blunt manners, will save a man's soul from perdition; but vice and robbery, however garnished with refinement of manners, will not pass at the great judgment-seat. If the laxity of principle, so conspicuous in this age, arises out of the present constitution of society and form of government, let us return to the feudal system of ruling the people. Slavery, as it was falsely called, under the barons did preserve the morals of the people somewhat more pure than our modern liberty governments. The nobility, who are the sufferers in a pecuniary way from the dishonesty of servants, have, however, themselves in a great measure to blame. The progress of civilisation and refinement has created so many erroneous and absurd notions of what are real comforts, and generated so many false wants, that they have no time to look after the domestic or moral economy of their families,—a duty, I apprehend, which their situations in life impose on them, and one which they will have to account for hereafter. They have also annihilated the honest and hard-working peasantry, whence the old English families drew their faithful attendants. Simple and honest men will no longer suit them—they are boors. Our nobility must have their menials all gentlemanised; and therefore it is that they seek them in London, where a vicious and corrupt mode of bringing them up qualifies them for subserviency, hypocrisy, and roguery in all its branches. The habits and tastes of the employers of servants are no longer adapted to simplicity in domestics; all the concomitants of their existence is based on artificials. If the men immediately about their persons are not as well dressed as themselves, and able to mimic some of their own manners, they are no longer good servants; and if any others approach them, the whole family go into hysterics. Since every gentle is become a Jack, every Jack is become a gentle.

It is true that the possessors of money have a right to make themselves as ridiculous as they please, and to squander their property on servants, or whom they may; but let them remember, that they have no right to do any thing which is harmful to society. Their own fopperies and follies may be passed over, when there is a fortune to support them; but when their extravagance and thoughtlessness engender bad principles, and encourage those about their persons, and others engaged in their household, to become criminal, their conduct is no longer a private, but a public and a national question. And one of no small importance is it. Consider what a large body of servants

there are in London only, and that the exceptions of honesty among them are so rare as not to be worthy of notice. Readers, do not imagine that this opinion is given hastily, or without data to justify the statement; nor is it written in spleen. It is a truth — a most lamentable truth — that old servants in gentlemen's families, who have the character of being most faithful and honest, in nine cases out of ten have systematically been robbing their masters from the first hour they came into the family. There is no butler in London who has not an intimate friend in a publican. This a fact, and the inference is obvious: it is the butler's market where he can vend his goods — wine and spirits — under the name of perquisites; every dozen of wine which is sent is the bottom of a pipe, which he (the butler) has run through the straining-bag, and which is his, by custom, in every family. If the consumption of wine in a family be very great, of course the peculation can be extended in proportion; and wine goes out of the cellar every week under the name of *bottoms*. Mr. T*****, a celebrated butcher at Charing Cross, who was in business many years, said, before his decease, that in all his great experience he never knew but one cook and one housekeeper whom he could not have placed under a sentence of death or transportation, if he had developed to the world their tricks and roguery. He also added, that in two cases the dishonesty of stewards was carried to so great an extent, that he felt it his duty to inform his customers of their conduct; in both cases, however, he was discourteously treated, and even reprimanded for interfering with their servants.

No man of any experience in the world, having eyes and understanding, can doubt but that the nobility are robbed and cheated by their servants to an enormous extent; and that there is no other class but that of servants (excepting only the public and open delinquents) among which general and systematic robbery is carried on from day to day uninterruptedly. If the question and the mischief were merely between master and servant, and ended with the servant daily, through a long servitude, putting his hand into his master's pocket and taking out money, which he conveyed to his own, the public would not in any way be damnified. I should say, let those who have money to lose take care of it; and if the gentry like to be served by pale-faced knaves and villains, who have been bred in stews, in preference to honest and healthy countrymen, why let them: and let them also suffer for it. But it is not directly so done; an immense body of other members of society are brought in as auxiliaries, and to share the ill-gotten plunder. The servants take no money from their masters, but through the agency and culpability of others. First, there are the tradesmen, who, in a measure, are compelled to submit to be vile tools in the servants' hands for robbing their masters. The great extent to which this practice is carried on, is a disgrace to the London tradesmen as a body; if they reflect, they must be ashamed of the furtive nature of their dealings, although, individually, no one can emancipate himself from the thraldom in which this species of trade involves him. Secondly, there are a large body of persons engaged in buying every description of property which servants have to dispose of, whether honestly or dishonestly obtained. These persons call themselves wardrobe-keepers; and under the specious pretext of purchasing the left-off clothes given to valets and ladies' maids, they become the most flagrant and notorious receivers of stolen property in London. I say stolen property; for there is not an article which is used in a family but may be purchased of them, and which they have received from servants, with a knowledge that they never could be obtained by fair means; — mops, brooms, brushes, tubs, pails, fire-irons, kitchen utensils of all kinds, pens, paper, cards, &c. &c.: in short, all articles used in a family, besides clothes and boots and shoes, are to be found in these stores. The way these articles are procured is nothing short of direct robbery. The servants in their several departments demand, and obtain from the tradesmen, double the number of articles needed for the use of the house, so that they may have one half to dispose of for themselves; or a fresh supply is laid in by connivance before the last stock is much worn: they then sell the old, or new ones, as they think proper. To enumerate all the articles of plunder found in these receptacles will be unnecessary; suffice it to say, that all housekeepers in middle

life may purchase every thing they want, as articles of furniture or of consumption, at these places: and but too many do so direct from the servants themselves. In common life, an acquaintance with a housekeeper is considered a great piece of policy, as through them grocery, confectionery, oils, pickles, &c. &c., may be had at reduced prices. Thus are a mass of persons drawn partially or wholly into crime, by the temptations held out by servants to buy articles at a reduced price.

Cooks.—Sometimes the situations of cook and house-steward are combined. Cooks in large families have great opportunities of making money, but the paymaster-general of the household (be the office vested in whose hands it may) is the only one who makes any money of consideration in a short time; although every subordinate in the establishment, according to the opportunities afforded them, are all engaged in laying on overcharges, or in cheatery of some kind, from the stable-man, with his brushes, combs, sponges, and oil, to the great paymaster of whom I have been treating.

> " In this *genteel* family, plainly we find
> A little epitome of human kind;
> Where down to the beggar, up to the great man,
> Each gentleman cheats you no more than he can.
> Sing tantara, rogues all."

However the cook may be situated as regards the payment of his own bills, he will contrive to make many profits out of the kitchen. It is impossible to estimate accurately the precise quantity of any commodity consumed in a kitchen where expensive cookery is going on. Condiments of all kinds are demanded, and supplied in double proportion to the actual consumption: sauces, curry-powder, bottles of cayenne, &c. &c., besides wines which are never used, are all little pickings, and convertible into money, through their connexion with those who were formerly servants, and now keep public-houses, or are embarked in other trades. The butcher and the cook are sworn friends, and manage matters pretty well together. In one instance a man-cook, who has always been employed in large metropolitan families of consequence, having himself a wife and ten children, never yet paid one farthing for butcher's meat, although he has a daily supply sent direct to his own house from the butcher; that is to say, the cook's wife or servant orders every day such meat as she chooses, or wants for her family table. This is done by the cook and butcher incorporating the cook's bill for his own week's meat into the account of his master, distributing it through the general bill, a joint or two a day, as circumstances permit them. Sometimes this cannot be done in a month — the family may be out of town, or have but little company, &c.; the arrangement is then deferred until an opportunity offers itself: in the end, however, the cook's bill is all absorbed by his master's, and at the same time liquidated, and from the same purse too. The cook generally calculates that he can, with the butcher's help, make his master pay for three pounds or three pounds and a half per head per day, for all in the family; whilst one pound and a quarter, on an average, would be a liberal allowance for butcher's meat, considering the varieties of other edible commodities which go to a great man's table. On every article the cook buys he lays a profit, and demands a bill to be made out for an extra quantity; which surplus charge he pockets.

At the house of a certain great political earl, whose station occasions him to reside in Westminster, as all his predecessors have done before him, there is a French cook, and also a French pastry-cook: the cook uses charcoal for his stoves, and it is ordered from a man in the neighbourhood, who, a few days since, took in his bill for seven sacks at eight shillings per sack; when the cook desired him to go back and make a fresh bill for eight sacks instead of seven, and to charge such a price as would enable him (the charcoal-man) to allow the cook a shilling profit on each sack, besides the one overcharged. The Frenchman's orders were given openly and peremptorily, which shews how generally the practice is carried on, and how regardless they are of its being known among the other servants. This fact the charcoal-man is ready and willing to attest, as he has already mentioned the circumstance to several persons. I, however, hereby inform Monsieur, and all others whom it may concern, that he that day, in his conduct with the charcoal-man at Westminster, committed a felony for which

he is now liable to be transported for fourteen years. The overcharge of one sack is an act of embezzlement of the price paid for it. Is it not extraordinary that our legislators should so rigidly enact and enforce laws against the half-starving poor man who commits an offence, and pass over the delinquents in their own families, whom they pay well for their services? It would seem as if every act done in a great man's house was venial, but that of all deeds committed out of them account must be rendered; it is a sinistrous policy to make these distinctions in society. The reformers of a nation are not more than other men released from their domestic and individual duties; they are bound to reform their own establishments, and are conservatives of the virtue of their own houses, as well as that of the public at large. I know not whether I have made myself sufficiently understood as to the family this transaction occurred in, and shall only add that the anecdote is founded on fact, and can be established beyond controversy, should it meet the eye of the illustrious individual at the head of [*his*] affairs.

It may be asked, how these things are to be avoided? a gentleman cannot weigh his own meat, or count his bottles of wine when they are brought into his cellar, or when they come out of it. Besides, were it possible to obtain a *maître d'hôtel* of honesty to superintend the concerns of a large family, there would be a combination of all the other servants against him; and with the phalanx of a whole suite of servants determined to plunder, he would not stand much better chance than the principal himself. Nothing but a law against the practice, rendering it penal on the part of the tradesmen and servants to connive for the gain of one penny out of their employer's pocket, can stem the torrent of the evil. In a small family, if an honest man or woman can be found, they are great prizes, as they can cast a superintending eye over the whole establishment, and effect great comfort, combined with economy. But such domestics now-a-days are "like angels' visits, few and far between."

One nobleman, Lord S——, says, there is not such an animal in nature as an honest servant. He is immensely rich, and, being resolved to remain so, he keeps every thing under his own lock and key, and with the eyes of Argus, or that of a lynx, watches every movement of his household. When in lodgings in town (his lordship keeps no town-house), like a prudent man, he has his wine in by the dozen or half-dozen. On his departure for the country, he carefully locks up any remanets in his own trunk, to be transmitted to his depôt at the country mansion-house; when at home, he every evening at dusk causes the park-gates, and every outer door of the house, to be locked, and the keys brought into his own custody, that no stranger may visit the servants without his knowledge. The estate abounds with game, much of which is sent to town during the season, every basket of which he himself sees packed and securely fastened; and — but it is unnecessary to add more traits of caution exhibited by this nobleman; enough has already been said to prove that he is, being a man of fortune, an extraordinary instance of prudence and penetration. These things are not imparted to the world invidiously; no, the object is to inform the said nobleman, and others interested in the conduct of servants, that, if all could be told them, Lord S——h, notwithstand- all his vigilance, is not one whit better off than his compeers, as regards the depredations of his servants. His lordship is but one, who has drilled himself into habits of economy, opposed to a number brought up from infancy in dishonest habits; he cannot, therefore, against such opponents be but worsted in the conflict; particularly as the household make his lordship's prudence an excuse for combining to plunder him, and of informing the new servants, under the many changes which take place, how they may do the same.

Cooks make a great profit of *glaze*,—that is, the essence or gelatine of meat, procured by the process of drawing, in a close vessel over a fire, after the manner of braising meat; when properly prepared, it is a substance not unlike caoutchouc, being nearly of the same consistence, although not, as that is, elastic: it is useful in all families for gravies and soups, and will keep for an almost indefinite length of time. Under the pretext of preparing this article for the use of the family, extra supplies of meat are ordered from the butcher to make it in

greater quantities than needed Ten pounds weight of this nutritious substance is not unfrequently brought from one kitchen in a day, to be sold, through the cook's agents, at six shillings per pound. The regular price at the Italian warehouses is from ten shillings to twelve shillings per pound.

Valets. — The whimsicalities and extravagances of many masters in high life, together with the total absence of thoughtfulness in some young men of fortune, throws a wide door open for the exercise of the tricks and impositions of this species of servant; but it is not possible in a paper of this nature to enumerate one-hundredth part of them. Those who are with single men augment the bills in the same manner as stewards, otherwise they confine themselves to their masters' personal articles of consumption. It is their policy to represent to the tailor, bootmaker, &c., what a fantastical man their master is, and how nothing satisfies him; and but for their (the valet's) influence he would the other day have removed his custom; by these means they obtain allowances, or a *douceur* in money, besides clothes, &c. &c If they are in the service of a careless man, they commit sad depredations on the wardrobe, when it is left to their sole management; they keep articles of wear out of sight, till the recollection of them is lost, and then they can appropriate them to their own uses. They tear down the backs and pull off the strings of waistcoats, to give them the appearance of being old, and only fit to be cast aside. They have also a trick of using pumice-stone to the seams of trousers and other garments, and which they do only in certain places, that they may shew them up as becoming shabby, before they are actually much worn. They frequently, with a bit of twisted paper well greased, and lighted by the candle, burn a small hole in a new boot or shoe, through the upper-leather, after which they know the boot or shoe will not be worn, although it is not deteriorated in value for the wear of persons among the middle classes, to whom it is to be sold. They scrape with a knife the wristbands and collars of shirts at the edges, to make them look old and fretted out, that they may possess them, when a new wristband is easily added. In fine, it is all their study to promote extravagance, by these and other means well known, but for which I have not space here. Many valets by these means are now making from 500*l.* to 700*l.* per annum. The Duke of P******d, a short time since, being out for a walk towards Westminster, called into Mr. P****t's, the snuff-seller, to pay his bill. His grace being a man of very modest and unostentatious manners, the snuff-man had not the slightest idea that he had a duke in his shop, taking him for the valet; he therefore thanked him for bringing the amount of the bill; and, as some acknowledgment is always made on these occasions, he handed the duke a snuff-box of a value commensurate to a liberal discount on the amount of the bill, which the duke, laughing in his sleeve, composedly put into his pocket, and walked out of the shop. When travelling with their masters, at each stage valets have an eye to the little pickings-up on the road, by overcharges on every occasion of expenditure, if the money to pay the same passes through their hands, which it does in about half the number of cases. The great tact in a valet is to avail himself of his master's moments of folly and inconsiderateness, or when he discovers him *in nubibus*, from dissipation, or infatuation for some earthly angel; any thing may be done at these times,—" master recollects nothing." This is the harvest-time, and, although inhabitants of the north temperate zone, our English valets often have two or three in a season, if not one which continues the whole year. Our nobility are not deficient in dignity, pride, or spirit; how is it then, I ask, that they are so patient under the misconduct of their servants? I fear it is indolence. Valets never fail to re-make out the laundress's bill, increasing the charges about 2*s.* 6*d.* off every 10*s.*, or more, as they judge it can pass without notice or comment. There is one man who was a valet, but who subsequently became managing man in an hotel in the immediate neighbourhood of Oxford Street, near which he now himself carries on a similar concern. The man to whom I allude has created much astonishment among the west-end tradesmen, at his extraordinary rapid success, having in a short time, without any apparent means, become the proprietor of a first-rate and topping hotel. It has, however, been done by low cunning — a quality he possesses be-

'yond all comparison, although, otherwise an ignoramus. He now, exulting among his neighbours, boasts of the many tricks by which he obtained money to place himself in the situation he at present occupies. It is a maxim of his, that if a servant can have one good master, he never ought to want another (by which he means, one thoughtless and extravagant master). On one occasion, when he had a collection of them at the hotel where he was servant, he said that he made short and sure work of it,— the washing-bills being one of his means. In the season sometimes there would be laundress's bills delivered to the house in one day to the amount of thirty pounds, for the washing of linen for those who were sojourning for a time at the hotel: each particular bill he invariably altered after the rate of an increase of from twenty to twenty-five per cent; so that he realised, in this little way as he calls it, from 6*l.* to 7*l.* in one day; at the same time remonstrating with the laundress on the exorbitancy of her charges, and expatiating on the dissatisfaction of the gentlemen on the same; thus cutting the labourer down as low, while he made the gentlemen pay as high, as possible,— pursuing the same system in every little bill he had to pay for the gentlemen, and every article he was either employed to order or purchase. If we reflect on this man's rise, it is not now so much a matter of surprise, when we consider the means he had, and the method he adopted to accomplish his end. Remember he was *factotum* in a large establishment, visited by the *élite* of fashion and extravagance. Suppose then there were, on an average, only twenty customers in the hotel, and he made but 5*s.* per day out of each individual surreptitiously; this would be 5*l.* each day, or 35*l.* per week, and 1820*l.* per annum, independently of his lawful gains and presents. But hotels are not filled all the year, it will be said, nor will every day bring a bill to pay of which the servant can avail himself. True; but when all other modes by which they obtain money are taken into account, and which cannot be brought into this paper, I have well-grounded proofs that in this particular instance the statement is not overcharged. Let us, however, suppose it to be but half the amount, he will then, together with the other emoluments of his situation, have got upwards of 1000*l.* per annum by his knavery; while honest men are starving, and otherwise degraded by poverty. Valets have their own houses of resort, to which is invariably attached a dealer in wardrobes, who is ever on the spot to purchase and remove any article brought to him for sale. Cads, or porters, are also appendages to these houses. A valet, when he has many letters or messages to deliver for his master, generally sojourns to this place of rendezvous to enjoy himself, whilst the poor slave of a porter goes of his errands for a crust and a sup of beer.

Housekeepers.—In middling families of quality where a female takes charge of the whole household affairs, her emoluments and means of aggrandisement are the same as the steward in large houses, allowance being made for the difference of expenditure in the families; but housekeepers in the first-rate situations have a walk of business unconnected with marketing for culinary articles. They are like the superintendents in the police force: it is their business to see that the subordinates do their duty, and that the house is kept in proper cleanliness and order; besides taking charge of the linen and some particular kind of stores, the nature of which differ almost in every house. It is enough to state, that none of these matrons, if they stay for any length of time in a place, come away with an empty purse. I knew one who was housekeeper and lady's-maid to a dowager lady of title, with whom she lived many years. During her servitude she educated her daughter in an expensive manner, and on her marriage with a tradesman gave a handsome dower, and as much table and family linen as it is said will last the parties and their posterity for three generations to come. She is now no more, and is said to have died rich; and this I the more readily credit, as her relatives in her old age (a state not much ameliorated by the sweetness of her temper) paid her marked attention. She lived with her mistress until her (the lady's) death, who, in her progress to the grave, passed through a stage of dotage and imbecility; the servant was possessed of much stultiloquence, in the course of which she never failed to introduce subjects appertaining to the sinfulness and roguery of the world, saying, " Now

there's your ladyship's last set of chemises—I declare that they are all going; they don't make things as they use to do; and there's that *kimmicol* and filthy *hassid* bleach, I'm sure it's all owing to that cheating; look here your ladyship! See it's as thin under the arm as a bit of silver paper," shewing up a chemise which she had scraped for the purpose; "and then there's those last set of damask table-cloths and napkins, they are all as bad." "Well," her ladyship would say, "if that is the case, let me have a new set, and go to market yourself for them; you had better remove the others out of the way; I do not like shabby linen in my wardrobe." In this way the housekeeper, like a double-edged sword, cut both ways; she obtained the old, or rather the new, stock of linen, for she took care there never should be any old in the house, and she got her *trifle* of profit on that last purchased. The conduct of this woman and her history as a servant, I am informed by those who knew her well, would make a book of somewhat more interest to the nobility than E. L. Bulwer's novels. She made it a regular practice to curtail the wax candles of their fair proportion by cutting off two or three inches from the bottom, saying her ladyship did not like to have the candles so far from her eyes: not even the milk-score escaped her, out of which she made a few shillings per week; and so with every article which came into the house; and yet her ladyship quitted the world in a full persuasion that she had been blessed with a faithful servant!

The wealthy, in consequence of their education and self-complacency, think it not needful to study any more of life than they see in their own immediate walk, and are thereby rendered the most open class of the community to cheatery and hypocrisy; and for the same reason it is, that when a rich man determines to take his affairs into his own hands and deal with his tradesmen himself, he generally disgusts them by his acts of meanness, running into the opposite extreme, for want of a knowledge of the real affairs of life. A gentleman of rank and property, by some accident knew a woman whom he considered worthy of employment, and she obtained the family washing, which was executed for a long time to their satisfaction, till one of the thorough-bred town housekeepers came to manage the affairs of the house, who soon informed the laundress, that unless she consented to wash for herself and daughter, and to include the same in her master's bills, that she should remove the work to another person. This proposition the washerwoman positively refused to comply with upon grounds of principle, at the same time relying on the good opinion the gentleman himself had of her; the housekeeper, in consequence, when the linen came into her hands tumbled and tossed it about, and then complained from week to week that the work was badly executed, until she succeeded in ousting the laundress. The poor woman wrote to the gentleman, and explained the circumstance, informing him that the housekeeper had gone so far as to acknowledge what she had done, with a view of bringing the woman to comply with her dishonest proposal; yet this gentleman refused to investigate the affair. Such is the influence that those who study great folks have over them!

Ladies' maids have much the same routine of business to perform for their ladies as valets have for their gentlemen, to obtain gifts of dresses, &c. &c.; but the opportunities for positive robbery are not so many as among the latter, and, generally speaking, they are now the most virtuous and honest class of servants; a large portion of them coming from tradesmen's families of respectability. The following anecdote, the particulars of which occurred about eighteen months since, tells more against the tradesman than the lady's-maid. A lady of rank was about to be married to a gentleman of fortune. Certain tradesmen, who are always on the look-out for business, knowing that the maid had a more than ordinary influence and control over her lady's mind, applied to her to be recommended, first to the lady, and through her to the gentleman whom she intended to marry, as persons fit to be employed to furnish their house. It happened that the maid also was about to be married to a master baker: the tradesmen therefore proposed, that if she (the maid) could obtain them the order for her mistress's furniture, they together would furnish her intended husband's house gratis. And this they actually did, at a cost of upwards of 400*l.*, being probably equal to an allowance of six or seven per cent on the order they obtained through the maid's influence.

"This, in the competition of trade, it is said is all fair; but I hold that, when a tradesman receives an order for goods (particularly a large quantity of furniture), the customer places himself in the hands of the man in full confidence that his order will be executed on fair and business-like terms, and that he shall be called upon to pay only such a price as may be justified on the general principles of trade, any deviation from which is robbery: but when six or seven per cent is laid on by the *employées*, for the purpose of handing over to a third person, a crime is committed which ought to be punished by the laws of every state. Nor can such practices be too generally made known; the congruities of society have been destroyed by them: each man justifies his own *lâches* of moral conduct by referring to those of his neighbour, and none are ashamed.

As the whole life of a servant in great families is spent in chicanery, hypocrisy, and trickery—and as vast numbers of these rise into trade—and again, as all have, more or less, daily transactions with the middling tradesmen, of a tendency to corrupt the heart and debase the morals, the venal and tortuous ways of man in the present day, or that all should become sophists, cannot excite surprise in the mind of any one who takes a serious but luminous and comprehensive view of the present state of society. Those who possess money possess influence; in a moral point, therefore, it is desirable that wealth and principle should bear each other company. Happy would it be for men if they were all so situated in life, that although their passions prompted them to be wicked, yet they could see that interest dictated the advantage of honesty. Virtue is doubtless the fundamental rule for the happiness of all; but the custom of paying servants indirectly more than directly, puts them on the alert to snatch at all within their reach; their principles are early vitiated, and the whole of their masters' property they are taught to consider as flotson, when it conveniently comes within their grasp. What I mean by indirect payment is, the custom of allowing servants to appropriate certain articles in the family to their own use, when fashion, or the love of change, brings them into disuse. It would be better if they were paid in full, according to their situations; or that all the articles cast aside in a family should be collected together, and every year disposed of in a lump for the benefit of them all, under a rule laid down. And let the gentry punish any servant who takes one article off the premises for sale, contrary to the arrangement. The object is to confine them to their duties, and to make them satisfied with a payment in money for their services, and to suppress all kinds of peculation. If this can be accomplished, there is no reason why servants should not be as honest and moral a class as any other. As matters stand, the account given of them in this paper is a history—*no fable*. The rich have superfluities which ought to be made useful, not mischievous to the state; their appropriation to the uses of the poor would be a better application of them, than in corrupting the morals and in promoting habits of profligacy in those who, from want of education, once set going on the wrong road, know no rules of conscience or self-denial.

If the limits of this paper would permit, there is much to be said upon the subject of wages given to household servants. They are paid too highly. A payment proportionate to their labours, as compared with the earnings of the useful classes generally, would tend much to improve their character and services.

OLD ENGLISH POLITICAL SONGS.*

We chanced lately to take up the reprint, "with additions and corrections," of Ritson's *Ancient Songs*. Ritson's editors have in general discovered, that "even in his works" these (the corrections, &c.) cannot always be dispensed with; and, certainly, if any one of them more than the rest stands in need of a bold and skilful editor—one who can and will alter and correct, and that freely, nay, add to and subtract from them also—it is his collection of ancient songs. We love, gentle reader, these remains of our forefathers; we love to read in them of their true English hospitality, their festivity, and jollity; we cherish fondly the memory of those brave men who raised and supported England's glory—peace be with their spirits!—and nothing do we love better than the song that was chanted at their festive "borde," or some "ryght newe and merie balade," setting forth in due order and "goodlie" rhymes the valorous "gestes" of our countrymen, or the true loves of our fair countrywomen. They are rude and simple—some of them, at least; but we love even their simplicity and artlessness, and we cordially join with our honest old friend Izaak Walton, in saying of many of them, "They are old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good." We hail, therefore, with joy such publications as the present, when they are pleasantly garnished for us—when they are dressed up in palatable style, not choked and buried in the pedantry of antiquarianism, nor yet served to us bare and dry, without an illustration to make them grateful either to the eye or the taste. But if Ritson want correction, what shall we say to Mr. Hartshorne?

By comparing our own collations (for we confess we have not collated all the volumes of "Ancient Metrical Tales" ourselves) with those of others, we think we may perhaps venture to say thus much in Mr. Hartshorne's favour—that the average, speaking in round numbers, is not more than twelve errors to the page.† We should conjecture, from the tone of the preface—not a very long one i' faith—that Hartshorne wished all faults to be laid to the score of his idleness, rather than his ignorance. Idle enough he is; indeed we doubt whether he took the trouble to look at his proof-sheets. Of course, we could not expect a glossary from him. Not content, however, with this, he has conceived the wicked design of persuading other people to follow his example, telling them that glossaries are a very useless kind of things. "To the reader," he says, "already initiated into these *mysteries*, such helps would be unnecessary; whilst the wants or the *complaints* (!) of those who are but beginning to tread in the 'primrose path' may be answered [kind-hearted man!] in the words of Sir Philip Sidney: 'that there are *many mysteries* [old words, &c. Hartshorne is talking of] contained in poetry, which *of purpose were written darkly* (?), lest by prophane wits it should be abused.'" Now we really suspect that this was intended to have a meaning: we con-

* Ancient Songs and Ballads, from the Reign of King Henry the Second to the Revolution. Collected by Joseph Ritson, Esq. In 2 vols. London; printed for Payne and Foss, Pall Mall. 1829.

Ancient Metrical Tales: printed chiefly from Original Sources. Edited by the Rev. Charles Henry Hartshorne, M.A. London; William Pickering. 1829.

Robin Hood: a Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads, now extant relative to that celebrated English Outlaw. To which are prefixed Historical Anecdotes of his Life, by Joseph Ritson, Esq. Second edition. Two vols. London; William Pickering. 1832.

Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, from Authentic Manuscripts and old printed Copies. By Joseph Ritson, Esq. Second edition, adorned with Cuts. London; William Pickering. 1833.

† We perhaps speak too favourably of the *Ancient Metrical Tales*. Hartshorne will, no doubt, be astonished when we inform him, that from a careful collation of the first poem in his volume, the romance of Athelstone, which consists of about six hundred lines, it appears that he has made in it two or three hundred mistakes; of which six or seven are the omission of whole lines, not a few omissions of words, and the rest such errors as these: "As it wes here *yfynde*," instead of "as it wes here *kynde*" (v. 15); "They swoor hem weddyd brethryn for *every man*," instead of "*for ever mar*" (v. 23).

fess we are in the dark as to what that may be, though we have an idea that it amounts to something like this: that our forefathers—Heaven forgive them! —wrote in old English out of pure malice, that we, their unworthy descendants (Mr. Hartshorne among the rest), might not understand them. Hartshorne's mode of proceeding puts us in mind of giving a stone to one who asks for a loaf. However, "give a lazie clerke a lean fee," is an old saying, "ryght pythylie" set forth by Mistris Elizabeth Grymston, in the year of grace one thousand six hundred and four.

But we have not done with Hartshorne yet. We think we can find a more satisfactory excuse for him than he has himself given, for withholding a glossary. To the poem of "Piers of Ffulham," in this volume, he has added some glossarial notes, as a specimen of "the editor's plan of illustration" when he first began the collection.* These notes occupy fourteen pages of small print, the poem itself filling seventeen pages. We have in the first two far-fetched quotations, to no purpose at all that we can discover; the second note illustrates the singular fact that an eel is a slippery fish, with sundry trite observations on old luxuries subjoined, pillaged, we suspect, from Hone's *Every-Day Book*, or some similar publication. The next three notes illustrate the words *queasy*, *excuse*, and *stew*, which latter is shrewdly conjectured, on the faith of three or four quotations, to mean sometimes a *brothel*. We have then a full page of quotations to prove that *to be ware* (not, as Hartshorne has it, *to ware*) signifies *to beware*. Next it is inferred, from a passage in *Gammer Gurton's Neele*, that eels (which is odd enough) were formerly considered to be a dainty dish. After this we have upwards of a page to shew that "*lyme twigges*" are "*twigs covered with birdlime*"—"from A.S. lime, *bitumen*, and twig, *ramus*!!" And these notes belong to a poem in which there are several words, which to the general reader need explanation—may easily be explained—and yet are not explained. Gentle reader, verily we have good need to thank our editor for not giving us a glossary.

But to return from this digression. Ritson frequently complains of others for their want of exactness in expressing themselves, but he is not altogether free from the same fault; the following passage, the conclusion of his "Dissertation on Ancient Song and Music," may be given as an example.

"An ingenious Frenchman," says he, "has projected the history of his country by a chronological series of songs and ballads; and the multitude of MSS. and printed collections preserved in the royal library, or otherwise attainable, would leave a diligent compiler at no loss for materials. A history of England of this sort, would be no less interesting or delightful; but the task is impossible. * * With respect to the collection now produced, there is scarce a public library which has not been explored, in order to furnish materials for it. Its contents, indeed, are far from numerous; a defect, if it be one, which neither zeal nor industry has been able to remedy."

In what Ritson imagined the impossibility of such an undertaking to consist, is not very clear. Does he mean to say, as the latter part of this paragraph would lead us to conjecture, that *he* has done every thing that can be done in collecting early English poetry? If so, it is but one of his own vain-glorious boasts, and is therefore unworthy of notice. Does he mean to say that materials for such a work do not exist? If this be his meaning, we deny altogether such lack of materials. Ritson has explored every public library? Why, almost the only manuscripts that he knew any thing about were those in the British Museum; and of the old poetry there he does not appear to have used one-sixth part. The *Metrical Tales*, published by Hartshorne, will give some idea of the abundance of old poetry in the Cambridge libraries for instance; and they are but a part of the libraries in this country which contain valuable collections of ancient MSS. We believe, indeed, that there is in existence old poetry sufficient to form a very abundant illustration of English history, from a comparatively early period; an illustration which would be, as Ritson says, very delightful, and which would throw great light on the motives and

* By the way, Hartshorne, though he makes no little ostentation of his knowledge of the Cambridge libraries, seems never to have suspected that in the public library there is a second copy of "Piers of Ffulham," and also a MS. of "Florice and Blancheflour," which he has given from the Edinburgh MS.

feelings which gave rise to political events.

From notices which frequently occur in our old chronicles, it appears very clearly that, at all periods of English history, songs and ballads were the popular instruments, equally of libel and of praise, of expressing dissatisfaction, as well as of rejoicing. Thus in Fabyan we are told, that on the death of King Henry I. people were divided in their opinions, some praising his good qualities, whilst others were more inclined to censure his faults. "One other," he adds, "made these versys of hym as folowen :

"Kynge Henrye is deade, bewtie of the worlde, for whome is greate dole,
Goddes nowe maken for theyr kinde brother. For he is sole
Mercurius in speche, Marce in battayle, harte stronge Appollo,
Jupyter in hest, egall with Saturne, and enemye to Cupydo.
Kyng he was of ryght, and man of most might, and gloryous in rayning.
And when he left his crowne, then fell honour downe, for mysse of suche a kynge.
Normandye than gan lowre, for losse of theyr floure, and sange wel away,
Englande made mone, and Scotlande dyd grone, for to se that daye."

Songs appear also to have been favourite instruments in raising and organising rebellions. The two lines given by Holinshed and Lambarde, as part of those sung by the Earl of Leicester's rebels in the reign of Henry II.,

"Hoppe Wylikin, hoppe Wyllykin,
Ingland is thyne and myne,"

sound to us very much like the burden of a song. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, also, in the reign of Richard I., the letter of John Ball, given in Holinshed, a copy of which was said to have been found in the pocket of one of the rioters, contains some rude rhymes, such as we may suppose these rustics to have committed to memory as a sort of watchword :

"John Scheepe, S. Marie preest of Yorke, and now of Colchester, greeteth well John Namelesse, and John the Miller, and John Carter, and biddeth them that they beware of guile in Bourrough, and stand togither in Gods name; and biddeth Piers ploughman go to his worke, and chastise well Hob the robber, and take with you John Trewman and all his fellowes, and no mo.

'John the Miller y ground small, small, small;
the kings sonne of heaven shall paie for all.
Beware or yee be wo,
know your freend from your fo,
have inough and saie ho,
and doo well and better, flee sinne,
and seeke peace, and hold you therein,
And so biddeth John Trewman and all his fellowes.'"

On the Scottish borders there would seem to have been kept up a constant warfare with songs and ballads. Fabyan, speaking of the second year of Ed. III. (1327), says:

"In this yere, whiche at this daye was the seconde yere of the Kyng Davyd fore said, the sonne of Robert le Bruze, then kyng of Scottes, maryed vpon the daye of Marye Magdeleine, at the towne of Berwyke, the fornamed Jane, sister vnto the kyng of Englande. But it was not long or the Scottes, in dispite of the Englishe menne, called hir Jane Makepeace. And also to their more derision, thei made diuerse truffes, roundes, and songes, of the whiche one is specially remembred as foloweth :

Long beerdis hartles,
Paynted hoodes coytles,
Gay cottes gracelis,
Maketh Englande thryfteles.

Whiche ryme, as saieth Gvydo, was made by the Scottes, princypally for the deformyte of clothyng that at those dayes was vsed by Englysshe menne."

A few years before this, in 1297, while Edward I. was besieging Berwick, the Scots made this rhyme upon him, as saith Fabyan :

"What wenys Kyng Edward with his long shankes
To have wonne Berwike, all our vnthankes.
Gaas pykes hym,
And when he hath it
Gaas dykes hym."

However, the Scots were beaten in this instance, both with sword and song. Berwick was soon taken, and, shortly after, they suffered a signal discomfiture at Dunbar :

"Wherfore the Englishe menne, in reproche of the Scottes, made this rime folowing :

These scaterand Scottes
Hold wee for sottes
Of wrenches vnware ;
Erly in a mornyng
In an euill tymyng
Came thei to Dunbarre."

We imagine this, too, from the appear-

ance of it, to have been the first stanza of a song.*

We fear that there are very few songs now in existence of an age earlier than the reign of the third Henry, though we have little doubt that a diligent search might bring some to light. With the reigns of Henry III. and the Edwards such poems become much more plentiful, and are (particularly under Edward I.) for their intrinsic merit well deserving of our notice. Few political events seem to have happened at this time which were not thought worthy, at least, of a song. We may instance one. The battle of Lewes, gained by the barons in the reign of Henry, could not fail to raise the hopes of their partisans to the highest pitch; and we have, in a MS. in the Harleian collection, a spirited song, which may be supposed to have been written in the moment of victory. It is altogether a clever and witty performance, and the circumstance of the King of Almaigne having, after the battle was lost, taken refuge in a windmill, which he barricadoed and defended till evening, when he was compelled to surrender, is sarcastically related:

> "The Kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
> He saisede the mulne for a castel,
> With hare sharpe swerdés he grounde the stel,
> He wende that the sayles were mangonel
> To helpe Wyndesore.
>
> The Kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host,
> Makede him a castel of a mulne post,
> Wende with is prude, and is muchele bost,
> Brohte from Alemayne moni sori gost
> To store Wyndesore."

This has been printed by Percy. The battle of Evesham, which followed, and in which Simon de Montfort, the head of the rebellious barons, was slain, gave occasion for other poems; and there is one among the Harleian MSS. in Norman French, made, like the other, by one of De Montfort's partisans, lamenting over the fate of that nobleman, and holding him forth in the light of a martyr. The song on Sir Piers de Birmingham also belongs to the end of this reign, though written some years after; as also, perhaps, the severe satires on the Romish clergy, contained in the MS. from which that song was taken. Among them is a ballad setting forth (and with good reason, as we may gather from Fabyan) the violent and unjust proceedings of the people in power, and applying to them, with much *naïveté*, a fable of the lion (as king) and the wolf, fox, and ass, where the fox by his cunning, and the wolf by his strength and power, are allowed to rob and oppress with impunity, while the simple ass is punished even for his harmlessness.

Of the reign of Edward I. we may mention the ballads against the French and against the Scots, which have been printed from the Harleian MSS. by Ritson; the former of which ends with this denunciation:

> 'Zef the prince of Walis his lyf habbe mote,
> Hit falleth the Kyng of Fraunce bittrore then the sote,
> Bote (*unless*) he the rathere therof welle do bote (*make amendment*)
> Wel sore hit shal hym rewe."

There is also a ballad, or "ditty," as it is called in the catalogue, in the same MS. from which Ritson procured these two songs, complaining much of the great taxes and fees extorted by the king's officers; and a song, partly in French and partly in Latin, in the same volume, accuses the king with leaving England to make war in foreign parts, against the will of his subjects, and of oppressing his people by levying a fifteenth, and taxing their wool, &c.; half of the produce of which taxes did not come into his coffers, but was embezzled by the officers who collected it. Another Norman-French poem is directed against the commission of *traile-baston*, which was issued by Edward I. about 1306, and consequently near the end of his reign. The last stanza informs us how secretly it was written:

* Since writing the above, we have found a Norman-French poem on Edward's Scotch wars, in the public library at Cambridge; in which are inserted several fragments of the English songs made by the contending parties.

> 'Cest rym fust fet al bois, desouz un lorer;
> La chaunte merle, russinole, e cyre lesperver.
> Escrit estoit en perchemyn par mout remembrer;
> E gitte en haut chemyn, que un le dust trover."

Percy has printed, from the same volume, an elegy on the death of Edward I.; in which his loss is bewailed as that of the first knight in Christendom. A Norman-French elegy on the same subject, in the public library at Cambridge, styles him the "father of his country." Fabyan seems to look upon this king Edward with great satisfaction, and gives us two Latin elegies on his death, which he has translated into English, "to the entent that they shulde be had in mynde." One of them, because it is short, we give here:

> "While lyued this kynge,
> By his power all thynge
> Was in good plyghte.
> For gyle was hydde,
> Greate peace was kydde,
> And honeste had myghte."

During the reigns of the first three Edwards indeed, poetry seems to have been much cultivated. The kings carried about with them, when on their military expeditions, chosen poets to celebrate their victories; and we have an excellent specimen of their performances in the spirited poetry of Lawrence Minot, under Edward III., which has been printed from one of the Cotton MSS. by Ritson.

From this time forward we can collect a regular series of poetical attacks on the growing vices of the Romish clergy, till the reformation; and some few poetical pieces by the monks, in their own defence. Of the latter may be instanced the song against the Lollards, printed by Ritson. Of the former, among the earliest are those contained in the Harl. MSS., No. 913. Immediately following these, in respect to date, are those contained in No. 2253 of the same collection; of which one, in Norman-French, which sums up all the vices of the clergy in the qualifications of an imaginary new order—"*l'ordre de bel eyse*"—is extremely amusing.

In the succeeding reign we find some few scattered pieces of a political character, and it is extremely probable that many more may easily be found. To the reign of Richard II. we may refer the subjects of the two ancient ballads of Chevy Chase and Otterbourne, given by Percy, though the ballads themselves are of a later date. Among the MSS. of Corpus College there are one or two copies of verses relating to the insurrections of the peasantry during this reign. One of these, in alternate lines of English and Latin, made by one who at least seems to have favoured the commonalty, is any thing but a rustic composition: it begins thus,—

> "Tax has tenet (*grieved*) us all,
> probat hoc mors tot validorum,
> The kyng therof hade smalle,
> fuit in manibus cupidorum."

The old chronicles give us a most melancholy picture of the dissensions and "frays," as Fabyan calls them, which raged in most of our towns during these ages; and we can scarcely doubt that each town had its own songs and ballads. We shall give an example of one of these, which has been printed from the Cole MSS. by Hartshorne,—a threatening notice that was posted over the door of the mayor of Cambridge (or, as the title has it, *billa posita super hostium majoris*), in the beginning of the fifteenth century; it is worthy in every respect of a modern contested election.

> "Looke out here, Maire, with thie pilled pate
> And see wich a scrowe (*what a scroll*) is set on thie gate,
> Warning the of harde happes,
> For and it lukke thou shalt have swappes:
> Therefore I rede (*counsel*) keepe the at home;
> For thou shalt abey for that is done:
> Or els kest (*cast*) on a coate of mayle;
> Truste well thereto withouten fayle.
> And great Golias Joh Essex
> Shalt have a clowte with my harille axe
> Wherever I may him have.*

* Gentle reader, we would have thee note well, we do not pretend to print *correctly* after Hartshorne's printed exemplar: this word *have* is there printed *hare*;

> And the hosteler Bambo, with his goats beard,
> Once and it happe shall be made afeard,
> So God mote me save.
> And zit (*yet*) with thie catche-poles hope I to mete,
> With a fellow or twayne in the playne streete,
> And her crownes brake:
> And that harlot Hierman, with his calves snowte,
> Of buffets full sekerly (*surely*) shall bern a rowte,
> For his werkes sake,
> And yet shall Hankyn Attibbrigge,
> Full zerne (*eagerly*) for swappes his tayle wrigge,
> And it hap ariht.
> And other knaves all on heape
> Shall take knockes ful good cheape,
> Come once winter niht.
> But nowe I praye to God Almight,
> That whatsoever thou spare,
> That metche (*much*) sorowe to him bediht,
> And evill mote he fare.
> Amen, quoth he that beshrewd the mairs very visage."

In the reign of Henry V. we have a song of rejoicing on the victory at Agincourt, printed by Percy from one of the Pepysian MSS., which, as he observes, has no poetical merits to commend it. The reign of his successor affords us more. We have a sarcastic ballad, exulting over the death of the Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole; and another song, at which Ritson becomes rather fastidious, and turns up his nose. This song, however, which has never been published, is curious, as relating to an important event, and is not deserving of Ritson's sneers. After the first battle of St. Albans, by the mediation of the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, a conference was held between the two adverse parties, the Yorkists and Lancastrians. "By reason whereof," says Fabyan, "a dissimuled unite and concorde betwene theim was concluded. In token and for ioy wherof, the kyng, the quene, and all the said lordes, vpon our Lady daye annunciacion in Lent at Paules wente solemply in procession, and soone after euery lorde departed where his pleasure was." This procession is the subject of the song just mentioned. It describes the joy manifested in the procession, recounts the principal persons who had laboured to bring about peace, and concludes with the praise of London.

> "God preserue hem we pray hertly,
> And London, for thei ful diligently
> Kepten the peas in trowbel and aduersite,
> To bryng in reste thei labured ful truly.
>
> Of thre thynges I praise the worshipful cite,
> The firste the true faithe that thei haue to the kynge,
> The seconde of love to the comynalte,
> The thrid goude rule for euermore kepynge.
>
> The which God maynteyn euermore durynge,
> And save the maier and all the worthi cite,
> And that is amys God bryng to amendynge,
> That Anglond may reioise to concorde and vnite."

It is worthy of remark, as regards the praise thus bestowed on "the worshipful cite," that, after mentioning this procession, Fabyan tells us, in his pleasant gossipping way, "and in the moneth of —— folowyng, was a greate fray in fletestrete, betwene the menne of courte and the inhabitauntes of the said strete, in whiche fraye a gentilmanne beynge the quenes attourney was slaine."

Surely, Ritson had small reason for

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in which mistake we have three charges against him:—1. Not knowing a *v* from an *r* in the MS.; 2. Not understanding the passage, inasmuch as in his edition it is entirely without meaning, and not trying to understand it, or he would immediately have discovered his mistake; 3. Not comparing it with the word three lines below, which should rhyme to it.

asserting, that there is not enough old poetry left to form a regular illustration of English history. During these same reigns of which we have been speaking, we have also abundance of poetry of a lighter cast, some of which has already been printed. We will give a song, though rude in its kind, from a small volume, contained among the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum, on paper, in the writing of about the age of Henry V. These songs, which are in a dialect rather provincial, are very curious specimens of the popular poetry of that age. The following is of a satirical character, and is not entirely devoid of wit. It describes the mischances to which a man was liable, who carried what was then looked upon as an article of ostentation, a *baselard* (dagger), but who had not courage to keep it.

"Prenegard, prenegard, thus bere I myn baselard.

Lesteneth, lordyngs, I zou beseke,
Ther is non man worzt (*worth*) a leke,
Be he sturdy, be he meke,
But he bere a baselard.

Myn baselard hazt a schede of red,
And a clene loket of led,
Me thinketh I may bere up my hed,
For I bere myn baselard.

My baselard hazt a wrethin hafte,
Qwan (*when*) I am ful of ale cawte,
It is gret dred of man slawte,
For then I bere myn baselard.

My baselard hazt a syluer shape,
Therfore I may both gaspe and gape,
Me thinketh I go lyk non knape,
For I bere a baselard.

My baselard hazt a trencher kene,
Fayr as rasour scharp and schene (*bright*),
Euere me thinketh I may be kene,
For I bere a baselard.

As I zede (*went*) up in the strete,
With a cartere I gan mete,
Felawe, he seyde, so mot I the (*thrive*),
Thou xalt forgo thi baselard.

The cartere his qwyppe (*whip*) began to take,
And al myn fleych began to qwake,
And I was lef for to escape,
And there I left myn baselard.

Qwan I came forzt (*forth*) on to myn damme (*dame*),
Myn hed was brokyn to the panne,
Che seyde I was a praty manne,
And wel cowde bere myn baselard."

As we approach the time of the reformation, with the introduction and improvement of the art of printing, books of all kinds become more and more abundant; and we are then at no loss for political songs. The bustling reign of Henry VIII.,* for instance, will furnish us with many. During this reign, it appears that broadside printed ballads became common, and the folio volumes of these ballads, and other political poems, which Percy mentions as existing in the archives of the Society of Antiquaries, and "digested under the several reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., &c.," if they still exist there, must contain some curiosities.

Ritson is perhaps right in saying, that "very few ballads exist of an earlier date than the reign of James, or even of Charles I." This would be a thing not so much to be lamented, as far as regards ballads of a general nature, inasmuch as they were mostly reprinted in garlands by their authors, such as Deloney, and "that balad-poet, Thomas Elderton, who did arm himself with ale, as old father Ennius did with wine, when he balated." A great portion, too, of the broadside ballads published during the seventeenth century were reprints. Unfortunately, the political ballads were those least attractive to the buyers of succeeding times.

When we speak of the political ballads as being seldom reprinted, we

* We may mention, as belonging to the reign of Hen. VII., "The Justes of the Moneth of Maye," for the sake of observing, that Hartshorne, who has printed it from a black-letter copy in the Pepysian Library, is almost as correct when he follows printed books as when he copies from MSS. The first verse of this poem is—

"The moneth of May, with amerous beloued,
Plasauntly past, wherein there hath ben pued
Feates of armes, and no persones reproued
That had courage."

We shall only suggest that, before he publishes another edition, Hartshorne should look at the original, and see if there is not some mark about the *p* which shews it to stand for *pro* in the word which he has so strangely disfigured—it should be *proued*. The expression, "feats of arms being proved," is perhaps new to Mr. Hartshorne. The discovery is at his service.

except many historical ballads, which we find were reprinted; and some of which may be traced back with sufficient certainty to the time, or very near the time, of the events to which they refer. There are some also which might seem to be revivals of older ballads, much modernised, like the modern copy of Chevy Chace. In making this observation, we had more particularly in our mind a ballad in the *Garland of Delight* (one of Deloney's garlands), which has for its title, "The Winning of the Isle of Man, by the noble Earl of Salisbury." We give the first three stanzas.

"The noble Earl of Salisbury,
With many a hardy knight,
Most valiantly prepard himself
Against the Scots to fight.
With his spear and his shield
Making his proud foes to yield,
Fiercely on them all he ran,
To drive them from the Isle of Man,
Drums striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Their silken ensigns in the field
Most gloriously were spread,
The horsemen on their prancing steeds
Struck many Scotchmen dead;
The brown bills on their corslets ring,
The bowmen with their gray goose wing,
The lusty lance, the piercing spear,
The soft flesh of their foes do tear;
Drums beating on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

The battle was so fierce and hot,
The Scots for fear did fly,
And many a famous knight and 'squire
In gory blood did lie.
Some, thinking for to scape away,
Did drown themselves within the sea:
Some, with many a bloody wound,
Lay gasping on the clayey ground;
Drums beating on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan."

In the sequel, King Edward makes the earl Knight of the Garter and first King of Man. We find it noticed in Gough's Camden, that in the reign of Edward III., about the year 1340, William Montacute the younger, Earl of Salisbury, "rescued Man by force of arms out of the hands of the Scots."

Of the political poems of the reign of Henry VIII., we may mention the ballads on the battle of Flodden, of which there are several, and the songs and ballads on the Reformation. We may add to these the so-much and so-unjustly-censured poems of the "lawreate" Skelton, of which we understand that a new and complete edition is forthcoming. A volume in the Harleian collection contains several libels of Henry's reign, by Skelton and others (No. 2252). Percy has printed a song on the fall of Cromwell. There is a ballad, preserved in one of the garlands, on the riots against the foreigners at this time; and there is in MS. a song, which has been printed by Sir John Hawkins, and is supposed to be a satire on the drunken Flemings who came into England with the princess Anne of Cleves.

"Ruttekin is come unto our town,
In a cloke without cote or gown,
Save a raggid hoode to kyver his crown.
Like a ruttekin, hoyday, hoyday.
Jolly ruttekin, hoyday, hoyday.

Ruttekin can speke no Englishe,
His tong renyth all on buttyrd fishe,
Besmerde with greese about his dishe,
Like a ruttekin, &c.

Ruttekin shall bring you all good luck,
A stoop of beer up at a pluk,
Till his braine be as wise as a duk,
Like a ruttekin, &c."

Among the Lansdowne MSS. there is a volume of poems written on paper said in the catalogue to be of "about the time of Henry VIII.," and some of its contents prove this to be correct. The poem, however, which we are going to quote is at least older than the time of the reformation. Its title in the MS. is "A processe or an exortation to tendre the chargis of the true husbondys," and it gives us a singularly curious account of the taxes and extortions to which landed property was then subjected. After repeating the burden—"I praye to God spede wele the plough"— the song goes on to say:

"And so shulde of right the parson praye,
That hath the tithe shefe of the londe;
Ffor our sarvauntys we moste nedis paye,
Or ellys ful still the plough maye stonde.
Then cometh the clerk anon at hande
To haue a shef of corne there it groweth;
And the sexten somwhate in his hande.
I praye to God spede wele the plough.

The kyngis puruiours also they come,
To haue whete and otys at the kyngis nede,
And over that befe and mutton,
And butter and pulleyn, so God me spede;
And to the kyngis courte we moste it lede,
And our payment shal be a styk of a bough;
And yet we moste speke faire for drede.
I praye to God spede wele the plough.

To paye the ffiftene agenst our ease,
Beside the lordys rent of our londe;
Thus be we shepeshorne, we maynst chese,
And yet it is full lytelly understonde.
Than bayllys and bedell woll put to there bande,
In enquestis to doo us sorowe inough,
But yf we quite right wele the londe.
I praye to God spede wele the plough.

* * * * *

Then come the gray ffreres and make their mone,
And call for money our soulis to save.
Then come the white ffreres and begyn to grone,
Whete or barley they woll fayne have.
Then cometh the freres augustynes and begynneth to crave
Corne or chese, for they have not inough.
Then cometh the black freres which wolde fayne have.
I praye to God spede wele the plough.

* * * * *

Then cometh prestis that goth to Rome,
Ffor to haue siluer to singe at Scala Celi.
Than cometh clerkys of Oxford and mak their mone,
To her scole hire they most haue money.
Then cometh the tipped staves for the marshalse,
And saye they haue prisoners mo than inough.
Than cometh the mynstrells to make us gle.
I praye to God spede wele the plough."

In the same volume there is a song in praise of the "worthi cite," of which a verse may serve as a sample:

"Stronge be the walls abowte the stondis;
Wise be the people that within the dwelles;
Freshe is thy river with his lusti strands;
Blithe be thy chirches, well sownyng are thy belles;
Rich be thy marchauntis in substaunce that excells;
Faire be thy wives, right lovesom white and small;
Clere be thy virgyns lusty under kellys.
London, thou art the flowre of cities all."

The enclosing of common lands, in the time of Edward VI., seems to have created a very general feeling of discontent. In the library of Corpus College, Cambridge, we have two MS. copies of songs on this subject.

The political poetry of the reigns of Mary* and Elizabeth is perhaps the least interesting of any period of our history. There are, however, many good historical ballads of this time preserved, and not a few have been printed by Evans and Percy. We will pass them over, to give room for a satirical ballad against the Scottish adventurers who migrated into England to seek their fortunes under the first of the Stuarts.

"Well met, Jockie, whether away?
Shall we two have a worde or tway?
Thow was so lousie the other day,
How the devill comes thow so gay?
Ha ha ha, by sweet St. An,
Jockie is growne a gentleman!†

* There are, however, two or three libellous ballads of Mary's reign in existence; one, in the Corpus College library before mentioned, was made on the report of her pregnancy.

† This burden is repeated after every stanza.

Thy shoes that thow wor'st when thow wenst to plow,
Were made of the hyde of a Scottish cow,
They are turnd into Spanish leather now,
Bedeckt with roses I know not how.

Thy stockings that were of a northerne blew,
That cost not past 12d. when they were new,
Are turnd into a silken hew,
Most gloriously to all mens vew.

Thy belt that was made of a white leather thonge,
Which thow and thy father ware so longe,
Are turnd to hangers of velvet stronge,
With golde and pearle embroydred amonge.

Thy garters that were of the Spanish say,
Which from the taylor thow stollst away,
Are now quite turnd to silk, they say,
With great broade laces fayre and gay.

Thy doublet and breech that were so playne,
On which a louse could scarse remayne,
Are turnd to sattin, God a mercie brayne,
That thow by begging couldst this obtayne.

Thy cloake which was made of a home-spun thread,
Which thow wast wonte to flinge on thy bed,
Is turnd into a skarlet red,
With golden laces about thee spread.

Thy bonnet of blew which thow wor'st hether,
To keep thy skonce from wind and wether,
Is throwne away the devill knowes whether,
And turnd to a bever hat and feather.

Westminster hall was covered with lead,
And so was St. John many a day;
The Scotchmen have begd it to buy them bread;
The devill take all such Jockies away!"

About this time the manners of society in England appear to have experienced a very perceptible change; and the reign of James is perhaps the time at which we may date the decline of what is so expressively termed the "old English hospitality." The change is not unfrequently alluded to in the popular poetry of the day. There is an old black-letter ballad expressly on this subject, which is entitled, "Time's Alteration, or the old man's rehearsal, what brave days he knew a great while agone, when his old cap was new." We give a few verses of this ballad.

* * * *

"Good hospitality
Was cherished then of many:
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any;
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few:
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Wherever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country gray,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you:
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

* * * *

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black Jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly shew;
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new."

So also, in the song of "The Old and Young Courtier," which is printed by Percy, and which was written about this time, the courtier of Queen Elizabeth's days is described as—

"—— "an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belongd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

* * * * *

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb.
Like an old courtier, &c."

The "young courtier" is, on the other hand,

"Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

* * * * *

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c."

The reign of the first Charles was one continuous scene of conflict with mouth, pen, and sword. Enthusiasm, which was equally conspicuous in every party, broke through all restraint; and we find an entirely new spirit infused into the poetry of the day. In place of the stiff and constrained style, with its quaint and stolen conceits, which distinguished most of the *poets* of the preceding reign, we have all at once a style whose characteristic is an extraordinary flow of wit, combined with ease and readiness of expression. The cavaliers were often men of talent and education—they were withal merry fellows; and they at once indulged their hatred of the party which was uppermost, and drowned the vexation which arose from their own mishaps, in satirical and jovial songs. We have always thought, that from the numerous small volumes of poems, many of them anonymous, which were printed during this period, an interesting selection might be made. The third volume of Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets* is, it is true, devoted to the reigns of James and the Charleses; but that book labours under the defect peculiar to all similar works—it is a collection of *authors*, and not of *poetry*. What care we for a long series of obscure names, many of them scarcely known even to their contemporaries, if there is nothing in their works to interest us? We would have a book which should illustrate the poetry of the day—a book which should illustrate the times, and not the authors' names. But, as it is, Ellis's book is any thing but complete: we do not meet with the name even of the clever and witty Dr. Corbet, or of Cleveland, who was looked upon as the "wit of his age," and of whom it was observed, that "he might be said to have lisped wit."

But we will proceed to give a few "ensamples" of the songs we are talking of. Here, then, gentle reader, is a song by a zealous cavalier, from *Songs and Poems of Love and Drollery, by J. W.* (1654).

"*The Compounder's Song.*

Come drawers, some wine,
Or we'l pull down your sign;
For we're all jovial compounders.
We'l make the house ring
With healths to the king,
And confusion unto his confounders.

Since Goldsmiths committee
Affords us no pittie,
Our sorrows in wine we will steep 'm;

They forc'd us to take
Two oaths, and we make
A third, that we ne're mean to keep 'm.

And first, who e're see's,
We'l drink on our knees,
To th' king; may they choak that repine:
A fig for the traitors
That look to his waters,
Th' ave nothing to do with our wine.

And next here's a cup
To the queen; fill it up,
Wer't poison we would make an end on't;
May Charles and she meet,
And tread under feet
Anabaptist and independent.

To the prince and all others
His sisters and brothers,
As low in condition as high-born;
We drink this and pray,
That shortly they may
See all those that wrong them at Tyborn.

And now here's three bowles
To all gallant souls,
That for the king did, and will venture;
May they flourish, when those
Who are his and their foes
Are dam'd and ram'd down to the center.

And last let a glasse
To our undoers passe,
Attended with two or three curses;
May plagues sent from hell
Stuff their bodies as well
As cavaliers coyn doth their purses."

The object of the following spirited song is to turn to ridicule the abhorrence in which the fanatical part of their enemies professed to hold games and festivals.

"*A Carol.*

Preethy, Roundhead, now forbear,
Come not near,
Christmas here doth domineer.
Here are sports, and songs, and musick,
Which perhaps,
Which perhaps, sir, may make you sick.

'Twil perplex your holy eye
To espy
When we dance, though modestly.
And you'l hence be more offended;
With the light,
With the light all sport is ended.

And to grieve your godly ear,
Songs I fear
Of our Saviour's birth you'l hear.
Here his mother you'l find sainted,
And yourselves,
And yourselves called divels painted.

If you love your nose, O fie,
Come not nigh,
All the house doth smel of pye.
Nor would you the scent eschew, sir,
Half so fain,
Half so fain as we would you, sir.

For the taste, indeed, here's great
Store of meat,
But your saintship may not eat;
For the meat which we provide all
Offered is,
Offered is unto this idol.

Venture then no farther on,
Get thee gone:
But least thou shouldst go alone,
Take for company, I prethee,
From this place,
From this place all sorrow with thee."

Alexander Brome, says Winstanley, "addicted himself to a jovial strain in the ravishing delights of poetry; being the ingenious author of most of those songs, which on the royalists' account came forth during the time of the rump, and Oliver's usurpation, and plaid to by the sprightly violin." Of this same person Izaak Walton has given a most favourable character in "an humble eglog" prefixed to his collection of poems, which was first published in 1660. The following three stanzas are from a song of his made

"*Upon the Cavaliers departing out of London.*

Now fare thee well, London,
Thou next must be undone,
'Cause thou hast undone us before;
This cause and this tyrant
Had ne'er plaid this high rant,
Were't not for thy argent and or.

Now we must desert thee,
With the lines that begirt thee,
And the red-coated saints domineer,
Who with liberty fool thee,
While a monster doth rule thee,
And thou feel'st what before thou did'st fear.

But this is our glory
In this wretched story,
Calamities fall on the best;
And those that destroy us
Do better employ us,
To sing till they are supprest."

The last stanza exhibits to us what often appears in these songs, that spirit, unbroken under the pressure of hardships and misfortunes, which is so gloriously characteristic of our countrymen. Here is another example, by the same author, written in 1648.

"Come let us be merry,
Drink claret and sherry,
And cast away care and sorrow;
He's a fool that takes thought for to-morrow.
Why should we be droopers,
To save it for troopers?

Let's spend our own,
And when all is gone,
That they can have none,
Then the Roundheads and Cavies agree.

Then fall to your drinking,
And leave off this shrinking;
Let Square-heads and Round-heads go quarrel,
We have no other foe but the barrel;
These cares and disasters
Shall ne'er be our masters;
English and Scot
Do both love a pot,
Though they say they do not,
Here the Roundheads and Cavies agree.

A man that is armed
With liquor is charmed,
And proof against strength and cunning;
He scorns the base humour of running.
Our brains are the quicker,
When season'd with liquor,
Let's drink and sing,
Here's a health to our King,
And I wish in this thing
Both the Roundheads and Cavies agree."

The opposite party were in general more given to praying than song-writing, and we have here, therefore, not much room for collecting. An old song tells us—

"And if they write in meeter,
They think there's nothing sweeter,
Unlesse it be old Tom Sternhold."

However, it does appear that there were some among them who could even wield the song as a weapon in political warfare. We may mention Dr. Robert Wild—a name, by the way, which is not to be found in Ellis—"who was one," says Winstanley, "and not of the meanest of the poetical cassock, being in some sort a kind of an anti-Cleaveland, writing as high, and standing up as stifly for the Presbyterians, as ever Cleaveland did against them." His poems were "for the most part of a lepid and facetious nature, reflecting on others, who as sharply retorted upon him; for," as Winstanley sagaciously observes, "he that throwes stones at another, 'tis ten to one but is hit with a stone himself." It is probable that most of Wild's earlier political poems are omitted in the printed collection which came out after the restoration, when he had himself written a panegyric on Monk. The quaint author we have just quoted, speaking of Richard Head, the author of the *English Rogue*, says that, "amongst others, he had a great fancy in bandying against Dr. Wild (although I must confess therein overmatcht), yet he fell upon him tooth and nail." It is very probable, however, that the cavalier poets thought their opponents were in want of assistance—at least they most compassionately volunteered it, as may be seen from the following stanzas, out of many others, written for them in 1643, by that zealous royalist, Alexander Brome.

"*The Saints' Encouragement.*

"Fight on, brave soldiers, for the cause,
Fear not the caveliers;
Their threatnings are as senseless as
Our jealousies and fears.
'Tis you must perfect this great work,
And all malignants slay,
You must bring back the king again
The clean contrary way.

'Tis for religion that you fight,
And for the kingdom's good,
By robbing churches, plundering men,
And shedding guiltless blood.
Down with the orthodoxal train,
All loyal subjects slay;
When these are gone, we shall be blest,
The clean contrary way.

'Tis to preserve his majesty,
That we against him fight,
Nor are we ever beaten back,
Because our cause is right;
If any make a scruple on't,
Our declarations say,
Who fight for us fight for the king,
The clean contrary way."

The following are stanzas out of a song in the person of Anarchus, in a dramatic poem by the celebrated Francis Quarles.

"Know then, my brethren, heav'n is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous now shall flourish, and
Good days are coming on:
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!

We'll break the windows which the whore
Of Babylon hath painted,
And when the popish saints are down,
Then Barrow shall be sainted:
There's neither cross, nor crucifix,
Shall stand for men to see;
Rome's trash and trumperies shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!" &c.

Even during these stormy times, we may pick up a few songs which do

not partake of their violence. We may instance the following, that exhibits a little of the same spirit of resignation, though under different circumstances, which is so conspicuous in the political songs of the cavaliers.

"When first my free heart was surpriz'd by desire,
So soft was the wound, and so gentle the fire,
My sighes were so sweet, and so plesant the smart,
I pitty'd the slave who had ne'er lost his heart;
He thinks himself happy, and free, but alass!
He is far from that heaven which lovers possess.

In nature was nothing that I could compare
With the beauty of Phillis, I thought her so faire;
A wit so divine all her sayings did fill,
A goddess she seem'd; and I worship'd her still
With a zeal more inflam'd, and a passion more true,
Than a martyr in flames for religion can shew.

With awful respect while I lov'd and admir'd,
But fear'd to attempt what so much I desir'd,
How soone were my hopes and my heaven destroy'd,
A shepherd more daring fell on and enjoy'd:
Yet, in spite of ill fate, and the paines I endure,
I will finde a new Phillis to give me my cure."

The following has a little of the burlesque in it:

"*Maid.*
Charon, Charon, come away,
Bring forth thy boat and oare;
That I poore maid may make no stay,
But rowe me to some shore.

Charon.
Who calls on Charon in such hast,
As if they suffer'd paine:
I carry none but pure and chast,
Such as true love hath slaine.

Maid.
Oh! carry me within thy boat,
I'le tell thee a true love's tale:
With sighs so deep, when as we float,
Shall serve us for a gale.

Charon.
I come, I come, sweete soul, I come,
Thy beautie does so charm me;
Come in my boat, take there a roome,
Nor wind nor raine shall harm thee.

Maid.
And now I am within thy boat,
I'le sing the a true love song:
My eyes shall shed a sea of waves,
To float our boat along."

The first whisper of the restoration was to the cavaliers the signal for universal rejoicing. It was then that Charles Cotton, perhaps from his fishing house on the banks of his favourite Dove, addressed to his friend, Alexander Brome, the congratulatory ode beginning with—

"Now let us drink, and with our nimble feet,
The floor in graceful measures beat,
Never so fit a time for harmless mirth
Upon the sea-girt spot of earth."

And Brome responded with an equally joyous catch:

"Let's leave of our labour, and now let's go play;
For this is our time to be jolly;
Our plagues and our plaguers are both fled away;
To nourish our griefs is but folly.
He that won't drink and sing,
Is a traytor to 's king;
And so he 's that does not look twenty years younger," &c.

A short space of time, however, saw themselves disappointed and their rejoicings damped; and the same poet sings very soon after in this altered strain:

"The poor cavaliers thought all was their own,
And now was their time to sway;
But friends they have few, and money they've none,
And so they mistook their way.
When they seek for preferments the rebels do rout 'um,
And having no money they must go without 'um,
The courtiers do carry such stomachs about 'um,
They speak no English but "Pay."

> And those very rebels that hated the king,
> And no such office allow;
> By the help of their boldness, and one other thing,
> Are brought to the king to bow:
> And there both pardons and honours they have,
> With which they think they're secure and brave;
> But the title of knight, on the back of a knave,
> Is like saddle upon a sow."

Their spirits, however, bore up against all their crosses, and we soon hear them again singing—

> "Give us musick with wine,
> And we'll never repine
> At prosperous knaves, but defy 'em;
> These politick sots
> Are still weaving of plots,
> So fine, that at last they fall by 'em.
>
> We laugh, and we drink,
> And on business ne'er think,
> Our voices and hautboys still sounding;
> While we dance, play, and sing,
> We've the world in a string,
> And our pleasure is ever abounding.
>
> Your sober dull knave,
> For wise is but grave,
> 'Tis craft, and not wisdom, employs him:
> We nothing design,
> But good music and wine,
> And blessed is he that enjoys them."

And here, gentle reader, must end our sketch of the progress of the old English political song. The revolution, with which Ritson's songs close, is a convenient point of separation between the old song and the new. We would have any future editor of Ritson's ancient songs carefully to collate all the songs printed from MSS. with the originals, inasmuch as we know by experience that Ritson, though he intended to be so, is any thing but infallible. We would recommend him to do the same by his own additions. Next, we would have him at least try to understand all that he prints. We have a sad specimen in Hartshorne of people editing what they do not understand. And when he has done his best to understand it himself, we would wish him to do all he can to make others understand it; and to that end he should most carefully banish from his book all abbreviations and Anglo-Saxon letters. Ritson has certainly done all that well could be done to give his "Ancient Songs" a forbidding outside. We almost think, by the same process, we could make a modern song look as ugly as Ritson's ancient songs. Let us try—here goes!

> "What youþ, of gaceful form & miē,
> Fo^most leadſ þe spect^d baue,
> While oa hp mātle foldſ of gene
> Hp aba lockſ ^dūdat waue?
> Whē slow ^turnſ þe fitted day,
> þt uiewd þeir chieftaıs lōg kay.
> Wild to þe harpſ deep plaitiue st^ng,
> þe uirgıs raise þe fūeal stai!!!"

We should hardly understand it ourselves, but that we happen to know it is part of an ode in that excellent work, the *Border Minstrelsy*, by that most amiable of writers, Sir Walter Scott. Ritson, however, not content with giving us the Saxon character for *th* (þ) instead of the English, must give us the Saxon character for *w* (ƿ) instead of the English *th*, and all because our good forefathers chanced some times to make the "up-stroke" of their þ not quite high enough. That they ever used *w* for *th*, we deny altogether. But Ritson ought to have followed up the principle. In the MSS. of this period (*i. e.* when "ƿ was used for þ"), it so happens that *t* is written so as to resemble *c*, and *s* is very similar to *l*; we ought, therefore, to use *c* for *t*, and *l* for *s*.

To the editor of the reprint of Ritson's *Ancient Songs* (1829) we give due laud, for having discarded the abbreviations and Anglo-Saxon characters. We are glad that he has omitted some of the songs published by Ritson, but we wish he had omitted more. We are, however, by no means satisfied with his additions; for it was hardly advisable to swell the book with selections from so popular a work as Percy's *Reliques*. We think, too, that it would have been much better to have carefully collated the songs with the manuscripts, than to have treated us with exclamations on Ritson's "usual accuracy;" which, at best, is but a bad compliment to him. The erroneous print of "Englelonck as welle," for instance, in the song of "Sir Pers the Birmgham," would be well replaced by the reading of the MS. "Engelon ek as welle" (eke, *also*).

We speak more urgently on this subject, as we are not quite satisfied with the labours of the editor who has

"corrected" and "added to" Ritson's *Robin Hood*, ed. Pickering. We will mention one instance of his neglect. One of the ballads which form this collection, Ritson published "from a modern copy, printed at Newcastle, where he accidentally picked it up: no other having to his knowledge been ever seen or heard of:" and he regrets both that it was very incorrect, and that some of the stanzas in his copy were defective. In the new edition, lo! the ballad appears as imperfect as ever. Was the editor aware that this ballad has been, since Ritson's time, published in the second volume of the collection of old ballads by Evans, who "was enabled to restore the ballad to its integrity from another modern copy, printed in Scotland, which supplied the hiatus of the former?" If the editor of Ritson knew of this, why did he not collate Ritson with it, since he pretended to "correct" him? If he did not know of it, surely a person who was ignorant of the principal collections of the Robin Hood ballads which have been published since Ritson's time, and there are twenty-nine of these ballads in Evans, was not qualified to be the editor of Ritson's *Robin Hood*. The editor has, however, reprinted one additional ballad, from Hartshorne; but, with Hartshorne's assertion before his face that he transcribed it from the "Public Library" of the University of Cambridge, he has most ingeniously discovered that it was taken from a MS. in the library of "University College, Cambridge." Truly, there are more builders of new colleges now-a-days than we had reckoned upon. This is not as it should be, Mr. Pickering; it will not do.

We are not at all better satisfied with the reprint of Ritson's *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, which has been lately published. The editor has in this instance also neglected to collate Ritson with his originals, and his transcripts are most notoriously incorrect. We, indeed, altogether disapprove of the reprint of this book; it does not deserve it. Several of the pieces contained in it were published originally with the purpose only of gratifying Ritson's malevolence: others of them are extremely amusing, and, with the addition of some half-dozen more of the same kind, which we could easily point out, would make a valuable book. We do not indeed approve of the mere republication of any of Ritson's books; for it is our sincere opinion that, though he attempted to "bully" his contemporaries into a contrary belief, Ritson never wrote or compiled any thing worthy of a reprint. What we would have done may be explained by an example. If Mr. Pickering wishes to produce a good collection of ancient songs, let him put Ritson's book into the hands of an editor who understands the subject; let that editor throw Ritson himself overboard; let him throw after him as much of the contents of his book as comes under the head "rubbish;" and let him give, above all things, a good sensible glossary,—and we shall then think him deserving of our praise.

MEPHISTOPHELES POLITICUS.

SCENE I.

Downing Street. — *Time, February* 1831.

A Courier arrived with despatches from France. The PREMIER, *having dismissed him, proceeds to open them.*

Prem. Ha! how is this? the sealing-wax is warm,
And seems as it would melt within my hand—
It melts—why this must be a charm!
I cannot understand
What in the devil's name can hatch
Within this magical despatch.
I'll open it, at any rate,
And find the secret out—
'Tis of high moment to the state.
And this—I have no doubt—
This melting of the wax shall say,
"To be opened and read without delay." [*Opens it.*
All saints! see, what a fumose volume
Comes from the sheets as I unroll 'em!
'Tis worse and worse—the chamber's full of smoke—
Help, son and nephews, or I choke!
[*As he is about to ring the bell, he lets the despatch fall—the smoke dispersing discovers* MEPHISTOPHELES.
Prem. Say, who art thou? what bring'st thou—good or evil?
Who art thou, sir?
Mephist. My lord, I am the devil.
Prem. The devil! stuff!
Mephist. Nay, don't be so uncivil,
For I am he. I've just arrived from France,
Where I dropt in, in *July* last, by chance—
Yes, I am he—some call me Mephistopheles,
A cognomen which certainly more civil is:
But Mephistopheles or Devil, 'tis the same,
For I am come to see
If haply your lordship have forgotten me;
Me, who upon your memory have so many a claim.
Prem. Forgotten! Memory! I never knew
You, Sir, before.
Mephist. Excuse me, that won't do.
Remember how I served you many a year—
Indeed, throughout your lordship's Whig-career.
Who prompted this? who planned and managed that,
When on the Opposition bench you sat?
Who aided you in the adventurous race
Against your old competitors the Tories?—
Ay, who at last installed you in your place?
And now, blind with your glories,
You fill your pockets—sons, and son-in-law,
And nephews, and third cousins—fill theirs too;
But for Mephisto you don't care a straw,
Though he it was who pushed the business through.
But trust me that will never do—
I'll have my own, according to your vow,
You well remember,
Some thirty years last November.
I've served you long, and you shall serve me now.
Prem. 'Tis true, I well remember—yes, 'tis true:
What would you have me do?

What place will suit you? speak the word!
The Home, or Foreign Office? India-board?
A bishop's mitre? or prebendal stall?
Mephis. I want no place at all.
But this I want, and this I too will have,
Since 'tis my due I crave —
Prem. Speak! what—you would not have me oust
My own relations?
Mephist. No: I want no post,
Again I tell you. Mark me! I require
That, whilst you share the sweets of place,
You shall make oath to embrace
All measures that I shall desire:
All measures from me must emanate;
And you, with your eloquent words,
Must go down and advocate
The same in the House of Lords.
Do you consent?
For with these conditions, I say,
You may keep your places and pay,
And rule the roast in parliament.
Do you agree? If not — to-morrow——
Prem. Stay!
You must not leave me—I agree to day—
But only if you'll take your oath
That I, and all my kin shall keep their pay—
Else, truly, I were loath.
Meph. Place and pay both!
(*Aside*) Poor fool! he's known me now so long,
And never had the least suspicion
That an oath to the Devil is like an old song,
Or an old maid's age, or a slip of the tongue.
(*Aloud*) You know, then, the condition;
And from this hour our league begins anew,
And on new terms—you understand?
Prem. I do.
Mephist. Then good-bye for a day or two;
I'll call again, and then, be sure, I'll put you in possession
Of measures to be introduced at the opening of the session.

SCENE II.

PREMIER. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephist. Your humble servant, my lord, this afternoon.
Prem. Ha! what, Mephisto here again so soon!
Really this pleasure —
Mephist. Pray, no compliment,
I'm come on business now:
Next week you'll have to meet the parliament;
And, as you know,
I promised that I would prepare
Measures for introduction;
So now, then, you must take instruction
Upon their purport—pray resume your chair—
And now—
Prem. But sure you havn't brought
All your new measures! That large roll
Under your arm, I should have thought
Must be laws for a century! A scroll
So large I never saw. What's to be done
With all of them?

Mephist. Oh, no! this is but *one*—
The first—this the Reform-bill—yes, Reform!
You know how you were wont to rave and storm
About that measure when in opposition;
So now, merely to shew your disposition
To stick to an old principle,
You must bring in a Reform-bill in a crack,
And then, with this and with the people at your back,
Trust me, you'll be invincible.
Now I'll explain it to you—stay,
Don't be impatient—this is Schedule A—
And these you see
Schedules B, C, and D.
Such is my grand division
Of this grand measure. See, with what precision
I've marked the boroughs that belong to the Tory—
I'm sure you'll read it *con amore:*
We'll chalk 'em out, we'll rend and tear 'em,
Without a jot of compensation.
Here's Aldborough, here's Boroughbridge, here's Gatton and Old Sarum.
You can't think how you'll please the nation,
And more especially
Those friends of liberty,
The rising generation.
Prem. But, my friend,
This seems to me like robbery and plunder;
And to begin with such a blunder
(Not to say crime), where must it end?
Mephist. Grey, you're a fool! What can you think of crime?
You've overcome *those* scruples many a time.
And as to crime, that's not the question—
Let it be robbery and plunder;
But if I shew you 'tis no blunder,
But rather just the way to keep your place
In these unsteady days,
Then, I conceive, you'll jump at the suggestion—
Besides, you know our bargain.
Prem. Well, my situation
Is certainly the thing I care about.
Mephist. Then just take this into consideration,—
You've kicked up such a rout
About reform, and all amelioration,
In church and state, when you were out,
That, trust me, if you don't begin
With your reforms at once,
Your friends, the people, for the nonce,
Won't let you long stay in.
Therefore, upon the first of March,
(Not a whit too soon,)
Let some one—Russell—he's the man—
A wicked dog and arch,
And erewhile a republican—
Present this grateful boon
To the expectant people—(you must preach
Some gammon in his majesty's opening speech.)
Be not afraid; I trust, although they're *rum uns*,
To humbug the House of Commons.
And even if the motion
Should meet with a rejection,
Why then, you know, we'll have a new election.
And I've a notion,

By popular threats and working on their fears,
We'll overawe the House of Peers—
"A house of useless pageantry,
A house of stupid lumber!"
We must teach the populace so to cry—
Excuse me—I forget your lordship's one of the number.

Prem. O, never mind!—my place, man! that's the thing!
Mine, and my son's, and nephew's pay.

Mephist. Ay, that's it—bravo Grey!
I'm glad to see you've got into the swing.
You see the drift—you keep your situation;
I'll frame the measures; and then—damn the nation!
What's it to us?

Prem. Ay, what?
The nation's happiness! not worth a jot:
I'll keep my place—your measures may be right or wrong,
So I am minister.

Mephist. (*Aside*) Ay, for how long?
(*Aloud*) And hark, we'll have a watchword—yes, we will—
"The Bill, the whole Bill, nothing but the Bill!"
We'll put the people up to it. But hark, I hear a song!

FIRST CHORUS (*invisible*).

The Bill, the Bill—the new Grey Bill!
Oh yes! we soon shall have our will.
Without the lords, without the throne—
The land will soon be all our own.
Our rulers o'erturned and ousted, we
Shall rule ourselves. Sing merrily!
Sing merrily—the devil's reign
Will soon commence on earth again!

Our own sweet Bill, our popular Bill—
Drink, boys, to its framer—come, drink your fill!
The Tories are dead, and the Whigs dead too—
Deist and Atheist, Christian and Jew,
All's one in this liberal land and free—
No laws, no religion. Sing merrily!
Sing merrily—the devil's reign
Has now commenced on earth again!

SECOND CHORUS.

O! much-abused democracy,
Hail to thy equalising reign!
Soon in these realms, ay, soon again
Thy presence shall we see:
Thou many-headed blessing, haste—
With healing step advance
From renovated France;
Nymph spotless, bloodless, silent, chaste,
And long by us in thought embraced,
Now come, now come,
And make thine home
Upon our island shore;
Nor fear,
Though thou shouldst bear
Along with thee the much-wronged tricolour.
Hail, England! for thy destinies
Mount high and higher to the skies.
'Twas not enough that thou shouldst be
In war of nations first:
Still didst thou thirst
For more; and, lo! to thee
At length 'is giv'n

The crowning glory,—pure democracy,
Of governments the noblest, first 'neath heaven!
Ah, brothers! say,
To whom is due
A nation's gratitude for gift so good and true—
To whom? To Grey, to noble Grey—
To Grey. But there was one, I wot,
A greater yet than he,
Framer, prime mover of the plot.
Ah! say, who may he be?
Why, he, who from the world's beginning
Has e'er been coining, framing, spinning
Some means to mitigate the wo
Of mortals in this world below—
'Tis he—far greater, we aver,
Than England's greatest minister—
Mephisto, Satan, Lucifer—
Or call him by what name ye will,
He is the same, the old one, still:
'Twas he devised and urged the famous Bill.
Then hail, ye noble pair!
Grey and Mephisto, hail!
Well fitted are ye both to share
The honours we for you prepare.
All hail!
All hail!
Our shouts shall rend the air:
Your praise resounds, ye twain—your triumph swells the gale.

Mephist. Delightful this, upon my soul!
Don't you enjoy it?
Prem. Didn't hear the whole.
But stop, I say—You'll leave that roll
With me,
That I may see
More clearly what John Russell is to say,
When he goes to the house on the appointed day.
Mephist. By all means—he must get it up by heart;
And for the rest, why he can play his part
As well as I can tell him. He must spout
A great deal about freedom and all that—
Tories and tyranny, and such-like chat.
And then, my tail! you'll hear the people shout;
And all the nation
Will be in such agitation
To keep you in—and keep the Tories out.
But now I need not stay,
For I think there's no more to say.
You seem to understand it.
Prem. Yes, I do;
Only just one more word or two.
I undertake no easy task;
And would just wish to ask,
What definite, specific means—excuse me if I press—
You may have undertaken to *ensure* the Bill's success!
Mephist. Means! do you think I go to work
Like one to eat without a knife and fork?
But listen!—there's Tom Moore—he of the rhymes;
I've got him to write squibs.
And one who'll smite the Tories in the ribs
I've got, d'you know? I mean the good old *Times*—
A paper that that's always served me well,

And with the best intention.
But hark ye yet! — I'll tell
You of a new invention
(And truly 'tis no spoony sin)
That I'll call into play.

Prem. What is it, pray?

Mephist. It is — it is — a new — Political Union!

Prem. What's that?

Mephist. They're unwashed artisans,
And style themselves republicans;
Fierce in their aspect, shrewd chaps in the head —
But havn't got a bit of bread.
I took good care of that; for well I knew
('Twas not sophistical,
But quite, quite true)
That abstinence from diet
Makes men grow most unruly and unquiet,
And sharpens appetite for things statistical.
These are my means; and now no fear —
Trust me, all will go right.
Good night, friend Grey! — 'tis getting late — you'll often see me here.

Prem. Good night, my friend, good night!

SCENE III.

Time, a few years after 1831.

Mobs — Rows — several passing over the stage — MEPHISTOPHELES *apart watching them.*

First Unwashed. Blood and thunder!

Second. Murder and plunder!

Third. Smoke, gunpowder, and flame!

Mephist. (*aside*) Hie on! hie on! ay, that's the game —
Only stick to that resolution.

Fifth. Rape, girls — rape and pollution!

Sixth. Oh! but this is something *like* a revolution!

Several more over the stage.

First. Come on, come on!

Second. No, not that way!

First. Where, then?

Second. Come and hunt out that villain, Grey.

First. No, no — he's better than the rest.

Third. The devil! he! — then bad's the best.
He's one of the proud old tyrannical pest,
And we'll maul him too.

Mephist. (*aside*) Ay, so I guessed.
(*Aloud*) But, my friends, ye are out of your beat —
Don't you know the way to Downing Street?
Just turn to the right when you've passed Whitehall.

Fourth. Ay, that's the way — come along — come all!

Fifth. Ay, come quick — forward — no time to take breath!

Sixth. Tally ho! blood and wounds!

Mephist. My *own* hell-hounds!
Oh! how I shall joy to be in at the death! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

PREMIER *mangled and lying on the ground; the house on fire.*

Prem. Oh, miserable end! ungrateful nation!

'Twill soon be o'er. Ha! see that bursting flame!

[MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.

Who's there? Son? nephew! No; their situation
Is perhaps like mine. Mephisto! dog!

Mephist. The same!

Prem. What brings thee, traitor? eh? What consolation
Hast brought, deceiver?

Mephist. Oh! I merely came
To see if you were ready for damnation.

Prem. Out, out!

Mephist. Oh! well, then, in an hour's time
I'll call again; and then perhaps you'll be
Ready to join the other world with me—
Shall be most happy of your company. [*Exit.*

Prem. This end to all my folly and my crime!
Repentance!—oh! too late do I repent!
King, Lords, and Commons—Britain's parliament!
Oh! ruined Church and ruined State!
Too late, too late!
Help, help!—what is that? whom, what do I see?
Avaunt, thou hideous spectre!

Ghost of Canning. Know'st thou me,
Object of thy malignant jealousy?
Upon my fall thyself didst hope to rise;
And thou hast ris'n—enjoy the poisoned prize! [*Vanishes.*

Prem. Oh! bitter recollection. Let, oh! let
Me die—I cannot live this out.

Ghost of a King without a crown. Not yet!
Look, ere thou diest, on this crownless head.
Who did the deed?

Prem. Oh! would that I were dead!

Ghosts of uncoronetted Peers. And look on us—us, once thy proud compeers!
Who robbed us of our rights? Whose impious hand
Stripped us, and sent us beggars through the land?
Who soiled the glories heaped in other years?
Where's Durham now? where Russell, Howick? where
Thy hundred new-made nobles?

Prem. Spare, oh! spare!

Ghosts of Peers. Spare thee! that word from lips of thine!
Who spared the constitution?
Who spared the peers? No, die! an awful sign
Of righteous retribution!
Die thou, a record meet of wrath divine—
This, this is revolution!
We prophesied in vain:
"Raise but the fiend," we cried, "and then no spell
Will bind him fast again."
Thou would'st not heed;—down, traitor, to thy hell!

Prem. Hold, hold! and spare a dying man!

Ghosts of poor Clergymen. In vain
Thou suest for mercy, that thyself hadst none.
We, on whose plunder thou didst feed, and stain
Thine hands with robbery of the Holy One—
We rise in judgment up against thee now.
Madman! thy soul——

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephist. According to his vow,
Beg leave to say, is mine. My lord, I trust
Your lordship's ready now. Indeed, I must

Keep an appointment I have made below
With my friend Moloch; therefore let us go.
Besides, I must say, I came again
Sooner than I intended, lest the mob
Should change their mind.

Prem. Spare me! I'll give——

Mephist. In vain!
Not if you were as rich as a nabob—
I could not part with you,—you're *such* a treasure!

Prem. I die—oh, help me!

Mephist. With the greatest pleasure!
There—lean upon my arm—I'll lift you up;
I like to do the thing genteelly.
And now we'll start—a little haste, and really
We shall arrive in hell in time to sup.
'Tis well we leave this place behind,
For 'tis about to fall;
" See! o'er that wall,
My cinders! how the flames are mounting high!
You're not accustomed to this kind
Of burning heat. But never mind—
We shall be rather hotter by and by.

[*Exit, bearing off his Lordship.*

THE LAST NEWS, WITH THREE CHEERS FOR THE EARL OF DURHAM, AS A TAIL-PIECE.

* * * And what is the last rumour that hath reached thine ear, gentle Oliver Yorke? That Saarsfield hath defeated Merino—or that Merino hath defeated Saarsfield—or that no battle having been fought, neither Saarsfield nor Merino hath been either victorious or defeated?

That Zea Bermudez, whom thou mayest have known in the bubble year as an industrious man on the Stock Exchange, is now managing the Queen-Regent of Spain, on the principle of the *juste milieu?*

That Louis-Philippe is adored in France by the very press which put him on his throne, and esteemed a perfect gentleman, in all particulars, by those who have the honour of his acquaintance, or who have dealings with him in the way of discounting bills?

That Leopold What-d'ye-call-'im, Esq., whose surname we do not recollect, but whom we well remember living at the top of a green-grocer's in Thayer Street, Manchester Square, when he came over here as an Austrian courier, and who is now-a-days King of the Belgians—which great nation is, we are happy to say, perfectly entitled to be ruled over by the meanest fellow of Europe, on the fair principle that there should be "fit body to fit head"—and at the same time drawing from us, the misused and assessed-tax-paying nation of England, the sum of fifty thousand a-year, to say nothing of the Claremont cabbages—

Stop! let us halt awhile—

Who is now in the army-list as a field-marshal of the English army, and who thinks proper to publish apologies to the National Guard—the base-born National Guard of Paris, for wearing an English decoration; and to protest that he was not at the battle of Waterloo—as if any body suspected him of being where a deed of honour or courage was to be done?

That Leopold What-d'ye-call-'im, Esq., has advanced another step towards the gibbet?

That Pedro is swindling—though, hang it! we shall say it with grief, for the chances of so old and valiant a practitioner in the art—the swindling is looking down? Pedro and we are on different tacks of politics, but nothing will prevent us from admiring an admirable artist in his own line. Of swindlers, Pedro is first. Active swindling, passive swindling, neuter swindling—swindling in all moods and voices—swindling in all tenses and cases. Louis-Philippe was a schoolmaster once, but he never understood how to conjugate "swindle" like

Pedro. To do Louis-Philippe justice, since he came to the throne his pedagogic majesty never declined it.

That Mahomet of Constantinople is a satrap of rather a shabbyish kind of Russia?

That the King of Bavaria is an ass?

That the Pope — Oh, Francis Moore! Francis Moore! what made thee turn Liberal in thine old days, and leave off damning the Turk and the Pope? It brought tears into our eyes to find, that in the days of Canning thou hadst ceased to predict the destruction of those two old enemies of the Christian cause. Thou, Francis Moore, once the Protestant's astrologer, seduced, bamboozled, debauched, thou didst omit thine annual prediction that

> "The time will come, when ruin sure will work
> Unto the Pope, and likewise to the Turk;"

just at the very time when, O most besotted Francis! the Turk went to pot. And though popery and murder are no doubt at a premium in the gem of the sea, among the finest and most throat-cutting peasantry under the sun, yet in Rome itself the Pope is but a beggarman, liable to be ejected whenever Austria desires.

That the Swiss ——

Bah!

And so on of the rest. Bernadotte, to be sure, high-born and high-principled monarch that he is, has threatened to declare war against France, because a farce has appeared in some theatre, where he originally would have been too happy to have been engaged as call-boy, which reflects upon his character as King of Sweden (Oh, Goths and Vandals!). But we suppose it will blow over.

But what *is* the news, Oliver Yorke? You have been keeping us havering away, as the barbarians of the north phrase it, about all kind of foreign rubbish. Tell us, what is the news at home?

Little in the *salons*—the year is as yet too young, it being only December; and the little that is to be known must not be communicated in print. But as to what is cognisant by public fame, the last report is that

LORD GREY IS ABOUT TO RETIRE, AND THAT LORD DURHAM IS TO SUCCEED AS PRIME-MINISTER.

Having a great regard for both those noble persons in particular, and for the Whig party in general, we sincerely hope that this report is true in all points. We should certainly desire to get rid of Lord Grey. Who would not? except that happy but small portion of mankind which has the honour, and now the advantage, of claiming his lordship's relationship? They are in duty bound to panegyrise the feeding hand; but we opine, that even among the Whigs themselves some grumbling growlings against the inordinate nepotism of the venerable premier are heard. That in every thing else, except providing for his kindred, he has shewn himself incompetent; that he is proved to be a dull, proud, prosy, blockheadish, and most overpuffed person, is generally allowed. The collection of the Grey speeches since he became premier would be small — the quantity of readable sentences to be extracted from them would not fill a duodecimo page of the largest type. Stupid — stupid — stupid has he been, and tolerated by his party precisely as our party, for their sins, were obliged to tolerate Lord Liverpool; who, however, differed from Lord Grey in this, that Jenkinson was an honest man, and had no relations in shoals to provide for. In other respects, the plebeian Grey is about as great an ass as the plebeian Liverpool.

Getting rid of him, therefore, would be so far a gain; but how inestimable would be the gain of getting Lord Durham! That would be a happiness indeed! Amiable man in private, high-souled man in public, pleasant in domestic and social life — distinguished for towering talent of all kinds, in the senate and the field—agreeable to the house in which he sits — charming in the house which he left—delightful alike in the cabinet and the cabin—equally gentlemanlike in the village and the villa.

Oh! dear Lord Durham — Earl of Durham — Marquess of Durham — Duke of Durham — do come rule us!

Never mind that truculent and inveterate Tory press, which can do nothing else but invent lies against you; which dreads the transcendent talents which you

have always displayed in routing and destroying, by the intensity of your genius, the brilliancy of your wit, the potency of your sarcasm, the immense fire of your intellect, all the devices of Toryism. Heed them not.

Prosecute them—persecute them—indict them—try them—cudgel them (*that* by proxy, most beloved and discreet lord!) — they deserve it all. The banner of Lambton, which has floated above that of the king, has always been seen much distinguished in such fields of fame as that of the flogging of Hernaman. Consult the records of Durham, with which "our name has been so long connected."

For a thousand reasons we hail the advent of the great champion of the liberty of the press as our premier. Why should not the Whigs have him? He comes to them recommended by the particular dread and hatred of the whole Tory nation — that great pillar of darkness. There is not a Whig paper in England which does not hold up his new-made lordship as the very Rawhead and Bloodybones of the Tories. We are all frightened at him — we own it; we are terrified at his very name. The dazzling splendour of his talents so overpowers our owl-like eyes, that we can scarce blink when his vision comes before us.

Oh, Whigs—good Whigs—dear Whigs! do believe this to be all true! We *are* afraid, horribly afraid of this wonderful man. On the knees of our hearts we agnize him as our master. What shall we say? Shall we call him a gentleman? It is much to ask, but we submit. He *is* a gentleman, pleasant in air, pleasant in look; *honourable in dealing?* Well! *True to his word!* Well! We would take his word as soon as his oath, and his oath as soon as his word. So up with the Lambton arms, and down with Philadelphiæ! by which we mean the chief city of Pennsylvania, and no other — no other, Sir James Campbell, we assure thee.

Therefore let the base Tory press say what it may please, we give three cheers for the Earl of Durham! If he be made premier, so delightful will be his rule, that we are sure nobody will wish for the government of a Whig again. The happiness would be too great for human endurance. We should say, three weeks of Durham would flavour a century.

So let it come! It is our most earnest and anxious prayer. It would have the effect of getting rid of Old Grey himself. So far, so good—but—

O Durham—dear Durham—is there any chance of getting rid of Old Grey's *kindred?*

Alas! somebody would sympathise with us and say—

No.

However,

> Up with the Earl of Durham,
> And down with the Earl of Grey;
> And up with all the brave lads,
> That will vote with the Vicar of Bray.

And now for

THE FRASER PAPERS FOR DECEMBER.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF ROB. BURNS — HOW TO MAKE A WHIG POET — LORD LANSDOWNE AND T. MOORE — SCHILLER'S JOVE AND THE POET — A CHURCHYARD ON THE SEA-COAST — RHODA, FROM THE GREEK — LITTLE GRISETTE — TRISTAN L'HERMITE'S CONTRAST — REMONSTRANCE ABOUT MISS WHYTE — HOLY BOB'S BARDISM — THE RUINS OF CASTLE RISING — A BEAUTIFUL BOY — THE PROSPECTS OF ISRAEL — LORD CHANCELLOR DO-LITTLE — SIR PETER'S MAXIMS — A VOICE FROM INDIANA; STATE OF THAT COUNTRY — LETTERS OF DR. KEATE CONCERNING EDMUND KEAN — ON THE MILLER CORRESPONDENCE.

We cannot do better this cold weather than warm ourselves by travelling over our correspondence — and, we own, tumbling much of it into the fire. It really must be admitted that we have a great spread of poetry before us, and must get through it as we can. But the paper which we shall first print is not poetry, but — what is more than can be said of our correspondence in general — it is nevertheless written by a poet; it is, in short, a letter of Robert Burns, addressed to Mr. Ainslie, who is, we believe, the author of a book called *Reasons for the Hope that is in us.* Here it follows:

"I wrote you two days ago, my dear sir, and now enclose you two guinea notes, which you will apply, for my sake and my Seed's sake, as your frugality and

prudence will direct you. I am just lighted from Nithsdale, and am risen out of my bed, and sitting in my shirt to write you; so adieu, and write me as soon as you get this.

"I am ever yours,

"ROBERT BURNS.

"Mr. Robert Ainslie, Writer.
Care of Mr. James Ainslie, Bookseller, Newtown, Edinburgh.
By Jas. Connel, carrier."

We conjecture that the two guineas were intended towards the support of some unlucky bairn. We recommend the note to Cunningham for his new edition of Burns's works; and we may add, that there is a great number of Rob's letters still unpublished. Collector Findlater of Glasgow, his superior in the excise, has, we are told, a large collection, which should see the light. In Allan's forthcoming book, we hope he will have the courage to expose the pretensions of Syme, Thomson, and some others, whom the poet honoured by his correspondence. Syme was a poor creature, who hated Burns, and never did him a single good turn. After the breath was out of the poet's body, he made a show of generosity by getting up a subscription for his family, and going to Liverpool to assist Dr. Currie in arranging his papers; but every person who knew the man was aware that it was done solely for the purpose of having his own paltry name carried down the stream of time in connexion with the mighty name of Burns, as sea-slugs and other vermin are carried along by adhering to the bottom of a three-decker. Burns latterly held him in profound contempt. We could relate a good story of him and Burns; but the good folks of Dumfries know the relation in which, in the dark days of the poet's life, he stood to him. As to Thomson, we shall be silent, as the man is still alive. Suffice it to say, he succeeded in getting a hundred of the finest lyrics in the universe for some five pounds—no bad spec. Thomson declined sending any thing to the poet for fear of *offending his independent spirit*. This was good: he did quite right to take Burns at his word, when in a mood of reckless generosity he declined fingering any of his cash. We hope also that Allan will publish many things which that small and incompetent creature Currie, who had no more right to attempt the life of a man of genius (except professionally) than a flea has a right to criticise an elephant, has omitted: there is the "Jolly Beggars," for instance. A volume of Burns's songs, printed for private circulation, would furnish matter which in judicious hands might be so arranged as to bear publication. Enough, however, of commenting on five lines of text.

From Burns to Moore is no very great descent; and we think we cannot find a better place than this for the following:

RECEIPT TO MAKE A WHIG POET.

A feather of the simple dove,
As emblem of a little love;
A quill pluck'd from the silly goose;
A pair of sparrows, season loose;
Some gossamer—to lie upon;
A candelabrum—for a sun;
A peacock's tail—to make an eye;
Some rosemary—for memory;
Some gilliflowers—for gentleness,
And dittany—for love's distress;
The fraction of a grain of sense;
A wagon-load of impudence;
A pair or two of lords—for friends;
A punk or two—for odds and ends;
Some wreaths of flowers and curls and tangles;
No end of diamonds, pearls, and spangles;
Bright wine, that bubbles in the chalice,
To make the heart pour out its malice;
A benefactor—for a Nero;
An Irish rebel—for a hero;
A pig of Epicurus' sty—
For a romantic history;
A harp, piano, and a fiddle;
A bibliopole or two—to diddle,

The patriot's pæan loud and long,
But empty as the poet's song;
Some rebel's slang for Captain Rock,
And treason *satis* for the block;
An Irish gent that's in the lurch
For his religion—and a church;
A most emphatic veneration
For the Brag Administration;
Some glimpses of the moon and stars,
And of the land of olive-jars;
Circassian beauties, seen in dreams;
What is not good but goodly seems;
A perfect Bottom for a roar;
And—and—and—what the devil more!

Even Tom himself must admit this to be clever; but he must shake his head sadly enough when he comes to the line

A pair or two of lords—for friends;

for spite of his

Most emphatic veneration
For the Brag Administration,

in spite of his selling himself and his pen to the Hollands, the Lansdownes, and the rest; and doing for them, and at their bidding, work for which, to say the least of it, he must have felt an especial distaste, and which he must be conscious has lowered his character literary and personal; neither the peers who were his *friends*, nor the administration which he *venerates*, have done any thing for him. It is no secret that Moore's affairs are not precisely as flourishing as Rothschild's; and we regret to hear that he has quarrelled with Power of the Strand, which certainly will not add to his affluence. Under these circumstances, one who did not know what political men of all parties are, and what are the classes of people whom they almost uniformly select as the objects of their patronage, would have imagined that his friend the Marquess of Lansdowne, for example, might have remembered the little laureate of Whiggery; but those who do possess the knowledge to which we have alluded, will not be at all surprised to learn that the noble president of the council had it very lately in his power to have conferred a most material service on Moore—and that *he forgot it*. We should say more on the subject, but that we fear the patronage of FRASER'S MAGAZINE would not tend much to promote the interests of any body with the Whigs.

But poets are not born to be very lucky in worldly matters; so let them take consolation from Schiller. A correspondent sends us the following translation of his

JOVE AND THE POET.

Cried Jove to men, from his high state in session,
"Here! take the world! I give it you in fee,
Perpetual heritage, and joint possession;
Only divide it fairly, and agree."

Then flew all hands to see that they were righted—
Rush'd old and young alike, to seize their fill:
The husbandman grasp'd earth, and was delighted—
Youth claim'd the forest, and was happier still.

The merchant seized whatever most enriches—
The vineyard was the abbot's portion blithe;
The king made free with highways and with bridges,
And of all other matters claim'd a tithe.

Late, very late, and all partition ended,
The poet came,—from whence he did not know;
Found all the loaves and fishes long expended,
For each had found an owner long ago.

"Alas! am *I* alone," exclaim'd the bard,
"Thus disinherited—Jove's favourite son!
I, whose devotion claims the best reward?
I'll to his throne, and see what can be done!"

"If in the land of dreams you chose to ramble,"
Said Jove, "why idly thus complain to me?
Where were you when your brethren had their scramble?"
"Where?" quoth the poet; "I was up with thee!

Thy glorious face enchain'd mine aching sight,
The music of thy spheres entranced mine ear;
Blam'st thou a spirit which, with heav'nly light
Dazzled and blind, forgot to grovel here?"

"Well, well," quoth Jove, "the world away is given—
Fields, forests, riches, crowns, are mine no more;
But if you choose to live with me in heaven,
Whene'er you come you'll find an open door!"

P. S. appears to be a clever fellow; though we cannot exactly say with the ladies, that "the most important matter is always to be found in a P.S." Here are three of his pieces:

WRITTEN FOR A CHURCHYARD ON THE SEA-COAST.

Where are the dead?
An Echo, mocking at the question, said,
"Where?"
Just at that time a strong breeze from the sea,
Passing a wreck and man that ceased to be,
Stunk in my nostrils of mortality.
There!

Where are the dead?
An Echo, mocking at the question, said,
"Where?"
Just at that time, from out his slimy cave,
I mark'd a worm, a temporising slave,
Crawl from a meaner to a richer grave.
There!

Where are the dead?
An Echo, mocking at the question, said,
"Where?"
Then my warm heart was ominously dull,
My sighs were stifling, and my bosom full.
I look'd, and lo! I stood upon a skull.
There!

TO RHODA.

(*From the Greek.*)

Nay, my dear girl, why turn to me
The bubbling juice in yonder bowl?
True it is blushing bright to see,
But will not cheer my drooping soul.
She touch'd the goblet with her lip;
And, oh! I cried in ecstasy,
Now 'tis a draught for gods to sip,
And soon shall make a god of me.

LITTLE GRISETTE.

Turlurette! turlurette!
Little Grisette!
Where did you get
Those eyes so scorning?
Or are they mourning,
In jetty black,
The hearts they crack?
Say, is it so?
No!
Turlurette! turlurette!
Saucy Grisette.

Turlurette! turlurette!
Little Grisette!
How did you get
That lisp so pretty?
That tongue so witty?
You want but wings,
And such fine things,
The heavens to bless.
Yes!
Turlurette! turlurette!
Knowing Grisette.

Turlurette! turlurette!
List to Grisette,
A poet's pet!
Who in his ditty
Said she was pretty,
And she for this
Gave him a kiss!
Now, do you know?
Oh!
Turlurette! turlurette!
Merry Grisette.

Turlurette! turlurette!
Little Grisette!
Thus did she get
Her lisp so pretty,
Her words so witty,
By kissing hard
Her favour'd bard!
Lord pardon us!
Thus!
Turlurette! turlurette!
Bless you, Grisette!

We are not quite so sure that the poet deserved *a kiss* for such verses. A stern friend sitting near us, who is far more attached to brandy and water than to the loves and graces, suggests it should have been *a kick*. However, Grisette was the best judge.

Here we have another amatory poet, who is so monopolising as to have two mistresses:

THE CONTRAST.

(*From the French of Tristan l'Hermite.*)

Two wonders of creation, fair
As ever angels made their care,
Control my destiny; and now
A willing slave to both *I* bow.
Different their charms, I ween, as those
That grace the lily and the rose.
Julia, the blushing rose, I deem,
The sun has kissed with ripening beam;
Whilst in my Lesbia's cheek I view
Lilies with rose-tints gleaming through.
In Julia's joyous smile I see
The brightness of the dawning day;
In Lesbia's smile there beams for me
The moonlight's mild and blissful ray.

As a contrast to the Lesbias and Julias, we should here have inserted the verses on Miss Martineau which F. K. has sent us; but they need some consideration. The Liberal newspapers, bless their tender hearts! are excessively angry with us for our picture and sketch of that lady in our last Number; but of our opinions we do not bate a jot, and possibly some fine day will expand them to a more considerable length.

It seems, however, that not only our severity, but our gallantry towards the fair exposes us to blame. We confess that we orget all we said about Miss Whyte in September, and therefore cannot at the present moment decide whether we deserve the following censure or not from Horatio.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS WHYTE, IN FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER 1833.

My good sir, what nonsense you write!
You've now lost your senses outright,
Or surely you'd never indite
Such verses in praise of Miss Whyte.

How could you expose to the light
Ideas which no gallant knight
Ever did, would, could, should, or might
Address to the lovely Miss Whyte?

Though pork-chops and cow-heel you bite,
And punch down your throttle takes flight,
How can you, by day or by night,
Sing verse in such terms to Miss Whyte?

Ensconce yourself snugly, and quite
Abstracted from all that can blight
Effusions that from your brain bright
May flow in the praise of Miss Whyte—

Your numbers quite brisk, like a sprite,
Would skip from your pen in delight;
And Phœbus would stoop from his height,
To chant them as this to Miss Whyte.

But lest I your anger excite,
And lest it begin to ignite,
I think I had better take flight
From thee and from charming Miss Whyte.

I dare say (although it's not right)
You wish me away out of sight,
Fast tied to the tail of a kite,
For teasing you thus with Miss Whyte.

But if I should happen to light
By chance at your casement, in fright
You'd invoke every thing that is tight
To keep out the rhymer on Whyte.

Ah, me! poor unfortunate wight,
At me do not take any spite,
For thee any day I would fight,
But write not such stuff on Miss Whyte.

Although our acquaintance is slight,
I venture to hope that this mite,
With classical beauty bedight,
Which *scriptum est* all about Whyte —

May meet from a swain so polite
As *you* are (and eke erudite)
A welcome; *et fidem* I plight
Plus nunquam cantare de Whyte.

HOLY BOB'S BARDISM.

We have just received a magnificent poem from our esteemed friend Holy Bob. If he always wrote thus, he would have little occasion to complain of the fundamental application of the critical lash, which we have sometimes been conscientiously compelled to make, maugre our reluctance to inflict chastisement on such an amiable and afflicted man. When we have leisure, we will write an elaborate critical commentary upon it, which we promise our readers will not be less unique than the poem itself, and present them both to the eyes of the astonished world. For the present, let the following suffice as a specimen:

Eternity shall raise her funeral pile
  In the vast dungeons of th' extinguished sky;
And, clothed in dim barbaric splendour, smile,
  And murmur shouts of elegiac joy.

While those that dwell beyond the realms of space,
  And those that people all the dreary void,
When old Time's endless heir has run her race,
  Shall live for aye, enjoying and enjoyed.

And Hell, inflated with supernal wrath,
  Shall open wide her thunder-bolted jaws,
And shout into the dull cold ear of Death,
  That he must pay his debt to Nature's laws.

And when the King of Terrors breathes his last,
  Infinity shall creep into her shell;
Cause and Effect shall from their thrones be cast,
  And end their strife with suicidal yell.

And from their ashes, burnt with pomp of kings,
  Mid incense floating to the vanished skies,
Nonentity, on circumambient wings,
  An everlasting Phœnix, shall arise.

There is nothing within a thousand leagues of this, in point of originality and sublimity, in the whole compass of Bob's other Satanic and Omnipresent effusions.

Three more "copies of verse," and we close our poetical account for this month. T. A. has a good ear for the Spenserian stanza, and that is not an every-day accomplishment.

ON THE RUINS OF CASTLE RISING, NORFOLK.

Around this pile a solemn stillness reigns,
Breathing a soothing melancholy power;
Pale Solitude, with Echo's voice, complains,
When sounds of life pass o'er each mould'ring tower.
Thou art an emblem meet for man; whose hour
Is but a fleeting shade—then closes life.
What though we meet with Fortune's gilded shower?
Or happy scenes behold, or warring strife?
All, all of earth-born joy with sullen death is rife.

What varied scenes have pass'd on field and flood!
Ages that o'er thee roll'd are past and gone,
Since first thy walls in early glory stood;
And of the motley crowd there lingers none
To whisper how thy banners proudly shone,
Gleaming with brightness in the noontide ray.
And now thou standest moss-grown, silent, lone:
Time's mould'ring touch extends o'er thee its sway,
And soon each lonely trace must fall and pass away.

Yet do I love to dwell on buried years;
To bid remembrance pass Time's swollen sea,
And make my spirit deem each sound it hears
Is but a mournful dirge sent forth for thee.
Still are thy halls, where once the sportive glee
And merry laugh went circling round the board;
When joyous spirits, unconfin'd and free,
Smil'd at the tempest's wrath that round them roar'd—
Bade welcome all that mirth, and joy, and hope afford.

Thou art not as when England's haughty queen
Enter'd thy gates, bereft of sov'reign sway;
Where hauberks, casques, and glitt'ring swords were seen,
And plumes were nodding in the beam of day.
Methinks, as o'er thy mould'ring pile I stray,
'Twas narrow limit for ambitious mind,
To pace the lengthen'd course, the straiten'd way—
The same unvarying scenes again to find;
While each vain bursting sigh is mingled with the wind.

See! flow'ry vales are spread before my view—
The distant landscape blooms in beauteous pride;
Fair Nature smiles, clad in her liveliest hue,
And feather'd songsters high in mid air ride:
Far as the eye can see on either side,
Life breathes its animating smiles around—
And all is gay. But Time's dark eventide
Hovers o'er thee, and breathes the moaning sound,
That soon thy tow'rs must fall, nor trace of thee be found.

The raven builds her nest where erst of yore
The silken banner's folds were wont to play;
Thy halls receive the tempest's furious roar,
That once re-echoed to the minstrel's lay.
But lady fair and courtly minstrel gay
Are gone; nor is one record left us here,
To tell the tale of their departed day—
Nor does a stone trace of their memories bear:
All that is left for mortal man to know, is—once they were.

Yet, deem I not it vain to tread thy halls,
Or on thy tott'ring tow'rs take wary stand;
Mark the green ivy waving on thy walls,
Silent attendant on Time's with'ring hand—

The wreath that crowns his ever-potent wand
(That waves o'er earth her all-subduing sway),
And with lank moss, at his stern, proud command,
Breathe forth their foliage but to mock decay—
To deck with solemn pride thy fast declining day.

And must thou bend beneath the spoiler's rod,
Thou that dost breathe around a sacred gloom?
Shalt thou awhile on thy foundations nod,
Then sink to dark oblivion's sullen tomb?
Yes, all must fade: the flower whose roseate bloom
Vies with the rainbow tints of summer eve,
And all that springs from Nature's teeming womb—
All who the laurel crown or cypress weave—
Must feel decay; and some no trace of being leave.

Farewell! the murm'ring wind, that sighs along
Thy broken walls in cadence mournfully,
Peals thy funereal dirge; while, like the throng
That trod thy halls when first uplifted high,
Thou stoodst alone, tow'ring in majesty,
Thou, too, must pass away: and I, who view
Thy fast decaying ruins—I must die;
And all who from this earth their nature drew
Must sink to silent dust. Time writes, "The words are true."

Wisbeach. T. A.

And the following from J. F. R. is certainly pretty:

TO A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

Boy! thou art like a dew-fed streamlet rushing
Brightly and purely from its mountain home,
To where young buds, spring's earliest gifts, are blushing,
And thirsty fields and fainting plants say, "Come!"

Impetuous boy! in Fancy's bright fane dwelling,
Without *one* care to shade thy glorious brow—
With glance of fire and bosom proudly swelling—
With generous thought and passion's fiery glow.

Parents who fondly love thee watch the blending
Of thy dark lashes when sweet dreams are nigh;
Then ruby lips their faithful prayers are sending
For thee to Him who rules thy destiny.

Boy! may thy life-star set in pomp and beauty—
A voice, a halo consecrate thy tomb;
Telling to after times, "The path of duty
Ends in the spirit's native, heavenly home!"

Who the bard is that mourns over the prospects of Israel we do not know; but we are quite sure it will be admitted that he or she can clothe the most fervent feelings of religion in the most flowing verse.

THE PROSPECTS OF ISRAEL.

Hapless Israel! sad, dejected,
Grief-worn, wandering to and fro,
Long hast thou, forlorn, rejected,
Drank the bitter cup of woe;
From the land of promise driven,
From thine Eden land, and home,
With a heart all wrung and riven,
Doom'd the wide, wide world to roam.

As the dove with weary pinion,
Driven from her peaceful nest,
O'er the desert's wild dominion,
Wandering on with beating breast;

Gentile vultures swift pursuing,
Hovering o'er thy hapless flight,
All thy path with misery strewing,
As thou fleest day and night.

O'er the dark and gloomy mountains,
O'er the desert's burning sand,
Parch'd with thirst, where cooling fountains
Never lave the barren land;
Ever on and onward flying
From the tyrant's cruel grasp,
Or in bitter bondage sighing,
Slavery's fetters doom'd to clasp.

Doom'd in captive bonds to languish,
  Still to drag the galling chain,
Doom'd to reap the bread of anguish
  Sown in tears, and toil, and pain;
Doom'd to fierce and fiery trials
  For rejection of thy God,
Smitten 'neath Heaven's wrathful vials,
  And Jehovah's chastening rod.

But, oh Israel! captive daughter!
  Loose thee from thy weary chain,
From thy prison-house of slaughter
  Rise to light and life again:
Burst thy cruel bonds asunder,
  Rise from thy captivity,
Strike thy foes with dread and wonder,
  Rise—and be thou ever free.

For the dawn of blissful ages,
  Chasing sorrow's gloomy night,
Long foretold by holy sages,
  Bursts upon thy longing sight:
Glory's sun has risen o'er thee—
  "Rise and shine, thy light is come!"
God *himself* shall go before thee—
  He shall lead the captive home.

Tinged with gold, and hues vermilion,
  See the cloud that guides by day,
And the flaming bright pavilion
  Which shall light thy nightly way;
For a glory and a covering,
  Lo! Jehovah's shrine shall move,
Guardian angels round thee hovering,
  And his banner o'er thee—*Love.*

All thy foes shall flee astounded,
  Wither'd in their strength of pride;
Host on host shall fall confounded,
  Strewn like leaves on Autumn's tide.
Native scenes long lost, yet cherish'd,
  Fondly buried in the heart,
Where, though all around have perished,
  Die not there, nor e'er depart.

While each burdened suffering creature,
  From the penal yoke set free,
Shall, through all the realm of nature,
  Share eternal jubilee.
And the earth in renovation,
  Pouring forth her rich increase,
Shall, with all the *new* creation,
  Triumph in the reign of peace.

Sharon's rosy plains and valleys,
  Where the virgin lily grows;
Verdant meads and leafy alleys,
  Where the peaceful flocks repose;
Judah's plains and shady mountains,
  Jordan's banks and flowing tide,
Siloa's pure and sparkling fountains,
  Kedron's rills that softly glide;

Zion's turrets brightly beaming,
  And fair Salem's lofty towers;
Vineyards with ripe fruitage teeming,
  Orange groves, and olive bowers:
Wheresoe'er thine eye may wander,
  Eden scenes shall still arise,
Gardens where soft streams meander
  O'er thy land of paradise.

But from scenes of joy and gladness
  Thou shalt turn to one of woe—
To a sight of solemn sadness,
  Causing bitter tears to flow;
For thine eyes shall yet behold Him
  Whom thy fathers crucified;
And, though glory's beams enfold Him,
  View his hands and pierced side.

Prostrate on the earth before him,
  Thou shalt weep repentant tears;
As thy God and king adore him,
  And thy faith dispel thy fears;
He in love shall smile upon thee,
  And his cov'nant gifts impart;
Pour his Holy Spirit on thee,
  Write his laws within thine heart.

Thou shalt see his throne descending—
  New Jerusalem from above;
And his *glorious saints* attending,
  Rais'd to share his reign of love.
Thou, and all the race of *mortals*,
  Shall to his high court repair,
And beneath its beaming portals,
  Pay thy vows and homage there.

Where his saints in regal splendour,
  As his bright immortal bride,
To thy tribes shall *judgment* render,
  And to all the nations wide;
Where Messiah, son of David,
  Aye shall reign on David's throne;
Realms, no more by sin enslaved,
  Shall his righteous sceptre own.

Thee, his chosen holy nation,
  He shall raise to sovereign sway;
Chief in *mortal* power and station,
  Thee shall every land obey:
In the brightness of *thy* rising,
  In *thy* pure millennial rest,
In *thy* life and light rejoicing,
  Every nation shall be blest.

Hallow'd scenes of sacred story—
  Native lands and native skies
Beaming in millennial glory,
  Soon shall burst upon thine eyes;
Dewy Hermon, ever vernal,
  Parent source of many a rill—
Lebanon's lofty heights eternal—
  Flowery Carmel's fruitful hill.

And there's an end of our verse for the year. Stop—here are a couple of squibs behind. The first is on the Chancellor—rather too truculent; but, in reality, flesh and blood can hardly stand the enormous puffs put forth on Lord Brougham for his doings in Chancery. He is actually doing nothing.

LORD CHANCELLOR DO-LITTLE.

The Chancellor sat in his burley wig,
And a burley Whig was he;
If he follow his nose, as it upward goes,
He'll soon be of high degree:
And the devil will grieve to see him leave
The Court of Chancery!

Idle, I ween, is that lawyer seen—
He has little there to do;
With a wig in his fist, and a motion-list,
When the notices are few.
At *ten* begun — at *twelve all done* —
And the Chancellor GONE by two.

Gone, gone, gone,
(Like tables for taxes sold,)
To tell the affair in Printing-house Square,
Where he went so often of old—
To be *blown* like a horn, when the people next morn
Their sheets of the *Times* unfold.

Barnes hath shouted it far and wide—
Alsager swears its true;
And Walter himself falls in with the tide,
And joins the hullabaloo:
"*At twelve by the clock, our Chancery cock*
Had done all that he had to do!"

All that he had! — all that he had!
And pray how much was that?
The *Vice* must wait, both early and late,
For much has *he* to be at.
Can Chancellor Brougham, *in the very next room*,
At *twelve* change his wig for his hat?

How much — how much — how much?
Why, little enough, I trow.
Some say that he does that little well —
That is, *well as he knows how.*
If you ask a dog, *How well is that?*
He'll answer you, Bow, wow, wow!

Oh, Harry Brougham! Oh, Harry Brougham!
It's near the end of the year;
Old motions made *before your time*
Are no more in arrear!
They were clear'd on *Thursday* at twelve o'clock,
And had you no more to hear?

No more! no more! not Harry Brougham,
The Chancery chain and cable!
No more,—why, *Shadwell's* briefs are piled
As high as the Tower of Babel—
And Hercules, rather than carry them off,
Would recleanse the Augean stable!

And your old friend the *Times* tells this!
How could the thing be done?
Your *Vice* half killed with customers,
And *you* not a single one!
Oh, Harry Brougham! Oh, Harry Brougham!
You are surely making fun.

You could not have gone to Printing-house Square,
To say you had nothing to do;
Remember the income the people pay—
The retiring pension, too:
If you're of no use to them, it may be
That they'll have no use for you!

We remember how you loved the Queen,
The crowds that you harangued—
And how you proved by the rules of wrong
That the Tories should be hanged;
And that you were born to be Chancellor,
Or Minister—or *hanged!*

The *first* already has come to pass,
And you boast you've nought to do;
The *second*, mayhap, may follow soon;
If the third should happen too,
While you're saying your prayers near Newgate stairs,
We'll cry *amen* for you!

TIM THE TORY.

No! Tim the Tory, *you* may say amen in such a case; but if any of the ministers are to obtain the elevation outside the debtors' door, we should not take Brougham for choice. We have two or three others in our eye, who well deserve precedence.

And here are a few lines by F. K. suggested

ON READING THE "MAXIMS" OF SIR PETER LAURIE, KNT.

All praise to Sir Peter — the struggle is past,—
And Coster and Ady are conquered at last;
One *spirit's* forsaken his own loved Houndsditch,
And 'tother 'll soon bless the fair land fit for *sich*:
The buttonless black, and the bantering knave,
Are at peace with mankind, and the marshalman's stave!
All praise to Sir Peter — all health to his heir —
Who the *pulpit* deserted for Whittington's chair,
Erst filled by —— God only knows how they came there!
His fame would'st thou covet — as bright as 'twas brief,
Thy *high* calling resume — but to *knock down* a thief!

Watch the tide of opinion, and fish at the flood,—
As gudgeons are caught by disturbing the mud!

Nov. 9, 1833.

Sir Peter filled the civic chair with honour to himself and advantage to the city; but, nevertheless, the book of maxims in which he is quizzed is a pleasant *jeu d'esprit*. We do not think that we are very far wrong in attributing it to a gentleman whose initials are J. C. R., and who may be heard of in Peterborough Court, Fleet Street.

So far for rhyme. Next comes a voice from Indiana!—from the banks of the father of rivers, of the glorious Mississippi himself! It is quite clear that we are, as Wordsworth would express it, "stepping westward." We give the letter precisely as we have received it, and shall take care that Mr. Jackson, our agent at New York, forwards a copy of this Number to Rockville.

To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.

Rockville, Indiana, August 4, 1833.

SIR,—The pungency and spirit of all the articles that I have seen from the above work, as I find them in our *Museum of Foreign Literature and Science*, makes me desirous of seeing a copy of the original work. I believe, too, that there is something of romance, perhaps of vanity, in the wish, that a copy of an English periodical should be sent to me by the editor, directed to a remote and recently-established village on the frontiers of the valley of the "father of rivers"—the noble Mississippi. It need not, however, seem to you—the editor of a periodical in the Old World—strange that there should be in this country readers of every description, from the student of theology, of metaphysics, of political science in all its modes, of periodicals, newspapers innumerable, and of romance,—embracing under the latter title the deservedly celebrated works of Scott, the lofty effusions of the genius of Bulwer, in which crime is embellished and the deepest villanies are dressed up in a thousand fascinations,—and other works of the day from both sides of the "*water*." It is true that a few years since and the Indian wigwam was here, and there was no trace of any thing except the course of the bison, the elk, and the hundred other beasts of the wilds of America, hunted as they were by the savage owner of the soil. This country then presented, unbroken, the dark grandeur of a western wilderness, except where it was broken by the broad rich prairie, with its thousand flowers. The axe was not heard, nor the ploughman, nor the reaper, nor the hum of the village, nor the everlasting bustle, noise, activity, and *regular confusions* of the city, were known in the great valley. The steam-boat was not on her waters, but in its place was often seen the light canoe, cutting its way over the broad surface of her noble rivers. But now the "red man" is gone. True, now and then one may be seen slowly traversing our forests, as though he were spell-bound by the spirit of his fathers to the place of his birth. An enlightened policy has concentrated them, and they are giving promise of becoming an agricultural people; but this is not the place for this subject. The wild beasts have disappeared,—the forest has given way to thousands of fruitful farms,—the country that could not at the Revolution boast of fifty thousand inhabitants, now boasts of three million five hundred thousand, several large cities, and thousands of flourishing towns and villages. Our rivers are covered with the finest steamers, and our people are a happy, energetic, and enterprising people. We have colleges, academies, and common schools; we are assembled from all parts of the world, and every man, woman, and child that behaves well is respected; and the objection, that a man came from England, Ireland, France, or Germany, is never urged. Sometimes, indeed, we curse one another, as Yankees, Kentuckians, Carolinians, &c.; but this is only to exercise our constitutional privileges of "freedom of speech," and not that we really hate each other. For the very Yankees whom we curse we would march barefoot to defend, if invaded by a foreign foe. We have no beggars in our land, nor any poor. We have nothing to do but to live honestly and soberly, and be happy. In such a condition, it is not strange (is it, sir?) that we read much (particularly when we are descended from John Bull), and look calmly on the events that attend other nations. We observe with deep interest the leading policy of the various courts of Europe. Almost every village in America will afford you one or more who understands the leading features of the Grey administration, the late Perrier administration, and the course of events connected with the Belgian question. Nor are we bigots in politics or religion.* We are pleased with our own government,—we know it to

* I would not have you conclude that we have no regard for religion. Although we have universal toleration, yet the mild religion of our fathers has an all-pervading influence in our country, and its precepts form the basis of our opinions on morals, and regulate our conduct, to a great extent, upon all questions of right and wrong.

be good, and we know we *are happy* under it; but we do not despise the people or the governments of other nations. Few indeed, amongst us would desire a total overthrow of your political systems in Europe, unless we could see a certain guarantee for a government more consistent with the essential rights of mankind. We are not ignorant of the extent of English liberty, nor of the source of that liberty. Our own love of freedom we are inclined to acknowledge as our birthright, as the descendants of Old England. The same original strength of character that enabled us to achieve our liberty, and to shew that we were not degenerate sons in the late war, enabled you to liberate Europe from the iron grasp of a military despotism at Waterloo. We are all Englishmen — all Americans; all speak the same language, and we must necessarily know all about each other. It need not be thought strange, then, that we in the back-woods read *all about you, our dearly beloved cousins* (I speak as I feel, for my fathers were English) over the water. We imitate you in a hundred respects, or, rather, we are alike. We have various modes of settling our disputes; one of the most healthful is that of pugilism. One of my neighbours takes occasion to be angry with me; he thinks badly of me, as he has a right to do; he speaks freely of me; I call him to account, and we disagree in the details; I knock him down; he gets up and does me the same favour — probably kicks me; I take offence at this, rise up and attempt to storm his outworks, — next attempt to eat him up literally; he meets me in the onset, eats as fast as I do, — and thus we have it, eye for eye, tooth for tooth. At length our friends interpose, — we are separated, "make friends," and thus the matter rests. This, however, is by no means as common as you might imagine; we have, particularly of late years, adopted the more civilized mode of settling our disputes, by mutual concession, or by newspaper publications, or by a *suit-at-law*. Upon all these subjects we do as you do in England. We know how you write of your public men—we write so of ours. Perhaps we do not speak quite so freely of a foreign minister as to call him "*a rogue*" in exactly these words, but we would insinuate as much; and, as we are younger than you, no doubt we will do so when we have the assurance of age to urge us on. Well, sir, you will, I trust, pardon this letter, as it is written merely to let you know, that if you send me a copy of FRASER'S MAGAZINE (a *number* I mean), it will be preserved as a work sent *all the way* from some place in England to the writer in Rockville, Indiana.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
T. A. HOWARD, Attorney and Coun. at Law.

Another contribution, and we conclude. Our readers are of course perfectly conversant in all the details and particulars of the Kean controversy which has been raging in our pages, and they therefore must know that his education in Eton has been made a moot question. In order to set the matter right we applied to Dr. Keate, who has favoured us with the following communications on that momentous subject:

Eton College, Sept. 20, 1833.

Dr. Keate presents his compliments to the Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, to whose inquiries he would have given an earlier answer if he had not been absent from Eton when his letter arrived, and unable to refer to the records of admission to the school, which have been regularly kept since the beginning of the year 1792. Dr. Keate has now examined them, and does not find the name of the late Mr. Edmund Kean in them. He is unable to refer to any existing record before that year; but the subject is not new to Dr. Keate; he has often heard the fact asserted, and as often denied, of Mr. Kean's having been an Etonian. Dr. Keate himself does not believe that Mr. Kean was ever a member of this school, and he has never heard a different opinion maintained by any one connected with this school who was likely to have accurate information.

Eton College, Sept. 23, 1833.

Dr. Keate presents his compliments to the Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, whom he troubles with this second communication, because, upon referring again to his note, he perceives that the person concerning whom the Editor makes inquiry, is only designated as Mr. Kean the actor; it is therefore possible that the living actor is intended. Dr. Keate concluded that the controversy referred to the late Mr. Kean, and he believes that he called him Mr. Edmund Kean; however, to avoid all mistakes, he thinks it better to write again, and say that Mr. Charles John Kean, the son of Mr. Edmund Kean, was admitted at Eton, under Dr. Keate, in July 1824, and Dr. K. believes that he was a member of this school for about two years.

As our last Number concluded with that most famous compilation now known under the name of the "Miller Correspondence," we think that we shall conclude this Number also with a brace of undoubted autographs of an illustrious literary character who has planted literature in many a fruitful soil by the most vigorous

system of manual labour. We suppose that it sets at rest the dispute as to whether the elder Kean was at Eton. It is pretty evident that he was not, unless under a feigned name, such as Edmund Carey, which shall be looked into; but the goodness of Dr. Keate puts it into our power to inform the anxious public that Mr. Kean the younger *did* study at Eton,—a fact that must prove highly gratifying to the future historian of the stage. The Kean controversy, we may remark, is not yet closed; for we have Morgan Rattler's defence lying before us, to which we shall soon attend.

One word, however—or rather as many words as necessary—touching the "Miller Correspondence." We have a vast collection of it still remaining behind, but shall not in all probability publish it. We rejoice to find that it gave great satisfaction to all and sundry, and except in one or two of the meanest and absurd quarters, was received without a murmur of disapprobation in any part. The eminent folk themselves took no exception to it—only that Billy Holmes wished to persuade the people that his letter was written for him by the Speaker, which is a joke too outrageous to be believed even at the Carlton club. Lady Charlotte Bury was a little nervous at first when she saw her name announced in our advertisement, but recovered all her wonted suavity of manners when she found what it was she really contributed to the immortal pages of Regina. John Bull had a sort of threat that he would show up in some shape the contrivers of this hoax, whom he asserted were to him, the said John, well known. We hope that those who guide the illustrious Bull are not indignant, though when we reflect how rigidly hostile they have at all times been to the practice of hoaxing, we are somewhat afraid. Mrs. Norton highly applauded what we had done—so did Miss L. E. L. Crofton Croker we thought did not like our detection of his Hibernianism—and we are told that Miss Edgeworth wrote half-a-quire of note paper in the form of explanation of her two letters; but both of these illustrious natives of the emerald isle are now quiet and composed. On the whole, we think the correspondence proved that the literary tribe in this country is excourteous and placable; and that in their private capacities, at least, they do not belong to the *genus irratibile*—we were going to add *vatum*, but on repeating the word to ourselves to ascertain how it "sounded on the ear," we could not help asking *Where are they now,*

And echo answered
Where are *they?*

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J. Moyes, Castle Street, Leicester Square.